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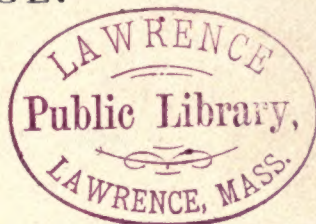
AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.



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VOLUME X.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1882, TO MAY, 1883.

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Part 1*

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ST. NICHOLAS

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS

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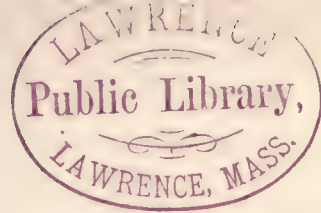






INDIAN SUMMER.





# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE STORY OF VITEAU.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

### CHAPTER I.

BY the side of a small stream, which ran through one of the most picturesque portions of the province of Burgundy, in France, there sat, on a beautiful day in early summer, two boys, who were brothers.

They had been bathing in the stream, and now, having dressed, they were talking together on the bank.

Raymond, the elder, was about fourteen years old, and his brother Louis was some eighteen months younger. In form and feature, and in general disposition and character, they were not unlike many of the boys of our day, and yet these two young fellows lived more than six hundred years ago. They were dressed in simple tunics, one green, one brown, and wore short breeches, dark-colored stockings, and rather clumsy shoes.

The two brothers were very busily engaged in conversation, for they had a great deal to say to each other, and not much time to say it in. On the next day Louis was going away from home, to be gone a long, long time.

Raymond and Louis were the sons of the Countess of Viteau, whose chateau stood on a little eminence about half a mile away. Their father, the Count of Viteau, had been one of the most steadfast adherents and supporters of the Duke of Burgundy, in his endeavors to maintain the independence of his dukedom against the claims of the French crown, and had fallen in one of the battles between the Duke's followers and the army

of the Regent, Queen Blanche, who, in those days, ruled France in the name of her son, the young King, Louis IX., afterward known as Louis the Just, or St. Louis.

The Duke's forces had been defeated, Burgundy had been compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of the French crown, and peace reigned in the kingdom.

The widowed Countess of Viteau now found herself the sole protector and guardian of her two boys. Fortunately, she had a large estate, but even this added to her cares and responsibilities, and rendered her less able to attend to what she had intended should be the aim and business of her life—the education of her sons.

Education, in those days, did not mean what it does now. The majority of the people, even of the upper classes, were not educated at all, some of the lords and barons being unable to write their names. Printing had not been invented; all books were in manuscript, and were scarce and valuable. Most of the learning, such as it was, had been, for a long time, confined to the monks and priests; but, in the era in which our two boys lived, people had begun to give more attention to general education, and there were schools in some of the large cities which were well attended, and where the students of that day were taught grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, although their studies in most of these branches were not carried very far. The school of Paris was one of the most celebrated of these institutions.

The Countess of Viteau was among the few ladies

of the time who really cared for an education beyond that which included the small number of accomplishments then considered necessary to persons of high position. When quite a young woman, she had learned all that the priests, one or more of whom generally lived in her father's house, could teach her, and afterward, when her sons were old enough, she made it her personal business to attend to their studies. Some things she taught them herself, and, for other branches, she employed such men of knowledge—almost always members of some order of the clergy—as could be obtained.

But now the time had arrived when the customs of the day demanded that one of her sons, at least, should leave her to receive an education of another sort, and her younger boy was to be sent away to the castle of the Count de Barran, an old friend and fellow-soldier of her husband, to be taught, as most of the boys of his station were taught, the arts and usages of knighthood and chivalry. Raymond would also be a knight, but his mother wished him to be more than that. He would succeed to the rank and estate of his father, and she hoped that he would not only be a nobleman and a soldier, but a scholar. When he should leave her to go to the school at Paris,—and it was for this school that she was now endeavoring to prepare him,—he would live with one of his relatives, by whom he would be instructed in the noble duties of chivalry. His mother felt sure that his studies at the school and his knightly exercises would not interfere with each other.

"Only one more day," said Raymond, "and then it will seem so strange here without you, Louis."

"But it will be ever so much stranger for me," said Louis, "for I shall be without everybody. I have never seen a single soul of the castle people, excepting the Count de Barran, and it is so long since he was here that I have almost forgotten him. He was a big, stout man, and that's all I know about him."

"You might as well have never seen him," said Raymond, "for he is not stout, and he is not big. He's a tall, thin man, and, I think, a kind one. But I expect you soon will know everybody."

"Or they will know me," said Louis, "which will be the same thing. I know I shall have lively times. Let me see: For a year and a half I shall be a page. There must be ever so many ways for the pages, especially if there are a good many of us, to have royal fun. And then, when I am fourteen, I shall be a squire. I think I shall not like that so much, excepting for the fighting part."

"Fighting!" exclaimed his brother. "You'll have none of that."

"Oh yes, but I shall have," returned Louis. "Barran has always been fighting, ever since I heard of him; and if he does his duty by me, he is bound to take me with him to the wars."

"But the wars are all over," said Raymond. "You know that as well as I do."

"Oh, there'll be more," said Louis, laughing. "There is sure to be trouble of some kind before I'm fourteen. And, if there are any wars, you must come to them. It won't do to be spending all your time here, with priests and books."

"Priests and books!" exclaimed Raymond. "I don't expect to spend half my time with them. I shall ride and fence, and tilt and hunt quite as much as you will, or even more, I doubt not. But I can do all that, and be a scholar too."

"I'd like well enough to be a scholar," said Louis, "if it were not so much trouble. Just to learn to write, like the monks who make our books, must take years! I tell you, Raymond, it would be time wasted for me."

"No doubt of that," said his brother, laughing. "You would never have the patience to write out all the pages of a book, even if you could do it so well that people could read it. If you can do so much as write me a letter from the castle, to tell me how you find things there, and what happens to you, I shall be glad enough."

"I never did write a letter," said Louis, "but I feel quite sure that I could do it. The trouble would be for you to read it."

"That's true," said Raymond; "but I will do my best to read, if you will do your best to write."

"Did not our mother tell you to ask me this?" said Louis, turning toward his brother with a smile.

"She did," answered Raymond.

"I thought it sounded like her," said Louis. "She greatly wants me to read and write; and, for her sake, and yours, too, Raymond, I'll try a letter. But is not that Bernard, over in the field?"

"Yes, it is," said Raymond. "He is training a young falcon for me."

"For you!" cried Louis, jumping up. "I did not know that. Let us go down to him."

"I did not know it, either," said his brother, rising, "until yesterday. Bernard is going to teach me to fly the bird as soon as it is trained."

"And I am going away to-morrow," cried Louis. "It is too bad!"

The boys now ran down to the field, where a tall, broad-shouldered man, dressed in a short, coarse jacket of brown cloth, with tight breeches of the same stuff, was walking toward them. He bore on his left hand a large falcon, or goshawk, a bird used in that day for hunting game of various kinds.



"Ho, Bernard!" cried Louis, "how is it I never heard that you were training that bird? I should have liked to watch you all the time."

"That is the reason you were not told," said Bernard, who had been the squire of the late Count, and was now a well-trusted member of the household of Viteau.

"If you had known what I was about," he continued, "you would have done nothing but watch me, and therefore it was that your good mother told me to keep the matter from you. It takes a long time and a world of trouble to train a hawk, especially one that was nearly full-grown when caught, as this one was. Those taken from their nests are far easier to manage."

"But he is trained now, is n't he?" said Louis. "Why not try him to-day? Just one flight, good Bernard, for, you know, I shall be gone to-morrow. We can easily find a heron, or a pheasant, or something he can go after."

"No, no, my boy," said the squire; "this bird is not yet ready to cast off for a free flight. Why, it was only last week that I ceased using the long string with which I brought him back when I wanted him; and, ever since, I have been very careful to have a lure which should be so tempting that he would be certain to come down to it, no matter how high he might soar. See, here is the one I used to-day. He has eaten from it the whole breast of a pigeon."

With this he showed the boys his "lure," which was a rude figure of a bird, the body made of cloth, with the head, talons, and wings of a real bird, and to which had been attached a piece of some kind of meat of which the falcon is fond. By being thus accustomed to find something good to tear and eat when called to his master, the bird gradually learned to obey the call whenever he heard it.

Raymond was quite willing to wait until the hawk was thoroughly trained, before testing him in actual sport; but Louis, very naturally, made great complaint. To-day was his last chance. Bernard, however, was firm, and so they walked toward the château, the hooded bird still perched upon the squire's wrist.

Just as the three, now busily talking of Louis' future life at the castle of the Count de Barran, were about entering a little gate in the lower part of the grounds which surrounded the house, there came out of the gate a monk wearing a long, dark, and rather dirty gown, and walking with his eyes fixed upon the ground, as if deeply engaged in thought. He seemed scarcely to perceive the boys or the squire, as he passed them.

"I shall be glad to be free from those long-gowned folk," said Louis, as they entered the

grounds. "No more priests' lessons for me. I shall have knights and soldiers for my teachers."

"All very fine," said Bernard, "but you will have other things to do besides learning how to be a knight and soldier. You will serve your masters and your mistresses at table, clean armor, hold stirrups, and do everything they ask of you."

"Oh yes," said Louis; "but that will be only while I am a page. In a year and a half all that will be over."

"A year and a half seems to me like a long time," said Raymond; "but time always passes quickly with Louis."

This remark was made to Bernard, but the squire did not appear to hear it. He was looking back through the gate at the departing monk.

"If I only knew that he was never coming back," he said to himself, "I would not much care what else happened."

And then he followed the boys up to the château.

## CHAPTER II.

THE good squire did not make his inhospitable remark in regard to the monk because he had any dislike for monks or priests in general. He had as high an opinion of the members of the clergy as any one, but he had a very strong dislike for this particular prior. To understand his reasons for this feeling, we must know that, not very long before the period at which our story begins, and soon after the Queen Regent had conquered the rebellious provinces, and so consolidated the kingdom, there was established in the city of Toulouse that terrible tribunal of the Romish Church known as the Holy Inquisition. Here persons suspected of holding opinions in opposition to the doctrines taught by the Church were tried, often subjected to tortures in order to induce them to confess the crimes with which they were charged, and punished with great severity if found guilty. This inquisition was under the charge of the Dominican friars, of which order the man who had just passed out of the little gate was a member.

For several weeks the frequent visits of this prior to the Countess of Viteau had given a great deal of uneasiness to Bernard. The man was not one of the regular religious instructors of the family, nor had he anything to do with the education of the boys. There was some particular reason for his visits to the château, and of this the household at large knew nothing; but the fact of his being a Dominican, and therefore connected with the Inquisition, made him an unpleasant visitor to those who saw his comings and goings, but who did not know their object.

Squire Bernard thought that he knew why this Brother Anselmo came so often to the château, but he could not be certain that he was right. So he kept his ideas to himself, and did no more than hope that each visit of the friar might be the last.

When the two brothers entered the château, they went directly to their mother's apartments. They found her in a large room, the floor of which was covered with soft rushes, for there were no carpets in those days. There was an abundance of furniture, but it was stiff and heavy, and on the walls there hung various pieces of tapestry, of silk or wool, most of which the good lady had embroidered herself.

The Countess of Viteau was a woman of about thirty-five years of age, and of a sweet but dignified appearance and demeanor. She was evidently very fond of her children, and they were equally fond of her. She had a book in her hand when the boys entered (it should be remembered that she was one of the very few ladies of that day who read books), but she laid it down, and drew her sons to her, one on each side.

"Mother," said Louis, as she leaned over to kiss the young fellow who was to leave her the next day for such a long, long time,— "Mother, I wish you would write a letter to the Count de Barran, and ask him to have me taught falconry as soon as possible, and also to get me a hawk of my own, and have him trained."

"What put that into your head?" asked his mother, who could not help smiling at this absurd idea on the part of a boy who was going to begin life as a page, but who expected to enter at once into the sports and diversions of the grown-up nobility.

"It was Raymond's falcon that made me think of it," said Louis. "I suppose I shall not see that bird fly,—at least, not for ever so long,—and so I want one of my own."

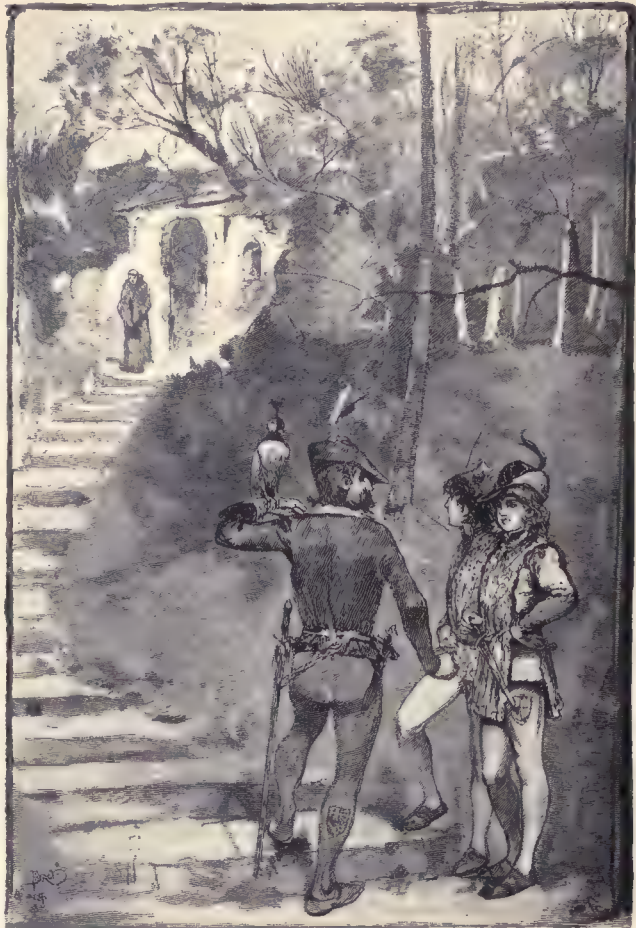
"I did not intend you should know anything about Raymond's falcon," said his mother, "for I knew it would fill your head so full that there would be no room for anything else. But we will not talk of falcons now. I have a great deal to say to my little boy——"

"Not so very little either," said Louis, drawing himself up to his full height.

"Who is going away," continued his mother,

"to learn to be a page, a squire, and a Christian knight."

We need not know what she said to him, but



BERNARD, RAYMOND, AND LOUIS MEET THE MONK.

the three were together until the room grew dark, and there was no treasure that Louis could take with him which could be so valuable as the motherly advice he received that afternoon.

Louis was to start for Barran's castle in the forenoon of the next day, and was to be accompanied by Bernard and a small body of archers, for, although there were no wars going on at that time, there was always danger from robbers. All over France, and in many other parts of Europe, there were well-organized bands of men, who made a regular business of pillaging travelers on the highways. So it was necessary that Louis should have with him enough men to defend him against an attack by these brigands.

Very early in the morning,—earlier than any



one else in the château, excepting a few servants,—Louis arose and dressed himself. He did this very quietly, so as not to wake his brother. Then he stole softly down to a room in the lower part of the building, where he knew Bernard kept the falcon he was training. The door of this room was shut, but not locked, and Louis slipped in without waking the squire, who slept soundly in a chamber just across the passage-way.

He closed the door, and looking around the room, into which a little light came from a small, high window, he soon perceived the falcon sitting on a wooden perch, in a corner. The bird was unhooded, but was tied by the leg, with a short cord, to the perch. On a small table near by lay the hood. As Louis approached the falcon, it turned its head quickly toward him and slightly raised its wings. This threatening gesture made the boy hesitate; he did not want to be bitten or scratched. Drawing back, and looking about him, he saw a cloth lying upon a bench. Seizing this, he quickly threw it over the bird, untied the cord, and, muffling with the cloth a little bell which was fastened to one of the falcon's legs, Louis snatched up the hood from the table, and, with the bird under his arm, he hurried out of the room, carefully closing the door behind him.

Out-of-doors, he quickly made his way to the little gate at the bottom of the grounds, and, through this, passed out into the road. When he reached a spot where he could not be seen from the château, he sat down, carefully uncovered the head of the falcon, and clapped over it the little hood. Then he threw aside the cloth, and set the bird upon his wrist, where it perched contentedly, although not finding it quite so firm a support as the strong hand of Bernard. While wearing the hood, which completely covered its eyes, it would not attempt to fly.

"Now, then," said he to himself, "I shall try what this fine bird can do; and when I have had an hour's sport, I shall take it back and put it on its perch, and no one will be any the worse for it. If I meet Bernard, as I go back, I shall not care. I shall have had my bit of falconry, and he can have his falcon. There must be herons, or some kind of birds, down in that field by the wood, where we saw Bernard yesterday."

When Louis reached the field, he gazed eagerly into the air and all about him for some flying creature, after which he could send his falcon in chase. But nothing, excepting a few small birds, could he discover, and he was not to be content with such game as they. If he had had dogs with him, or knew how himself to arouse the birds from their covers, he might have had a chance to send his falcon after a long-legged heron, or a pheasant;

but no large bird chose to make its appearance, and poor Louis began to think that he would lose the one chance he had of seeing Raymond's falcon in pursuit of its prey.

Suddenly, from under some bushes near the edge of the wood, a large hare leaped out, and went jumping across an open space toward a little copse a short distance beyond the spot where Louis stood. Our young hunter knew that falcons chased hares, and such small animals, as well as winged game, and he instantly jerked the hood from the head of his bird, and cast it off toward the flying hare.

But, to his amazement, the falcon did not pursue the hare, which, in a few moments, disappeared in the copse. Louis did not know that hawks or falcons were not always trained to chase both hares and birds, and that this one had been accustomed to fly after winged game only.

Instead of swooping upon the hare, which, it is probable, it did not see, the falcon rose into the air, and began to soar around in a great circle.

"Perhaps it will see some game for itself," thought Louis, "and that will do just as well."

But the falcon did not appear to be in pursuit of anything. It only flew around and around, apparently rising higher and higher each moment. Louis now became anxious for it to come down, so that he could try again in some other place to scare up some game, and he began to whistle and call, as he had heard the falconers do when they wished their birds to descend.

But the falcon paid no attention to his calls, and, after rising to a great height, it flew away to the south, and presently was lost to sight.

Poor Louis was overwhelmed with grief. It seemed to him that he could never hear anything so dismal as the last tinkle of the little bell on the falcon's leg, nor see anything so sad as the dark speck which he watched until it appeared to melt away into the distant sky.

For some minutes Louis stood gazing up into the air, and then he hung his head, while a few tears came into his eyes. But he was a sturdy boy in mind and body, and he did not cry much. He slowly turned, and, with the hood of the falcon in his hand, went back to the house.

"If they ask me about it, I shall tell them," he said to himself, "but I hope they will not find it out just as I am starting away."

It was yet quite early when Louis reached his room, where he found his brother still asleep, and there was soon so much hurry and bustle, in the preparation for the departure of the little expedition, that the absence of the falcon did not seem to have been discovered.

After a prolonged leave-taking, and a great

many tears from his mother and brother, and from many of the retainers and servants of the château, Louis set forth for the castle of Barran. He rode his mother's palfrey, a small and gentle horse, and was followed by quite a train of archers and men-at-arms, headed by the trusty Bernard.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN the first pain caused by the separation from his dear mother and brother began to subside in Louis' heart,—and it must be admitted that it began to subside pretty soon, the day being so bright and everybody in such good spirits,—he felt quite proud to see himself at the head of such a goodly company, and greatly wished that they would fall in with some enemy, so that he might have a little conquering to tell about when he should reach his future home. But no enemy was met, and, if a fight had taken place, it is not likely that the boy would have been able to boast of his part in it, for Bernard was very careful of his young charge, and as soon as they had left the neighborhood of the Château de Viteau, and had entered the forest through which ran their road for the greater part of the journey, he made Louis ride about the middle of the little procession, while he himself went a short distance in advance, looking carefully about him for the first signs of robbers, or any one else who might be likely to dispute their passage.

But no such persons were met, and toward the end of the afternoon Louis and his train rode into the court-yard of the castle.

The moment that he entered the great gates, the quick eye of the boy perceived that he had come to a place very different from his mother's château. He had supposed there would be a difference, but had never imagined it would be so great. There were a good many serving-people, of various ranks and orders, at Viteau. There were ladies in attendance on his mother; and sometimes there were knights and other visitors, whose diversions had made what Raymond and Louis had considered a very gay time; but there never had been anything like the lively scenes which met the eye of our young friend, both in the court-yard and in the halls of the castle itself. Outside there were boy-pages running on various errands, or standing about, watching other people and neglecting their own business; and there were squires, men-at-arms, and archers who were lounging in the shade, or busily at work rubbing up a piece of armor, or putting a point on an arrow-head or on a blunted lance. Here and there was a knight not clad in armor, but in fine silk and

embroidered cloth, looking at horses which were being led about the inclosure by varlets or inferior serving-men, who generally were dressed in clothes of dirty leather. Two barefooted monks, one of them holding the bridle of a donkey, with a bag thrown across its back, were talking together near the gate. Some people were laughing, some were talking, some were calling to others at a distance, and some were hammering; the horses were making a good deal of noise with their feet; a man was blowing a horn, which he had begun to blow as soon as Louis had entered the gates, and which was intended, it appeared, as a general announcement that somebody had arrived who was a friend, and had been admitted freely. All together, there was more noise, and moving about, and standing still, and lying down, than Louis had ever seen, at one time, before.

Inside the castle there was not so much bustle; but knights and ladies, the first generally dressed much more finely and with more show of color and ornament than their female companions, were to be seen here and there. The pages who were not running about or standing still outside seemed to be doing the same inside; there was a clatter of metal and wooden dishes in the dining-hall, where the servants were preparing supper; and, in a room opening into the great hall, a tall knight sat upon a stool, with a little harp on his knee, singing one of the romantic songs which were so much liked in those days, and accompanying his voice with a steady "tum-tum" on the harp-strings. Around him were several knights and ladies, some sitting and some standing, and all listening, with much satisfaction, to his song.

The Count de Barran, a tall, spare man, with an ugly but good-humored face, gave Louis a kindly welcome.

"He is the son of Raymond de Viteau, my old brother-at-arms," he said to a knight with a great brown beard, who stood beside him, "and I shall try to make of him as good a knight as his—as I can."

"You were going to say 'as good a knight as his father,' good sir," said Louis quickly, looking up into Barran's face. "Do you think I can not be that?"

"That will depend upon yourself," said the master of the castle. "Your father was brave and noble above his fellow-knights. If you become his equal, my little fellow, I shall be very proud. And now I shall send you to my sister, the Lady Clemence, who will see that you are taken care of."

"The boy's quickness of wit comes out well, even now," said the brown-bearded knight; "but you may have to wait for the bravery and the honor to show themselves."



"Not long, I hope," replied Barran. "Good blood must soon make some sign, if he has it in him."

The next day Bernard and his train returned to Viteau, with many messages from Louis, and the life of the boy, as the youngest page in the castle, fairly commenced. In a few days he began to understand his duties, and to make friends among the other pages, all of whom were sons of well-born people. These boys had come to the castle to receive the only education they would ever have. Louis did not at first very much like to wait upon the knights and ladies at table, and to find himself expected to serve so many people in so many ways; but he soon became used to these things, especially when he saw other boys, whom he knew to be just as good as he was, doing what he was expected to do.

He had a bright, interesting face, and he soon became a favorite, especially among the ladies, for they liked to be waited upon by a page who was so good-humored and quick. The Count de Barran was not married, and his sister, the Lady Clemence, was at the head of domestic affairs in his castle.

The only very young person among the visitors at the castle was a little girl named Agnes, the motherless daughter of Count Hugo de Lanne, the brown-bearded man who had talked with De Barran about his new page. Between this girl and Louis a friendship soon sprang up. Agnes was a year older than he, and she knew so much of castle-life, and of the duties of a page, that she became one of his best instructors. She was a lively, impulsive girl; and this was the reason, no doubt, why she and Louis got on so well together.

One morning, as Agnes was passing through an upper hall, she saw, standing at a window which overlooked the court-yard, our young friend Louis, with an enormous battle-ax over his shoulder. As she approached, he turned from the window, out of which he had been looking.

"What in the world," she cried, "are you doing with that great ax, and what makes you look so doleful?"

"I am taking the ax down to the armorer's shop, to be sharpened and polished," he said.

"It is too big a thing for you to be carrying about," said Agnes, "and it seems sharp enough now. And as to you, you look as if you were going somewhere to cut your head off with it. What is the matter with you?"

"That is the matter," said Louis, turning again to the window, and pointing to a body of horsemen who were just riding out of the gate. They had dogs with them, and several of them carried each a hooded falcon perched upon his wrist.

"Did you want to go hunting herons? Is that what troubles you?" asked Agnes.

"No, indeed; I don't want to go," said Louis. "I hate to see falcons."

"What did you look at them for, then?" asked Agnes. "But I don't see how you can hate them. I love to see them swooping about, so lordly, in the air. Why do not you like them as well as I do?"

Moved by a strong desire to share his secret with some one, Louis, after a little hesitation, finally put the battle-ax on the floor, and told Agnes the whole story of the loss of his brother's falcon, first making her promise that she would never repeat it to any one. He told it all in a straightforward way, and finished by explaining how the sight of the hunters made him think of his poor brother, who could not go hawking for ever so long. Indeed, he did not know that Bernard would be willing to get another hawk and take all the trouble of training it. He might be very angry.

"I think it's easy enough to make that right," said Agnes. "You ought to give your brother another hawk, already trained."

"I would like much to know where I am to get it," said Louis.

Agnes thought for a moment.

"My father will give you one," she said, "if I ask him. If he questions me as to what you want with it, I can tell him, with truth, that you want to give it to your brother, who has no falcon, and who needs one very much."

"Do you really think he would give me one?" asked Louis, with brightening face.

"I am sure of it," said Agnes. "He has plenty of trained falcons, and he could spare one easily enough. I will ask him, as soon as he comes back to-day."

Accordingly, when Count Hugo returned from his hawking expedition that afternoon, he was met by his little daughter, who asked him for a falcon, a well-trained and good one, which could hunt hares as well as birds, and which would be sure to come back to its master whenever it was called.

Of course such a request as this excited some surprise, and required a good deal of explanation. But when Count Hugo, who was a very indulgent father, and who had also quite a liking for Louis, heard what was to be done with the bird, he consented to give it.

"If he wanted it for himself," he said, "I should not let him have it, for a page has no need of falcons, and a boy of the right spirit ought not to desire gifts; but, as he wants it for his brother, who is in a station to use it, it shows a generous disposition, and he shall have it." And calling to one of his falconers to bring him a hawk, he handed it to

Agnes, and told her that she should herself give it to her young friend.

"He and you can look at it for a quarter of an hour," said the Count, "and then he must bring it back to Orlon, here, who will feed and take care of it until the boy has an opportunity of sending it to his brother. Don't take its hood off, and keep your fingers well clear of its beak."

When Agnes appeared with the falcon unsteadily perched on her two small fists, which she had covered with a scarf, to keep its talons from hurting her, Louis was overwhelmed with delight. He was sure that this was a much finer bird than the one he had lost.

When the falcon had been sufficiently admired, and had been returned to its keeper, and when Louis had run to find Count Hugo, and had thanked him for his kindness, the question arose

to him myself. "I want him to have it just as soon as he can get it," said Louis.

"I can lend you my jennet," said Agnes. "He is small, but can travel far."

"You will lend him!" cried Louis. "And are you not going to use him for two days? It will take at the very least two days to go to Viteau and come back."

"I may not ride him for a week," said Agnes. "But you must not travel to your mother's house alone. You must wait until some company is going that way."

Louis would have been willing to start off by himself, but he knew he would not be allowed to do so; and he had to curb his impatience for three whole days before an opportunity of making his journey offered itself. Then a knight from the south was leaving the castle, with a small train,



LOUIS AND BERNARD ON THEIR WAY TO DE BARRAN'S CASTLE.

between the two young friends: How was he to be carried to Raymond?

"If I had any way of riding there, I'd take it

and as they would pass near Viteau, Louis was allowed to accompany them.

The Count de Barran was not pleased that his



new page should ask for leave of absence so soon ; but, as it was represented that there was good reason for the journey, and as the Lady Clemence urged the boy's request, he was allowed to go.

So, early one morning Louis started away, the gayest of his company, his little Spanish steed frisking beneath him, the falcon perched bravely on his arm, and Agnes waving her scarf to him from a window of the castle.

All went well during the forenoon, excepting

Viteau. It could not be far, and his spirited little horse would soon take him there.

Consequently, when he came to the place where his companions took their way eastward, Louis fell



LOUIS, AGNES, AND THE FALCON.

that the falcon became very heavy, and had to be perched on the saddle-bow ; but, during a short halt which the party made about noon, Louis discovered that it was not the intention of the knight from the south to take the most direct road to Viteau. He meant, a mile or two farther on, to turn to the east, and to spend the night at a château belonging to a friend. Then, the next day, he would pursue his journey and would pass, by a rather circuitous road, near to Viteau.

Louis did not want to stop all night anywhere excepting in his mother's house, and he made up his mind that, when he reached the forking of the road, he would leave the party and gallop on to

behind and, instead of following them, he kept on the road to Viteau, urging his horse forward at the top of its speed. He hoped that his departure had not been noticed, and that he would not be missed until he had gone so far that he could not be overtaken. He expected to be pursued, for he knew the knight and his men would not allow him to go off by himself if it could be prevented.

So he galloped on, his falcon tightly grasping the saddle-bow, and he himself turning around every few minutes, to see if he were followed. But he saw no horsemen riding after him. The knight's men had straggled a good deal after they had turned into the new road, and Louis was not

missed for an hour or two. Then, when his absence was discovered, the knight sent three men after him, with instructions to bring him back, or to escort him to Viteau, in case they found him near that place. It was supposed, of course, that he had slipped away, so as to get home as soon as possible.

The men did not like the job at all, for they feared they would not be able to return until after dark to the château where their party was to spend the night, and they did not fancy traveling at night for the sake of a boy they knew very slightly, and cared very little about. So, after riding five or six miles, they agreed to halt until nearly night, and ride back to their party at the top of their speed, and report that they had overtaken Louis, and had accompanied him to a spot within sight of his mother's château. This story was believed by the knight from the south, who had no very clear idea as to the distance of Viteau from the forks of the road; and no further thought was given to the young page.

As for Louis, he kept madly on his way. His horse was strong and fleet, but it was beginning to flag a little in its pace, when, suddenly, it stopped short. A tall man stood in front of it, and in a moment had seized the panting animal by the bridle. Another man, with a pike in his hand,

appeared on the right, while several others came out from behind some bushes on the left. The tall man wore a cuirass, or body-armor, of steel rings linked closely together, which had probably once been bright and shining, but which was now very rusty and old. He wore no other armor, and his clothes seemed torn and soiled. The whole party, indeed, as Louis, with open mouth and eyes, glanced quickly around him,—too much startled to speak,—seemed to be a very rusty set of fellows.

Louis did not long remain silent. Indeed, he was the first one to speak. He had often seen such persons as these among the serfs and varlets at the castle, and he had been accustomed to respect from them.

"Ho there!" he cried, "move out of my way! Step from the road, do you hear? I am going home to my mother's château, and I am in a hurry."

"Your mother can wait," said the tall man. "We should be pleased to have your company ourselves to-night. So do not be angry. You can not go on."

"I believe," cried Louis, his eyes flashing, although they were full of tears, "that you are a set of robbers."

"That is true," said the other, "and this little man, and this little horse, and this very fine falcon, are our booty."

*(To be continued.)*

## TIMES AND SEASONS.

BY W. J. LINTON.

THERE'S a time—the proverb tells us—

For all things under the sun;

Even so may be proper seasons

For good works to be done,

And for good words to be said.

In the fear lest I or you

May miss the happy occasions,

Let us here note down a few.

When the trees are heavy with leaves,

When the leaves lie underfoot,

When fruit on the board is frequent,

And while there is rind or root;

When the rain comes down from the heavens,

When the sun comes after rain,

When the autumn fields are waving

With the weight of golden grain;

When the hills are purple with heather,

When the fells are black with cold,

When the larches are gay with their tassels red,

When nuts are shrivel'd and old;

Whenever there's growth in the spring-time,

Or June close follows May,

And so long as the first of January

Happens on New-Year's day;

When mushrooms spring in the meadows,

Or toadstools under the trees,

When the gnats gyrate in the sunshine,

When the oak-boughs strain in the breeze;

In the days of the cuckoo and swallow,

When the sea-gulls flee the foam,

When the night-jar croons in the gloaming,

Or the owl goes silently home;

When the lake is a placid mirror,

When the mountains melt in mist,

When the depths of the lake are as pillars of gold

On a floor of amethyst;

When a rainbow spans the morning,

When the thunder rends the night,

When the snow on the hills is rosy red

With the blush of the wakening light;



When the soul is heavy with sadness,  
 When the tears fall drop by drop,  
 When the heart is glad as the heart of him  
 Who climbs to a mountain-top;  
 When youth unrolls like a bracken-frond,  
 When age is grandly gray  
 As the side of a crag that is riven and scarr'd  
 With the storms of yesterday:—

Believe that in all of these seasons  
 Some good may be done or said,  
 And whenever the loving thought and will  
 Are loving enough to wed;  
 And well is it with the happy heart  
 That hath thoroughly understood  
 How the "time for all things under the sun"  
 Is always the time for good.

## GRACE FOR A CHILD

by  
 Robert Herrick



"HERE A LITTLE CHILD I STAND.  
 HEAVING UP MY EITHER HAND:  
 COLD AS PADDOCKS-THOUGH THEY BE,  
 HERE I LIFT THEM UP TO THEE,  
 FOR A BENISON TO FALL  
 ON OUR MEAT AND ON OUR ALL. AMEN".





"SHE DOES N'T SEEM TO KNOW THAT SHE 'S ME!"

## "TORPEDOES—DON'T ANCHOR!"

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

BOYS and girls who travel by the Sound boats, from Fall River or Newport, Stonington or Providence, or any of the ports on Long Island Sound, toward New York, always get up early and go out on deck. They want to see the view as the boat comes in from the broad Sound and enters the East River. It is one of the finest sights in the country, and, if you ever do go that way, be sure and look about you the moment the light begins to shine in-

to your state-room window. First, you will see the beautiful shores of Long Island and Connecticut, with the charming bays stretching far back among the undulating hills. Then there are the pretty cottages, the long, smooth beaches, the curious light-houses, and the great forts.

As the two shores appear to come nearer together, you pass a funny brick light-house on an island, and then come the vast fortifications,



just where the boat seems to enter a river and takes a sudden turn to the west. On the stone walls of one of these forts is a monstrous sign, with letters six feet high:

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TORPEDOES—DON'T ANCHOR!

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There are ships and schooners passing both ways. You see tug-boats rushing about in search of a job, or toiling along with canal-boats, schooners, or barges in tow. In some of the bays perhaps you may see vessels at anchor, with their sails furled. Here and there you may pass fishermen in boats, anchored near their nets or over the fishing-grounds. Not a ship or sloop, or even a sail-boat, is at anchor here; every one seems to be in a great hurry to get away, as if some strange, mysterious danger lay hidden here. The pilot looks straight ahead, and the steamer plows swiftly along in her course. It would not be wise to drop anchor just now. You may sail on and see all the wonderful sights beyond, but you can not easily forget that strange place, with its warning sign, "Don't anchor." Once upon a time, a schooner, called the "Olive Branch," did come to anchor there, but she never sailed the seas again, and not so much as a stick of her could be found afterward that was fit for anything but to make a bonfire on the beach.

The coast of the United States is several thousand miles long. Scattered along it are hundreds of ports and harbors, opening upon the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, or the Pacific. They extend from the wooded hills of Maine, down past the low, sandy shores of New Jersey, the Carolinas, and Florida, to the shallow river-mouths of Texas, and, again, far along the shores that face the great Pacific. Into these ports come the ships of every nation, while up and down the coast, and far away to all parts of the world, sail our ships and steamers. At some of these places, where ships go in and out, as at Boston, Newport, New York, Charleston, and San Francisco, and at many of the river entrances, are stone forts built to guard the harbors from an enemy's ships. Great guns are mounted in the forts, and there are soldiers always on guard, to see that no one does any harm to our defenses.

But many of these forts were planned or built a long time ago. Some were even used in the Revolution. Since they were built, methods and implements of warfare have undergone great changes. War-ships are now covered with heavy plates of iron that only the largest guns can break, and they carry monster cannon, some of them throwing shells weighing over seven hundred pounds, that

could easily knock one of our old stone forts to pieces.

We don't want to fight. If we have a misunderstanding with any nation, we send some wise and sensible people there, to have a talk about the matter and try to settle things in a peaceful way. But, at the same time, we must be ready to fight, for, if we were not, some little nation might send a couple of war-ships over here, and before we could stop them they might knock our forts to pieces and, perhaps, burn up some of our towns. Thus it happens that, as the majority of our forts are not supplied with formidable artillery, we have tried to find some other way of driving away or destroying an enemy's ships of war in case they should try to enter any one of our ports.

A war-ship may carry heavy iron armor that will resist the shots fired from ordinary cannon, but if a big bomb-shell should go off under her keel she could not help herself, and would instantly tumble to pieces and sink out of sight in the sea. This queer kind of under-water hostilities we could carry on, if necessary, almost anywhere along our coasts, and, conducted by our brave and skillful soldiers, not all the war-ships in the world would be able to capture our forts.

The weapons used for this under-water warfare are called "torpedoes." They are queer things. Some rest on the bottom of the bay, like great frogs. Others float silently in the water, just out of sight, like a lazy trout sunning himself in a pool, and still others are like live sharks, for they can swim and chase a ship under water till at last they put their terrible teeth in her keel and drag her down to destruction.

This place at the end of Long Island Sound, where you can see the strange sign warning vessels not to anchor, is the school where our soldiers are taught to use torpedoes in time of war. Here are used only torpedoes intended for the defense of our harbors. There is also another school at Newport. At these, they study how to use torpedoes on board ships and gun-boats, by way of practice against a time when they may be required to attack the enemy's ships on the open water. The United States Government will not permit us to see how torpedoes are made and used, because it is important that this should be kept a secret, as far as possible. All we can do is to see, in a general way, how they would be used in war, and how they would behave in a battle.

As I have said, there are two kinds of torpedoes: those that are anchored in one place, and those that swim about in the water. Of those that are anchored, there are also two kinds. One kind consists of great iron boxes filled with dynamite and sunk in the water at particular places.

They rest in the mud, or on the sand and stones, till they are ready to be fired, when they blow up or explode with terrible effect; and if a ship happens to be passing over one of them, she is sure to be torn to pieces. The other kind have a float anchored just out of sight under water, while the



A DOUBLE BLAST.\*

torpedo rests on the bottom. These, too, when they explode, destroy anything that happens to be near. At Willet's Point, where the warning sign tells the ships not to anchor, the torpedoes are planted at the bottom of the water, and some times, as on the Fourth of July, some of them are fired off. Of course all vessels are warned away, for the torpedo sends into the air a tremendous fountain of water, hundreds of feet high, that would destroy any ship it fell upon.

There are two ways of firing these ground torpedoes: In one there is a wire, carefully protected

from the water, leading from the torpedo to the shore. The soldiers in charge of it can send electricity through this wire and set fire to the dynamite, and thus fire the torpedo. The torpedo is lost and destroyed, but the broken wire can be pulled ashore, and used again on another torpedo. The second method is to fasten to the torpedo a wooden float. If one of the enemy's ships passes over such a torpedo and happens to strike and push aside the float that is anchored just over it, this will also fire the torpedo, for the chain or rope that anchors the float is connected with the torpedo, and any strain or pull on the rope discharges it. In this way the ship itself may fire the torpedo, and thus become an agent in its own destruction.

The swimming torpedoes are of two kinds. One of these swims like a fish, and, if it strikes its nose against a ship, explodes, and sinks the vessel by tearing a terrible hole in the bottom. Another kind can also swim, but it carries fastened to its tail a long wire, which it drags through the water wherever it goes. By means of this wire, the soldier who stands at the end, on the shore, or the sailor on board ship, can make the fish turn to the right or left, dive, turn around, go backward, or come home again when it is wanted. Besides this, the fish will blow up if it strikes against the enemy's ship, or whenever the man at the wire wishes to fire it. The Government will not tell us how such a wonderful thing can be done, but you may be sure that these fish-torpedoes are strange fellows. They seem to be able to do everything that a fish can do, and more, for when they get angry they can burst out into a frightful passion and send the water flying into the air for hundreds of feet, and woe to the sailors who are near! Torpedo, ship, and men go to the bottom in a volcano of fire and water. Besides these anchored and swimming torpedoes, there is another kind called spar-torpedoes, so named because they are placed on the ends of spars or booms that run out under water from the bows of small boats. The boats rush up to the side of the big ship, in the dark, and explode the torpedo underneath, thus sinking the vessel.

Sometimes, on the Fourth of July, or when the President or some other distinguished visitor is at Newport or Willet's Point, some of the ground torpedoes are fired as a salute. And a grand salute it is. A time is chosen when no vessels are passing, and all small boats that may be near are warned away. The officer on the shore starts the steam-engine attached to the dynamo machine that gives the electricity, or he arranges his battery for the purpose. When all is ready, he presses his finger lightly on a knob. Instantly there appears out on the sea a terrible rush of solid

\* The illustrations to this article are copied from instantaneous photographs (by Von Sothen) of actual torpedo explosions.



water, dark green and blazing white. It mounts into the air higher and higher, breaking into foam and spray. While this mass is white and feathery, the sea all around seems to sink into a vast whirlpool or crater. The water turns black, and

the explosion, and float all about on the water. The boys knew what to expect, and are picking up the dead fish as fast as they can. On one occasion, three porpoises were swimming near where a torpedo was fired. For a week afterward the sol-



THE BEGINNING OF A BLAST—SHOWING THE BLACK RING OF WATER.

then the waves rush in from every side and fill the hole whence the fountain sprang. An instant later there is what seems to be a second, though less violent, explosion, and another fountain rushes up. Then, with a roar and splash, down falls the tall column of water, and the sea is covered with seething foam, and a ring of waves spreads out wider and wider in every direction. Grand water fire-works these, as you see by the pictures.

diers had porpoise-steaks for breakfast. At another time, a fisherman, who was out in his boat when a torpedo went off, found six wild ducks dead in the water. Poor birds! They never knew what was the cause of the terrible concussion that killed them. If they were conscious of anything, it must have seemed to them that an earthquake had taken place, or that some great water-spout had leaped out of the sea to crush them.



A GRAND SALUTE—GOING UP.



A GRAND SALUTE—COMING DOWN.

When the water is quiet again, all the men and boys who are waiting near in their boats row out to the place where the torpedo was fired. What are those white things floating on the water? They are fish. Thousands of them have been killed by

Should we ever have a war with any foreign power, these soldiers at the Willet's Point torpedo school would be sent to all our forts, and hundreds upon hundreds of torpedoes would be planted near the entrances of all our ports. Then, if one of the



NO. 1.—BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.



NO. 2.—THE MOMENT OF EXPLOSION.

enemy's ships tried to batter down a fort which guarded one of our harbors, two soldiers hiding on the shore would watch the ship as she sailed in. Each man would have a small telescope

the electricity would fly along the wire under the sea, and Mr. Enemy would suddenly stop. The poor ship would feel a terrible shock. Her iron sides would be torn apart, her engines would sink



NO. 3.—THE MOMENT AFTER.



NO. 4.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

pointed in a particular direction, and when the ship came in sight of either, he would speak to the other man through a telephone. When they both could see the ship at once, she would be over a torpedo, and one or both would touch the knob,

down through the bottom and fall out, the boilers would explode with a great concussion, the masts leap into the air, and, in an instant, in a cloud of smoke and spray, the mighty ship would break in two and sink, in a seething whirlpool, into the



raging water. It would be indeed terrible, but the fort and adjacent city would be saved.

I told you that once a schooner called the "Olive Branch" did anchor off the fort. She was an old boat, and they put her there to see what would become of her if torpedoes were fired near her. You know that nowadays photographers are so skillful

shows it was a pretty close shot. Then they fired a torpedo directly under the schooner, and took three pictures one after the other. Picture No. 1 shows the "Olive Branch" just before the explosion. The men seen on board were only dummies or scare-crows put there for fun. In No. 2 the torpedo has burst and the schooner is torn in two.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.—EXPLODING TORPEDOES SIMULTANEOUSLY AT THE TWO ENDS OF A BOAT.

that they can take a picture in an instant of time. When the torpedoes were to be fired, the photographer set up his camera upon the shore, and arranged it in such a way that the pictures would be taken at the same time that the torpedoes exploded.

First they tried to see how near they could come to the schooner and not hit it. The large picture

The mainmast has jumped right out of the hull, and the hull has broken into two pieces. The bowsprit is bent down into the water, and the stern has dived the other way. In No. 3 everything is torn to a million pieces, and there is only a huge fountain of sticks, ropes, and muddy water. In No. 4 the terrible wreck is falling back in ruins into the sea.

All this took only a few seconds, but the photographer caught the strange scenes just as they passed.

The other pictures show different views of explosions of torpedoes, the name on each explaining what it is.

We shall never go to war if we can avoid it, and we shall try very hard to prevent it, for war is a cruel and costly way to settle disputes. Perhaps for a hundred years torpedoes will never be

fired except for salutes on the Fourth of July, and there will be no torpedoes planted anywhere except at the schools at Newport and Willet's Point. But these torpedo schools show that we are ready to fight, and that is one very good way to keep out of a fight. Torpedoes are terrible things in war, and we all trust they may never be used, except as a wonderful kind of fire-works to salute the flag or the ships of other nations when they come to make us a friendly visit.



## HOTEĪ.

BY LAURA F. HINSDALE.

OF all the gods to legend given,  
The wisest dwells beyond the sea;  
One of a brotherhood of seven,  
His funny name is HoteĪ.\*

His brother, Daikokom, has wealth,  
His sacks of rice are tied with gold;  
But he has neither youth nor health,  
And looks forlorn and cross and old.

The God of Glory bears a lance,  
And wears a cuirass and a star;  
You see, with but a moment's glance,  
He's only bent on making war.

The God of Love, with arrows bent,  
A very naughty god is he!  
And many a gentle heart has rent,  
As all the wide world will agree.

But HoteĪ 's a jolly lad,  
Who lives in far-away Japan;  
In simple sackcloth he is clad,  
He owns a wallet and a fan.

He fans away the webs of care,  
And, when his purse is empty quite,  
Tosses it gayly in the air,  
And laughs to see it is so light.

The children love him, high and low,  
For where he goes 't is always May;  
And joy-birds sing, and flowers grow,  
And all the world is blithe and gay.

When he awakes, he laughs with glee,  
Because the world was plainly meant  
For just such happy souls. You see,  
His name, in English, is *Content*.

\* Pronounced "Ho-tā-ē."



## OLD MORDECAI'S COCKEREL.

BY SARGENT FLINT.

"GRAND old trees," said Mamma, "a fine view from the piazza, and pleasant inside."

"I see no fault," said Papa.

"Except that hideous little house at the foot of the garden," said Aunt Amy.

"And that horrible old man, sitting all day close up to our fence," said Bob.

"Both his legs is shorter than the other," said little Lucy.

"He sits on his own land," said Papa.

"And he minds his own business," said Mamma.

"Nevertheless, he is a very Mordecai at our back gate," said Aunt Amy.

But the summer went, and, despite the hideous little house at the foot of the garden, and the old man smoking his pipe so near the fence, everybody had seemed quite merry. The grand old trees were bare now, and a great, melancholy pile of leaves in the garden was all that was left of their glory. Aunt Amy wished the pile had been a little higher, that it might have hidden old Mordecai's house.

"I like Old Mortify," said Lucy; "he hands me my kitten when she runs away." She had grown used to seeing the old man walking from side to side, on his poor old rheumatic legs, and felt kindly toward him. She had smiled first at his little grand-daughter, and then asked her if she were Mortify's little girl.

"What you mean?" said the child.

"Are you his little girl?" asked Lucy.

"He is my grandpa; I am Sadie."

Lucy handed some white roses through the fence, and Sadie handed back a plum. To be sure, the plum was very hard, and Lucy could not eat it; but she believed it was the best her little neighbor had, and always spoke to her afterward.

Now, the weather had become so cold that Mordecai no longer sat by the fence, or walked in his little garden; and Lucy had not seen Sadie for a long time.

In a week it would be Thanksgiving. The sky was gray and cold, and the tall trees waved their bare branches to keep warm until the snow should come to cover them.

"Everything looks awfully homesick," said Bob, standing at the window. "This is the meanest place I ever saw."

At that moment a loud, defiant crow fell upon his ears.

"That's Old Mordecai's cockerel," he said angrily.

"Yes," said Lucy. "I can see him down at the pile of leaves."

"I told him never to crow on our side of the fence," said Bob.

Lucy laughed.

"You may laugh, but you just see if he crows on our side again, Lucy Jackson."

Once again the cockerel crowed, loudly and triumphantly. Once more Lucy laughed. Bob went out, and Lucy saw the cockerel scratching the leaves. Then she saw Bob creeping toward him with a bow and arrow. She laughed again, for she considered Bob a very poor shot. Aunt Amy had often said that, if no one but Bob cared for archery, a target would last forever.

Mordecai's cockerel seemed to be of the same opinion, for he stopped a moment to turn his eye toward the young archer, then began to scratch again more diligently than before.

Lucy did not see the arrow fly from the bow, but she saw Bob flying to the stable with the cockerel in his arms. She was so much excited that she ran out at once, bare-headed, to find Bob just drawing out the arrow from the poor fowl's breast.

"Oh, Bob!" she whispered, "that will hurt him dreadfully."

"Do you 'spose he likes it that way?" said Bob, sarcastically.

"Oh, Bob!" she continued, "I did n't believe you could ever hit anything."

"Nor I, either."

She turned away her head while he drew out the arrow. The cockerel flapped his wings a little, then closed his eyes and lay quite still.

"He 's going to die," whispered Lucy.

"That 's just like a girl! Why don't you help a fellow out?"

"I will do anything you want me to, Bob."

"A girl ought to know more about such things than a boy."

"I know it," sighed Lucy. "I 'm trying to think, but all I can remember is arsenicum and Jamaica ginger. He has n't sneezed, so I don't believe it 's arsenicum he needs. Shall I go for some ginger?"

"Do you think it would do any good?"

"He opened one eye; maybe, if he had some ginger, he could open both."

"Well, go get it; we can try it." And Lucy went for the ginger.

"Hope you staid long enough," said Bob, when

she appeared at the stable-door with a cup in her hand.

"That mean cook would n't give me the sugar, and I hurried so I spilled the ginger in the closet. How is he?"

"He keeps on breathing, but he does n't notice much."

Bob took the cup, and gave the cockerel a spoonful of the ginger. The bird staggered to his feet and flapped his wings. Lucy thought surely he meant to crow again on their side of the fence, but the next instant he lay motionless before them.

"He's gone!" said Bob, solemnly.

"I wish we had tried the arsenicum," said Lucy, sadly. "What will Old Mortify say?"

And mind you, it's my place to tell of it, and not yours."

"But you are going to tell, Bob?"

"You run in, and wait and see."

She went in and stood by the window, and saw him come carelessly out of the stable and walk about the garden, then return with the dead cock and cover him hastily with leaves.

When he came in, he said: "Don't stand staring at that pile of leaves. It's done, and can't be helped. Nothing but an old rooster, anyway! No business crowing on our side of the fence. I gave him fair warning."

"But he did n't understand, Bob."

"Well, he does now," said Bob.



"BOB GAVE THE COCKEREL A SPOONFUL OF THE GINGER."

"I guess I shall be Old Mortify, if Papa finds it out. How strong this ginger smells!—how much did you put in?"

"Five spoonfuls. I thought he was so awful sick he ought to have a lot."

"Five spoonfuls! Then *you* killed him."

"Oh, Bob, don't say that!" she cried. "What would Sadie say to me?" and she lifted the bird's head tenderly, but it fell back again upon the stable-floor. Old Mordecai's cockerel would never crow again on either side of the fence. Little Lucy stood shivering, with tears in her eyes.

"Run in the house," said Bob.

"What shall you do?"

"I am going to hide him under the leaves.

That night, after the children had gone to bed, the old man came up to inquire if any one had seen his cockerel.

Aunt Amy went up to ask Bob.

"Yes," said that young gentleman; "tell him I saw him on the wrong side of the fence about four o'clock."

As the days went by, little Lucy felt more and more uneasy, as she thought of what lay under the leaves. She had seen Sadie out, and had heard her call and call for the poor cockerel that never came. Still she had kept quiet, waiting for Bob to speak.

The day before Thanksgiving she sat alone in the library. Her mother and Aunt Amy had gone



to the city to meet her grandmother, and Lucy felt a little lonely. Bob saw her as he passed the door, and stepped in, saying:

"What is the matter with you, Lucy? Why can't you brighten up? You've had the doleful dumps for a week."

"Oh, Bob!" she answered, "why don't you tell about that cockerel? It worries me awfully."

He glanced around at all the doors, then came savagely up to his sister and took her roughly by the arm. "I suppose," he whispered almost fiercely, "you mean that old rooster under the leaves. Now, never say another word to me about it. You have twitted me enough."

She looked very much astonished, as she had never referred to it in any way before. A mightier voice than little Lucy's had been calling to him ever since he hid the bird under the leaves.

She saw that his conscience troubled him, and gained courage. "If you would only tell Mamma, she would tell you what to do. Oh, Bob! I can't walk on that side of the garden for fear I shall see Sadie. She came out yesterday, and looked over our fence, and I heard her call the cockerel several times."

Bob looked down into Lucy's face and wished he had not taken hold of her quite so roughly. He went back to the kitchen and got a large bunch of raisins and gave them to her, with a pat on the head, which she understood very well. "Too bad," he declared, "that you can't go out to-day."

After he had gone, she took up the raisins, when, happening to look out of the window, she saw Sadie looking over the fence. "I will give her my raisins," thought Lucy.

The cook rapped sharply as she passed the kitchen window, for she knew Lucy ought not to go out.

"Don't give me all," said Sadie, as Lucy passed the great punch through the fence.

"To-morrow we shall have a whole box-full," said Lucy.

"We can't find our rooster," said Sadie. "Grandpa sold all but him; we kept him for Thanksgiving. I don't see how he got out of the coop. We can't have any Thanksgiving now."

"Too bad!" said little Lucy, very faintly.

"Grandpa's looked everywhere for him, till he tired himself out, and got rheumatism dreadfully. He thinks some of the neighbors have killed him."

Lucy turned a little pale, and said she had a very bad cold and must go in.

Sadie would have been surprised had she looked out a few minutes later, for she would have seen Lucy running toward the provision store.

"Anything wrong, Miss Lucy?" said the red-cheeked boy who drove the wagon.

She went in timidly, and when she stood close by his side, she whispered, "How much do you ask for roosters?"

"A hen would n't do?" he asked, laughing.

"No," she said, with a sigh, as she compared in her mind the proud strut of Mordecai's cockerel with the walk of any hen she had ever met. "No, I want a rooster."

"What's it for?" he said, confidentially.

"For Thanksgiving."

"I just took two fine gobblers up."

"It's for—somebody else's Thanksgiving."

"Oho! Why not get a small turkey? Just the thing."

Why had she not thought of it before! Perhaps that would help Mordecai to forgive them. (She had begun to blame herself with Bob, for had she not prepared the fatal ginger?)

The red-cheeked boy held up a plump little turkey.

"Is that a dollar?" she asked.

"That's heavier than I thought," he said, after he had thrown it into the scales. "That will cost, all told,—let me see,—one dollar thirty-eight."

She began feeling about her neck, as if she kept her money concealed somewhere about her jugular veins, and the tears came to her eyes.

The red-cheeked boy became again confidential. "Come, now," he said, in a low tone, "how much do we want to pay? What is just the little sum we were thinking of, when we came in?"

"I have only one dollar," answered Lucy, with her hand still guarding a jugular.

"A dollar is quite enough to pay for a small, nice, plump little turkey, if the right person comes for it."

Lucy hoped she was the right person. "If you please," she said, as he showed her another turkey, the smallest one she had ever seen, "are you sure it's a turkey? I don't want a rooster, now."

"My word for it, Miss Lucy, yesterday afternoon that fowl said 'Gobble.' Shall I send it to your house?"

"If you would do him up so he would look like a dress, I would be very much obliged to you."

While he was gone, she again put her hand to her neck and took off a small gold chain; attached to this was a gold dollar. She had worn it since she was a baby; her fingers seemed unwilling to take it off. Her little head said, "Take it off!" and her little heart said, "Oh, no!"

When the boy came back with the turkey, looking as much like a dress as a provision man could make it, the small coin still remained firmly attached to the chain.

"If you please, will you undo this?" said Lucy.

He looked at it a moment, without taking it in

his hands, and said, "Why don't you charge it, Miss Lucy?"

"Oh, no, no," she said, hastily; "Papa is not to pay for this. I must pay for it myself."

"I understand; you don't want your good works talked about either, Miss Lucy. But I don't want to take this."

"Come, come," said his employer from the other side of the store; "fly around there!"

The boy hurriedly unfastened the dollar, and said: "You may have it back any time, Miss Lucy."

She took the turkey in her arms and went out. When she had walked a few steps she stopped suddenly and turned and went back. The boy was just getting into the wagon. She pulled his coat, and, as he turned, said timidly: "You are so kind, will you tell me how to spell 'Mordecai?' Not Mortify, but Mordecai."

"It's a joke," he said, grinning.

"Oh, no!" groaned poor Lucy.

"Mordecai," he said, pausing, with one foot on the wheel: "M-o-r—Mor—d-y—Mordy—k-i—Mordyki."

She thanked him and hurried home.

When Bob came in, she pulled him into a corner and whispered: "I have bought a little turkey, the littlest one you ever saw, but a sure turkey, for Mordecai! Run out, before you take off your coat, for it's in the stable, in the oat-box; and will you take it to Mordecai's house? Go quick, before it gets dark."

He turned toward her with an angry gesture.

"Oh, Bob! Sadie can't have any Thanksgiving, because we killed the rooster, and I knew you would be so sorry."

He made no reply, but ran with great haste to the stable. He soon found the bundle and brought it to the little window, when he saw there was a little letter, pinned with several pins, on the outside. The afternoon light was fast fading, and it was with some difficulty he read the note, of which this is a copy:

"DEAR MISTER MORDYKI BOB AND ME KILED  
YOUR RUSTER PLEAS TAKE THIS LUCY."

"The good, generous little thing!" muttered Bob, gazing solemnly at the brown bundle, which was supposed to resemble dry goods. "I wonder where in time she got the money! And to say *she* killed it, or had anything to do with killing it! Oh, I hope she wont grow up and be one of those good kind of folks that never have any fun and give all their money away. Where in the world *did* she get the money?" He folded the note care-

fully and put it in his pocket. "I never felt meaner," he thought, as he seized the turkey, with no gentle hand, and ran to Mordecai's house.

The old man sat at the front window, and Bob thought he looked a little sour as the gate opened; but he came to the door as fast as he could hobble, for fear Mrs. Mordecai might get there first. Bob held out the turkey and said: "I shot your rooster, sir. My little sister thought you were saving him for Thanksgiving, and she sent you this turkey."

"So *you* killed my cockerel, did ye?" said the old man; "a mighty fine cockerel he was!" He punched with his thumb the turkey that he could not see, as if he wondered if it could possibly be as fine as the cockerel.

"I had no idea I should hit him," said Bob. "I am a most awful shot, sir. Would you rather have a live rooster?"

"N-no," said old Mordecai. "Though my wife misses his crowing in the morning—overslept every morning since he went."

"We should have killed him for Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Mordecai, a tired-looking little woman, who looked as if she could oversleep, in spite of all the warnings that might be sounded. "A turkey, Father, is better than a cockerel; and so we have lost nothing."

"You don't like to feel that yer neighbors is standin' round armed, ready to destroy yer property,—do you, eh?"

"No, but I like to know that, if they do happen to destroy it, they stand ready to pay more than it's worth."

"Yer allays did like young folks," said Mordecai, dryly, and hobbled back to the front window.

"You are a good boy," said his wife. "Don't mind him; he'll speak better of you behind your back."

"T was Lucy sent it; I only killed the cockerel," said Bob, turning away.

"I have carried the turkey down," he said to Lucy on his return. "Now, tell me where you got the money."

"I had to take my gold dollar." Lucy could not keep the tears from filling her eyes.

"Whew!" he said, "the one on your chain?"

She nodded.

"Born with it on, were n't you?"

"I don't 'member when I got it," said she, a little more cheerfully. "Don't go out again, Bob," as he started suddenly toward the door, and she saw him run across the garden with his skate-bag under his arm.

"Hang the old rooster!" he said, as he passed the little house and saw old Mordecai sitting at the window. "It's going to cost me a pretty sum. I wont do it!—It's good enough for her, to go



spend that dollar — Just like a girl — I hope he wont take them. Hang Mordecai!" Still he walked on rapidly until he came to Johnny Bang's house. "Hope he's gone away," he said, as he pulled the bell, which was answered by young John himself, whose eyes brightened as he saw the skate-bag; but he waited for Bob to speak.

"You said last night you would give me two and a half; say three and they're yours," said Bob.

"Do you suppose I made a half a dollar in my sleep?" said Johnny, with a grin.

"Can you give me three?"

"No, I can't."

"Jerry will; I came to you first, because you made the first offer. I must have three or nothing."

"You come in and sit down, and I'll see if I can work Mother up to it."

Johnny's mother proved a person easily "worked up," for in a few minutes he returned with three crisp bills in his hand.

"I told her they cost five dollars, and you had had them only two weeks; was that straight?"

"Yes," said Bob, "that's straight."

"She asked me if you had a right to sell them

without asking your father, and I told her you bought them yourself with your own money that you had saved; was that straight?"

"Yes," said Bob, his mouth twitching a little, "that's straight."

He took the skates from the bag and handed them to his friend.

"Wont throw in the bag?" said Johnny.

"Oh, I'll throw in the whole family," said Bob, sarcastically, as he left the house.

The first call he made was on the red-cheeked boy at the provision store; then he went to the city.

After supper, when little Lucy was sitting with her father, talking about Thanksgiving, he came in, looking rather tired, and gave her a tiny box. She opened it and found first a note, which said to her:

"DEAR LUCY: You did the square thing by me and I wont forget it. Hang these on your chain in remembrance of Old Mordecai's rooster. Bob."

And under some pink cotton lay her own little dollar, and beside it a small gold cockerel, as proud-looking as Old Mordecai's before Bob's unlucky shot.



## THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

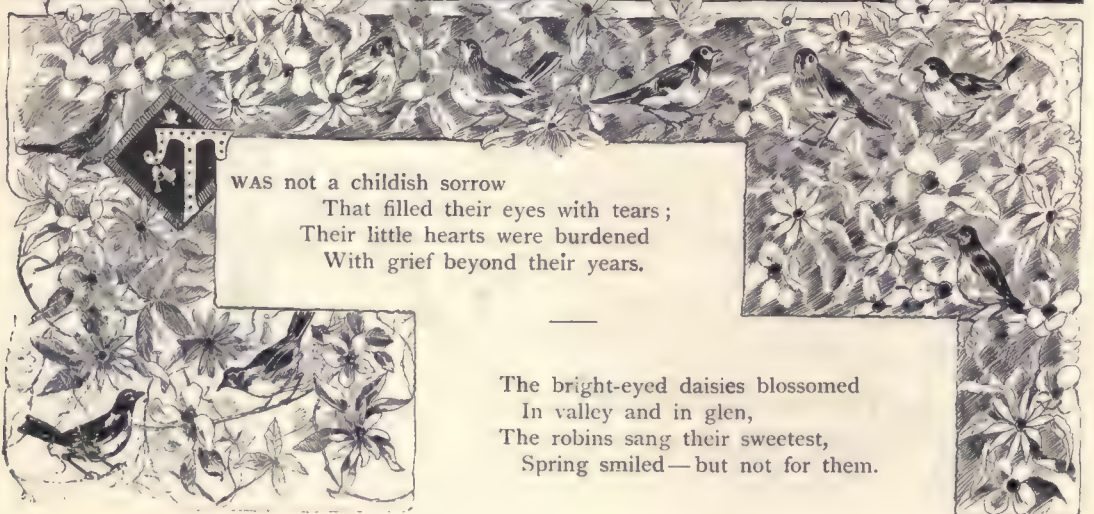
BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.



HERE English daisies blossom,  
And English robins sing,  
When all the land was fragrant  
Beneath the feet of Spring,



Two little sisters wandered,  
Together, hand in hand,  
Along the dusty highway,  
Their bare feet soiled and tanned.



WAS not a childish sorrow  
That filled their eyes with tears;  
Their little hearts were burdened  
With grief beyond their years.

The bright-eyed daisies blossomed  
In valley and in glen,  
The robins sang their sweetest,  
Spring smiled—but not for them.



**B**ENEATH the trees of Whitehall,  
 Within their shadow brown,  
 From out the royal palace  
 The Queen came walking down.

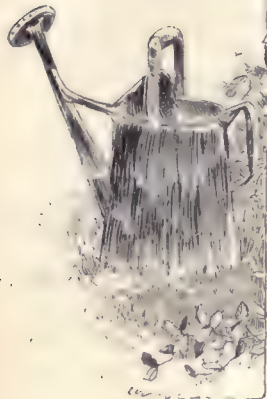
She saw the children standing,  
 Together, side by side,  
 And, gazing down with pity,  
 She asked them why they cried.



**D**EAR lady," said the eldest,  
 "My little sister Bess  
 And I have come together  
 A hundred miles, I guess.

"Sometimes the roads were dusty,  
 And sometimes they were green;  
 We're very tired and hungry—  
 We want to see the Queen.

"For Mother's sick, dear Lady,  
 She cries 'most all the day;  
 We hear her telling Jesus,  
 When she thinks we're at play.

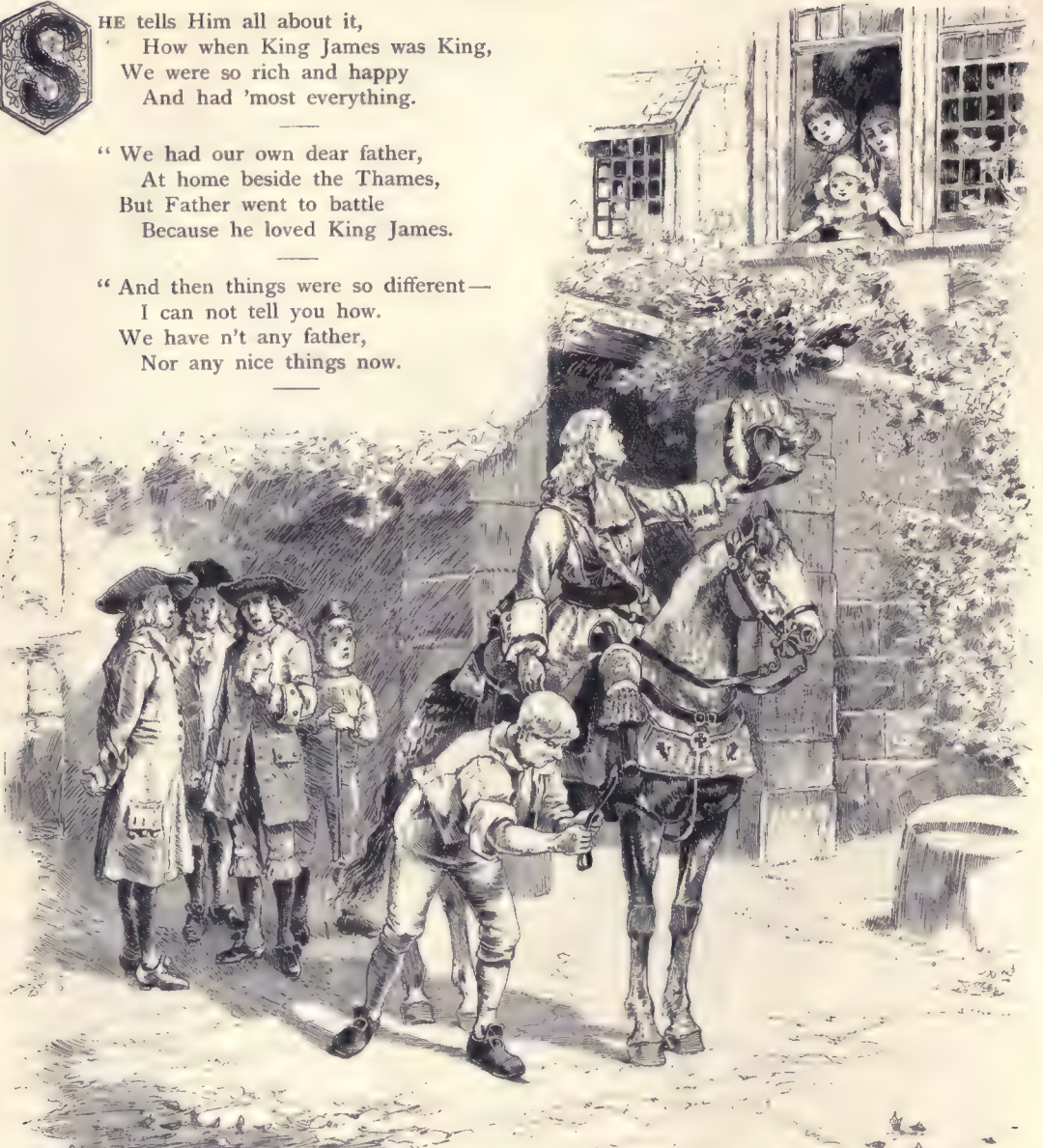




HE tells Him all about it,  
How when King James was King,  
We were so rich and happy  
And had 'most everything.

"We had our own dear father,  
At home beside the Thames,  
But Father went to battle  
Because he loved King James.

"And then things were so different—  
I can not tell you how.  
We have n't any father,  
Nor any nice things now.



LAST night, our mother told us  
They 'd take our home away,  
And leave us without any,  
Because she could n't pay.

"So then we came together,  
Right through the meadow green,  
And prayed for God to help us,  
And take us to the Queen;





**B**ECAUSE Mamma once told us  
That, many years ago,  
The Queen was James's little girl,  
And, Lady, if 't was so,

"I know she 'll let us keep it,—  
Our home beside the Thames,—  
For we have come to ask her,  
And Father loved King James.



AND if we had to leave it,  
I 'm sure Mamma would die,  
For there 's no place to go to,—  
No place but in the sky."

Her simple story finished,  
She gazed up in surprise,  
To see the lovely lady  
With tear-drops in her eyes.



ND when the English robins  
Had sought each downy nest,  
And when the bright-eyed daisies,  
Dew-damp, had gone to rest,

A carriage, such as never  
Had passed that way before,  
Set down two little children  
Beside the widow's door.



THEY brought the weeping mother  
A package from the Queen.  
Her royal seal was on it,  
And, folded in between,

A slip of paper, saying:  
"The daughter of King James  
Gives to these little children  
Their home beside the Thames."



## A HAPPY THOUGHT.

BY KATHARINE R. McDOWELL.

"WHAT a looking room!" exclaimed Olive Kendall, as she came in from school and added to the confusion of the sitting-room by throwing her satchel on the lounge. "Why does n't somebody fix it up?" But no one answered. Only Leila and Nora were there to answer, and both their heads were bent over a geographical puzzle.

Olive threw herself into an easy-chair and looked out of the large bay-window. It was pleasanter to turn her head that way than to look around the disordered room. She only wished she could turn her thoughts away from the room as easily, but she could not so long as that voice kept saying:

"You know that Bridget is out with the twins, and that Kate is busy getting dinner, and that there is no one but yourself to put the room in order—you and your little sisters. Why not go to work and have a surprise for Mamma when she comes in?"

"Leila and Nora, we really ought to fix up the room," said Olive, with a half-yawn. "The twins have scattered their things. Wont you help?"

"In a minute," answered Nora. "We only want a little crooked piece to go right in there."

"Yes," responded Leila, "it's Finland. I remember the very piece—colored yellow, and with a bit of sea-coast," as she turned to look for it.

"Are n't you coming?" asked Olive, as she listlessly folded an afghan. Again the answer was: "Just as soon as we find Finland."

Olive looked about the room in a hopeless, helpless sort of way. "With Leila and Nora both in Finland," she thought, "I may as well give up expecting their help. If it were only a game——"

She stood a moment in thought. Her face suddenly brightened. She went to Mamma's desk and cut six slips of paper, then wrote a word on each.

"Are you getting some strips ready for Consequences?" asked Leila, a new interest in her face, as she looked up from the pieces of map.

"No," replied Olive, at which the search for Finland was renewed.

"Are we going to play Anagrams?" ventured Nora, to whom Leila had just whispered something as she motioned toward Olive.

"No, but you've guessed pretty well," admitted Olive, "for it's a game—a new one."

"A game! A new one!" echoed the little sisters, not only losing interest in Finland, but letting the whole of Europe fall apart. "Let's play it! I'm tired of this map-puzzle."

"Yes, Olive, tell us how," pleaded Leila, "and then we'll help with the room. We truly will."

"I don't know that you'll like the game," said Olive, "but I'm sure that Mamma will."

"Then we shall, of course," said Nora, very decidedly. "Let's begin it now."

So Olive laid the slips on the table—the written side downward. Then she said: "Now we are to draw in turn, the youngest first. Come, Nora!"

Nora looked at the different pieces of paper, put her finger on the last, and then suddenly changed her mind and took the one nearest her.

"Don't look at it yet, Nora," said Olive.

"Oh, I shall certainly look, if Leila does n't hurry," said Nora, excitedly, shutting her eyes very tight, but soon opening them to ask: "Is there a prize, Olive?" and jumping up and down as Olive nodded.

After Leila had settled upon one of the slips, she and Nora made Olive shut her eyes while they changed all about the papers that were left, for fear that Olive, having made them, might choose a better one than they. At last they all had slips.

"Now read!" signaled Olive.

"Table," said Nora, consulting her paper.

"Chairs," read Leila, from hers.

"Carpet," announced Olive.

"Now what?" asked Nora. "Do I pass mine on to Leila?" But Olive was on her knees, picking up a lot of playthings.

"Mine was *carpet*," she said, as she hastily put a handful of toys into a little cart belonging to the twins, "so I'm to take everything off the carpet that does n't belong there. You are to put in order whatever your paper tells you, and the game is to do it as well and as quickly as you can."

Nora flew to the table. She ran into the hall with Teddy's hat, and into the nursery with Freddy's whip. Then she got a brush and prepared to sweep off the table-cover. To do this she piled some books on one of the chairs.

"My paper says *chairs*," cried Leila, "and there are eight of them! If you put those books there, I'll never get through."

"The other table is yours also, Nora," said Olive, as she straightened the rug in front of the fire. "Look on your paper."

Sure enough, there was an *s* that Nora had overlooked! So the books found a place on the little stand while the big table was being brushed, and were then piled nicely up, and the magazines and

papers laid together, after which Nora stood off and viewed the effect with such satisfaction as almost to forget the smaller table.

She was reminded of it, however, by Leila, who was flourishing a duster about as she went from one chair to another, fastening a tidy here and shaking up a cushion there, until she was ready to say: "The whole eight are done."

"I've finished, too," said Olive, as she brushed the hearth and hung the little broom at one side of the open fire-place. "Now, we all draw again."

Nora chose quickly this time, and went right at her work when she saw the word "*Mantel*," hardly hearing Leila say "*Desk*," and Olive "*Lounge*."

"Well, what do you think of the game?" asked Olive, a while after, as, having left the room to put away her school-satchel, she returned and found Leila and Nora putting the finishing touches to their tasks, and rejoicing over the finding of Finland in Mamma's desk.

"Why, we think it a great success—don't we, Nora? And we see now why you did n't know the name," added Leila, laughingly.

"Here comes Mamma up the walk," announced Nora from the bay-window.

"Well, don't say anything, and see if she notices the room," suggested Leila.

Mamma came to the sitting-room door, and looked in. No wonder she smiled at the picture. The room a model of neatness, the winter's sun streaming in at the window, the fire crackling on the hearth, and three faces upturned for a kiss.

"So Bridget is home," said Mamma, in a tone

of relief, as she glanced about the room. "I left her getting rubbers for the twins, and feared she would n't return till dinner-time."

"She *is* n't home, Mamma," said Olive, while Nora and Leila exchanged happy glances, and Nora could n't keep from saying (though she said afterward she tried hard not to tell):

"We fixed it, Mamma. It's Olive's game!"

Then, of course, Mamma had to hear all about it, and Papa, too, when he came to dinner. Otherwise he might not have brought up those slips of red card-board that he did that evening, nor have seated himself in the midst of them all, and said: "Now, I propose we make a set of cards in fine style," as he proceeded to write on each the word that Olive or Leila or Nora would tell him.

"And now, what shall we call the game?" asked Papa, with pen ready to put the name on the other side of the six bright cards.

"How would the 'Game of Usefulness' do?" suggested Olive.

"Or 'Daily Duty'?" put in Leila; "for we've promised to play it every day."

"Would n't 'Helping Hands' sound well?" asked Mamma. And they probably agreed upon that, for, when Nora went up to bed, one of her plump hands held the new cards, and the name that Mamma had proposed was written on each.

"I wonder what the prize was?" she asked Leila the last thing that night.

"I guess it must have been Mamma's smile when she looked in," said Leila.

And was not that a prize worth trying for?

## AN OLD ROMAN LIBRARY.

BY C. L. G. SCALES.

THE boys and girls of the nineteenth century probably seldom think of the marvelous changes that have been wrought in our modern civilization by the invention of printing; but, if some mischievous fairy should suddenly whisk out of sight all the books, pamphlets, newspapers, and magazines in the land, and leave not a trace of a printed page behind, then doubtless we should all begin to realize something of what the printing-press has done for us, and perhaps take to wondering how people got on in the days when it was not known. Books of some sort, however, the people of that time must have had, for the complaint that "of making many books there is no end" comes echoing down to us even from the far-

off era of King Solomon. But, how could they have been made, and what kind of books were they? Very unlike our own, as we shall presently see. The old authors of Greece and Rome, over whose works your big brothers—and sisters, too—are still poring in high school and college, would never recognize their own writings in the new dress the printers have given them; and, if ushered into a modern library, they would stare with astonishment at the strange scenes before them. But a glimpse of their book-shelves would be no less of a surprise to some of us.

It so happens that some of those old-time authors have been so kind as to leave their library-doors ajar behind them, and, by taking the trouble



to clear away from the pathway the rubbish and the dust of ages, we may enter and survey at our leisure the quaint appointments and the rare treasures within.

Come with me, then, and let us see what an old Roman library is like—the library of a man who never dreamed of a printed page.

The library itself is a comparatively small room. Entering the door, we first note the windows, few in number, and so high up in the wall that there is plainly little danger of their tempting the student or reader to gaze abroad; then the floor of plain, smooth marble, or laid in mosaics with marbles of

little cells, are the *books*, many of them classics, which have been reprinted in our modern text, and are read and admired by the scholars and wise men of to-day.

Let us look at this one in a gay, yellow dress, which beams out at us with its one round black eye like a cheerful little Cyclops, and see what kind of a book it is. We take up the roll, which is, perhaps, ten inches in width, and begin to unfold it. But it seems to have no end, and at last unrolls before our astonished gaze one continuous sheet of thick, tough paper, some ten feet in length, the inner end of which is fastened to the rod with the



IN AN OLD ROMAN LIBRARY.—A CHAT ABOUT THE LAST NEW BOOK.

various sorts; the walls covered with arabesques and traceries from the Greek mythology, and presenting at intervals busts of famous old Greek and Roman authors. Next our wondering glances fall upon a row of presses or cupboards, some six feet in height, ranged around the sides of the room. Each is filled with shelves divided off into little compartments or pigeon-holes, and in these snugly repose curious purple, yellow, and grayish rolls of different sizes, from the centers of which project slender rods, terminating in polished knobs. From each of these rods dangles a small label, covered with hieroglyphics in light red ink.

But these queer rolls, so snugly reposing in their

projecting knobs. A second glance shows us that the whole of one side is closely covered with text written in parallel columns from left to right, up and down the sheet, the spaces between being defined by light red lines which curiously intersect the whole expanse. The letters of the text, outlined almost in relief by the thick, black ink with which they are written, look out at us with an unrecognizing stare, wholly ignoring the fact that, in their modern dress, some of us have had a hard struggle with them in order to maintain our rank in the Latin class at school. But the words, as we see them here on this old scroll, seem an unknown tongue to us, till the title of the book, written at

the end next the staff, as well as at the beginning, explains the mystery. The volume we hold is, it seems, the *Annales* of Q. Ennius, the "Father Ennius" mentioned by Horace and other Latin poets. And, satisfied with this, we replace the book in its pigeon-hole, and pass on to the more familiar names of Horace and Martial, that greet us on the pendent labels of two rolls that the *librarius* (one of the slaves whose task is the care of the library and the copying of books) has just brought in and placed in a hitherto vacant niche of the library. But a short examination of these volumes soon convinces us that, for practical purposes, our well-thumbed "Anthon," "Harkness," or "Chase and Stewart's," are more desirable. Fancy, for instance, a luckless school-boy rising to recite in Horace or Virgil, with one of these cumbersome rolls to be held up and uncoiled while gazing wildly up and down this wilderness of words, which at first glance seems to be chiefly composed of v's, owing to the queer practice of the old Romans in making their u's like v's! And a second glance, moreover, shows that we have before us indeed a pathless wilderness of words, for not a single punctuation-mark (save here and there a lonesome-looking period) holds out its friendly signal to mark the boundary lines of the author's thought.

But now, through the half-open door by which the *librarius* has just entered, we catch a glimpse of an adjoining room, where his fellow-slaves are busily at work copying manuscripts and performing the various other operations connected with the art of Roman book-making. At our request the *librarius* allows us to enter this room, and accompanies us himself to explain the new and strange process we are about to witness. Seated near the door is a slave, who is busily engaged in gluing together, into one long sheet, strips of paper, made, we are told, of a reed that grows on the banks of the Nile and is called *papyrus*. When this sheet is long enough, he passes it to the next slave, who stains its back with saffron and then hands it to another, receiving from him in return a similar sheet, covered, on one side only, with the same parallel columns of closely written text with which we have already become familiar. This is now handed to another slave, whose task it is to fasten it by the end which bears the *crona* or *flourish*—a mark denoting that the transcriber's and the reader's task is done—to a cylindrical stick of polished ivory terminating in glistening knobs of the same material. Glancing over his shoulder, we see another slave with a pile of these cylindrical sticks, some of ivory, some of woods of various sorts. These latter he rubs vigorously with pumice-stone preparatory to staining them with the purple, yellow, and black dyes at his side.

But let us see what further befalls the sheet just attached to the ivory staff. We find that it has been coiled deftly around its center-piece, its ends have been polished and colored, and it is now ready for its cover of parchment, which has also made the acquaintance of the brittle pumice and brilliant dyes, its margins being adorned with scarlet lines which gleam out vividly along the less glowing purple of its surface. Cedar-oil, too, has been rubbed into it to check the depredations of insects, and now the long sheet is rolled up tight and tied with the "red thongs." The label, with the name of the work and its author, is attached, and a new volume is ready for the Roman reading-public.

With books like these, however, we can well understand why it is that in every Roman library the door faced to the east, in order to give the scrolls the benefit of the morning sun, and prevent the formation of mold upon the cherished volumes.

Realizing after all this the immense labor and pains involved in the production of such works as these, we turn to the obliging *librarius* and ask him what price they bring in the market. Judge of our surprise when he assures us that, though a volume so carefully prepared as the one we have just seen may sell for somewhat more, yet twenty cents of our money is an ordinary price, and that many books, by even so popular an author as Martial, are sold for a still smaller sum.

Indeed, a new "book" that does not happen to suit the popular taste, he tells us, often finds its way directly to the fish-markets and groceries, to be used by the clerks for casting up accounts, or for wrapping up goods for delivery to their customers. Greatly astonished at this revelation as to the abundant supply and slight value of books in "ye olden time," we continue our questioning, and, bethinking ourselves that they have no newspapers here, we ask how the literary world becomes aware of the publication of a new work. To this he replies that the book-sellers announce its appearance on the posts of their shop-doors, and that it is also customary for an author to send early copies to his rich and powerful friends and patrons, some of whom will not fail to give it notoriety by repeating passages from it at the next dinner-party which they attend. But one question only suggests another, and we find ourselves quite in danger of turning into animated interrogation-points, when, fortunately, the gathering shadows warn us that we must take our departure and journey back to the modern world with its myriad book-shelves, which the printing-press has filled with volumes so unlike the rare, quaint treasures of this old Roman library.





"PUPS."

[After a painting by J. G. Brown.]

## ALL THE PLUMS.

*(A Thanksgiving Story.)*

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

It did seem as if Thanksgiving never would come.

The November page of the Farmers' Almanac that hung under the clock bore innumerable prints of small thumbs that had laboriously traveled across it, counting the number of days that must be lived through before that happy day arrived which, according to the Governor's proclamation, was to be "a day of thanksgiving and praise."

Little Darius and Lucy Ann thought praise meant plum-pudding, and even Jonah, who was getting to be an old boy, and could do problems in cube root, owned that it was not very long ago that he thought so too.

There was a continual weighing and measuring of goodies, and odors of spice and sweetness floated out of the great kitchen all over the house. The children seeded raisins, and sliced citron, and cracked walnuts, and chopped apples for the mince-pies, but Lucy Ann and little Darius were getting discouraged, for it seemed every day as if the next *must* be Thanksgiving, and yet when they awoke in the morning it was n't.

This was not going to be only an ordinary Thanksgiving day, with almost everything nice that could be thought of for dinner, and a great many aunts and uncles and cousins, all grown up, and all wanting to sit down and talk (instead of having a good time), for visitors. This year, their little city cousin, whom they had never seen, was coming to spend Thanksgiving with them.

Her name was Mabel Hortense, and the children were very proud of having a cousin who lived in the city and was named Mabel Hortense. At Damsonfield Four Corners, where they lived, all the little girls were named Mary Jane or Sarah Ann or Lucy Maria, or, at the best, Hattie and Carrie; they had scarcely even heard of so fine a name as Mabel Hortense. But a little girl who lived in a great city, where there was scarcely a bit of anything so common as grass, and the "great big houses were all hitched on to each other," as Roxy Jane, the hired girl, said, and hand-organs and monkeys were as thick as huckleberries in August, and there was a candy store at every corner, could not be expected to have a common name.

They had a photograph of Mabel Hortense, with her hair banged and a doll almost as large as a real live baby in her arms. She had a neck-

lace around her neck and bracelets on her arms and ear-rings in her ears. Becky borrowed Hannah Olive Judson's blue-glass beads to wear during Mabel Hortense's visit, and made Lucy Ann a necklace of red alder-berries, and then, as they all had on their Sunday clothes, she felt ready for Mabel Hortense's arrival.

It was the very night before Thanksgiving Day, and all the aunts and uncles and cousins had arrived, except Mabel Hortense and her mother, and Peter Trott, the hired man, had driven over to the station to bring them.

Even little Darius, who had begun to think that Thanksgiving Day had been postponed until next year, was now convinced that it was coming tomorrow. There was a blazing log-fire in the great fireplace in the sitting-room, and Priscilla sat on the rug in front of it, herself and her three kittens in that condition of holiday freshness which becomes New England cats on the eve of Thanksgiving Day. The canary birds were singing so loud that they had to be muffled in Grandpa's bandana handkerchief, that the aunts and uncles and cousins might hear each other relate all the happenings of the past year.

Little Darius was continually running to the door, with his cage of white mice under one arm and his tame squirrel under the other, so that he might show them to Mabel Hortense the very first thing.

"I would n't be such a silly," said Lucy Ann, who had her black Dinah, with raveled yarn for wool, and two great white buttons for eyes, in her arms, and wanted Mabel Hortense to see *her* the very first thing. "Why in the city, where she lives, the mice are all white, and so tame that they come out and dance when people play on the piano. Peter Trott says so. And they keep squirrels in the stores, all with white aprons and caps on, to crack nuts for customers. Peter Trott says so."

"They aint so nice as my mice and my squirrel, anyway, and Grandpa says not to b'lieve Peter Trott, 'cause he tells wicked, wrong stories!" cried little Darius, almost moved to tears at the possibility that any mice or any squirrels were more attractive than his. "I should n't think you'd want to show any city girl your old Dinah. She was homely enough before Grandpa sat on her and flattened her all out; she's *orfe* now!"



Lucy Ann might have resented this, for she was very fond of Dinah, and thought her a beauty in spite of the accident that had befallen her,—which was a very cruel one, for Grandpa weighed over two hundred pounds,—but just then the carriage drove up, and a little girl was lifted out by Peter Trott, and set down inside the door.

There was Mabel Hortense, bangs and doll and all, just as she looked in the photograph, only that both she and the doll had on traveling costumes, so there was not so much jewelry to be seen.

She did not look in the least like a Damsonfield little girl, nor the doll like a Damsonfield doll. The doll wore a suit trimmed with fur, just like her mamma's, and it fitted her just as nicely. (Becky could only make a doll's dress like a sacque, with slits for the arms, and Aunt Eunice did n't think it was worth the while to make dolls' dresses at all.) And she had on the daintiest gloves and boots imaginable, without a wrinkle in them. Gloves and boots were entirely unknown in doll society in Damsonfield.

For one moment Lucy Ann felt ashamed of Dinah, but she gave her an extra hug the next moment to make up for it.

Becky was glad that she had on Hannah Olive Judson's blue beads, and that Lucy Ann had on brand-new shoes, for Lucy Ann's toes were almost always threatening to stick out through her shoes, and she did hope that Solomon would n't tell that the beads were borrowed; that would be just like Solomon, and she wished she had thought to warn him about it when Aunt Eunice was cautioning him not to tell that they had borrowed the sugar-tongs of Aunt Jemima, and that they did n't always have two kinds of preserves for supper.

The first thing that Mabel Hortense seemed to notice was Dinah.

"Oh, what a perfectly beautiful doll!" she exclaimed. "She is truly colored, is n't she?"

"She was born so," said Lucy Ann, proudly displaying the raveled-yarn wool, which was Dinah's strong point in the way of looks.

"I don't think I ever saw a colored doll before! You will give her to me, wont you?"

Lucy Ann was very much surprised, and did n't know what to say. Becky gave her a little poke with her elbow. Aunt Eunice had said they must do everything that their city cousin asked them to do, and Becky thought Lucy Ann ought to give Dinah to her; but Dinah was n't Becky's, and she did n't know how it felt to part with her.

"To keep?" said Lucy Ann, falteringly, after Becky had given her a second poke.

"Oh, of course! I shall carry her home," said Mabel Hortense.

"Will you give me yours for her?" said Lucy.

"Oh, no; I want them both!" said Mabel Hortense, decidedly.

And taking Dinah out of Lucy Ann's arms—by her wool—she thrust her under one arm and her own doll under the other, and followed her mother into the sitting-room. Lucy Ann's tears began to flow, but Becky whispered:

"I suppose that 's the way city people do. You must n't cry."

Mabel Hortense seated herself on a stool before the fire, and immediately picked up the three kittens, dropping a doll on each side of her.

"I like kittens. I shall take these home with me," she said.

Lucy Ann received a warning look from Becky, but she felt that, when it came to carrying off kittens, the ways of city people could not be endured, and she said, firmly: "The Maltese one, with the very peaked tail, is Becky's, and the black one with a spot on his nose is Solomon's, and the little, white, fuzziest one is mine, and Priscilla herself belongs to Jonah."

Little Darius at this moment thrust his cage of white mice and his squirrel before Mabel Hortense's eyes, and she dropped the kittens.

"Oh, what funny little things! And the squirrel, with his tail the most of him, is too sweet! I shall carry them all home with me."

Even Becky began to doubt whether she should like city ways. Lucy Ann's eyes and mouth grew into round O's with astonishment, and little Darius set up such a howl that Aunt Eunice forthwith shut him up in the china-closet.

"I am afraid these children are not very obliging," remarked Mabel's mother. "Mabel Hortense has always been accustomed to have everything she wants."

Lucy Ann drew Becky into the hall, and shut the door. "We must n't let her see the play-house, nor my tea-set, nor Solomon's soldiers, nor little Darius's elephant, nor anything. I think we 'd better carry them all up to the attic closet and lock the door!" she exclaimed.

Becky thought so, too, and they hurriedly collected all their playthings, and hustled them into the attic closet, and locked the door securely. Becky even took off Hannah Olive Judson's blue beads and left them there. It would be so dreadful if Mabel Hortense should decide to carry those home with her!

But Becky's conscience troubled her a little as she went back to the sitting-room, for Aunt Eunice had said they must be hospitable, and do everything they could to make Mabel Hortense have a good time. Becky resolved that she would not refuse to do anything that Mabel Hortense wanted her to do.

As she reëntered the sitting-room, Solomon was entertaining Mabel Hortense.

"I have my old clothes on, because I'm a boy and don't care, but you ought to see how the others have been fixing up, all in their Sunday things, and Becky borrowed Hannah Olive Judson's beads. Say, are the sidewalks all made of gingerbread in the city? Peter Trott says so."

"No," said Mabel Hortense, slowly and reflectively. "They are made of pound-cakes."

"True as you live?" said Solomon. "I thought it was only one of Peter Trott's yarns. And are the houses made of molasses candy?"

"Oh, no, only some of the poor people's houses; ours is made of ice-cream."

"I should think it would melt!" exclaimed Solomon.

"It does n't, but sometimes we eat it up, and build ourselves another," said Mabel Hortense.

Becky looked at her. It was a feeble imitation of the way in which Aunt Eunice looked at Lucy Ann and her when they misbehaved in church.

"I am afraid you tell very wrong stories," she said, severely. "People could n't possibly live in houses made of ice-cream."

Mabel Hortense blushed very red, and cast down her eyes. But then she answered, snappishly:

"Well, who ever s'posed he would believe it! Such a big boy! I never saw one so silly!"

It was not the first time that Solomon had been told he was silly, but coming from a girl who lived in the city it was especially cutting.

Solomon made a resolve then and there that he would "get even" with Mabel Hortense.

"Do you like Thanksgiving Day?" asked Becky, politely. She was afraid she had spoken rather severely to Mabel Hortense, and was trying to make amends for it.

"Not so very much," said Mabel Hortense. "I like to see the stained glass in church make the people's noses look red and yellow, and then there's the dinner, but that's disappointing, because one can't have all the plums."

Becky and Solomon and Lucy Ann looked astonished and inquiring.

"In the pudding, you know. I don't care anything about the dinner, except the pudding, and I don't care anything about the pudding, except the plums. Mamma gives me hers, and Grandpa gives me his, but other people are so selfish. They eat their own plums. Could n't you manage, to-morrow, so that I could have all the plums?"

Solomon and Lucy Ann looked at each other in silent astonishment. Lucy Ann was very fond of plums, but it never had occurred to her that she could, by any possibility, have more than her share. Solomon was particularly fond of plums,

and had been known to imitate on the sly the example of little Jacky Horner, but he had never wanted to eat all the plums out of a Thanksgiving plum-pudding. Mabel Hortense seemed to him almost as wonderful as the hen that Mother Goose was acquainted with, that

"Ate a cow and ate a calf,  
Ate a butcher and a half,  
Ate a church and ate a steeple,  
Ate the priest and all the people!"

"I will ask Aunt Eunice to give you a very plummy piece, but I don't see how you could have all the plums," said Becky, seriously.

Solomon was thinking. An idea had suddenly popped into his mind that here was a chance for mischief. Solomon loved mischief. And there might be also a chance to "pay up" Mabel Hortense, who had laughed at him and called him silly.

"Oh, I think we could manage it," said he. "Roxy Jane always bakes the pudding the day before Thanksgiving, because on Thanksgiving Day the oven is filled with the turkey and chickens and things, and then she warms it up or serves it with a hot sauce. The pudding is in the pantry this very minute; I've seen it."

"Well, what if it is?" asked Becky.

"We might slip into the pantry when nobody was looking, and carry it off and hide it somewhere,—out in the barn, on the hay-mow, would be a good place,—and to-morrow we could eat it and have all the plums!"

"Why, of course! That is just as easy! And you're a very nice boy to think of it. I'll never call you silly again. Of course, you'll give me all the plums," said Mabel Hortense.

"It would be very wrong! What would Aunt Eunice say? Why, Solomon, when last Sunday was your birthday, and you said you were surely going to be good a week!"

"I did n't know then that I was going to have company from the city," said Solomon. "And it is n't any harm, anyway. There'll be plenty for dinner, without the pudding—maybe 't would make some of them sick to eat it; and Aunt Eunice will never find out what became of it."

"I don't think it's nice of you to say it would be wrong, when I'm your company. People ought to do everything that company wants."

"Aunt Eunice said we must do everything that Mabel Hortense wants us to," urged Solomon.

"Yes, so she did," said Becky, rather faintly, "but——"

"It does n't make any difference whether you help or not, we're going to do it," said Solomon. "And now, too, for they're all talking and wont notice where we go, and Roxy Jane is setting the table, and can't see us go to the pantry."



Lucy Ann skipped along with Solomon and Mabel Hortense, not minding in the least that Becky looked reprovingly at her.

After a little hesitation, Becky arose and followed them. She might as well see what they were going to do, she thought.

There was the Thanksgiving plum-pudding, in a great, yellow earthen baking-dish, on the pantry shelf, rich and toothsome and sweet-smelling.

"I was going to take the pudding-bag to put it in, but it is n't big enough for such a whacker of a pudding, and the clothes-pin bag is n't clean enough. Becky, you go to the clothes-press and get a clean pillow-case! We can slip it into the wash-tub Monday morning, and nobody will notice."

Becky went. Since they were going to do it, anyway, she might as well join them, she said to herself. Perhaps it was n't polite to refuse company. And it was going to be great fun!

Solomon slipped a knife around the edge of the pudding, to separate it from the dish, as he had seen Roxy Jane do, and put it into the pillow-case. Then they all stole softly out through the long wood-shed to the barn, Solomon, with the pudding slung over his shoulder, leading the way.

Solomon looked cautiously around, to be sure that Peter Trott was not in the barn. Peter was not a tell-tale, but he had a sweet tooth, and it was just as well to be on the safe side.

There was not a sound to be heard as they entered the barn, and both Solomon and Becky soon forgot everything except that they were having great fun.

They deposited the pudding in its pillow-case bag in a bed of hay, covering it carefully so that scarcely a glimpse of the white cloth was to be seen. It was hardly done when Roxy Jane rang the supper-bell vigorously.

"Now we shall all have to go to church in the morning," said Solomon, as they hurried into the house, "but the very first thing after we come home we'll go up on to the hay-mow and eat the pudding."

One who was watching Solomon closely might have seen a twinkle in his eye, when he said that, which meant mischief deeper than any of his companions in the pudding enterprise suspected.

For it would n't be paying up Mabel Hortense to let her eat all the plums. Oh, no, indeed!

At five o'clock the next morning, Solomon arose from his bed softly, that he might not awake Jonah, who was sleeping beside him, dressed himself in great haste, and stole down-stairs. He had meant to be up at four o'clock, but, unfortunately, had failed to awake. It was quite important for the accomplishment of his purpose that he should get

to the barn before Peter Trott did, and Peter Trott was a very early bird.

The large lantern which Peter used was not hanging in its accustomed place, but that was not a sure sign that Peter had gone to the barn, because he was not very orderly and might have left it somewhere else.

Solomon lighted the small lantern, and tiptoed softly, listening intently, all the way through the wood-shed, which had never seemed so long nor so dark. There was no sign of Peter Trott's lantern, and Solomon came to the conclusion that Peter's alarm-clock had not yet gone off.

An industrious hen, who had been laying an egg at this unseasonable hour, flew off her nest with loud cackling, and startled Solomon so that he almost dropped his lantern into the hay. Perhaps she meant to lay more than one egg that day, because it was Thanksgiving Day, but Solomon thought she might have waited until daylight.

Her nest seemed to be very near the place where they had hidden the pudding. Solomon hoped that she had n't been having a peck at the plums. He meant to have all those plums for his own private refreshment. He would never have thought of it if Mabel Hortense had not suggested it, and he did not want to eat them all at once, but he thought it would be a very good plan to hide the pudding where nobody but himself could find it, and have a private nibble whenever he liked.

But the best of it was that he should be more than even with Mabel Hortense. Instead of having all the plums, she would n't have any of them. And would n't the girls all be surprised when they came, after church, to the place where the pudding had been hidden and found it gone? And should n't he have to pretend to be surprised? Solomon chuckled to himself, thinking of it.

By this time he had come to the place where he had put the pudding. He put his hand down to pull up the bag, but, lo and behold! there was only a deep hole where the pudding had lain.

The pudding had vanished, bag and all!

Solomon's first thought was that it must be magic—some fairy had spirited it away, to punish him for his misdeeds. But when his knees had stopped shaking, he thought of Peter Trott.

Peter wore soft shoes, and was always near when one did not suspect it, and he was very fond of goodies. He might like all the plums as well as Mabel Hortense. Just at that moment he heard the noise of the hay-cutter at the farther end of the barn, and a ray of light from Peter Trott's lantern was cast upon the barn-floor.

"Peter, Peter, what have you done with the plum-pudding?" cried Solomon, angrily.

"Sakes alive! Is that you up on the hay-mow?

Do you want to scare a fellow to death?" said Peter, in a shaking voice. "What are you doin' up there at this time in the morning?"

"I'm not so early but what you've been before me, and carried off my plum-pudding, or else eaten it up!" said Solomon, almost in tears.

"Plum-puddin'! Plum-puddin'! You aint dreamin' or walkin' in your sleep, are you? It's Thanksgivin' Day, sure enough, and it's likely there'll be a plum-puddin' along about dinner time, good and spicy, and chock full of plums, but it's too early in the morning to talk about it now. I'm a master hand for plum-puddin', myself, but I should n't consider it wholesome before breakfast!"

"I hid the plum-pudding, in a pillow-case, up on this hay-mow, and it's gone!" said Solomon, "and nobody has been here but you."

"Hid a plum-puddin' up in the hay? That's cur'us!" exclaimed Peter Trott, in a tone of great astonishment. "And it's gone?—that's cur'us still! But, now I think of it, that yaller-speckled hen was makin' a great fuss up there, and she's a master hand for victuals, that hen is, and she's got a terrible big swallow. Why, I see her swallow a pumpkin the other day and make no more of it than she would of a pea!"

"I sha' n't believe any more of your stories, Peter Trott!" cried Solomon. "I got called silly by doing it, and Grandpa says not to."

Peter looked very sad.

"Well, I s'pose I have got kind of an unfort'nit habit of stretchin' the truth a little. It kind of seems to come nateral. But I'm a-breakin' myself of it fast. Now I come to think of it, it wa' n't a pumpkin but a squash, and not more'n a middlin' sized one, that I see that hen swallow. And it a'nt likely that she swallowed the puddin', on account of the bag; that would have stuck in her throat, certain sure."

"You have done something with that pudding," insisted Solomon, hotly.

"Well, now, I did toss some hay off that mow into Dandy Jim's stall. You don't s'pose the puddin' could have caught on the pitchfork, do you? Dandy Jim would n't have eaten the bag, anyhow, bein' dretful pertikler about his victuals, so it's easy enough to find out."

And Peter Trott, in a very eager and interested manner, went into Dandy Jim's stall, and searched about. Solomon followed him, with his lantern, and looked carefully all over the stall. But no traces of either pudding or bag were to be found, and Dandy Jim, after the closest inspection, did not seem to be suffering from indigestion, as Solomon thought he certainly would be if he had eaten the pudding-bag.

Peter Trott certainly looked very innocent, but Solomon had by no means lost his suspicions that he knew more about the disappearance of the pudding than he chose to tell. But to show anger toward him would never bring Peter to confession. So Solomon began to plead with him:

"Peter, please don't tease me. P-l-eas-e tell me all about it."

Peter thrust both hands into his trousers pockets, and looked very benevolent.

"Well, now, I have been jokin' a little, that's a fact, but I don't want to hurt your feelin's. But as for that puddin', all I can say is that I saw a tramp eatin' somethin' out in the barn-yard last night, an' it may 'a' been that puddin'. I can't say certain that it was the puddin', but he was a-eatin' ez if he enjoyed it mighty well. He was sittin' kind of doubled up in that bushel-basket, with his legs kind of danglin', and he had a cloth tucked under his chin for a napkin. Of course, I did n't know how he come by it. I did n't once think that it might be our Thanksgivin' puddin'. I did think about orderin' him off, but he had such a queer look in his eye that I felt like givin' him a wide berth, and I let him alone. Judgin' from what you tell me, I'm afraid your puddin' 's gone for good. But I can't say for certain."

Solomon felt satisfied that Peter was telling the truth, now. Tramps were plenty in the neighborhood, and, only the day before, he himself had seen just such an one as Peter described, resting under a tree. And Peter was always careless about the barn door.

Now that the pudding was gone, Solomon began to think anxiously of the probability of being found out. While there was a great deal of fun to be expected with the pudding, that probability had kept in the background of his mind, but now it loomed out fearfully. Aunt Eunice would be sure to make a strict investigation as soon as she knew that the pudding was gone, and Aunt Eunice could always find out things. Sometimes her finding out seemed really marvelous, and she said that a little bird told her. Jonah said she was only joking, and Becky did n't really believe it, but Solomon was inclined to think it was true. Solomon thought, now that he came to consider the matter, that anybody who had stolen the Thanksgiving plum-pudding would n't be "let off very easy." He deliberated whether he should throw the blame upon Mabel Hortense or not. It seemed rather mean to tell of a girl, but, "anyway, he should n't have thought of it, if it had n't been for her."

The Thanksgiving sermon had always seemed endless to Solomon, but on this day it was actually too short; anything was better than having dinner-time come.



As soon as they reached home, Mabel Hortense and Lucy Ann came to him and whispered:

"Now we will go to the barn and have the pudding, wont we?"

Becky stood in the background, looking pale and sad. The truth was, Becky's conscience had been making her very unhappy.

"The pudding's gone," said Solomon, gloomily.

"Gone! Where?" exclaimed Mabel Hortense, Becky, and Lucy Ann, in a breath.

"Eaten up!" said Solomon.

"What! plums and all?" exclaimed Mabel Hortense, the corners of her mouth beginning to droop. "Who did such a cruel, wicked thing?"

"A tramp. He ate the pudding—plums and all."

"Oh, what a greedy thing, to eat all the plums! I wanted them myself," said Mabel Hortense.

"We have n't had a bit of fun. And what will Aunt Eunice say?" said Becky.

"Girls are always getting a fellow into trouble!" said Solomon, savagely.

The children showed a surprising lack of eagerness in obeying the summons to dinner, all except little Darius, who did not feel guilty, and still expected plum-pudding.

Solomon had a very small appetite for turkey, and Becky could scarcely force down a mouthful.

Solomon felt, when they were waiting for dessert to be brought in, that it was one of the most awful moments of his life, and Becky watched the door with a frightened and fascinated gaze.

But what did their eyes behold! Roxy Jane, with beaming face, bearing aloft a huge platter, on which reposed a great, rich-brown, plummy-looking pudding! It looked exactly like the pudding they had stolen, and Roxy Jane said, in answer to a compliment upon the looks of her pudding, that "it got a splendid bake. She never knew one to slip out of the dish so easily."

It was placed on Solomon's end of the table, and he bent over and examined it critically. A tiny wisp of hay was clinging to its side. Solomon picked it off slyly and showed it to Becky.

"Grandpa, don't ever send Peter Trott away, for he's a good fellow!" said Solomon, eagerly.

And all the grown people wondered why the plum-pudding made him think of that.

"I want all the plums!" said Mabel Hortense.

But nobody paid any attention to her, and she had only her share.



"ROXY JANE BEARING ALOFT A GREAT, PLUMMY-LOOKING PUDDING!"

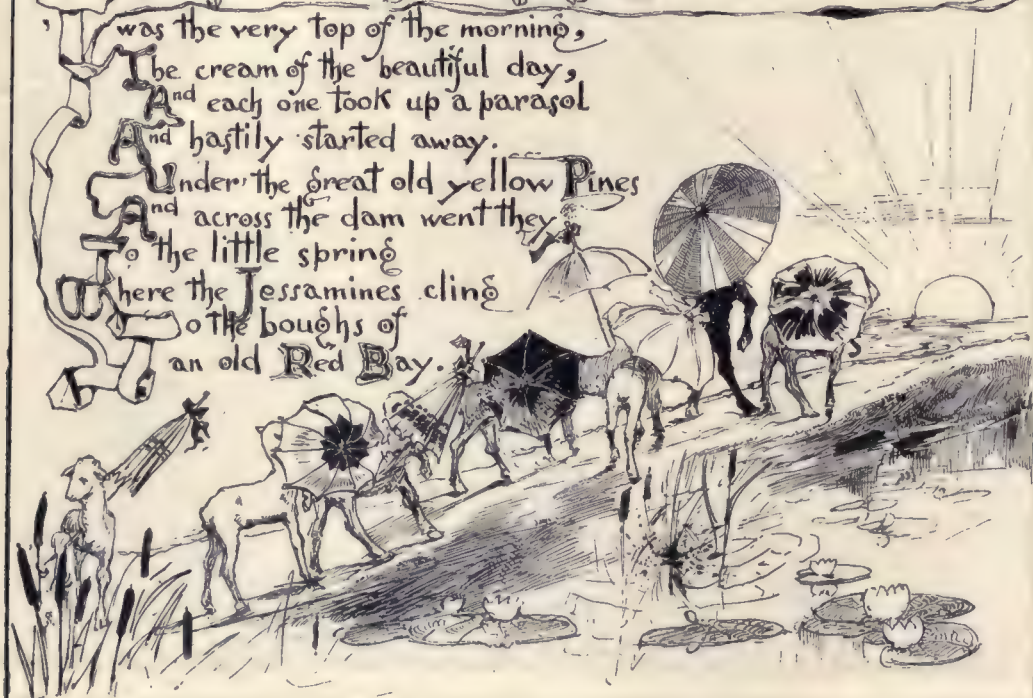
# THE QUEST:

By E. L. Ogden

"It isn't that so much," they said.  
 "If every one of us were dead  
 And in his little grave,  
 We wouldn't say one word  
 But that she should see us come  
 Among the lot. Oh, my!  
 And can it be that—well—a-day!  
 And not a tail among us all,  
 And we shall never find them,  
 Is too utterly absurd  
 No matter how we try?"



It was the very top of the morning,  
 The cream of the beautiful day,  
 And each one took up a parasol  
 And hastily started away.  
 Under the great old yellow Pines  
 And across the dam went they  
 To the little spring  
 Where the Jessamines cling  
 To the boughs of  
 An old Red Bay.





Oh, Jessamine bell!

The secret tell.

Give us a hint, we pray,

In what far place

Must we seek for a trace

Of our poor lost tails

to-day?

The Jessamine swung

The bells that hung

From that gnarled <sup>and</sup> ancient tree

Sweet odors fell

From each golden bell,

A soundless minstrelsy.

Up out of the little hollow

Along the sandy way,

And on through the scrub-oak barrens

They ran with the brightening day.

The ten and a sunbeam together

Entered the live-oak grove,

And the hanging-moss

That the light winds toss

Swept their fleece with a touch of love.

Oh, soft gray Moss,

That the light winds toss!

Tell us the secret, we pray.

In what far place

Must we look for a trace

Of our poor lost tails to-day?"

Then the moss that clung

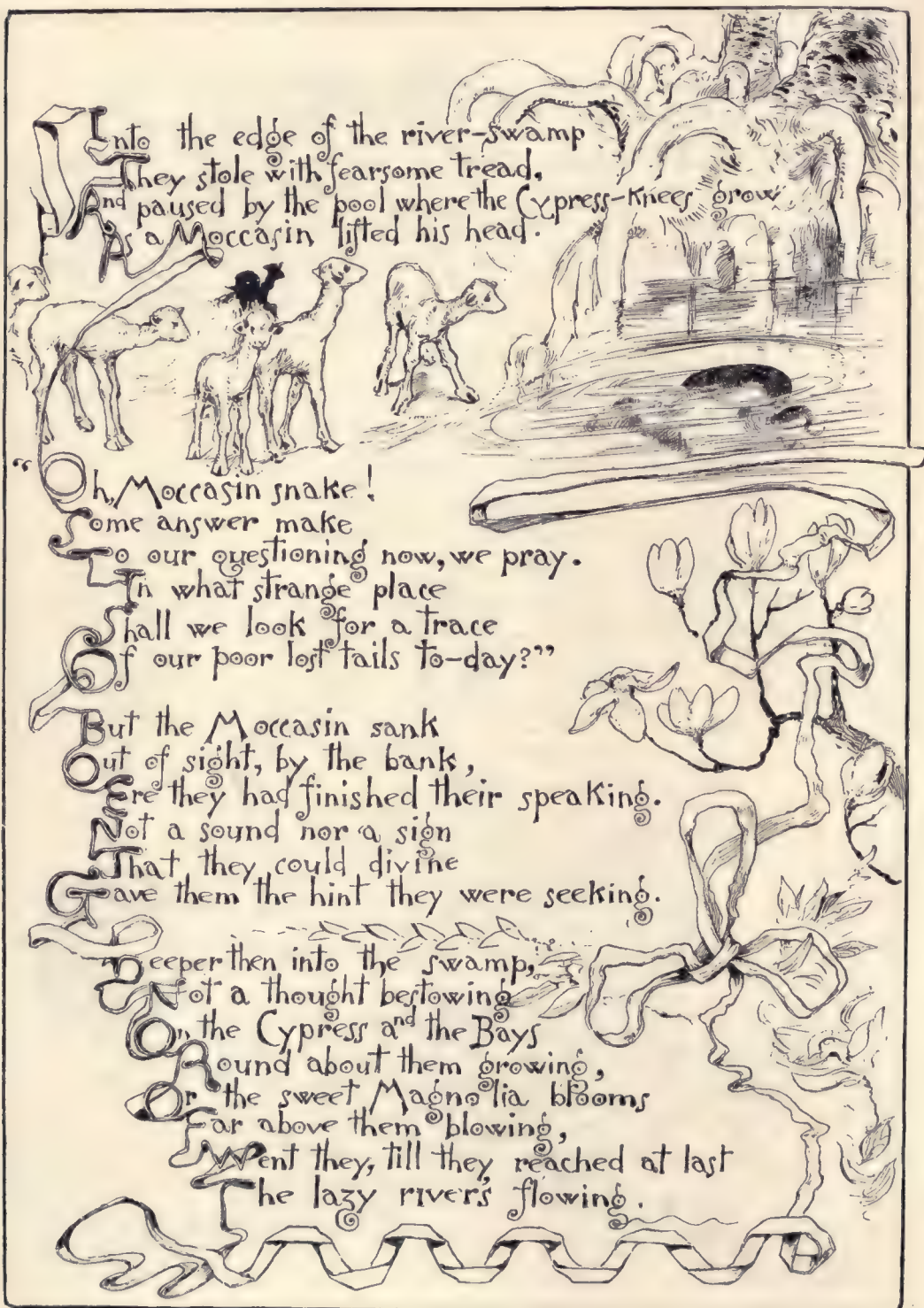
To the Oaks and hung

Like a mist, swayed to and fro.

But no sound nor sign

That they could divine

Told them where to go.





And the murmur of the river  
Seemed to whisper them and say:  
"Come, and let us go together  
On this quest to-day!"

So each one launched his parasol  
On the river's golden breast,  
Stepped lightly into it, and sailed  
Away on his weary quest.



Floated ever ten sheep in the world be-  
Down a lazy Southern river fore  
Watching the sunlight gleam on the shore  
And the leaver in the cane-brake  
Quiver?

Counting the yellow bells that hung  
From the Jessamine's dark-green tresses,  
Hearing the song of the Mocking-bird  
Die in the wood's recesses?

Oh, river! Hurry! Hurry!

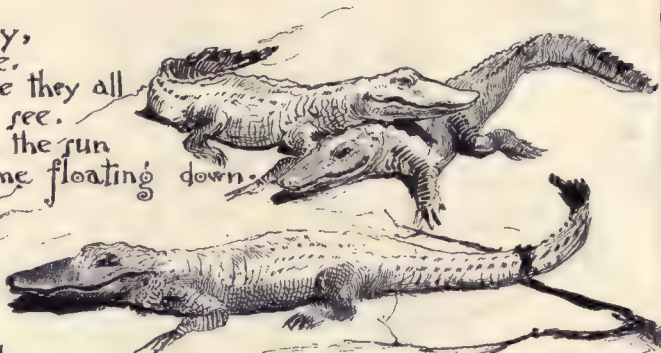
Speed along your bed!

For, as sure as preaching, all our tails  
Are floating just ahead!"



And the river ran, the river tore  
 And swung itself from shore to shore,  
 As it never had done in its life before.  
 But no matter how fast its waters sped  
 The tails of the sheep kept just ahead.

There was a family,  
 A family of three,  
 And alligators were they all  
 As any one could see.  
 They were basking in the sun  
 When the tails came floating down.



Oh! then and there such a race began  
 As never was seen by the eye of man!

With the tails a-floating lazily  
 Along on their way to the far-off sea,

And the gators hurrying,

Hurrying, flurrying,

Bustling, hustling,

Hitting and jostling

Each other in hopes of the dainty fare!

While behind this great commotion all

The sheep, each erect in his parasol,

Tipping and balancing here and there,

With a bob and a bow

To this shore, now,

And then to the other,

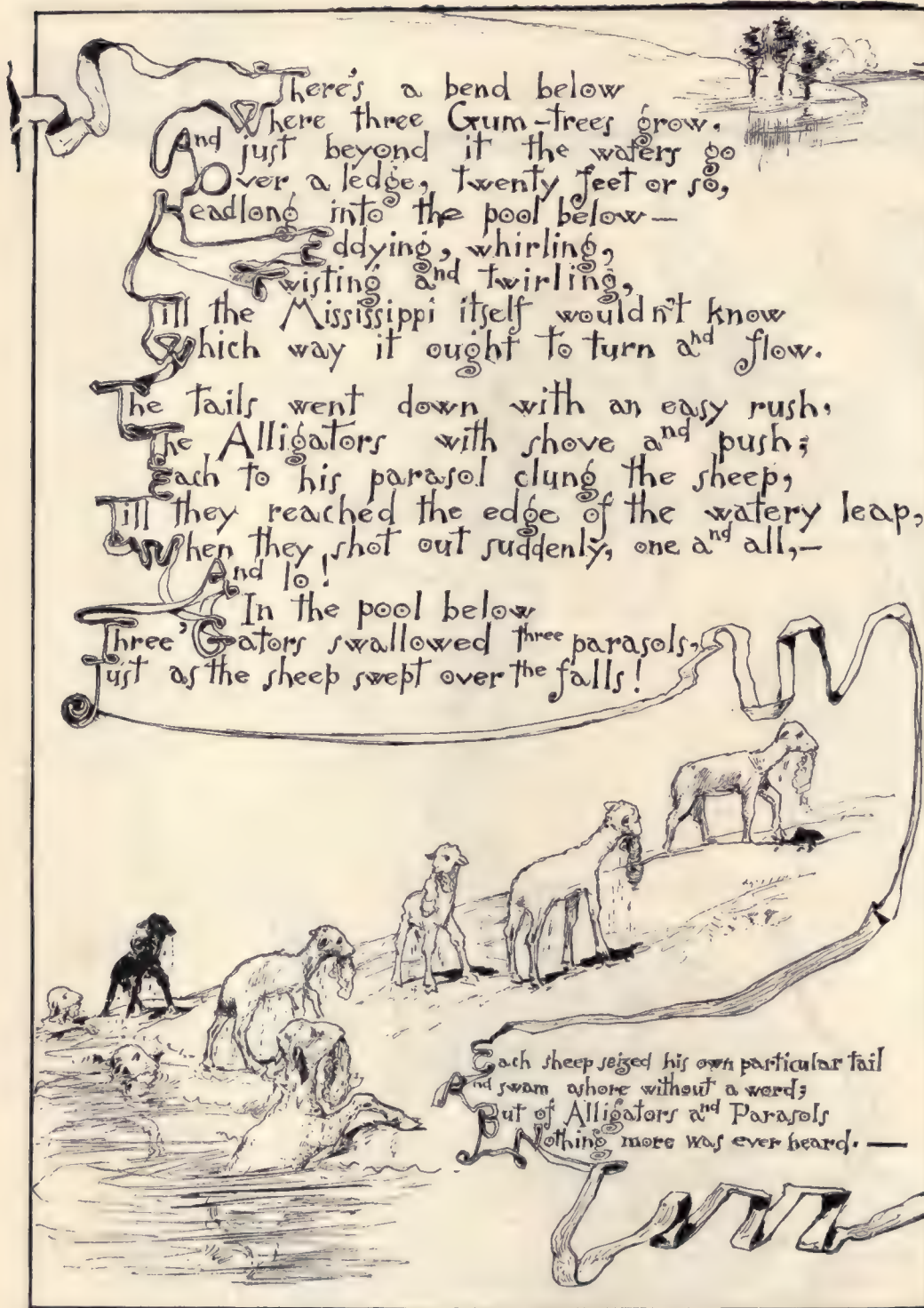
Then each to his brother;

While the river—'twas all that it could do—

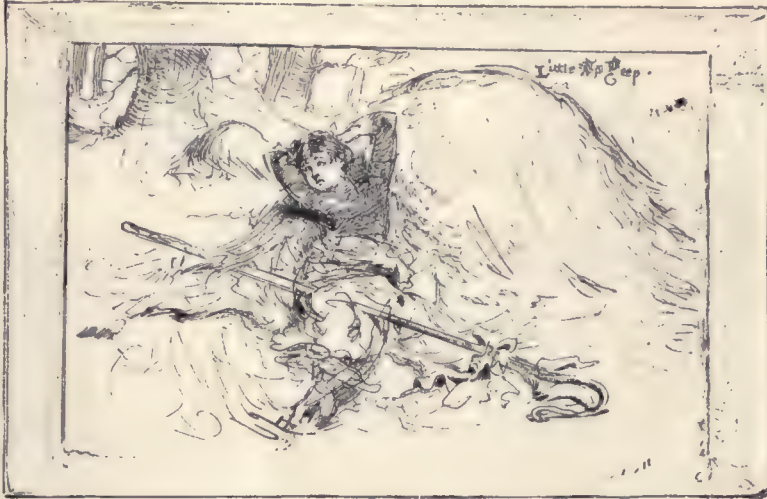
Swept them on right toward the hungry  
 crew.











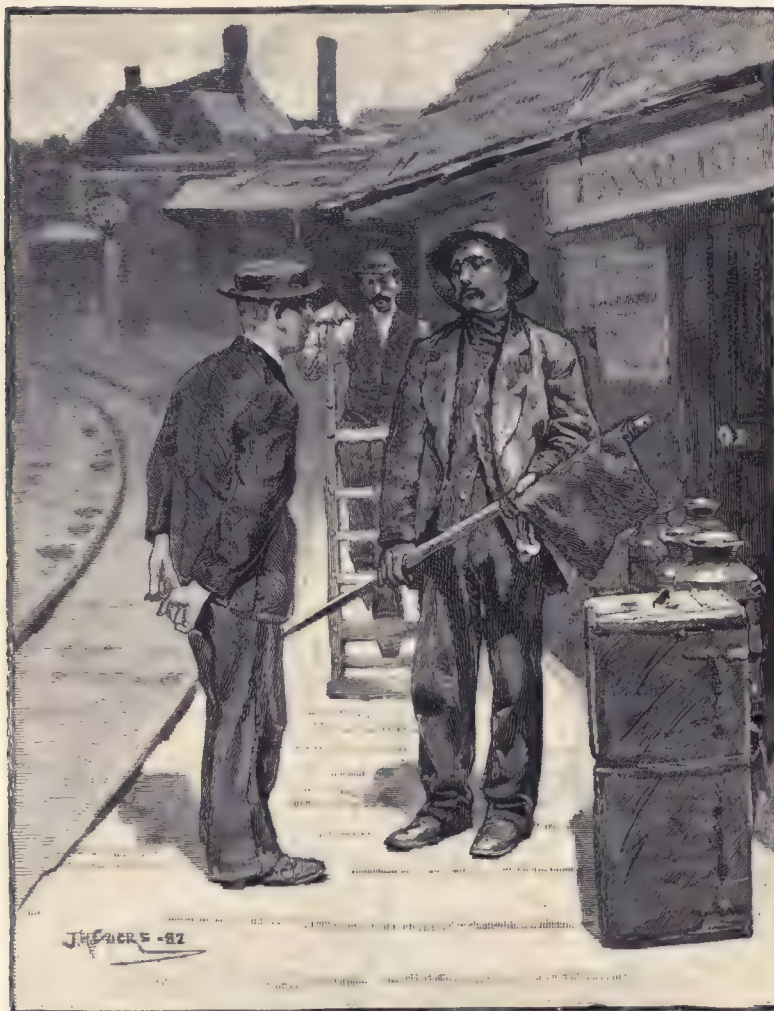
**L**ittle Bo-Peep  
 Has lost her sheep,  
 And don't know where to find them.  
 O, leave them alone  
 And they'll come home,  
 Bringing their tails behind  
 them."

A. B. C. DEER.



## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



"CAN YOU SHOW ME DEMPFFORD STREET?"

## CHAPTER I.

## ON THE TAMMOSET RIVER.

A YOUNG fellow, about seventeen years old,—a mere boy, in fact, with a rather solid-looking but fresh and pleasant face,—stepped from a train at the Tammoset station, one March afternoon, and looked about him with the air of a stranger.

After a brief survey of the plashy village streets, bordered with gutters half full of snow and slug-

gish water, he addressed a flagman who was coming along the platform.

"Can you show me Dempford street?"

"First street to the left," was the ready answer, illustrated by a motion of the flag rolled up on its stick.

"Does that take me to the river?"

"Straight to the river—straight to Dempford bridge."

"And Mr. Dushee's place?"

"Oh, Dushee's!" said the flagman. "That 's a



little off the main track. Turn to your right, just before you get to the bridge, and keep down the river a few rods, till you see an old mill."

"That 's just what I want to see," the boy replied, with a look of satisfaction. "Much obliged."

Picking his way along the muddy sidewalks, he passed beyond the village, and in a few minutes came to the brow of a hill, where he paused.

Below was the river, sweeping, full-banked and strong, across the foreground of a brown landscape, mottled with dingy patches of snow-drifts. On the left, not very far away, was a large pond or lake, still ice-bound, except near the mouth, out of which the dark current flowed. There were orchards and groves, and pleasant residences here and there, on the far-winding shores.

"That must be fine in summer," he said to himself, with a smile. "We 'll keep a boat and go a-fishing, and have some jolly sails—if the chickens I 'm counting will only hatch. Wont it be nice to take Mother out, and row with her along by those woods; just after sunset?—if she will only agree to my plans. And Letty, wont she like it! But I know it can't be; it's all too good to come true."

And yet there was a look on his face which said that it *should* come true, if the determined will and good wit of a boy of his size could accomplish it.

The river flowed beneath the bridge at the foot of the slope, and, making a curve to the right, soon disappeared under the hill, which terminated there in a low bluff. On the summit of that was an old-fashioned house, and just beyond, through the bare boughs of a large willow-tree, appeared a brown roof.

"That must be the mill," he exclaimed, starting to walk toward it.

Descending the bluff, he took a foot-path along the river's brink, amidst a scene picturesque enough even at that season of the year.

On his right was the bluff, or high bank, to the steep side of which heavy snow-drifts still clung. On his left, the whirling stream rushed on toward a low dam, over which it broke with a sound that was music to his ears. The mossy turf of the path he trod was supported by the roots of willow-trees that overleaned the water, in the largest of which—an immense pollard, with stout branches—seats were framed, with a little foot-bridge of plank leading to them from the top of the bank.

"What a place for Mother to sit and sew, in pleasant weather!" he said to himself, with ever-kindling enthusiasm. "'We 'll put a little railing along by the plank, and we can help her over safely. It beats all the bay-windows in the world! Right over the water, and up among the birds!"

A pair of those early comers, the blue-birds, were there already, flitting in the boughs, their beautiful plumage and richly warbled notes hinting of the delights of the season of leaves and flowers now so near at hand.

But, while taking in with keen interest so many things, the eye of the boy did not neglect the principal object of his visit.

That rose before him, at the end of the path, close by the great willow—a little, old, brown two-story building, built partly over the water, at the end of the dam, and partly against the high bank.

A door at the end of the path opened into a shed-like wing, where his eye was delighted with the sight of a forge, with its great bellows.

"This is what the boys will like!" he said, with a nod and a smile. "And there is the water-wheel! I wonder why it is n't going. I believe the place is deserted."

He peeped through an open door-way, leading from the shed into the lower story of the mill, and saw on one side a long work-bench, with lathes, a circular saw beyond, wheels and boards overhead, and all sorts of odd litter scattered about the room.

Nothing very attractive, you would have said; and yet the sight filled the boyish visitor with mild rapture.

"Everthing is lovely, so far! But I must n't appear too well pleased. There 's somebody."

The roof of the shed formed a walk from the upper story of the mill to the top of the bank. Footsteps were heard on the boards overhead, and presently a chubby-faced boy appeared beyond, descending a path through the slushy snow.

"I 've come to look at your mill," said Boy Number One, carelessly.

"Wall, ye can look—don't cost nothin'," said Boy Number Two, with a grin.

"It 's a dilapidated old shell," remarked Number One.

"Wall, kind o'," said Number Two, "though she aint so old as she looks. She never had no coat of paint; that 's what 's the matter."

"I should think so," said Number One. "Is the water-power good for anything?"

"Good for anything!" echoed Number Two, as he went and stood by Number One, and watched the current rushing by the undershot wheel. "There 's power enough."

"Why is n't somebody using it, then?"

"Well, we might; tide is going out strong now."

"You are dependent on the tide, are you?"

"Of course," said Number Two. "Don't you know? It's a tide-mill."

"I 'm not much acquainted with tide-mills," Number One replied. "Explain it to me."

"This is the Tammoset River," said Number Two, "though some folks call it the Dempford River. It runs between two towns. This is Tammoset on this side, and that is Dempford over there."

"And what's the name of the lake?"

"That's got more names than a poor man has shirts," grinned Boy Number Two. "Some folks call it Tammoset Lake, and some Dempford Lake; but 'most generally they say jest the lake, or the pond."

"Do you mean to say that the tide flows all the way up here, from the harbor?"

"Course I do! Why not? It's only about seven miles, and there's scarce any fall to the water."

"Is the water of the lake salt or fresh?" asked the strange boy.

"Fresh, of course," the Tammoset boy replied. "No salt water ever gits up as fur as here, without 't is in a very dry time. They do say the water in the bottom of the pond is a leetle mite brackish; though I don't know how anybody knows."

"I see," remarked the visitor, who was not quite so ignorant as he had been willing to appear. "When the tide comes in, it forces back the flow of fresh water; but it turns again before it gets up as far as here. Salt water being heavier than fresh, any that gets into the lake would stay at the bottom."

While they were talking, there came a sudden rush of water under the wheel, which began to move, slowly at first, then with a brisk rush of the revolving paddles.

"There she goes!" said the Tammoset boy. "I told you 't was about time for her to begin to hum. Do you want to see Father?"

"Is Mr. Dushee your father?"

"Yes, and he owns the mill; and he wants to sell it. Do you know of anybody who wants to buy?"

The Tammoset boy spoke so eagerly that the boy who really wanted to buy thought it best to appear more indifferent than ever.

"I'd like to see him by and by. Why does he want to sell?"

"Oh, I d'n' know! Tired on 't, I s'pose. Wants to git into some other kind o' business, where he won't have to work so hard."

"That's natural," said the visitor. "Show me how you take advantage of the tide."

The boy who belonged to the place led the way to a platform over the end of the dam, and pointed out a broad opening in it, stopped by movable boards, over which the water poured.

"Them's the *flash-boards*," he explained. "When the tide runs up they float, and let it go up into the pond. Those ropes keep 'em from floatin' away. After the tide turns, and we want the

power, all we've got to do is to put down the flash-boards. Soon 's the water has fell away a leetle from the lower side, we've got about as smart a water-power, till tide comes up again, as ever ye need to have, for a small, perty business, ye know. Two tides a day, understand."

"Only, one of them's apt to be in the night," replied the visitor, with a laugh. "Do you own any land on the other side?"

"No need of that," said the mill-boy. "Father jest bought the right of the owner to build his dam and keep it there ninety-nine years. I don't know why they did n't say a hundred, while they was about it."

"Ninety-nine seems long enough for all practical purposes," said the visitor, hardly able to conceal his delight at the general aspect of things. "What's the price of the old trap, anyway?"

"I don't know what the price is; but Father says he means to sell for what he can git," said young Dushee, innocently.

"Oh, does he?" thought the visitor, with secret glee—not that he was at all anxious to obtain the property for less than it was worth, but that, having already set his heart on it, he earnestly hoped that the price would come within the means at his command.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE OWNER OF THE MILL.

A LARGE-FACED, sandy-complexioned man was at work before a lathe when the two boys entered the shop. He was turning what promised to be a croquet-ball, making the fine chips fly, and the round, ragged-looking block hum.

As the mill-boy had just such another flabby-cheeked, sandy countenance, laid out on a smaller scale, the visitor did not need to be told that he was in the presence of the elder Dushee.

He watched the operation of turning with lively interest, while the son spoke to his father, and tried to attract his attention. But the elder Dushee, having noticed by a glance that it was only another boy who had come in with his boy, kept steadily at his work, with no more expression in the extensive features than if they had been composed of the sand they so much resembled.

After a while he paused in his cutting to apply the curved arms of a measure to his revolving ball. Then the son tried again.

"Here's somebody to look at the mill. Guess he wants to buy!"

Instantly a gleam of sunshine lighted up the Sahara-like countenance—a smile, in other words—which was turned hospitably on the youthful stranger.



"Come to look at the mill, have ye?" Scanning him closely, and seeing what a mere boy he was, the man added: "But I don't s'pose *you* want to buy?"

"No, I don't," said the visitor.

The sunshine faded from the desert.

"But I know parties who may wish to purchase," he continued, "and I have come to examine and report."

"Oh! all right." The sandy waste lighted up again. "I'll show you what we've got here."

"Don't leave your work," said the visitor.

"That can wait. I happened to get hold of some good apple-tree wood, and I thought I would turn a few croquet sets," Mr. Dushee explained. "Who are the parties you speak of?"

"Well, my brothers and myself. There are five of us altogether. I am the third. Our name is Tinkham."

"The Tinkham boys! I have heard of the Tinkham boys!" Mr. Dushee exclaimed. "And, by George! I owe 'em a grudge, too!"

"I am sorry for that," replied young Tinkham, modestly.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Dushee, good-naturedly, notwithstanding his grudge. "I was making a very nice doll's carriage for Mellen & Company; they sold all I could turn out. But all to once they said: 'Mr. Dushee, we can't take any more of them carriages at that price.' 'What's up?' says I. Says they, 'We have to retail your carriage at three dollars; but here's some, jest about as good,—better, too, in some respects,—that we can sell for two.' 'Whose carriages be them?' says I, and I'll own that they was mighty cute little things! By two or three ingenious tricks, the inventors had managed to make a cheaper article than mine, while it was quite as perty,—mebby pertier,—and nigh-about as strong."

The visitor smiled quietly, while Mr. Dushee went on.

"'Whose make be them?' says I. 'The Tinkham boys,' says they. 'Who's the Tinkham boys?' says I. 'The Widder Tinkham's,' says they. 'That's about all we know of 'em—only that they've got long heads on their shoulders, and can make dolls' carriages cheaper'n you can.' 'Very well,' says I; 'let 'em make 'em!' But I tell ye I was mad!"

"That little carriage was my brother Luther's notion," said the Tinkham boy present. "He's only nineteen, but he's full of ideas, and can do almost anything he sets out to. He did n't set out to undersell you, Mr. Dushee, or to injure your business; but he saw there might be improvements made in dolls' carriages, and it appears that he succeeded in making them."

"Oh, that's all right!" Mr. Dushee said. "Where's your shop?"

"We have n't any shop of our own," the Tinkham boy answered, frankly, "and we are looking about for one. That is, I saw your advertisement, and thought perhaps your tide-mill would suit our purpose."

"Should n't wonder if it would!" said the proprietor, gleefully; "should n't wonder a mite! Where have you done your work?"

"At home, and in our Uncle Dave Darrill's saw-mill. My older brothers, Luther and Martin, began to make things for their own amusement while they were going to school. Then, when Father died, and they had to go to work, they thought they would put some of their toys and knickknacks on the market. A few sold pretty well, and that encouraged them to invent more. They have made a good many of their own tools, and contrived the machinery they have put up in Uncle's mill. I am not much of an inventor, myself," the Tinkham boy went on, "but I am a tolerably good workman, and I believe I've a head for business."

"I should think you had!" said Mr. Dushee, with increasing good humor.

"I don't want to be separated from my brothers; I want to keep the family together," the representative of the Tinkhams went on, with a swell of emotion in his tones. "I have two younger brothers, still at school, and one sister. My mother fell and broke her knee on a bad place in the sidewalk, just after Father died, and she is a cripple. We want to keep her with us."

"A good idee! a good idee!" Mr. Dushee exclaimed, the sunshine of his smile expanding until it seemed to spread all over the continent of his person, and put him into a universal glow.

"The time has come when the boys ought to have a shop of their own, with a little elbow-room and water-power. I want to keep with them, and learn to be the business man of the concern. Then our younger brothers can work into it. That's my plan, and that's why I have come——"

Suddenly, seeming to recollect himself, the visitor hesitated. He had set out to be very diplomatic, and here he was telling the honest truth and exposing his secret motives without any caution whatever. Indeed, it was not in Rush Tinkham's frank and impulsive nature to use much reserve and *finesse*, however needful he might think them in advancing his personal interests; but he instinctively broke through them, and stood on the solid and enduring ground of sincerity.

"You've come to jest the right place," Mr. Dushee made haste to assure him. "This is jest the mill you want!" showing his visitor about the

little factory. "Everything in perfect repair, shabby as things look. Good water-power, good machinery, plenty of room. Come upstairs."

Rush Tinkham felt sure that his brothers would be delighted with what he saw. But he said discreetly:

"I should n't wonder if it would suit us. Now, about the price. Put your figures right down to the lowest point; then, if we can reach up to them, I'll try to have my brothers come out and see the property."

"You ought to buy the whole place," said the owner; "good house, an acre of land, garden, and stable."

"I should like that, if we can afford it," said Rush; thinking, "We'll keep a horse, and give Mother such nice rides!"

Mr. Dushee then showed him the house and grounds, the boy's keen eyes taking in everything, while he often said to himself: "Mother will like this; wont Mother take comfort in that!" for, though simple and plain, everything was spacious and comfortable, compared with the narrow quarters which the family occupied in the city.

"Nice place, aint it?" said the proprietor, with his most expansive smile, as they returned to the mill.

"I like it," Rush replied, frankly; "and I am surprised that you should want to part with it."

"I don't want to," said Mr. Dushee. "But, if I sell the mill, I don't care to keep the house. And I want to sell the mill because the Tinkham boys cut under me, and make dolls' carriages cheaper 'n I can."

He laughed. Rush laughed too, and said:

"There's no other reason?"

"That's the principal reason. My ways are rather old-fashioned, and I can't get out of the ruts; I can't compete with younger men with their modern improvements."

"Your water-power is all right?" Rush inquired.

The owner grinned. Young Dushee also grinned, with a curious expression, as he stood and listened to the conversation and watched his father's face.

"It ought to be; I've used it nigh on to fifteen year. I've never seen the time," the elder Dushee added, "when I could n't depend on eight hours, in every twelve, of good running power. Each tide is about two hours coming up. In about two hours more it will be running down fast enough for the wheel. Then we have eight hours, as I say, before the water sets back again. In the driest time, when fresh water fails and a good many mills have to stop, the tide keeps up the supply here."

"You've a right to dam the stream?" said Rush, looking out on the river from a window.

"A perfect right," the elder Dushee declared, rather earnestly, while the younger watched his face with the same curious grin which Rush would have done well to observe. "It don't injure nobody. It keeps the level of the lake stidder 'n it would be without it, and that's rather an advantage to land-owners than otherwise."

"I should think it might be in the way of boats," Rush suggested.

There was a sort of sunset flush on the sandy desert of a face, as the proprietor answered stoutly:

"Whether 't is or not, it has been there, as I said, nigh on to fifteen year; and it has a perfect right to be there, for this aint a navigable stream."

They then talked of terms; and Mr. Dushee, after much hesitation, named a price for the whole place, and also a separate price for the mill.

"If everything is as you say, and as it looks to be," said Rush, "I'll have my brothers, and perhaps my uncle, come and talk with you."

"It's jest as I say, and jest as it looks," Mr. Dushee assured him. Then, as Rush started to go, he said: "Wait till we tackle up, and my boy shall carry you over to the depot. Dick, run and be backing out the buggy."

Rush Tinkham took a last survey of the mill, the river, and the pleasant grounds, while father and son were "tackling up," and the father gave the son this parting counsel:

"Watch the clock on the steeple, and keep driving till jest a minute or two afore train-time, so he wont have no chance to talk with anybody else about the mill. And be sure you don't let on anything about——"

Here he lowered his voice, for the horse was harnessed, and Rush was coming to get into the buggy.

Returning along the hill-side toward the lake, Rush, from the high buggy-seat, observed an object which had hardly attracted his attention when he passed within sight of it on foot. It was an odd-looking, half-finished structure, partly hidden by trees on the shore.

"What are they building over there?" he asked of Dick Dushee.

Now, as this was a dangerously near approach to the subject which he had been warned by his father not to "let on anything about," Dick Dushee, I regret to say, prevaricated.

"Oh, I d'n' know," he replied. "Some sort of a summer-house, I believe."

"An odd-looking summer-house," was Rush Tinkham's comment, "and an ugly object to be set there, on the lake-shore!"

Dick Dushee looked straight before his nose at the horse's tail, and made no reply.

They rode on, and, with his mind full of other



things, Rush thought no more of the odd-looking "summer-house," destined though it was to be the source of unnumbered woes to the future owners of the tide-mill.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE TINKHAM FAMILY.

RUSH TINKHAM went home that evening full of enthusiasm for the purchase of the Dushee property.

"It seems as though the place had been made on purpose for us," he said, drawing his chair up to the table, where the family were already at supper. "We must have it! We will have it!"

"Even if we have to steal it," suggested Martin, the oldest son, whose habit it was to grow cool as the juniors grew warm on any subject.

He had a dry way with him, and a serious drawl, which, together with a trick of drawing down one side of his homely mouth, gave a droll effect to his little sarcasms.

"You would say steal it, or anything, to have it, if you should pay it a visit," said Rush. "Oh! the nice water-power, the iron lathe and the wood lathe, the steam-box, the forge, the jig-saws, and things—it would do your heart good, Mart, to see 'em!"

"I rather think it would make my heart ache to see what I could n't have," Mart replied.

"Rush has got tide-mill on the brain," remarked Luther, the second son, a near-sighted youth in glasses, which gave a singularly old look to his face of nineteen. He stammered a little. "F-f-funny! Rush can't invent anything, and yet he's the one who is so anxious for us to have a f-f-factory of our own."

"You are just as anxious as he is," spoke up Letty, the sister, a bright girl in her sixteenth year; "but you are not half so enterprising."

"Come, children," said the mild mother, in her cripple's chair, which had been drawn up to the table, "postpone your disputes, and hear what Rocket has to say."

"Rocket" was the playful family name for Rush; though I am not sure that any one could have told how he ever came by it. Perhaps it was on account of an eager, impetuous way he had of starting up and darting off on new enterprises—a trait which had been more noticeable in him two or three years before than now.

Or it may have been suggested by his real name. Since a rocket goes with a rush, why should not "Rush" give rise to "Rocket"?

Each of the children had some such nickname, and it was a beautiful trait of the mother that,

despite her years, her widowhood, and her crippled limb, she entered into all innocent sportiveness of this sort with as much spirit as any of them.

"The tide-mill is my idea, and, for that reason, Mart and Lute oppose it," said Rush. "But they'll come 'round. It's just the place for you, Mother; and for you, Letty! Such a great willow-tree as there is, with seats in it, almost over the water, and a foot-plank running to them from the bank! A pair of blue-birds came while I was there, and told me how pleasant it was in summer."

"Oh!" exclaimed Letty, sharing his enthusiasm. "You make me want to fly to get there! I'm longing for trees and water!"

"And, of course, we shall keep a boat and a horse; and, Mother, you shall have the loveliest rides on the lake and the fine Tammoset roads!" Rush rattled on. "And a garden for flowers and vegetables—think of that! And pigs and chickens, boys!" addressing the two youngest, at the end of the table.

"I go in for the pigs and chickens!" cried Rupert, aged fourteen.

"Let's move to-morrow!" exclaimed Rodman, aged twelve.

"But you have n't told us the price of all these fine things," said the mother, with a smile.

"Yes, Rocket," added Martin, who was far more interested than he appeared. "Now for the cold water."

"The asking price is four thousand dollars. But I've no doubt we can buy it for three, for Dushee is awfully anxious to sell. That includes everything; and there is an acre of land. By the way, boys, there's a good joke!"

And, to explain Dushee's motive for selling, Rush told the story of the dolls' carriages which Luther's had driven out of the market.

That pleased Luther, and brought him over to Rush's side.

"Now, I've something to tell you," he said. "Mart to-day received a p-p-proposal to make all the wood-work of Cole & Company's fire-works. To do that, we shall need our own shop."

"Oh, now! if everything is n't made a-purpose!" said Rush. "Dushee said he must have half down in cash, say fifteen hundred. You've got twelve hundred, Mother; and I'm sure we can raise the rest somehow, with enough to move and start with."

The widow smiled, but with something like a look of pain.

"My poor little twelve hundred dollars!" she said; "all I have in the world!"

"Except your children, Mother," said Letty, with a high, proud look. "See those five stalwart boys!"

"And my dear, darling daughter!" said the mother, with starting tears. "I know better than anybody else what you all are to me. I am rich in your love and help. But I must look out carefully for my twelve hundred dollars, just the same. I can't—I can't risk that!"

"Where's the risk?" Rush asked. "I tell you this is a big thing that has been kept waiting for us. We're bound to succeed, and build up a business, and make such a home for you, Mother, as you never could have unless we launched out a little."

"Well, well! we'll see," said Mrs. Tinkham, quickly brushing away a tear, and smiling resolutely. "We shall do nothing rashly."

"Of course," replied Rush. "I want Lute and Mart and Uncle Dave to go and see the place, examine it thoroughly, and make sure that everything about it is all right; and then buy it only if they think it's best."

There was much more talk on the exciting topic, the result of which was that the two oldest boys and their uncle visited the Dushee place two days later, and got the refusal of it for thirty-six hun-

dred dollars—sixteen hundred to be paid in cash, the remainder to be secured by mortgage.

The uncle advised the purchase, and Mart and Lute were now as eager as Rush himself to get possession of the old tide-mill and the river-side home. They had not noticed the odd-looking "summer-house" on the lake-shore.

The boys had two hundred dollars of their own, and their uncle, who knew them well and believed in them, offered to lend them five hundred more. After that the mother could no longer withhold her consent.

To make every step secure, a lawyer examined the title to the property, and, that being found satisfactory, the bargain was finally closed, to the great joy of Rush and his brothers, and equally to the satisfaction of Mr. Dushee.

"They're young and plucky; they can fight it better 'n I can," he remarked, with a big sigh of relief, when he told Dick that he had at last got the "plaguy thing" off his hands. "Now let 'em find out!"

Thus, the tide-mill became the property of the Tinkham boys, and began its exciting adventures.

*(To be continued.)*

## LITTLE KATE'S DIARY.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

LITTLE Kate Andrews had long wished to keep a diary. Her elegant Cousin Maud, from the city, who wore trails and frizzes, and carried a wonderful painted fan and a white parasol trimmed with lace, kept a diary. She used to sit at her table and write, after everybody else was in bed. Sometimes Kate slept with her, and she would wake up after her first long nap, and watch Maud as she wrote. Kate thought she looked very interesting in her long white wrapper, her black hair hanging over her shoulders, and her head supported upon her hand. To sit up in that way and write in a diary was the little girl's highest ambition.

So, when Maud asked Kate what she should buy for her after she went back to the city, the child answered: "A diary, please; one just like yours."

The diary came all right, wrapped in buff paper, and directed to "Miss Kate Andrews, care of James Andrews, Esq."

Kate was delighted. She meant to sit up late that very night. Mamma was going to a party, and it would be easy to sit up till nine o'clock at least.

But, for fear something would happen, she thought she would make one entry in her new book in the afternoon. So she went to Papa's desk, got pen, ink, and blotter, and sat down in the desk-chair with her left hand supporting her head, in imitation of Cousin Maud.

But what should she write? Her little mind was perfectly blank the moment she got the pen in her hand. Brother Ned sat at the open window, studying his grammar lesson.

"Ned, will you please tell me what folks put in diaries mostly?" she said.

"Events and feelings," said Ned, grandly.

Kate wrote across the upper part of the first page, "Evenz and Fealings," when she came to another stop.

"But, Ned, what is events?" she asked, after a minute.

"Eating your dinner is an event," said Ned. "And sometimes they put good resolutions into their diaries. And they write down the bad things they have done."



Kate became very quiet.

"If eating dinner is an event," she thought, "it is n't interesting enough to put in a diary. I think Cousin Maud wrote about the friends who came to see her, and the books she read. But I should n't 'spose folks would want to write it down when they don't do as they ought to. I want my diary to be nice reading."

So, under June 1, 1881, she wrote:

"There is no evenz worth writing down. When I get time, I shall make up some. About my feelings, I have n't much of any."

In the evening, after Mamma went to the party, Kate carried the pen and ink to the nursery. Nurse, thinking she had gone to bed, sat in the kitchen gossiping with the cook. The little girl established herself at the table and began to write:

"To-day, a man came and pade me the rent. It was a million dollars. I gave some to a minister to build a meeting-hous and make a chine of bells. I bought a white saton dress, with an awful long trane. A member of Congress carried my trane. The President gave me a bokay of roses.

My feelings were happy, 'speshly when I gave my white saton dress to a poor woman with 10 children, and bought me a pink one with pink roses embrordered onto it."

Under another date, she wrote:

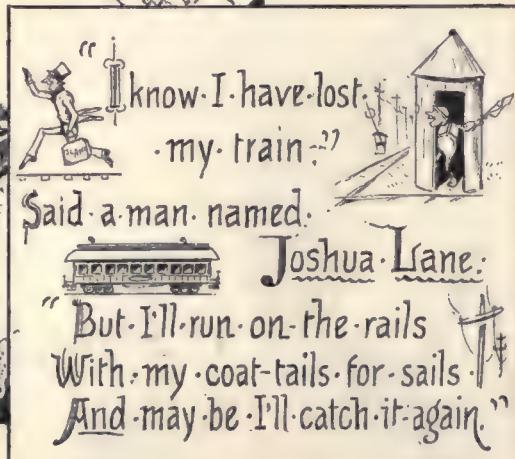
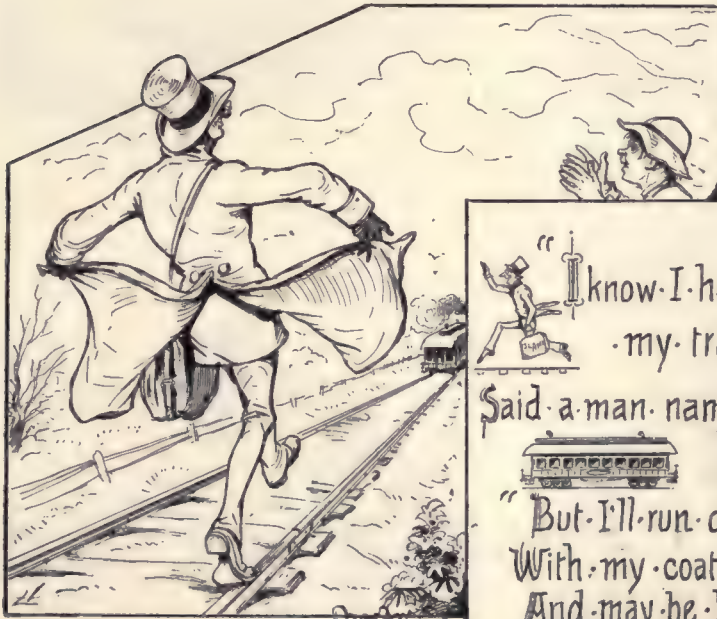
"I wore a reeth of white roses to-day, maid of purls. A beggir child came, and I took a rose out of the reeth and gave it to her. The Prince smiled at me, and called me an angil.

"I sat under a tree and read a thick book in an hour. Reading is nice."

It took Kate a long time to write all this. When she had finished, she said: "There, that's what I call events!"

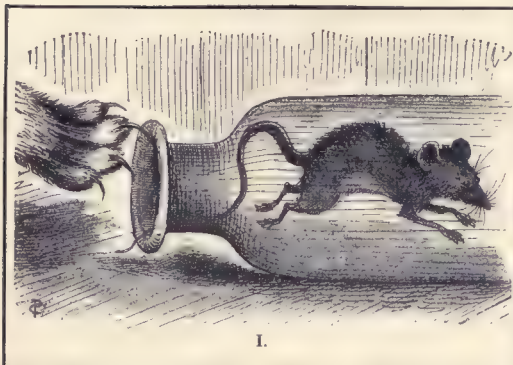
While she was trying to read over her "Evenz and Feelings," she fell fast asleep, dropping her pen and making a big blot on the page. There Mamma and Papa found her, when they came home from the party.

They had a hearty laugh over the poor little book, and after that, whenever they spoke of a stilted, unnatural person, they said: "He reminds me of Kate's diary."



## THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

BY PALMER COX.





## A BOY IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

BEFORE the time of President Abraham Lincoln, there had been very few children living in the White House. Mr. Buchanan, who immediately preceded Lincoln, was unmarried. Mr. Pierce, who came next before Buchanan, was childless, his only son having been killed by a sorrowful accident just before the newly elected President moved into the house where he had anticipated taking his much-beloved boy. And so, for many years, no President had brought into the White House the mirth and laughter of childhood. People who visited the home of the President, in Washington, used often to remark on the absence of children; and I dare say that many a mother, as she wandered through the stately apartments of that celebrated house, thought to herself that she would not like to live in the midst of its grandeur if she had to give up the companionship of her dear boys and girls. Perhaps it was because of this absence of children that everybody used to say that the White House did not seem like a home, but rather a place to "stay" at for a time.

This was all changed when Lincoln and his family came to Washington, in March, 1861. At that time three boys were the only children of the good Lincoln. Robert, the eldest, now Secretary of War for the United States, was then not quite eighteen years old. Willie, the next eldest, was a little more than ten years of age; and Thomas, better known as "Tad," was eight years old, having been born April 4, 1853. His next birthday was probably the first boy's birthday ever celebrated in the White House.

When these three boys, of eighteen, ten, and eight years respectively, came to the White House, it may be imagined that they speedily changed the aspect of things in the quiet and dignified old mansion. They were happy, hearty boys, brought up to spend much of their time in out-door sports and boyish exercise. Visitors to the White House soon noticed a change from the dull, uniform quiet that had prevailed during the administration of Mr. Buchanan, whose stately and old-bachelor ways were very different from those of the home-loving family that had succeeded the solitary old man. Bats, tops, kites, and other playthings were oftentimes to be seen scattered about in the grand halls of the mansion. The shouts and clatter of two youngsters were heard resounding through the fine old corridors, and visitors who well knew the place would smile and nudge each other when they

picked up, as they sometimes did, a trifle which indicated that a very-much-alive boy had been scurrying through the state apartments, on a short cut across the house.

Robert, however, did not long remain in the White House. He had entered Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., in July, 1859, and had been admitted to Harvard during the following year. Going home in February, 1861, for the first time since his original departure, he accompanied his father to Washington, and so was present at the inauguration. But he soon rejoined his class, and Tad and Willie were the two boys of the White House. As a pleasant souvenir of those days, I give the readers of ST. NICHOLAS a copy of a portrait of Robert, taken soon after the arrival of the family in Washington. In February, 1862, the shadow of a great grief came down upon the cheery family in the White House. Willie, the studious and lovable boy, the joy and comfort of his mother and father, died suddenly, after a short illness. By this time, the War of the Rebellion had waxed fierce and deadly. In almost every house there was mourning and lamentation for the dead, alarm and anxiety for the absent. The good President was sorely distressed with many cares and troubles. He was continually thinking, with a heavy heart, of the sorrows of others, whose beloved sons, brothers, and friends had fallen on the field of battle. Yet he knew that more must fall before the war could be ended and peace return. And, in the midst of these heavy griefs that weighed down the heart of the noble Lincoln, came the death of his bright-eyed and affectionate little son. It was less than a year after the three boys had come to the White House that Willie's pale form was laid, with many tears, in the house appointed for all mankind.

We shall never know how deep was the sorrow of Lincoln, the tender-hearted father, when this new and unlooked-for blow fell upon him. He was not a man to talk much of what was deepest in his mind. Although he was pleasant and bright in his conversation with friends, he kept locked up in his heart many of the thoughts which men of a different nature would have put into words. But some of us know that, in the long nights when Lincoln sat alone in his chamber, oppressed with unspeakable anxieties for the whole country, and waiting to hear news from the struggling army of the Union, the darkness of his own personal grief came over him to deepen his loneliness and gloom.

Once, while Lincoln was passing several days at Fortress Monroe, waiting for certain military movements, he employed his leisure in reading Shakespeare. While thus engaged one day, looking through into an adjoining apartment, where was seated Colonel Cannon, of General Wool's staff, he called to him, as if longing for fellowship in his thoughts, and asked him to listen while he read from the book. He then recited a few passages from "Hamlet" and from "Macbeth." Then, turning to "King John," he read the passage in which *Constance* bewails the loss of her boy. Closing the book and recalling the words, Lincoln asked Colonel Cannon if he had ever dreamed of being with one whom he had lost in death, only to wake and find the vision fled.

"Just so," he said, "I dream of my boy Willie."

The loving father bowed his head and wept as he recalled the words of *Constance*:

"And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say  
That we shall see and know our friends in Heaven:  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again."

It was this bereavement, I think, that made Mr. Lincoln and his wife very tender and indulgent toward their youngest boy. It seemed almost impossible for father or mother to be stern to this boisterous and irrepressible youngster. Besides this, he had many qualities that endeared him to those who knew him, and there were circumstances that made almost everybody very kindly disposed toward him. If there was ever a boy in danger of being "spoiled," this youngest son of the President was that lad. Much of the time it was impossible that he should not be left to run at large. He was foolishly caressed and petted by people who wanted favors of his father, and who took this way of making a friend in the family, as they thought; and he was living in the midst of a most exciting epoch in the country's history, when a boy in the White House was in a strange and somewhat unnatural atmosphere. But I am bound to say that Tad, although he doubtless had his wits sharpened by being in such strange surroundings, was never anything else, while I knew him, but a boisterous, rollicking, and absolutely real boy. He was not "old for his years," as we sometimes say of precocious children, nor was he burdened with care before his time. He was a big-hearted and fresh-faced youngster, and when he went away from the White House, after his father's tragic end, he carried with him, from the midst of sorrows and associations that are now historic, the same boyish frankness and simplicity that he took into it.

The boy was named Thomas after his grandfather, the father of the great President. An unfortunate difficulty in his speech prevented him

from speaking plainly, and strangers could hardly understand what he said. The nearest he could come to saying his own name, when quite a little fellow, was "Tad," and the name clung to him for many a year. In the family he was usually known as "Taddie," but even this nickname was shortened, and those who were fortunate enough to be near the President during his term of government will never forget "Tad," the tricky sprite of the White House.

In those days, it was the custom of people who objected to the prosecution of the war to speak of Lincoln as "a tyrant." This seems silly enough now, when all the commotion and bitterness of the war have passed away; but even then, to those who knew the mild-mannered and tender-hearted President, the word had no meaning. One day, going to the White House, I met a very eminent public man, who, with a queer look, said, "I have just had an interview with the tyrant of the White House." Then, noticing my surprise, he added—"Tad," and went away laughing at his little joke. If there was any tyrant in that house during Lincoln's administration, his name was Tad. The boy certainly did rule everybody who came within his power. Without being domineering or unpleasant with his imperiousness, he had a fashion of issuing orders that brooked no delay, no refusal. He overran the White House and the grounds. It was seldom that he had playmates; but, to hear the noise that Tad contrived to make, one would suppose that there were at least six boys wherever he happened to be. The day was passed in a series of enterprises, panics, and commotions. Tad invaded every part of the great establishment, and he was an uncommonly knowing person who could tell where the agile lad was likely next to appear, at any hour of the day. Now his whoop would be heard as he galloped his pony to the stable-door, and anon he would be expostulating with his dog-team, as he trained them on the lawn by the side of the house next the Potomac. A party of ladies (said to be from Boston) were one day almost frozen with horror as they were reverentially stalking about the famous East Room. There was an outburst and a clatter at the most distant end of the corridor leading to the family apartments, a cry of "Get out of the way, there!" and Tad, driving a tandem team of goats harnessed to a chair, careered into the state apartment, once around, and then out to the front of the house.

One of his admiring friends gave him a box of tools. This was, for a few days, a mine of pleasure to Tad. There was nothing within his reach that was not sawed, bored, chiseled, or hacked with some one of the tools of that collection. At first, he proposed setting up a cabinet-shop for the man-



ufacture of furniture for the hospitals. Then the repairing of a wagon engaged his attention; but when he began to try experiments with the old-fashioned mahogany chairs in the East Room, the box of tools mysteriously disappeared.

Of course, Tad knew no law, no restraint, that should bar any part of the house against him. So it sometimes happened that, while the President and his Cabinet were anxiously discussing affairs of state, and were in the midst of questions of great moment, Tad would burst into the room, bubbling with excitement, and insist that his complaint or request should be attended to at once. Sometimes it was the woes of some ill-clad petitioner, repulsed by the ushers, that aroused his childish wrath. At other times he would insist on being allowed to drag before the President of the United States a particularly youthful suitor, whose tale he had heard for himself, and who appeared in the presence with an air of mingled terror and amusement. There was a certain Cabinet officer whom he did not like, and when he had burst into his father's privacy, one morning, to find the objectionable functionary there, Tad, unabashed, cried out, "What are you here so early for? What do *you* want?" It may be added that office-seekers generally he regarded with undisguised contempt.

While Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, was at work on his picture of Lincoln and his Cabinet, it was found necessary to make some photographic studies of the room in which the President and his council were to be represented as assembled. In his book, "Six Months at the White House," Mr. Carpenter tells a characteristic story of Tad's opposition to all attempts to infringe upon what he considered to be his rights. While the photographers were at work, Mr. Carpenter took them to a room which could be darkened for their purposes, but of which Tad had lately taken possession and had fitted up as a miniature theater, with drop-curtain, seats, orchestra, and benches.

Everything was going on well, when suddenly there was an uproar.

Tad took great offense at the occupancy of his room without his consent, and, turning everybody out, locked the door. In his anger, the little fellow put all the blame on Mr. Carpenter, and absolutely refused to allow the photographers even to go into the room for their apparatus and chemicals, there locked up. He pocketed the key, and went to his father in high dudgeon.

Mr. Lincoln was sitting in his chair, one photograph having been already taken. He mildly told Tad to go and open the door.

Tad went off to his mother's room, muttering and refusing to obey, Mr. Carpenter following and vainly entreating him to open the door.

Presently Lincoln said, when Mr. Carpenter returned, "Has not the boy opened the door?"

On being told that he had not, the patient father, compressing his lips, strode off to the family apartments, and soon returned with the key to the theater, which he unlocked himself, saying:

"There, go ahead; it's all right now."

The President went back to his office, and, resuming his seat, said, as if in apology for Tad:

"Tad is a peculiar child. He was violently excited when I went to him. I said, 'Tad, do you know you are making your father a great deal of trouble?' He burst into tears, and instantly gave me the key."

A friend of the Lincoln family once sent a fine live turkey to the White House, with the request that it should be served on the President's Christmas table. But Christmas was then several weeks off, and in the interim Tad won the confidence and esteem of the turkey, as he did the affection of every living thing with which he came in contact. "Jack," as the fowl had been named, was an object of great interest to Tad, who fed him, petted him, and began to teach him to follow his young master. One day, just before Christmas, 1863, while the President was engaged with one of his Cabinet ministers on an affair of great moment, Tad burst into the room like a bomb-shell, sobbing and crying with rage and indignation. The turkey was about to be killed. Tad had procured from the executioner a stay of proceedings while he flew to lay the case before the President. Jack must not be killed; it was wicked.

"But," said the President, "Jack was sent here to be killed and eaten for this very Christmas."

"I can't help it," roared Tad, between his sobs. "He's a good turkey, and I don't want him killed."

The President of the United States, pausing in the midst of his business, took a card and wrote on it an order of reprieve. The turkey's life was spared, and Tad, seizing the precious bit of paper, fled to set him at liberty. In course of time Jack became very tame, and roamed at will about the premises. He was a prime favorite with the soldiers—a company of Pennsylvania "Bucktails"—who were on guard at the house. The tents of these soldiers were at the bottom of the south lawn, on the Potomac side of the house. In the summer of 1864, the election for President being then pending, a commission was sent on from Pennsylvania to take the votes of the Pennsylvania soldiers in Washington. While the "Bucktails" were voting, Tad rushed into his father's room, the windows of which looked out on the lawn, crying, "Oh, the soldiers are voting for Lincoln for President!" He dragged his father to the window and insisted that he should see this remarkable thing.

The turkey, now grown tall and free-mannered, stalked about among the soldiers, regarding the proceedings with much interest.

"Does Jack vote?" asked Lincoln, with a roguish twinkle of his eye.

Tad paused for a moment, nonplussed at the unexpected question; then rallying, he replied, "Why, no, of course not. He is n't of age yet."

Great was Tad's curiosity, in 1864, to know what was meant by the President's proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer. His inquiries were not satisfactorily answered, but from the servants he learned, to his great dismay, that there would be nothing eaten in the White House from sunrise to sunset on Fast Day. The boy, who was blessed with a vigorous appetite, took measures to escape from the rigors of the day. It happened that, just before Fast Day came, the family carriage was brought out of its house to be cleaned and put in order. Tad stood by, with feelings of alarm, while a general overhauling of the vehicle went on, the coachman dusting, rubbing, and pulling things about, quite unconscious of Tad's anxious watch on the proceedings. Pretty soon, drawing out a queer-looking bundle from one of the boxes under the seat, the man brought to light a part of a loaf of bread, some bits of cold meat, and various other fragments of food from the larder. Tad, now ready to burst with anger and disappointment, cried, "Oh! oh! give that up, I say! That's my Fast Day picnic!" The poor lad, from dread of going hungry, had cautiously hidden, from day to day, a portion of food against the day of fasting, and had stood by while his hoard was in danger hoping that it might escape the eyes of the servants. He was consoled by a promise from his mother, to whom he ran with his tale of woe, that he should not suffer hunger on Fast Day, even though his father, the President, had proclaimed a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer for all the people.

Mingled with his boyish simplicity, Tad had a

great deal of native shrewdness. The White House was infested with a numerous horde of office-seekers. From day to day these men crowded the corridors leading to the President's office. Sometimes they were so numerous as to line the halls all the way down the stairs. It was not long before Tad found out what this assemblage meant, and it then became one of his greatest diversions, when other resources failed, to go around among the office-seekers and sympathetically inquire what they wanted, how long they had waited, and how



PORTRAIT OF SECRETARY LINCOLN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

much longer they proposed to wait. To some he gave good advice, telling them to go home and chop wood for a living. Others he tried to dismiss by volunteering to speak to his father in their behalf, if they would promise not to come again. Many of these people were at the White House for weeks and even months, never missing a day, unless they learned that the President was out of town, or otherwise absent from the house.

Tad levied tribute on the men whose faces he



had learned to know. Once he mounted guard at the foot of the staircase and compelled every passenger to pay an admission fee of five cents,—“for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund,” as he explained. Most of the visitors took it in good part, and some of the fawning creatures, glad of an opportunity to earn the good-will of the little fellow, paid their way with a “stamp” of some considerable value. This venture was so successful that Tad resolved on having one of the Sanitary Commission fairs then so much in vogue all over the country. He placed a table in the grand corridor, or entrance hall, of the White House, stocked it with a few broken toys, some purchases of fruit, sundry articles of food begged from the family pantry, and a lot of miscellaneous odds and ends contributed by admiring friends. Before night, the sanitary fair of the White House was closed out. No man who looked as if he had money in his pocket was permitted to pass into the House that day without first buying something of Master Lincoln’s stock in trade.

His success in this venture emboldened him soon afterward to branch out in a larger speculation. Having saved up quite a sum of pocket-money, he bought out the entire stock of an old woman who sold apples and gingerbread near the Treasury building. A pair of trestles and a board, extorted from the carpenters employed on the building, gave the young merchant his counter, and he set up his shop in the grand, historic portico of the White House, much to the horror of some of the eminently respectable people who passed by and beheld this most undignified proceeding. Before noon, almost every office-seeker who entered had bought a luncheon, under compulsion, from the alert young shop-keeper, who drove a brisk trade as long as his goods lasted. When Tad had sold out all he had to sell, a goodly lot of the fractional currency of those times was stuffed into his pockets, his hat, and his little fist. He was “the President’s son,” and that was enough for the flatterers, who were glad to buy of him. But Tad was too generous and open-handed to be long a gainer by any such operations. Before night, capital and profits had been squandered, and the little speculator went penniless to bed.

Everything that Tad did was done with a certain rush and rude strength which were peculiar to him. I was once sitting with the President in the library, when Tad tore into the room in search of something, and, having found it, he threw himself on his father like a small thunderbolt, gave him one wild, fierce hug, and, without a word, fled from the room before his father could put out his hand to detain him. With all his boyish roughness, Tad had a warm heart and a tender conscience. He

abhorred falsehood as he did books and study. Tutors came and went, like changes of the moon. None staid long enough to learn much about the boy; but he knew them before they had been one day in the house. “Let him run,” his father would say; “there’s time enough yet for him to learn his letters and get poky. Bob was just such a little rascal, and now he is a very decent boy.”

It was curious, however, to see how Tad comprehended many practical realities that are far beyond the grasp of most boys. Even when he could scarcely read, he knew much about the cost of things, the details of trade, the principles of mechanics, and the habits of animals, all of which showed the activity of his mind and the odd turn of his thoughts. His father took great interest in everything that concerned Tad, and, when the long day’s work was done, and the little chap had related to the President all that had moved him or had taken up his attention during the daylight hours, and had finally fallen asleep under a drowsy cross-examination, the weary father would turn once more to his desk, and work on into the night, for his cares never ended. Then, shouldering the sleeping child, the man for whom millions of good men and women nightly prayed took his way through silent corridors and passages to his boy’s bed-chamber.

One day, Tad, in search of amusement, loitered into the office of the Secretary of War, and Mr. Stanton, for the fun of the thing, commissioned him a lieutenant of United States Volunteers. This elated the boy so much that he went off immediately and ordered a quantity of muskets sent to the White House, and then he organized and drilled the house-servants and gardeners, and, without attracting anybody’s attention, he actually discharged the regular sentries about the premises and ordered his unwilling recruits on duty as guards.

Robert Lincoln soon discovered what had been done, and as he thought it a great hardship that men who had been at work all day should be obliged to keep watch during the night to gratify a boyish freak, he remonstrated. But Tad would listen to nothing from his elder brother, and Robert appealed to his father, who only laughed at the matter as a good joke. Tad soon tired, however, of his self-imposed duties and went to bed. The drafted men were quietly relieved from duty, and there was no guard at the President’s mansion that night, much to Mr. Lincoln’s relief. He never approved of the precaution of mounting guard at the White House. While Tad sported his commission as lieutenant, he cut quite a military figure. From some source he procured a uniform suitable to his supposed rank, and thus

proudly attired, he had himself photographed, as seen in the illustration on page 64.

It had been intended to celebrate Tad's tenth birthday, April 4, 1863, by a visit to the Army of the Potomac, then encamped on the banks of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. The President, at the suggestion of Mrs. Lincoln, had thought that it would cheer the soldiers to see the familiar face of the chief magistrate among them before their anticipated departure for the front. But other business had intervened, and it was not until the boy's birthday had actually arrived, and with it a present of a fine pony, that we got away from Washington. Our party consisted of Tad, his father and mother, Mr. Edward Bates, the Attorney-General of the United States, and two friends of the family. Toward evening a violent and unseasonable snow-storm came up, and the little steamer that was taking us from Washington to Aquia Creek (the landing-place of the army) was compelled to cast anchor for the night under the lee of a headland of the Potomac. By that time Tad had examined every nook and corner of the steamer, and as the President's party were the only passengers on board, he had full swing during the trip. After we had anchored, Tad, resolved to employ advantageously every moment of the time, rigged up a fishing-line and went valiantly to work, in the midst of the snow-storm, to catch fish for supper. He promptly reported every bite to his father or mother, and when he finally rushed into their presence with a single very small and very bony fish, a proud and happy boy was he. But we actually did have a smoking platter of fish for supper, much to the delight of Tad, who had marked the three fish of his own catching by cutting off their tails.

During the five days of our stay in the Army of the Potomac, Tad was a most restless little chap. At General Hooker's head-quarters there was a bakery, a printing-office, a telegraph station, and sundry other small establishments, all in shanties or tents. We were quartered in large "hospital tents," as they were called. By the end of the first day, Tad had exhausted everything in sight, and was ready to go home to his beloved pony. But there were reviews and parades to come, and for these the President must stay. Each day, beginning with the second of our stay, was taken up with a review. While these lasted Tad was happy. A handsome young soldier was detailed to act as escort to the boy, and a little gray horse consoled him, for the time, for the absence of his own pony.

That long series of reviews in the Army of the Potomac, just before the battle of Chancellorsville, will never be forgotten by the participants. Over hill and dale dashed the brilliant cavalcade of the

general-in-chief, surrounded by a company of officers in gay attire and sparkling with gold lace, the party being escorted by the Philadelphia Lancers, a showy troop of soldiers. In the midst, or at the head, rose and fell, as the horses galloped afar, the form of Lincoln, conspicuous by his height and his tall black hat. And ever on the flanks of the hurrying column flew, like a flag or banneret, Tad's little gray riding-cloak. His short legs stuck straight out from his saddle, and sometimes there was danger that his steed, by a sudden turn in the rough road, would throw him off like a bolt from a catapult. But faithful Michael was always ready to steady the lad, and, much to the amazement of everybody, the hard-riding and reckless youngster turned up at head-quarters every night, flushed with the excitement of the day, but safe and sound.

The soldiers soon learned of Tad's presence in the army, and wherever he went on horseback he easily divided the honors with his father. I can not begin to tell you how the men cheered and shouted and waved their hats when they saw the dear face and tall figure of the good President, then the best-beloved man in the world; but to these men of war, far away from home and children, the sight of that fresh-faced and laughing boy seemed an inspiration. They cheered like mad. When told that he ought to doff his cap to the soldiers who saluted him, Tad sturdily replied: "Why, that's the way General Hooker and Father do; but I'm only a boy."

When night came on, and there was nothing for Tad to do but to hang around his father and mother, he grew weary of the army, and longed for that pony at home. Then he would begin to ask why he could not go back. But it was in vain he reminded his father that the soldiers did not like visitors, and in vain he told his mother that women were not wanted in the army. Finally, his father, to be rid of the boy's importunities, said: "Tad, I'll make a bargain with you. If you will agree not to say anything about going home until we are ready to go, I will give you that dollar that you want so badly." For Tad had needed, as he thought, a whole dollar in cash. Being a truthful story-teller, I must say that Tad did sometimes, later during our stay, murmur at the long sojourn in the army; but, while we were waiting for the ambulances to take us to the station on our way back to the steam-boat landing, Lincoln took out a dollar note, saying, "Now, Taddie, my son, do you think you have earned this?"

Tad hung his head and answered never a word; but the President handed him the note, saying: "Well, my son, although I don't think you have kept your part of the bargain, I will keep mine,



and you can not reproach *me* with breaking faith, anyway."

On the way from head-quarters to the station there was an immense amount of cheering from the soldiers, who, as usual, seemed wild with delight at seeing the President. Occasionally we heard them cry, "Three cheers for Mrs. Lincoln!" and they were given with a will. Then, again, the men would cry, "Three cheers for the boy!" This salute Tad acknowledged, under instructions from his mother, and entirely unabashed by so much noise and attention. One soldier, after the line through which we were passing had given three cheers "for the next fight," cried, "And send along the greenbacks!" This arrested the attention of Tad, who inquired its meaning, and, when told that the army had not been paid for some time, on account of the scarcity of greenbacks, he said, with the true spirit of an inflationist, "Why does n't Governor Chase print 'em some, then?"

In the October number of *The Century Magazine* another incident in which Tad took part is narrated in a letter from Mr. Alexander Starbruck, of Waltham, Mass., as follows:

"About the last of February, 1865, Mr. H. F. Warren, a photographer of Waltham, Mass., left home, intending, if practicable, to visit the army in front of Richmond and Petersburg. Arriving in Washington on the morning of the 4th of March, and finding it necessary to procure passes to carry out the end he had in view, he concluded to remain there until the inauguration ceremonies were over, and, having carried with him all the apparatus necessary for taking negatives, he decided to try to secure a sitting from the President. At that time rumors of plots and dangers had caused the friends of President Lincoln to urge upon him the necessity of a guard, and, as he had finally permitted the presence of such a body, an audience with him was somewhat difficult. On the afternoon of the 6th of March, Mr. Warren sought a presentation to Mr. Lincoln, but found, after consulting with the guard, that an interview could be had on that day in only a somewhat irregular manner. After some conversation with the officer in charge, who became convinced of his loyalty, Mr. Warren was admitted within the lines, and, at the same time, was given to understand that the surest way to obtain an audience with the President was through the intercession of his little son 'Tad.' The latter was a great pet with the soldiers, and was constantly at their barracks, and soon made his appearance, mounted upon his pony. He and the pony were soon placed in position and photographed, after which Mr. Warren asked 'Tad' to tell his father that a man had come all the way from Boston, and was particularly anxious to see

him and obtain a sitting from him. 'Tad' went to see his father, and word was soon returned that Mr. Lincoln would comply. In the meantime Mr. Warren had improvised a kind of studio upon the south balcony of the White House. Mr. Lincoln soon came out, and, saying but a very few words, took his seat as indicated. After a single negative was taken, he inquired: 'Is that all, sir?' Unwilling to detain him longer than was absolutely necessary, Mr. Warren replied: 'Yes, sir,' and the President immediately withdrew. At the time he appeared upon the balcony the wind was blowing freshly, as his disarranged hair indicates, and, as sunset was rapidly approaching, it was difficult to obtain a sharp picture. Six weeks later President Lincoln was dead, and it is doubtless true that this is the last photograph ever made of him."

Later, Tad figured with his father in one more historic scene. It was on the night of April 11, 1865, when the President made his last long speech. The news of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond, and the flight of Lee and Davis had come to Washington. On that night the White House was illuminated, and there was great joy throughout the land, for we had begun to feel that the war was nearly over. Outside of the house was a vast crowd, cheering and shouting with a roar like that of the sea. A small battery from the Navy Yard occasionally rent the air with a salute, and the clamor of brass bands and the hissing of fire-works added to the confusion and racket in front of the mansion. Lincoln and a few friends lingered at the dinner-table until it was time for him to begin his speech. As the little party mounted the stairs to the upper part of the house, there was a tremendous din outside, as if roars of laughter were mingling with the music and the cheers. Inside of the house, at one of the front windows on the right of the staircase, was old Edward, the conservative and dignified butler of the White House, struggling with Tad and trying to drag him back from the window, from which he was waving a Confederate flag, captured in some fight and given to the boy. The crowd recognized Tad, who frantically waved the flag as he fought with Edward, while the people roared with delight. "The likes of it, Mister Tad," said the scandalized butler—"the likes of a rebel flag out of the windows of the White House! Oh, did I ever!"

Edward conquered, and, followed by a parting cheer from the throng below, Tad rushed to his father with his complaints. But the President, just then approaching the center window overlooking the portico, stood with a beaming face before the vast assembly beneath, and the mighty cheer that arose drowned all other sounds. The speech began with the words, "We meet this evening, not in sor-

row, but in gladness of heart." As Lincoln spoke, the multitude was as silent as if the court-yard had been deserted. Then, as his speech was written on loose sheets, and the candles placed for him were too low, he took a light in his hand and went on with his reading. Soon coming to the end of a page, he found some difficulty in handling the manuscript and holding the candlestick. A friend who stood behind the drapery of the window reached out and took the candle, and held it until the end of the speech, and the President let the loose pages fall on the floor, one by one, as fast as he was through with them. Presently, Tad, having refreshed himself at the dinner-table, came back in search of amusement. He gathered up the scattered sheets of the President's speech, and then amused himself by chasing the leaves as they fluttered from Lincoln's hand. Anon, growing impatient at his delay to drop another page, he whispered, "Come, give me another!" The President made a queer motion with his foot toward Tad, but otherwise showed no sign that he had other thoughts than those on reconstruction which he was dropping to the listeners beneath.

Without was a vast sea of upturned faces, each eye fixed on the form of the President. Around the tall white pillars of the portico flowed an undulating surface of human beings, stirred by emotion



TAD LINCOLN IN HIS UNIFORM OF A LIEUTENANT.

and lighted with the fantastic colors of fire-works. At the window, his face irradiated with patriotic joy, was the much-beloved Lincoln, reading the speech that was to be his last to the people. Behind crept back and forth, on his hands and knees, the boy of the White House, gathering up his father's



carefully written pages, and occasionally lifting up his eager face, waiting for more. It was before and behind the scenes. Sometimes I wonder, when I recall that night, how much of a father's love and thought of his boy might have been mingled in Lincoln's last speech to the eager multitude.

The dark and dreadful end was drawing nigh apace. Within a few days after that memorable night, the beloved Lincoln fell by the hand of an assassin. Amid the lamentations of a stricken nation, his form was carried back to Illinois to be buried near the spot where little Willie had been laid to rest. Soon afterward, the stricken family left the gloomy White House, and the sound of Tad's merry voice was heard no more in the mansion of the people.

After his father's death, Robert took charge of his brother's education until the lad went to Europe with his mother, in 1869. Sobered and steadied by the great tragedy through which he had passed, Tad applied himself diligently to study, and made such progress that his friends cherished for him the brightest hopes. He was a self-reliant boy, firm

in his friendships, cordial, modest, and as true as the needle to the pole whenever principle and justice were called in question. Under the tuition of a careful instructor in Germany, he quite overcame the difficulty in his speech which had burdened him from childhood. He was disciplined by an English-speaking German teacher, who required him to read aloud, slowly and distinctly, as a daily exercise. By this simple means he finally learned to speak plainly, but with a slight German accent which came from his practice in reading.

Returning home with his mother in 1871, he was taken with a severe illness, and after enduring with manly fortitude months of great pain, he passed away July 15, 1871, being then only a little more than eighteen years old. It was well said of him that he gave to the sad and solemn White House the only comic relief it knew. And, in justice to the memory of the boy whose life was but a brief and swiftly passing vision of a cheery spirit, it should be added that his gayety and affection were the only illumination of the dark hours of the best and greatest American who ever lived.

## THE FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS.

(A Christmas Masque for Young and Old.)

BY E. S. BROOKS,

*Author of the "Land of Nod" and "Comedies for Children."*

MUSIC BY ANTHONY RIEFF.

[THIS Masque is designed to precede the Christmas tree at a Christmas party. Its action may call for the help of the entire company to assist at the choruses. All the children in the room may, if desired, be massed on the stage, and the chorus of parents may be given by the audience from the seats they occupy, provided they are led by a few ready voices near the piano. No special decoration is needed for the stage. The action should take place near the Christmas tree, which should, if possible, stand behind a curtain, or be screened by the folding-doors, until the end of the Masque, when it should be suddenly disclosed with all its blaze and glitter. The "properties" are simple and none of the costumes need be elaborate, but the setting can be as greatly diversified and elaborated as the inclination and facilities of the managers permit. Let the choruses and speaking parts be rendered with spirit. *Much of the text can be sung to familiar airs, which will readily suggest themselves to the musical directors.*]

### CHARACTERS.

MR. MONEYBAGS (*afterward the False Sir Santa Claus*).—Hard as his dollars, and "down on children."

SANTA CLAUS.—Positively the Only Original article. No connection whatever with the spurious imitation above.

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE.—Firm friends of the "only original."

JACK O'LANTERN.—The pugnacious young page of the False Sir Santa Claus.

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.—All glitter and spangles.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF, } The False Four. The base and  
THE BIG BUGABOO, } hireling policemen of the False  
THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN, } Sir Santa Claus.  
THE WANDERING JEW, }

DICK, }  
ETHEL, } Who do the talking for the rest of the children.  
CURLY-LOCKS, }

THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN—THE INDULGENT PARENTS.

### COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES.

MR. MONEYBAGS may be a "grown man," or a big boy. May be dressed in street costume at first. When he appears as the FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS he should wear a full-dress suit, of fashionable cut, with opera hat, white kids, big watch-chain, trim white wig, white mustache and side-whiskers—as great a contrast as possible to the conventional Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS should be made up, as customary, "in fur from his head to his foot, a bundle of toys flung on his back," etc. Another "grown man" or big boy should be selected for this part.

JACK FROST.—Boy of fifteen. } Pretty ice-and-snow suits of white  
HIS WIFE.—Girl of thirteen. } Canton flannel and swan's-down  
trimming, sprinkled with silver powder, and silver wands.

JACK O'LANTERN.—Agile boy of twelve, in tight-fitting fancy or Jester's suit.

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.—Girl of sixteen; fancy white dress, wings, and spangles, silver wand.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF.—Boy of sixteen, in fur robe or coat, with wolf's-head mask, and movable jaws, if possible.

THE BIG BUGABOO.—Tall youth of sixteen or eighteen, with demon's mask or some ugly face. Dressed in close-fitting red suit.

THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN.—Boy of sixteen, doubled and bent, with basket and crook, whitened face, and light clothes.

THE WANDERING JEW.—Big boy in old black suit, shocking bad hat, and bag full of "old clo'es."

DICK.—A bright boy of fourteen.

ETHEL.—A bright girl of twelve.

CURLY-LOCKS.—A pretty little girl of six or eight.

### THE FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS.

[As the curtain rises, the children rush in pell-mell, singing:

*Moderato.*

Ho! for us;

Hey! for us; Please clear the way for us,

Please clear the way for us, las - sie and lad.

Here are no wea-ry ones, Here are no dreary ones,

Christmas has come, and we chil-dren are glad;

Christ-mas has come, and we chil - dren are glad.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS (*in audience*).  
Shout it out! Sing it out! Clear voices ring it out!  
Ring out your glee, every lassie and lad.  
Under the holly, now, sing and be jolly, now;  
Christmas has come and the children are glad!

### CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

Hurry all! Scurry all! We're in a flurry all!  
We're in a flurry, with happiness mad.  
Gayly we sing to you; welcomes we bring to you;  
Christmas has come and we children are glad!

[Enter MR. MONEYBAGS, account-book in hand. He shakes his fist at children, and says, sharply:

MONEYBAGS. What a rumpus! What a clatter!  
Why, whatever is the matter?  
All this rout and shout and riot is distracting to my brain.

You've disturbed my computations  
With your singing and gyrations,  
And you've mixed my figures up so, I must add 'em all again.

ETHEL. Oh, stupid Mr. Moneybags, where are your senses, pray, sir?

DICK. Why, don't you know—of course you do—that this is Christmas Day, sir?

CURLY-LOCKS. 'T is Christmas, sir—the children's day!

ETHEL, DICK, AND CURLY-LOCKS (*shaking their fingers*).

And please to understand—  
ALL THE CHILDREN. We're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

### CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS.

Don't scold them, Mr. Moneybags, for, please to understand,  
They're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

MONEYBAGS (*much disgusted*).

For what? For who? For Santa Claus?

'T is past my comprehension

That, in this nineteenth century,

Such foolishness finds mention!

For Santa Claus? No bigger fraud

Has ever yet been planned!

There is *n't* any Santa Claus,

Nor any Somewhere-land!

[Consternation among the children.]



ETHEL (*indignantly*).

Oh, wicked Mr. Moneybags, how can you be so cruel!

DICK (*pathetically*). Why, Christmas without Santa Claus is weak as watered gruel!

ETHEL AND CURLY-LOCKS (*sorrowfully*).

We can't believe you!

DICK (*vehemently*). And we won't!

ETHEL, DICK, CURLY-LOCKS (*with warning finger*).

So, please to understand—

ALL THE CHILDREN (*vociferously*). We're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS.

They can't believe you, and they won't, for, please to understand,

They're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

MONEYBAGS (*aside*).

It seems to me it would be wise

To stop this superstition;

To open these young eyes to fact

Would be a useful mission.

So I'll devise a little scheme,

And try it, if I'm able,

To bring these folks to common sense,

And burst this foolish fable.

[Aloud. Well, good-bye, youngsters; now I'm off!

I really can not stand

This trash you talk of Santa Claus

Who comes from Somewhere-land. [Exit.

DICK (*turning to children, with uplifted hands*).

No Santa Claus?

THE CHILDREN (*lifting hands in dismay*). No Santa Claus!

CURLY-LOCKS (*tearfully*). I never did—did you?

ETHEL (*to children, hands lifted*). No Santa Claus!

THE CHILDREN (*lifting hands solemnly*). No Santa Claus!

ALL (*in audible tears*). Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!

ETHEL (*spitefully*). I just believe he's telling fibs.

DICK (*surlily*). Of course!

ETHEL (*dejectedly*). It seems to me,

This horrid Mr. Moneybags

Is mean as mean can be!

DICK (*decidedly*). Of course he's fibbing.

CURLY-LOCKS (*indignantly*). 'Course he is.

ETHEL. He does it just to tease us.

DICK. He's down on children; so, you see,

He never wants to please us.

CURLY-LOCKS (*anxiously*). Oh, dear! why does n't Santa come?

DICK. Let's wish him here.

THE CHILDREN (*incredulously*). That's—quirky!

DICK (*stoutly*). 'Taint! Ethel saved a wish-bone up,

From last Thanksgiving's turkey.

CHILDREN. All right! Who'll pull it?

ETHEL (*producing the wish-bone*). Dick and I.

DICK (*examining it*). It's dry enough. Say "when," boys. Catch hold here, Ethel—wish!

THE CHILDREN. Now, pull!

[Dick and Ethel snap the wish-bone.

ETHEL. Dick's got the lucky end, boys!

CHORUS OF CHILDREN. (*Try, for air, "Nelly Bly."*)

Come to us, come to us, here as we sing;

Come to us, come to us, Christmas bells ring.

Come to us quickly—nor loiter, nor pause;

Come to us, come to us, old Santa Claus!

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS.

Santa Claus! Santa Claus! Jolly old Saint;

Hark to them! Hear to them! List to their plaint.

Broken the wish-bone! All wistful they stand,—

Come to them, Santa Claus, from Somewhere-land!

[A loud clang and clash outside. Enter, with double somersault or long jump, JACK O' LANTERN. The children start, amazed.

JACK O' LANTERN (*with comic posture*). Who calls for Santa Claus, I'd like to know?

ETHEL (*surveying him curiously*). We, Mr.—India-rubber!

JACK O' LANTERN (*laughing derisively*). Ho, ho, ho!

[Turns a double somersault, or some other nimble contortion, and, striking a comical attitude, says:

With a clash and a clang, and a rattle-te-bang,

And a bumpy-jump rather risky,

With a jounce and a bounce, Santa Claus I announce!

I'm his page, Jack O' Lantern so frisky.

See where he comes; stand all here close at hand,

Enter! Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

[Enter MONEYBAGS as the FALSE SIR SANTA CLAUS, dressed in full-dress suit, as indicated in costume directions. The children start back, surprised at seeing a person so different from their idea of Santa Claus in dress and appearance. MONEYBAGS surveys them through his eye-glass, sourly.

MONEYBAGS (*gruffly*). Heigho, there, you youngsters!

Well, how do you do? H'm—what did you say?

ETHEL (*timidly*). Oh, we only said—Oo-oo-oo!

MONEYBAGS.

Well, why this surprise? Why this staring and stir?

CURLY-LOCKS (*showing him her toy book*).

We looked for that kind of a Santa Claus, sir.

MONEYBAGS (*taking book and examining it critically through eye-glass*).

Hey? what kind? Oh, that! Ah! permit me to look; Why, Santa Claus, child, does n't live in a book!

[Reading quickly.

H'm—"little old driver"—Pshaw!—"sleigh full of toys"—

"Down the chimney"—that's nonsense, you know, girls and boys.

[Reading again.

"He was dressed all in furs, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

And the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face—"

Oh, that's nonsense, I say:

I have n't looked that way for many a day!

I dress in the fashion; I'm solemn in speech,

And detest all the folly that fable would teach.

I hate to be bothered with children and toys,  
And I'm "down" on this Christmas Day worry and noise.

ETHEL (*anxiously*). And your sleigh?—

DICK (*dubiously*). And your reindeer?—

MONEYBAGS. All sold—long ago.  
They were quite out of date—too old-fashioned and slow.

What with steam-ships and railways and telegraph wires,  
And stores overcrowded with sellers and buyers,  
And modern improvements in every land,  
There's no use for Santa Claus, now;—understand?

[Sings. (*Try "The Campbells are Coming."*)]

I'm a thrifty old merchant, who lives at the Pole;  
A sleep-loving, ease-loving, saving old soul;  
I'm healthy and wealthy and wise, now, because—  
I've done with the nonsense of old Santa Claus!

CHILDREN (*singing, poutingly*).

He's a selfish old merchant, who lives at the Pole;  
A skinflint old miser, as mean as a mole;  
But he'll never succeed, if he tries to pick flaws  
In the joys of the children—this old Santa Claus!

INDIGNANT PARENTS (*singing, snappishly*).

He's a heartless old merchant, who lives at the Pole;  
For his comfort and ease, he would barter his soul.  
Come away from him, children; don't trust him,  
because—

He's a fraud and a miser—this old Santa Claus!

MONEYBAGS (*bowing low, in mock humility*).

Thanks for your compliments, kind friends, indeed;

I'll not forget your praises;

'Tis pleasure rare to hear and heed

Such kind and courtly phrases.

But this I know—you'll soon, with speed,

Give up these Christmas crazes.

DICK (*emphatically*). Well, is n't this dreadful?

ETHEL (*tearfully*). Oh, dear, I could cry!

MONEYBAGS (*threateningly*).

You'd better leave that for the "sweet by and by."

If there's one thing I hate, in this bedlam appalling,  
It is to hear children a-screaming and squalling.

So, if you attempt it, I know what to do!—

CURLY-LOCKS (*anxiously*). Oh, what does he mean?

ETHEL. I don't know.

ALL THE CHILDREN (*vociferously*). Boò-hoo-hoo!

MONEYBAGS (*wrathfully*).

What ho, there! Hallo, there! My trusty police;  
These children are cranky—this nonsense must cease.

Come in here, my beauties, these children to tell

Sir Santa Claus knows how to manage them well.

[Enter the FALSE FOUR, one by one. Consternation on the part of the children. MONEYBAGS checks them off as they enter.

Here's Red Riding-hood's Wolf!

Here's the Big Bugaboo!

Here's the Whooping-cough Man!

Here's the Wandering Jew!

Are n't they sweet? What's the matter? You  
quiver and quake so;

One would think you were frightened, to see you all  
shake so.

DICK. What horrid, ugly people!

ETHEL. Did you ever, ever see

Such dreadful folks invited to a lovely Christmas Tree?

MONEYBAGS. Speak up, my gentle serving-men, and  
tell these children, now,

What parts you play on Christmas Day—and when  
and where and how.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF (*snappishly*).

I've great big Ears, and I've great big Eyes,

And I've great big Teeth, because—

Oh, yes, you've heard the story before—

Just look at these beautiful jaws!

[Opening mouth very wide.

THE BIG BUGABOO (*solemnly*).

I'm the Big Bugaboo! And I live in the dark,

With my grin and my club. And I wish to remark,

I know all the bad boys, and I'm looking at *you*!

So, don't you forget I'm the Big Bugaboo!

THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN (*asthmatically*).

I'm the Whooping-cough Man, yes, I am—I am—

I'm the Whooping-cough Man so breezy;

And the bad boys I fill, yes, I will—I will—

With my choke and my strangle so sneezy.

And the little girls, too, yes, I do—I do—

If I find them at all uneasy,

Why—I take their breath off

With the cough—the cough.

I'm the Whooping-cough Man so wheezy.

THE WANDERING JEW (*seductively*).

"Old clo'es! Old clo'es! Cash paid for old clo'es!"

I sing through the streets of the city,

And the people they bring every ragged old thing

When they hear the sweet strains of my ditty.

[Impressively.

But the bad girls and boys, if they make too much noise,

Or if words with their betters they bandy,

Why, I ups with their heels,

And I smothers their squeals

In my bag of "old clo'es," so handy!

[More consternation among the children.

MONEYBAGS (*alluringly*).

They sometimes give Boxes at Christmas, you know,  
Instead of the Stockings and Trees.

A nice Christmas Box would be jolly to show—

You each shall have one, if you please.

Come, gather around me, and I will explain.

[The children draw near in anticipation.

My meaning I'll make very clear:

[Ominously.

If children are cranky, I don't speak again,

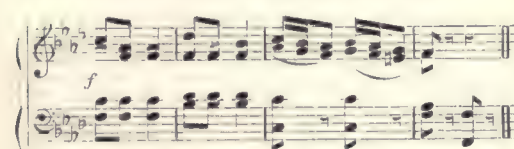
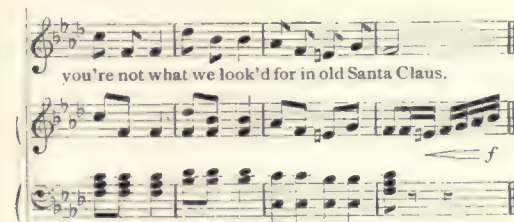
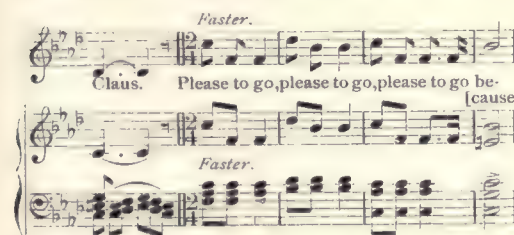
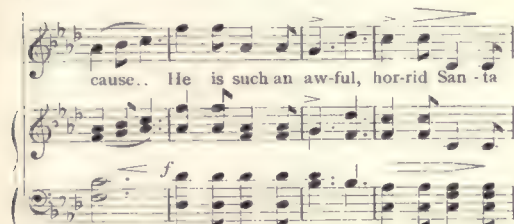
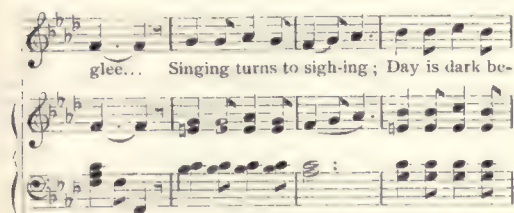
But give them—a Box on the ear!

[Tries one on Dick, with bewildering effect. The children retreat in dismay, and sing dolefully:

*Slowly.*

Dismal, dole-ful chil-dren, Doleful children





## CHORUS OF DISTRESSED PARENTS.

Worried, flurried parents, worried parents, we!  
Pleasure's sun is clouded, gloomy is our glee.  
Christmas ends in crying, hopes are dashed, because—  
He is such a horrid, hateful Santa Claus!

Please to go, please to go, please to go, because—  
You're not what they looked for in old Santa Claus!  
MONEYBAGS.

What! Go? Ah, no—the children want me badly,  
The darling, snarling, doleful little dears;  
If I should leave, I know they'd miss me sadly;  
I know they love me, so I'll spare their tears.  
What! Go? Ah, no—not while I've strength to stand;

Why, I'm Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!  
THE FALSE FOUR (*in derisive chorus*).  
What! Go? Ah, no—not while we've strength to stand;  
Why, he's Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE (*singing behind scenes*).

Out from the kingdom of ice and of snow,  
Rollicking, frolicking, frisking we go;  
Rollicking, frolicking, singing in glee;  
Oh, who so merry and cheery as we?  
Clear rings our song, all the day long,  
All the glad Christmas Day, Christmas Day long.  
Shout the gay glories of Christmas so grand;  
Shout for old Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

[MONEYBAGS and the FALSE FOUR start in surprise at the sound of this singing, and look at each other anxiously.]

MONEYBAGS.

Say, who be these that sing so blithe and free?  
Quick, Jack O'Lantern, find this out for me!

JACK O'LANTERN (*reluctantly*).

Excuse me, I beg; I'm suspicious of dangers,  
And it ruffles my nerves, sir, to interview strangers.

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE (*singing nearer*).

Racing and chasing, from sunset to light,  
Painting the windows with traceries bright;  
Dancing with sunbeams, all sparkle and life,  
Oh, who so gay as Jack Frost and his Wife?  
Oh, who so gay, all the glad day,  
'Till the glad Christmas, the glad Christmas Day?  
Shout the gay glories of Christmas so grand;  
Shout for old Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

[JACK O'LANTERN clutches MONEYBAGS by the arm and drags him to the front, saying, hurriedly and emphatically:]

Jack Frost and his Wife, sir,  
Oh, run for your life, sir!  
They'll stir up a strife, sir,  
And interview you.  
They're Santa Claus folks, sir,  
Have done with your jokes, sir!  
You'll be pinched and poked, sir—  
And frost-bitten, too!

MONEYBAGS (*defiantly*). Pshaw! Who's afraid? Here on my rights I'll stand!

I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

[Enter JACK FROST and his WIFE, briskly.]

JACK FROST.

How are you, youngsters? Full of fun and life?

I am Jack Frost—

HIS WIFE.

And I'm his loving wife.

JACK FROST (*looking at the children anxiously*).

What's the matter? where are your shouts of glee?  
Where's Santa Claus? And where's your Christmas tree?

DICK ( *ruefully* ). There 'll be no tree —  
 ETHEL ( *dolefully* ). And Christmas glee is o'er.  
 CURLY-LOCKS ( *with a great sigh* ).

Oh, Mr. Jack! Christmas will come no more.  
 JACK FROST. Why, who says that, you curly little elf?  
 CURLY-LOCKS.

Oh, don't you know? Old Santa Claus himself!  
 JACK FROST ( *looking all around* ).  
 Old Santa here? Where? Not among  *that*  band!  
 DICK ( *pointing to*  MONEYBAGS ). There!

MONEYBAGS ( *pompously* ).  
 *I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!*   
 JACK FROST.

You? Well, I guess not! You, sir? Oh, no, no!  
 That's a good joke!  *You*  Santa? Ho, ho, ho!  
 MONEYBAGS.

There, that will do! Be off, now! Scatter! Pack!  
 JACK'S WIFE.

*We*  get away? I guess not! Will we, Jack?  
 JACK FROST ( *dancing derisively before*  MONEYBAGS ).

No, not for such a fat old fraud as you!  
 [Then to children.

This False Sir Santa Claus is fooling you!  
 MONEYBAGS.

Quick, now, my good policemen, clear them out!  
 I will not have such vagabonds about.  
 THE FALSE FOUR ( *closing around*  JACK and his WIFE ).  
 Move on, now! Come—move on! You 're in the  
 way here!

JACK FROST ( *with hand to ear, sarcastically* ).  
 I 'm just a little deaf. What 's that you say, here?  
 THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN ( *grasping*  JACK FROST 's  
 *arm roughly* ). Move on, I say!

[JACK FROST touches him with his wand.] Ah!  
 JACK FROST ( *slyly* ). Well, now, what 's the matter?  
 DICK ( *touching the*  WHOOPING-COUGH MAN,  *who is*   
 *motionless as a statue* ). He 's frozen stiff!

[JACK FROST suddenly touches the Big Bugaboo with his wand.  
 THE BIG BUGABOO. Oh, how my teeth do chatter!  
 [He also stands motionless and stiff.

ETHEL. Oh, see there, Dick! Feel him!  
 DICK. He 's frozen, too.

JACK FROST.  
 Jack's magic wand froze the Big Bugaboo!  
 JACK'S WIFE.

They both are frozen up. Too stiff to wink;  
 They 'll let us stay here now awhile, I think!  
 ETHEL ( *pointing to*  MONEYBAGS ).

But is n't he Santa Claus?  
 JACK FROST. He? Bless you, no!  
 MONEYBAGS. H'm! how will you prove it?  
 JACK FROST. That 's easy to show.

MONEYBAGS. Well, show it!  
 JACK FROST. I will, sir! I will—don't you fret!  
 JACK'S WIFE.

Oh, False Sir Santa Claus, we 'll beat you yet!  
 MONEYBAGS ( *snapping his fingers contemptuously* ).  
 What can you do?

JACK FROST. Oh, quite enough, I think;  
 We 'll do enough, I know, to make you shrink.  
 I 'll summon up each fairy, gnome, and elf,  
 I 'll call—I 'll call old Santa Claus, himself!

I 'll tell him—no—for first, I 'll stop this strife,  
 Or  *we*  will ( *wont we, dear?* ) Jack Frost and Wife!

[They rush with their magic wands to RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF  
 and the WANDERING JEW, who are at once frozen to statues and  
 stand stiff and rigid. JACK O' LANTERN runs off.

DICK. Hey! The Wandering Jew 's frozen stiff as a  
 stake!

ETHEL. So 's Red Riding-hood's Wolf! What nice  
 statues they make!

ALL THE CHILDREN ( *exultantly* ).  
 And now, hip, hurrah! Let Jack go, if he can,  
 For this horrible, terrible Santa Claus man!

[JACK FROST and his WIFE, dancing around MONEYBAGS, pinch and  
 poke him, while he winces and dodges and shivers and the  
 children jump for joy.

JACK FROST and his WIFE. ( *Try, for air, "Grand-*  
 *father's Clock."*)

We 'll nip his nose and tweak his toes,  
 With cold he 'll shake and shiver;  
 We 'll twinge his ears and freeze his tears,  
 Until he 'll quake and quiver.  
 We 'll cover him nice with a coat of ice,  
 While he 'll shiver and sneeze and stumblie;  
 No Santa Claus he! A fraud he must be:  
 He 's nothing but glitter and grumble.

MONEYBAGS ( *aching with cold* ).  
 Br-r-r! Oo-oo-oo! I 'm cold! Oh, hold there, hold!  
 Do save me from this ice man.

Ah, boo—I freeze! My nose! My knees!  
 Do stop it—there 's a nice man!

[Enter JACK O' LANTERN hastily, with a stick, painted to look like  
 a red-hot iron bar.

JACK O' LANTERN.  
 Here 's a red-hot bar I 've brought, sir;  
 Heat will thaw you—so it ought, sir;  
 Now I 'll try what heat will do, sir.

[Pokes MONEYBAGS with the bar. That 's for you!  
 [Lays it on JACK FROST's back. And that 's for you, sir!  
 MONEYBAGS ( *jumping with pain, but relieved* ).  
 Ouch! that 's better—what a pelting!

JACK FROST ( *growing limp and drooping, as the hot iron*   
 *thaws him out* ).

Wife, quick! I 'm limp and melting!  
 Come, with magic wand revolving;  
 Here 's your Jacky fast dissolving!

JACK'S WIFE.  
 Courage, Jacky, here I come, dear;  
 My! you 're getting thin and numb, dear.  
 There! I 'll stop this in a trice, sir:

[Touching JACK O' LANTERN with her wand.

Jack O' Lantern, turn to ice, sir!

[JACK O' LANTERN becomes a frozen statue. Noise of sleigh-bells  
 heard, and then SANTA CLAUS is heard shouting, behind  
 scenes.

SANTA CLAUS ( *outside* ).  
 "Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and  
 Vixen!

On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!  
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,  
 Now, dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"

[The children listen, amazed and delighted.



## CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

*(Try the "Galop" from "Gustavus.")*

Hark! we hear the jangle, jingle;  
Hark! we hear the tangle, tingle;

Hear the jingle and the tingle of the sleigh-bells sweet  
and strong.

Welcome, welcome, rings our greeting;  
Joyful, joyful, is the meeting;

Sweet the greeting and the meeting, sing the welcome  
loud and long.

Jingle, jangle, tingle, tangle,  
Christmas joy shall know no pause.

Tangle, tingle, jangle, jingle,  
Welcome to you, Santa Claus!

## CHORUS OF HAPPY PARENTS.

Jingle, jangle, tingle, tangle, etc.

SANTA CLAUS *(entering with a rush, shaking snow off)*.

Hello! Merry Christmas! I hope I'm on time!  
With the rivers I cross and the mountains I climb,  
With the roofs that I scale and the chimneys I drop  
down,

By the day *after* Christmas I'm ready to flop down.  
But what if I do get so tired with trotting?

Your joy gives new strength for my planning and  
plotting.

My reindeer are fleet, and—Hello! What's the  
matter?

Something's wrong here—or else I'm as mad as a  
hatter!

Why is Mr. Jack Frost, there, so slimsy and droopy?  
Who are these funny statues so cold and so croupy?  
Why are not all these little folks happy and hearty?  
And—well—bless my stars! Who's *that* pompous  
old party?

MONEYBAGS *(advancing)*.

I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

SANTA CLAUS *(quizzing him)*.

Ho! are you? Well, old fellow, here's my hand!

So you're Sir Santa Claus? Well—by the by—

If you are he—why, bless me! Who am I?

MONEYBAGS *(loftily)*.

I have no doubt, sir, you're some low impostor.

SANTA CLAUS. Well, come, that's friendly! I'll look  
up the roster.

But, still,—I *think*,—as far as I am able,  
I've been old Santa Claus since the days of fable.  
How is it, little folks? We'll leave to you

To say which is the False one—which the True?

DICK *(decidedly)*. Oh, you're the true one!

CURLY-LOCKS. Certain sure!

SANTA CLAUS *(inquiringly)*. Because?—

ETHEL. We know that *he's* the False Sir Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS.

Well, well; that's logic! Then, by your decree,  
What shall the sentence of this culprit be?

DICK *(vindictively)*. Let's tar and feather him!

ETHEL. And freeze him, too!

SANTA CLAUS.

Well, little Curly-locks, and what say you?

CURLY-LOCKS *(reflecting)*.

He's been so dreadful naughty, I should say  
It's best to make him good again to-day.  
If *we* are good to him, why, don't you see,  
*He'll* have a chance to try and gooder be?

SANTA CLAUS.

Why, bless you for a rosy little saint!

You've found the cure that's best for his complaint.

What, Mr. Moneybags, shall your answer be,

Now that you've heard this little maid's decree?

Do you appreciate the magnanimity

Extended you by this small judge in dimity?

MONEYBAGS *(dropping humbly on one knee before*

CURLY-LOCKS).

I'm conquered completely, as you may see,

And I bow to your gentle sentence;

And I humbly beg, on my bended knee,

Your pardon—with true repentance.

I have been *such* a horrible, cross old bear,

With never a soul above dollars;

But I promise you now, if my life you spare,

To be one of your happiest scholars.

Hereafter my days shall have more of glee;

With the children I'll frolic and roam, ma'am,

And I'll give one-half of my fortune, free,

To the Destitute Children's Home, ma'am.

SANTA CLAUS *(clapping him on the back)*.

Bravo! Now joy-bells ring out clear and free;

Come with me, children! To the Christmas Tree!

[Enter the FAIRY BOUNTIFUL, with a burst of music. All stand surprised.

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL.

One moment tarry, ere, with wonders sweet,

The tree shall make your Christmas joys complete.

One thing remains: List, while I tell to you

What Fairy Bountiful would have you do.

In the old days, when Valor, Truth, and Right

Would fight the Wrong and conquer wicked Might,

The champion brave his sure reward would see,

And, by his king or queen, would knighted be;

And, as his shoulders felt the royal blade

Give the glad stroke they called the "Accolade,"

These welcome words came, as his guerdon due:

"Rise up, Sir so-and-so, good knight and true!"

Without old Santa Claus, the children's fun

At Christmas-tide could never be begun.

In their glad hearts the champion he'll stand—

Their good old friend, who comes from Somewhere-land.

Let, then, the title that this False one bore

Come to the True, with love in goodly store.

Kneel down, old Santa Claus, while with ready blade

Sweet Curly-locks shall give the "Accolade!"

[SANTA CLAUS kneels before CURLY-LOCKS, who touches him lightly  
on the shoulder with the FAIRY's wand.

CURLY-LOCKS.

Good Knight and True! Dear to the girls and boys,

Friend of their fun and helper in their joys,

Receive this honor from the children's hand.

"Rise up, Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!"

SANTA CLAUS *(rising)*.

Thanks, thanks to you, Curly-locks gentle and true;

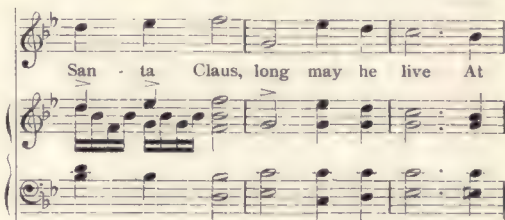
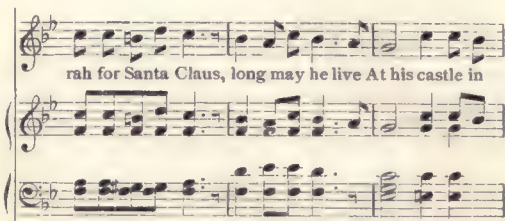
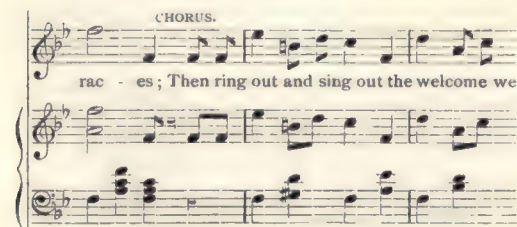
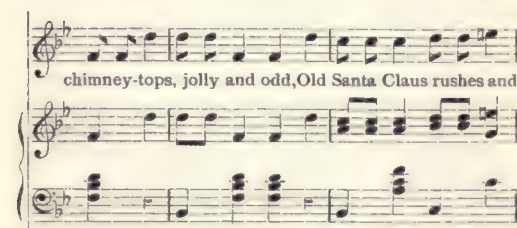
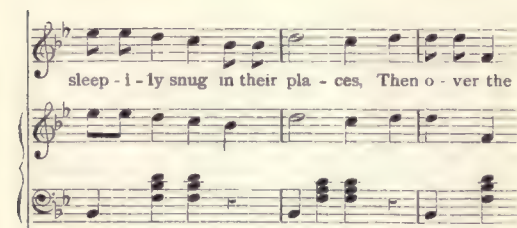
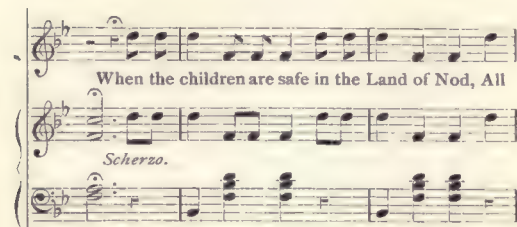
Thanks all, girls and boys, for this honor from you.

I'll be loyal and leal to your joyous young cause.  
Health and wealth to you all! says your friend Santa Claus.

Now, rally all, rally all, rally with me,  
Round the wonders and sights of the bright Christmas Tree,

Give a cheer and a shout and a chorus, because—  
We have routed and conquered the False Santa Claus!

[During the chorus that follows, in which the parents should join, the curtain or doors should slowly open and disclose the Christmas Tree, around which the children, with SANTA CLAUS at their head, should march as they sing:]



While Christmas-tide comes with its laughter and glee,  
Our hearts shall keep green as the holly,  
If there in the circle with smiles we may see  
Old Santa Claus merry and jolly.

CHORUS: Then ring out, etc.

Then 'round the glad Christmas-tree rally with joy.  
Let Love's happy sun shine in gladness;  
Sing it out, every girl, sing it out, every boy,  
Old Santa Claus banishes sadness.

CHORUS: Then ring out, etc.

DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS AND GENERAL JOLLITY.



## THE STORY OF ROB.—TOLD BY HIS LITTLE MAMMA.

ROB is my boy doll. No-bod-y knows what he says but me. Rob ran a-way one day—when he was young-er than he is now—and he was gone a long time. I was a-fraid he would nev-er come back; and Pa-pa went out one day and brought home Nee-na. Nee-na is a ba-by-doll,



with-out an-y hair; but she has blue eyes like Rob's, and is just too sweet for an-y-thing. One day it was my birth-day, and I had a birth-day par-ty, and we had real dish-es, and I poured the tea, same as Mam-ma does; and the door-bell rang, and who do you think was there?

It was Rob, come home! And he had on a Scotch cap and an Ul-ster coat. Yes, and he had a car-pet bag, too, and there he stood in the hall, look-ing up at me, and hold-ing out his arms. He had come to my birth-day par-ty, just as Pa-pa said he would. Oh, how splen-did he looked, and how glad I was to see him! And when he saw Nee-na he was glad, and I knew he

would nev-er run a-way an-y more. And now he stays home ev-er-y day and helps nurse his sis-ter, and he is a good boy. Not a speck of naugh-ty in him. This is a true sto-ry, and here is Rob tak-ing care of Nee-na.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ONE of my birds overheard a queer conversation between the Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am the other day. They evidently were overjoyed about something, he says, for they constantly enlivened each other with interruptions, and neither seemed to care one bit.

"Like it?" exclaimed the Deacon, "like it? Of course they'll like it! They'll be wild over it! Who ever saw a sensible boy or girl that would n't like such a colored front —"

But just here the Little School-ma'am broke in excitedly: "Yes, and then that tide-mill that Mr. Trowb —"

But the Deacon, who barely allowed her to finish a single sentence, immediately asserted: "Yes, yes! Splendid! And then there's the Veto story —"

"Yes! And oh, the Cloth-of-Gold, you know!" exclaimed the dear little woman, "and —"

And so they went on in a way that would have made me think my poor bird's head was turned by some unhappy accident, if I had not happened to overhear one or two such conversations myself, in previous years, between the two good folk he told me of. And I always found, too, that every such talk predicted some happy event for you and me in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS; and that's the reason I tell you in advance about this one. I have n't the slightest idea why a boy or girl should like a colored front, nor who Mr. Trowb is, nor how he is going to grind a tide, nor what a veto story is, but I do know that whenever the Deacon and the Little School-ma'am have a jubilant talk in the style described by my bird-reporter, it's a sign of the fairest kind of weather in the ST. NICHOLAS sky. So be on the look-out, my hearers, and send me word promptly of any new developments. For it's my opinion that there's a good time coming.

## A YOUNG SOCIETY.

THE dear Little School-ma'am, who is much interested in the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association, tells me that it is growing very fast, and that many new Chapters or branch associations are forming in various parts of the country. This is good news. Natural history is what the Deacon calls a natural study, and I like to hear that thousands of boys and girls enjoy it so much that they have enrolled themselves under the banner of the ST. N. A. A. ST. NICHOLAS tells you about the Association in the Letter-box every month, and all that your Jack wishes to speak of here is the new Chapter that lately has been organized in Jackson, in the State of Michigan, by a nine-year-old boy, one Master Gridley. There is not a big boy in the Chapter, for the youngest member is eight years old and the oldest eleven, but neither are there any babies. Not they. They mean business. Already every little man of them has his badge of blue satin, and has accepted the excellent by-laws as drafted by themselves. Here are the by-laws:

*1st. Resolved,* That we come here for instruction, and to learn everything that we can.

*2d. Resolved,* That any person behaving badly shall be expelled from the Association.

*3d. Resolved,* That any person who does not bring an answer to his question shall be expelled.

*4th. Resolved,* That every person must pay the sum of five cents to become a member of the Association.

*5th. Resolved,* That any person who wants to enter must receive a three-fourths vote.

## FORCED TO MOVE.

DEAR JACK: I read in the newspaper yesterday an account of a wren and his little wife, who were forced, by a disagreeable odor, to move their nest, and it interested me so much that I want you to tell it to the other boys and girls.

This wren lives in Virginia, and he and his wife had just finished a perfect little nest high in an eastern corner of the long portico of a farm-house. They seemed quite delighted with the result of their labors, when the farmer's wife happened to buy some asafetida, which you know is one of the most smelling things in the world. To keep it out of the way, she leaned out of a window and stuck the package up under the eaves, close to the wrens' new abode, when — what do you think? — that knowing little pair of birds at once decided that they must move. For some days they were observed to be in a state of confusion, and at last some one, noticing their movements, discovered that they had carried their nest, twig by twig, away to the farther end of the portico, and in a more sheltered part, where the disagreeable odor could not reach them.

Was not that wonderful? — Your young friend,

MARIAN D. R.

## DIVING AT THE FLASH.

"YES, he dived at the flash," insisted the Deacon, "and that is the way he dodged me, or rather dodged my shot. It was in Mr. Justus Hoyt's mill-pond in New Canaan, Conn., when I was a boy about thirteen years old. As I was passing the pond, with my gun in my hand, I saw a bird as large as a small duck sitting on the water, close to a bunch of thick bushes which grew on the bank. Here was a chance for a shot! I thought I could get him to a certainty, for I saw that the bushes would hide me so as to allow me to creep up very close. I worked my way along carefully, and when I peeped through the leaves there he sat, not over ten yards from me, not having seen me at all. I put my gun quietly through, and took a



steady aim. My shot struck the water in a circle of foam, exactly at the right place, but *the bird was not there*. Now, do you ask where he had gone? That is it exactly; he had 'dived at the flash.' He went under so quickly that even the shot had not time enough to strike him. The thing is very wonderful, and I can not explain it, but I have seen it many times since I made that first shot when I was a boy, and I have watched the birds often when others have fired at them, and I have seen them escape, and they did it so rapidly that I could never tell how it was done. Because of this remarkable power they are commonly called water-witches. In books of ornithology their name is grebe: as horned grebe, crested grebe, etc."

#### "FOR THE INQUISITIVE."

HERE is a charming bit of a letter (which the Little School-ma'am has picked out from many good ones) in answer to my questions "for the inquisitive," in the May number:

BALTIMORE.

DEAR JACK I saw in the May number your questions for the inquisitive one was "how can a cat get down a tree" pussy has very sharp Claws which she sticks in the bark, her claws are also very strong: a little kitten can not get down a tree very well as its Claws are not very strong I put a little kitten up a tree and she came down backward a little way and then jumped.

A dog can not come down a tree or go up because his nail are not shaped like that of a cat. My cousin had a little dog and he jumped up a tree about two yards high and landed in the crotch I remain your constant reader  
MANIE H.

#### A TALKING CANARY.

YOUR Jack has just heard of a canary that had been trained to pronounce a number of sentences, closely imitating the voice of the lady who had been its instructor. Invariably after such a performance, as though overjoyed at having accomplished something difficult, the little creature would rush off into a perfect ecstasy of canary song, "tweeting" and trilling as though, after all, that was the only proper language for birds. An English writer, I am told, thinks it is the want of "imitative impulse rather than any lack of the necessary mechanical apparatus which now limits the power of speech to parrots, ravens, jackdaws, and a few other birds." Other writers hold a different opinion. Meantime, my dears, while the learned people are discussing this matter, and call-

ing the various parts of little birds' throats by the most astonishing Latin names that can be manufactured, we should be thankful that more birds are not "imitative," for if they were we might lose a great many of the songs we love, and, in return, gain only a great deal of empty chatter.

#### ANOTHER ANSWER.

THANKS, young friends, for your clear and satisfactory answers to my question in the September number concerning the queer things with the slits in their backs. After this, nobody need try to tell your Jack anything more than he has learned from your letters concerning the locust and its strange habit of crawling out of its former self.

#### ANIMAL FLOWERS.

DEAR JACK: I send you with this a picture of two animals that look like flowers. Their home is the bottom of the sea. The two tallest "blossoms" in the center of the picture represent the creature



TWO ANIMAL-FLOWERS.

called by naturalists *Rhisocrinus loffotensis*, and are copied from a specimen brought up by a dredge from a depth of 530 fathoms, or more than 3000 feet. The large lily-looking object at the right and the lower flower to the left of the drawing show another animal called *Pentacrinus asteria*. They live attached to the bottom of the sea. The "blossom" is the head, stomach, and body of the animal. When the little marine creatures on which they feed come within reach of the arms that compose the lily, these arms close upon their prey, holding them imprisoned until they are devoured, when this queer "flower" again unfolds and moves its delicate stem, swayed by the gentle currents, just as an ordinary flower is swayed by the summer wind.

Yours truly,  
D. C. B.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

الصبيان ما أحلى التعمود مع جدة مثل جدة ري فذهب الأبوا الى المحطات لتسأل والامات  
ركضت الى السوق لتخبر امه والاولاد طافت في البلد باعلانات  
تصرخ ولد ضائع ولد ضائع



فلما بلغ ام رب الخبر المشوم ركضت الى البيت اهلك سرعة  
فنادت. وهي تجول في البيت تلفق وتحت ياري ياري فلم يكن من  
محيب فاصفرت حينئذ وقالت لها الجدة لا يغني عليك فانه ولد  
طيب واذا الام المسكينة صفقت بايديها وقالت فانه قد مات فلو  
كان حياً كان يسمعي انه مات ثم طرق فكرها ربما ياكل المري  
فاسرعت الى السرداب حيث كانت كل الاشيا الطبية ودبت الجدة وراها متعبة جداً ثم



تبها البوليس والمناذي والطباخ وهناك في السرداب جالس ري في غاية البسط والانشراح  
ياكل المري

فكنا كان بسطة عظيماً حتى انه لم يدر ان جدته فانت من غفوتها وجدته هكذا كان  
فرحها عظيماً حتى انها صعدت وغفت احسن غفوة غفوتها في كل عمرها



## ST. NICHOLAS IN ARABIC.

REV. HENRY HARRIS JESSUP, the missionary, when in this country a few years ago, suggested that many of the poems and rhymes in *ST. NICHOLAS* could be translated into the Arabic language, and still retain much of their melody and rhythm. The publishers at once offered to supply any illustrations that would be needed for a book of such translations, and the result is a volume in Arabic with text and illustrations from *ST. NICHOLAS*. It was printed in Beirut, Syria, and is perhaps the first illustrated book ever printed in that country, or in that language. The first copy was bound in Beirut, on the 14th of last June, and we here present to our readers a reduced fac-simile of one of its pages.

We are sure that all our readers will welcome and admire the beautiful colored frontispiece, prepared expressly for this number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, and we are glad to announce that Mr. Birch has made a companion picture, which is even finer, and which will appear as the frontispiece of our next number. That number will contain also several other exceptional features, as it is to be the Christmas issue, and the finest single number of *ST. NICHOLAS* ever published.

## HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: As I am always glad to get ideas for presents, I thought perhaps some of your other readers might like to know how I made a very pretty "school-bag" for my little sister. I first cut out a piece of "Ada" canvas, eight by twenty inches, and worked a border around it, then lined it with farmer satin, olive-green it was, as the stitch was worked in that color (though almost any color would be pretty). I then braided some carpet thread of a color to match the canvas, and fastened it on for handles. Then I sewed the edges of the bag together. This is rather small, but it is easy to make larger. Initials, or a fancy pattern worked in the middle of one side, is a great improvement. I put initials. I have been out of school for two months now, as I'm not well, and watch for *ST. NICHOLAS* very eagerly. I have taken you for five years, and shall keep on as long as I can. Every Christmas my grandma gives me the three dollars to take you, and mamma has you bound. But I must not say any more, as this is a long letter for the first time. I must close now, as your very loving reader, CLARA M. CONE, Thirteen and a half years.

P. S. Please ask the other readers to send a description of some pretty piece of work.

OUR thanks are due to Von Sothen for his courtesy in allowing us to reproduce in this number of *ST. NICHOLAS* his wonderful instantaneous photographs of torpedo explosions.

## DETROIT.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: My brother and I have taken you for a long time, and think you are splendid. I think it would be so nice for the subscribers who know how to make any pretty Christmas presents to write to *ST. NICHOLAS* about them. I am sure if everybody has as much trouble to find something pretty to make as we have in this house, they would be very acceptable.

Something very pretty, for a person who has plenty of time, is a random quilt. First, you want a large collection of silks, satins, velvets, etc. The blocks are about one foot square. To make the block, you embroider (with feather-stitch, etc.) the pieces of silk together; they may be of any size or shape or color. If a piece of silk is very large and plain, the effect is good to have a flower embroidered or hand-painted on it. The blocks are fastened together by embroidery, and the whole quilt is lined with some bright-colored silk. It is very pretty for an afghan on a sofa.

Your interested reader,

MAY.

## BROOKLYN.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I want to tell you a funny thing about our little Mabel. When her father was having his house repaired, she had seen the men climbing high ladders, and when she asked where they were going, was answered, "To the roof." Not long after, Mamma's mamma took her to see Jumbo. She watched in silence, as one little pair of feet after another mounted the ladder to reach the huge creature's back, then, suddenly clapping her hands, she exclaimed: "Oh, Mamma! See! see! They are sitting on Jumbo's roof!" C. A. G.

JANE B. HAINES sends to the "Letter-box" the following riddle:

Day by day, I stand quite still;  
But when a person, thirsting,  
Comes up and kindly shakes my hand,  
Out comes the water bursting.  
What am I?

Answer: A pump.

## THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—TWENTIETH REPORT.

THIS month begins the third year of the *ST. NICHOLAS* Agassiz Association. The latest number on our register is 3816, which shows that our membership has doubled during the year. We have now 336 Chapters on our list. We can not here afford space to explain again the history and purpose of the Society, but must refer all who are interested to back numbers of the *ST. NICHOLAS*, which is our organ of communication, and to the "Hand-book of the A. A.," which we have prepared specially to acquaint all with the full scope, plan, and history of our work. This book costs half a dollar, and all orders for it, as well as all communications for this department, and all letters of inquiry, should be sent to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass. The interest taken in nature by our boys and girls, from Maine to Texas, has been as gratifying as it has been surprising, and the assistance of their elders has been of great value. Since our latest report, the following new Chapters have been enrolled:

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
319.	Pelham, N. Y. (A) . . . . .	4.	Newbold Morris.
320.	Peoria, Ill. (C) . . . . .	6.	J. A. Smith.
321.	San Francisco, Cal. (E) . . . . .	8.	Wm. Breeze, 1330 Sutter St.
322.	Madison, Wis. (A) . . . . .	11.	Andrews Allen, Box 141.
323.	Bryan, Ohio (A) . . . . .	8.	Miss Ethel Gillis.
324.	Georgetown, D. C. (B) . . . . .	7.	C. L. Dunlop.
325.	Torrington, Ct. (A) . . . . .	—.	J. F. Aldis, Box 165.
326.	Freeland, Pa. (A) . . . . .	—.	Samuel Caskey.
327.	Muscatine, Iowa (A) . . . . .	—.	Glenn A. Gordon.
328.	Buchanan, Mich. (A) . . . . .	4.	William Talbot.
329.	Mt. Vernon, N. Y. (A) . . . . .	7.	Miss Clara E. Bernstein.
330.	Cedar Rapids, Iowa (B) . . . . .	4.	C. R. Eastman.
331.	New Orleans, La. (A) . . . . .	4.	Percy S. Benedict, 1243 St. Charles St.
332.	Augusta, Me. (A) . . . . .	—.	Chapter, please send address.
333.	San Francisco, Cal. (F) . . . . .	11.	Mrs. Helen Moore, 1336 Sacramento St.
334.	Chappaqua, N. Y. (A) . . . . .	4.	M. Wright Barnum.
335.	San José, Cal. (A) . . . . .	8.	F. R. Garner, Box 181.
336.	Auburn, N. Y. (B) . . . . .	8.	E. L. Hickok, 13 Aurelius Av.

## EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Franklinite, for carboniferous fossils, or the ores of tin or copper.  
—Miss Mary R. Ridgway, W. New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.  
Magnetic iron, shells from Scotland, and French buhr-stone.  
—Maude M. Lord, 75 Lambert St., New Haven, Conn.  
Organ-pipe coral, and Tenney's "Geology," for a large and perfect trilobite.—Bruce Richards, 1726 N. 18th st., Phila., Pa.  
Rare insects, for milberti, arthemis, semidea, nephele, portlandis, and *J. Album* butterflies.—C. C. Beale, Faulkner, Mass., Sec. Chapter 297.  
Insects of all kinds, for lepidoptera.—Fred. A. Brown, Malden, Mass., Pres. Chapter 297.

## NOTES FROM MEMBERS.

In response to our question about the *Proteus*, Denver (B) writes:

It is generally found in dark, subterranean lakes. It bears some resemblance to the young of newts, having branchial tufts on each side of the neck. The animal is of a light flesh-color, which deepens on exposure to the air.

[The proteus is one of the salamanders, closely related to the lirelons. They are especially interesting because, even in their adult state, they resemble one of the transient forms of higher batrachians.]

Can any one name a caterpillar which lives on evergreen trees? It carries its cocoon on its back. The cocoons have evergreen needles hanging down the sides.

We now number five; we have also one honorary member. We have separate collections instead of a general cabinet; we have a microscope and books; we all live near Agassiz's Museum, and have made one excursion to it. We have decided to take note of all things we see concerning natural history.

F. T. HAMMOND, Sec. Chap. 224.

I caught a fly and killed it. Then I took my microscope and saw on its back, by the wings, a little red speck, and when I looked at it with my microscope carefully, I saw it had legs and was alive. Will some one please tell me what it was, and how it came there?

D. M. PERINE, 26 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md.

We are now fitting up and trimming our room, making cases, and hunting up cabinets. We have added several varieties of rare butterflies and moths.

SEC. Chap. 223.

I have examined several kinds of pollen. I find it hard to determine the exact shape of the grains. Several kinds appear oval, with a mark across which looks as if it were a sort of rut.

While examining pollen from a cardinal flower (*Lobelia cardinalis*), it occurred to me to float some of the grains in water. The result was such a change of shape, which, beside, lasted only while the grains were wet, that I gave up cardinal flowers in despair.

A FRIEND OF THE A. A.

MAYPORT, FLORIDA.

Pilot-boat "Maggie B." picked up a stone in seventy-two feet of water, some three miles off the bar. The stone weighed about eighty pounds. It was covered with moss, sea-weeds, and varieties of living shell-fish. On one corner of the top was a branch of coral about a foot long, with several branches. I never before saw coral growing on such a stone.

F. C. SAWYER.

COPENHAGEN, N. Y.

Last spring I sent specimens of prepared woods to nearly one hundred persons. I have a few more, which I would like to exchange. I will send one, to show method of preparation, on receipt of ten cents. I also offer for exchange a case large enough to hold twenty specimens of the woods. The early winter is the best time to cut woods, as the bark then adheres tightly.

L. L. LEWIS, Box 174.

ST. CLAIR, PA.

Some of us took an excursion to-day after "water creatures." We got some crabs, water-bugs, tadpoles, and two unknown species of water-insects, all in some tomato-cans. When we got home, we emptied them all into a little tub. One of the "unknown" began to show murderous proclivities by tearing up the tadpole. When this was taken from him, he attacked the water-bugs, so we removed him to a separate apartment. We wish to know the pirate's name. "The other insects we did not know were long and narrow, with two bead-like eyes protruding far from the head. They had six long legs, the first pair of which pointed straight ahead, and were used to seize food. This food consisted only of flies, so far as we could observe. Our interesting collection is prospering finely.

GEO. POWELL, Sec. Chap. 266.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

We have a fine collection of insects. We have seven members, and meet every week.

E. G. RICE, Sec. Chap. 307.

ROME, N. Y., Aug. 20.

The other day a curious nest was found fastened to the outside of a window. It was made of mud, and shaped much like a hornet's nest. On the outside, many small red spiders might be seen running up and down. The inside of the cell was divided into round cells, each of which contained a large yellowish-white grub, which was covered with thin skin, closely resembling, in color and texture, the inside shell of a peanut. We desire information regarding this curious nest.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

[The nest is the home of some species of wasp, probably *Pelopaeus flavipes*, or *spirifer*. I abridge from the *Zoologist* for 1864, p. 582: "About this time" (Aug. 18th, see date above), "the other species of pelopaeus began to be busy fabricating their nests. When a little more in length is finished than suffices for a single cell, an egg is laid and spiders are brought in." These spiders are for food for the grubs of the wasps when they shall appear. They are stung so as to be helpless, but not dead. Compare this with the way the "digger wasp" treats caterpillars. The peanut-like skin was the pupal envelope, with regard to which Mr. Gosse made a curious discovery. The abdomen of the "dauber wasp" is supported on a very long and slender peduncle or foot-stalk. "Mr. Gosse," says Wood, "was naturally anxious to discover how the insect could draw the abdomen out of the pupal skin. He discovered that the pupal envelope did not sit closely to the body, but that it was as wide in the middle as at either end." "City and Country" could have learned all this by watching the insects. For extended details, see Wood's "Homes without Hands," p. 374.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29, 1882.

I have seen and eaten "squid," and know a little bit about them. The squid belongs to the cuttle-fish family. Some of them have eight arms, and some ten. One with eight arms is called an octopus. It is dangerous for a man to go alone to catch them, as they sometimes draw him under water. Some squids have an ink-bag, and when the contents are dried, sepia, used by artists, is obtained.

BERTHA L. ROWELL, Sec. Chap. 296.

[Answered also by Bruce Richards.]

STOCKPORT, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1882.

On Friday, the 26th of last May, our teacher made a proposition of starting a branch of the "A. A." in our school. The attendance

at the first informal meeting was seventeen, of whom fifteen joined. Three members have since been admitted. We hold our meetings in the school-house. We have a large number of specimens, but no cabinet.

WILLARD J. FISHER, Sec. Chap. 286.

[The School Committee of Stockport will undoubtedly furnish you a cabinet, if they understand what you are doing.]

SYCAMORE, ILL., Sept. 9, 1882.

I have a little beetle that must be first cousin to *Stenocorus cinctus* (of which I have a fine specimen). It is about an inch long, with a barrel-shaped thorax that has a little spine on each side and two little black dots above. Its "flashing dark eyes" are grooved for the admission of the antennae, which are long and many-jointed. It is distinguished by two white spots on each wing-cover. These are raised and shining, and divided through the middle. I can not find an account of it in Harris.

PANSY SMITH.

[Who will name this curious beetle?]

PITTSBURGH, PA., "D."

Our chapter is progressing finely and increasing in membership every meeting. Please change the Secretary's address to

GEORGE R. WEST, 100 Diamond St., Sec. Chap. 298.

HOTEL DU SIGNAL, SWITZERLAND.

I thought you would like a specimen of the Edelweiss. It grows in large quantities under the snow. The people here gather it and make blankets of it.

HARRY JOHNSTON.

MUSIC IN THE A. A.

FLUSHING, L. I.

I want to tell you how much we enjoy our meetings. The subject of the latest meeting was Mistletoe, and here is what was said about it. Mamma said, "The botanical name of the mistletoe is *Viscum album*. In olden times it was thought to be poisonous, for Shakespeare speaks of the 'baleful Mistletoe.' The Druids used it in religious rites. It is a parasite, growing chiefly on apple-trees." Miss Scott had tasted the berry, which is sweet and glutinous. She painted me a lovely picture of mistletoe and holly. In the evenings when Papa is at home, we have music, and, if possible, pieces bearing on our subject; for instance, this evening we had a song entitled "The Mistletoe Bough," and an instrumental piece, the "Mistletoe Polka." Mamma plays on the violin, and I on the organ or piano.

From your friend, F. M. H.

DETROIT, MICH.

I read in a number of the *Canadian Entomologist* an interesting paper on "Nature-painted Butterflies." It was something like this. Cut off the wings close to the body of the butterfly. Next fold a piece of white paper in the middle. Cover the inside of the paper with a thin, clear solution of gum-arabic. Lay the wings carefully on one-half of the paper, in their natural position, then fold the other half down upon them. Press it with your hand, and leave it to dry under a heavy weight, for some hours. When dry, draw a pencil line around the edges of the wings, then with a camel's-hair brush wet with water the paper outside the lines, being very careful not to wet it elsewhere. Lastly, pull the two ends of the paper apart, and the scales will adhere to the paper, leaving a transparent membrane, which will fall out. Connect the wings by drawing a body, and then cut out the butterfly.

CH. A. WILEY, Sec. Detroit (A).

THE OAKS, TIOGA CENTER, N. Y.

I am nine, and my sister is five. We have examined a geranium-bug, and it is beautiful. Its body is green, and it has six legs that are clear like crystal. The antennae are longer than the insect, and are sometimes thrown backward. It has a long beak. The body has two horns at the end. The eyes are reddish brown, with tiny white dots.

ANGIE LATIMER, Sec.

BIRCHAM, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

I live on the sea-shore and near woods. Last summer I caught a very large specimen of *Lophius piscatorius*, and my father made a skeleton of it. It was caught in the rock-weeds, and when we put an oar at it, it caught it with its teeth.

HELEN W. MORROW.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

On the outside of our school-house is a gong a foot in diameter. In this a pair of sparrows (*Passer domesticus*) built their nest and raised a brood this year. The gong has been rung about two dozen times a day. Have other members noticed a more curious place for a nest than this?

H. E. SAWYER, Sec. Chap. 112.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 9, 1882.

DEAR MR. BALLARD: We had a few caterpillars, but they all took off their hair, and lay down in it and died.

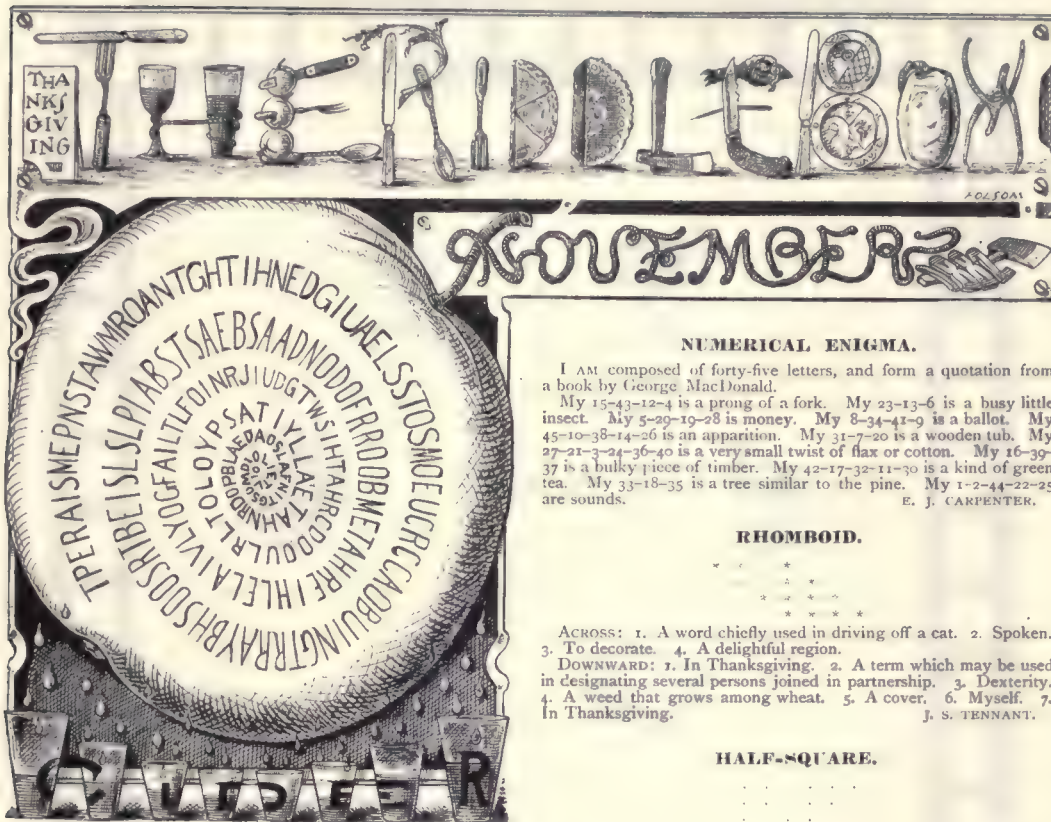
FRANK RAMALEY.

[Don't bury them, Frank. Watch for their resurrection. They have probably not died, but only changed into chrysalids.]

Philip C. Tucker, Jr., of Galveston, Texas, sends a long and interesting report on the squid, and requests us to correct an error, which occurred in the July report, in the spelling of his name. He also sends the following answer to F. R. Gilbert's first question:

The Kuda Ayer, or Malayan tapir, is of a deep, sooty black color. It is larger than the American tapir, and inhabits deep woods by river-banks. It is extremely shy.





## ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

**SPIRAL PUZZLE.** The answer to this puzzle is a five-line verse, appropriate to the November holiday. The last line of the stanza is "Drops cider in the glasses"; and the four remaining lines (consisting of nineteen words) are concealed in the spiral. These words may be found by taking every second letter in the spiral, after the one to begin with has been rightly guessed.

G. F.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in thought, but not in mind;  
My second in rough, but not in kind;  
My third is in laugh, but not in cry;  
My fourth is in corn, but not in rye;  
My fifth is in sack, but not in coat;  
My sixth is in sheep, but not in goat;  
My seventh in gig, but not in dray;  
My eighth is in fight, but not in fray;  
My ninth is in grove, but not in wood;  
My tenth is in mile, but not in road;  
My eleventh in sturgeon, but not in shad;  
My twelfth is in gay, but not in sad;  
My whole is a time to be grateful and glad.

ARABELLA WARD.

## NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in November; my second is in February; my third is in May; my fourth is in August; my fifth is in June; my sixth is in September.

My whole is the name of a well-known poet, who was born on November 3d.

LEATHER STOCKING.

## DIAMOND.

1. In Thanksgiving. 2. To place. 3. A tendon. 4. A military officer. 5. Conditions. 6. Has been. 7. In festival.

EDITH H. E. P.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-five letters, and form a quotation from a book by George MacDonald.

My 15-43-12-4 is a prong of a fork. My 23-13-6 is a busy little insect. My 5-29-19-28 is money. My 8-34-41-9 is a ballot. My 45-10-38-14-26 is an apparition. My 31-7-20 is a wooden tub. My 27-21-3-24-36-40 is a very small twist of flax or cotton. My 16-39-37 is a bulky piece of timber. My 42-17-32-11-30 is a kind of green tea. My 33-18-35 is a tree similar to the pine. My 1-2-44-22-25 are sounds.

E. J. CARPENTER.

## RHOMBOID.

\* \* \*  
 \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*

ACROSS: 1. A word chiefly used in driving off a cat. 2. Spoken. 3. To decorate. 4. A delightful region.

DOWNWARD: 1. In Thanksgiving. 2. A term which may be used in designating several persons joined in partnership. 3. Dexterity. 4. A weed that grows among wheat. 5. A cover. 6. Myself. 7. In Thanksgiving.

J. S. TENNANT.

## HALF-SQUARE.

. . .  
 . . .  
 . . .  
 . . .  
 . . .  
 . . .

ACROSS: 1. A cape with a hood. 2. Disclosures. 3. To repair. 4. An abbreviation for one of the United States. 5. An abbreviation for a British Province. 6. A vowel.

H. AND B.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

A SHAKESPEARIAN CHARADE. Hamlet.  
He saw the *first* upon a chopping block ('t was unprotected).  
He grasped the *first* and did not *second* go (act undetected).  
First and second show a play (by us selected).

PATCHWORK. 1. Let. 2. Lore. 3. Lumber. 4. Mass. 5. Leash. 6. Launch. 7. Lapse. 8. Knead. 9. Lantern.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON. 1. Cachinnation. 2. Determination. 3. Justification. 4. Spontaneous. 5. Terrestrial. 6. Emancipation. — CHARADE. Withwind.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Franz; finals, Liszt. Cross-words: 1. Festival. 2. Rabbi. 3. Atlas. 4. Natchez. 5. Zealot.

BEHEADED RHYMES. Trout, rout, out. Skill, kill, ill. Spray, pray, ray. Flit, lit, it.

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Quebec. Cross-words: 1. Q-uiet. 2. U-sual. 3. E-lder. 4. B-ound. 5. E-mer. 6. C-ider.

HOURLY-GLASS. Centrals, Vermont. Cross-words: 1. BraVado. 2. BrEad. 3. IRe. 4. M. 5. LOg. 6. FaNcy. 7. PorTend.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Presidial. 2. Reviving. 3. Evading. 4. Sides. 5. Ivid. 6. Dins. 7. (k)Ing. 8. Ag(ile). 9. I.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Cross-words: 1. Her. 2. Ewe. 3. Ell.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Fail, foil, foul. 2. Mute, mule, mile, milk, silk. 3. Floor, flood, blood, brood, broad, bread. 4. Wen, wan, way, wry, dry. 5. Cords, corps, coops, crops, cross, cress, crest, wrest, wrist, whist. 6. Heir, hear, pear, peas, pens, pins, wins, wigs. — CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Emerson.

PROVERB REBUS. Experience keeps a dear school, but fools learn in no other.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, deluge; 2 to 6, endear; 5 to 6, runner; 1 to 5, doctor; 3 to 4, Easter; 4 to 8, ransom; 7 to 8, anthem; 3 to 7, enigma; 1 to 3, dome; 2 to 4, ewer; 5 to 7, reha; 6 to 8, room.









"ON. CHRISTMAS. DAY. IN. THE. MORNING."  
WITH. THE. COMPLIMENTS. OF. ST. NICHOLAS.

FILMER S.



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1882.

NO. 2.

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## A WINTER SONG.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

OH, Summer has the roses  
And the laughing light south wind,  
And the merry meadows lined  
With dewy, dancing posies;  
But Winter has the sprites  
And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, Summer has the splendor  
Of the corn-fields wide and deep,  
Where scarlet poppies sleep  
And wary shadows wander;  
But Winter fields are rare  
With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, Summer has the wild bees,  
And the ringing, singing note  
In the robin's tuneful throat,  
And the leaf-talk in the trees;  
But Winter has the chime  
Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, Summer has the luster  
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,  
And rains that fall at night  
Where reeds and lilies cluster;  
But deep in Winter's snow  
The fires of Christmas glow.

## THE CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

By M. E. K.

AUNT RUTH sat thinking. It was only a week before Christmas, and, as yet, no gift had been decided upon for her pet niece, who lived in a distant city.

It was hard to know what to give Bessie—she seemed so well supplied with everything a little girl could want for comfort or pleasure. She was such a good child, and so unselfish, that she was a general favorite, and her friends, young and old, were always sending her some pretty trinket, until her own room was a kind of museum of love-tokens; every corner was full, her bureau loaded, the table covered, and the walls adorned; in fact, it had almost become a proverb in the family that "Whatever Bessie wished for always came."

Now she was ten years old, had declared herself tired of Christmas trees, and announced that to hang up a stocking for Santa Claus to fill was too childish—she should like to keep Christmas some new way. This was what Aunt Ruth was puzzling over. At last, with a look of relief, she exclaimed: "I have an idea! I know it will please her."

She immediately went to her writing-desk, wrote a long letter to Bessie's mamma, and folded into it a crisp bank-note.

On Christmas morning Bessie opened her eyes upon a bright silver quarter which lay on her pillow. Beside it was a tiny note. She opened it and read:

"DEAR BESSIE: I am one of fifteen silver fairies which are to appear to-day, with a Christmas greeting from your Aunt Ruth. Take us all together down to some big store to-morrow, and we will turn into whatever small thing you may wish for."

"Oh, how nice!" said Bessie. "What a funny auntie! always doing something different from other people. I don't quite understand what it all means, but I am glad enough of this bit of spending-money, for I had n't one cent left."

And, wide awake, she jumped out of bed and began pulling on her stockings, when, to her surprise and delight, she found a shining piece of silver in the foot of each. Two of Aunt Ruth's fairies had taken possession of her shoes, another faced her in the wash-bowl, and a wee one was in the box beside her brush and comb.

"These will almost fill my poor, little empty purse," she thought, as she took it from a drawer and touched the spring—but there, right between the red linings, was the biggest fairy that had yet appeared!

Such a merry time as she had dressing that morning! Mamma was called in continually. And how they laughed over every new discovery!

At breakfast, she was served first to a small piece of silver coin; another, just the same size, shone in the bottom of the glass of water Bridget brought her. It was really enchanting—quite like the story of Midas she had just been reading, only whatever he touched turned into gold. She wondered if the chicken, potatoes, and rolls would turn into silver when she tasted them; but, no! Although she looked very suspiciously at everything on the table, not another fairy showed itself.

How many times that morning she counted her ten silver fairies, I can not tell. But what fun she had hunting after the other five, upstairs and downstairs, from attic to cellar, under rugs, in work-baskets, and in every conceivable place! Searching was all in-vain, however; fairy number eleven did not appear until dinner-time, when it flew out, most unexpectedly, as Bessie was unrolling her napkin, and its silver mate lay temptingly among the nuts when dessert was brought in.

Bessie spent a happy afternoon sitting in the midst of her many presents, and planning how to spend her little fortune. Some of her fairy pieces should turn into a pair of warm mittens for poor Johnnie Davis; many times it had made her heart ache as she had watched him trying to shovel snow with such red hands. She would carry a basket full of fairy cakes, frosted with pink and white sugar, to old colored Susan (she had overheard her telling the cook that it was many a long day since she had tasted anything nice); she would change her biggest fairy into a pretty doll for that distressed-looking crippled girl who lived around in the alley, and would carry out many other plans of the same sort.

But Mamma was calling her to get ready for a walk, and, rather reluctantly, she turned away from her new treasures to put on her wrappings, and felt in the pocket of her cloak for her gloves. They were missing, but there she found a fairy, and another came sticking out from the bow on her hat, in a most comical fashion.

That night, at supper, a little cake was placed before Bessie's plate, and fairy fourteen came near being eaten, but peeped into sight just in time to be saved from such a fate. How pleasantly and quickly the evening passed! All the new things



had to be looked at and admired over again. There was one more hunt after the fairy that had not made its appearance; it was unsuccessful, however, and bed-time, that dread of children, came at last. It was strange (for Bessie had ransacked her room five minutes before), but there, quietly resting on the snowy pillow, lay the last of Aunt Ruth's fairies!

While she was undressing, Mamma explained all the mysteries of the day by reading her Aunt Ruth's letter, in which full directions had been given. Then she told how Papa had changed the paper money into the newest and brightest coins he could find; how busy she had been hiding them, as Auntie had suggested, and how successfully she had escaped being caught.

"Well, Mamma, it's the merriest Christmas Day I ever knew! I like all my presents very much, but I think I have enjoyed my fairies the most. I know what I shall do to-morrow. I have

got it all planned. Some other people shall see fairies too."

And thanking her Heavenly Father for all his good gifts, Bessie tucked the crowded purse under her pillow, lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

Early next morning, with Mamma to help and advise, Bessie started out on her pleasant errands of love; and the silver fairies disappeared rapidly into all kinds of the oddest-shaped parcels, until Bessie's big basket was full, and her arms too. Such fun she had distributing her fairy bundles, and such looks and words of gratitude as she received in return! "Why, it's nicer than *my* Christmas, Mamma," she whispered, as she turned to leave the poor little cripple, whom she had made so happy by giving her the first doll she had ever owned.

So, many sad hearts were made glad that day, and the whole long year, by Aunt Ruth's Christmas fairies.

• A •

• family •

• Drive •

Old Bob, young Bob,

Little Bob and big

Molly Bob and Polly Bob

And Polly Bobby's pig.

All went for a drive one day

And strange as it may seem

They drove six miles and back again

And never hurt the team •



## THE STORY OF VITEAU.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



LOUIS FINDS ONE OF THE HIGHWAYMEN A GOOD-NATURED FELLOW.

## CHAPTER IV.†

LOUIS did not submit readily to his captors. At first he was angry; then he cried, and when some of the men laughed at him for being a baby he got angry again, and told them they were a band of cowards to set upon him in this way,—a dozen men on one boy,—and that if they wanted to rob him they might do it and go about their business. He did not care; he could walk home.

"No, no, my valiant page," said the leader of the robbers; "we don't want you to walk and we don't want you to go home. We shall take you with us now, and we will see about the robbing afterward."

And with this he turned the little horse around,

and led him, by a path which Louis had passed without noticing it, into the depths of the forest. On the way, the robber asked his young prisoner a great many questions regarding his family, his connections, and his present business in riding thus alone through the forest roads. To these questions Louis was ready enough to give answer, for it was not his nature to conceal anything, unless he thought it absolutely necessary. Indeed, he was quite proud of the opportunity thus afforded him of talking about the rank and importance of his mother, and of dwelling upon the great power and warlike renown of the nobleman under whom he served.

"They will not let me stay here long, you may be sure of that," said Louis. "As soon as they

\* Copyright, 1882, by F. R. Stockton.

† This story was begun in the November number.



hear that you have carried me off, they will take me away from you."

"I hope so, indeed," said the robber, laughing; "and if I had not thought that they would take you from me, I should not have taken the trouble to capture you."

"Oh, I know what you mean," said the boy. "You expect them to ransom me."

"I most certainly do," replied the other.

"But they will not do it," cried Louis. "They will come with soldiers and take me from you!"

"We shall see," returned the robber.

It was almost dark when, by many winding and sometimes almost invisible paths through the forest, the party reached a collection of rude huts, which were evidently the present dwelling-places of these robbers, or *cotereaux*, as they were called. There were several classes of highwaymen, or brigands, in France at this time, and of these the *cotereaux* were, probably, the most numerous.

There were fires built in various places about the open space in which the huts had been erected, and there were a good many men around the fires. A smell of cooking meat made Louis feel sure that supper would soon be ready, and this was a comforting thing to him, for he was very hungry. The supper which was served to him was of plain food, but he had enough, and the bed he slept on, at the back part of the Captain's hut, was nothing but a lot of dry leaves and twigs, with a coarse cloth thrown over it; but Louis was very tired, and it was not long before he was sound asleep.

He was much troubled, of course, at the thought of going to bed in this way, in the midst of a band of robbers, but he was not afraid that they would do him any injury, for he had heard enough about these *cotereaux* to know that they took prisoners almost always for the purpose of making money out of them, and not to do them useless harm. If he had been an older and a deeper thinker, he would, probably, have thought of the harm which might be done to him in case no money could be made by his capture; but this matter did not enter his mind. He went to sleep with the feeling that what he wanted now was a good night's rest, and that, in some way or other, all would be right on the morrow.

Michol, the captain of the band, was very plain-spoken, the next morning, in telling Louis his plans in regard to him. "I know well," he said, "that your mother is able to pay a handsome ransom for you, and, if she is so hard-hearted that she will not do it, I can depend on Barran. He will not let a page from his castle pine away in these woods, for the sake of a handful of gold."

"My mother is not hard-hearted," said Louis, "and I am not going to pine away, no matter how

long you keep me. Do you intend to send to my mother to-day?"

"Not so soon as that," replied Michol. "I shall let her have time to feel what a grievous thing it is to have a son carried away to the heart of the forest, where she can never find him, and where he must stay, month after month and year after year, until she pays his worthy captors what she thinks the boy is worth."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Louis. "If you will give me my horse and my falcon, which your men have taken from me, and will let me have again my dagger, I will go to Viteau, myself, and tell my mother about the ransom; and I promise you that she will send you all the money she can afford to spend for me in that way. And, if there is no one else to bring it,—for our men might be afraid to venture among so many robbers,—I shall bring it myself, on my way back to Barran's castle. I am not afraid to come."

"I am much pleased to hear that, my boy," said Michol, "but I do not like your plan. When I am ready, I shall send a messenger, and no one will be afraid to bring me the money, when everything is settled. But one thing you can do. If you have ever learned to write,—and I have heard that the Countess of Viteau has taught her sons to be scholars,—you may write a letter to your mother, and tell her in what a doleful plight you find yourself, and how necessary it is that she should send all the money that I ask for. Thus she will see that you are really my prisoner, and will not delay to come to your assistance. One of my men, Jasto, will give you a pen and ink, and something to write your letter on. You may go, now, and look for Jasto. You will know him by his torn clothes and his thirst for knowledge."

"Torn clothes!" said Louis, as he walked away. "They all have clothes of that kind. And, as for his thirst for knowledge, I can not see how I am to find out that. I suppose the Captain wanted to give me something to do, so as to keep me from troubling him. I am not going to look for any Jasto. If I could find my horse, and could get a chance, I should jump on him and gallop away from these fellows."

Louis wandered about among the huts, peering here and there for a sight of Agnes's little jennet. But he saw nothing of him, for the animal had been taken away to another part of the forest, to keep company with other stolen horses. And even if he had been able to mount and ride away unobserved, it would have been impossible for Louis to find his way along the devious paths of the forest to the highway. More than this, although he seemed to be wandering about in perfect liberty, some of the men had orders to keep their eyes

upon the boy, and to stop him if he endeavored to penetrate into the forest.

"Ho, there!" said a man, whom Louis suddenly met, as he was walking between two of the huts, "are you looking for anything? What have you lost?"

"I have lost nothing," said Louis, deeming it necessary to reply only to the last question.

"I thought you lost your liberty yesterday," said the other, "and, before that, you must have lost your senses, to be riding alone on a road, walled in for miles and miles by trees, bushes, and brave *colereaux*. But, of course, I did not suppose that you came here to look for either your liberty or your senses. What is it you want?"

Louis had no intention of telling the man that he was looking for his horse, and so, as he felt obliged to give some answer, he said:

"I was sent to look for Jasto, so that I could write a letter to my mother."

"Jasto!" exclaimed the man. "Well, my young page, if you find everything in the world as easily as you found Jasto, you will do well. I am Jasto. And do you know how you came to find me?"

"I chanced to meet you," said Louis.

"Not so," said the other. "If I had not been looking for you, you never would have found me. Things often happen in that manner. If what we are looking for does not look for us, we never find it. But what is this about your mother and a letter? Sit down here, in this bit of shade, and make these things plain to me."

Louis accepted this invitation, for the sun was beginning to be warm, and he sat down by the man, at the foot of a tree.

"I do not believe you are Jasto," he said, looking at his companion. "Your clothes are not torn. I was told to look for a man with torn clothes."

"Torn clothes!" exclaimed the other. "What are you talking of? Not torn? Why, boy, my clothes are more torn and are worse torn and have staid torn longer than the clothes of any man in all our goodly company. But they have been mended, you see, and that is what makes them observable among so many sadly tattered garments."

Louis looked at the coarse jerkin, breeches, and stockings of the man beside him. They were, certainly, torn and ripped in many places, and the torn places were of many curious shapes, as if the wearer had been making a hurried journey through miles of bramble bushes; but all the torn places were carefully mended with bright-red silk thread, which made them more conspicuous than if they had not been mended at all.

"I see that they have been torn," said Louis, "but they are not torn now."

"A great mistake, my good sir page—a great mistake," said the other; "once torn, always torn. If my clothes are mended, that but gives them another quality. Then they have two qualities. They are torn and they are mended. If one's clothes are torn, the only way to have clothes that are not torn is to have new ones. Think of that, boy, and make no rents in yourself nor in your clothes. Although mending can be done very well," he added, looking complacently at his breeches, "the evil of it is, though, that it always shows."

"I could mend better than that," said Louis.

"That is to be hoped; it is truly to be hoped," said the other, "for you have had better chances than I. This red silk, left in our hands by a fair lady, who was taking it to waste it in embroidery in some friend's castle, was all the thread I had for my mending. Now, you could have all things suitable for your mending, whether of clothes or of mind or of body, if it should so happen that you should have rents in any of these. But tell me, now, about your letter."

"There is nothing to tell," said Louis, "excepting that your Captain wishes me to write a letter to my mother, urging her to send good ransom for me, and that he said you could give me pen and ink and something to write upon."

"Pen and ink are well enough," said the man, who, as Louis now believed, was really Jasto, "for I can make them. But something to write on is a more difficult matter to find. Paper is too scarce, and parchment costs too much; and so there is none of either in this company. But I shall see to it that you have something to write on when you are ready to write. It strikes me that the chief trouble will be to put together the three things—the pen and the ink and the something to write on—in such a manner as to make a letter of them. Did you ever write a letter?"

"Not yet. But I know how to do it," said Louis; and, as he spoke, he remembered how he had promised his brother to write a letter to him. He was now going to send a letter to Viteau, but under what strange circumstances it would be written! If he were at the castle, Agnes would help him. He wished he had thought of asking her, weeks ago, to help him.

"I have written a letter myself," said Jasto, "but before I had written it I trembled to say I could do it. And I was a grown man, and had fought in three battles. But pages are bolder than soldiers. Would you like to hear about my letter?"

"Indeed I should," said Louis, anxious to lis-



ten to anything which might give him a helping hint regarding the duty he had taken upon himself.

"Well, then," said Jasto, stretching out his legs, "I shall tell you about my letter. It was just before ——"

"Jasto!" rang out a voice from the opposite side of the inclosure formed by the huts.

"There!" cried Jasto, jumping to his feet, "that is the Captain. I must go. But you sit still, just where you are, and when I come back, which will be shortly, I shall tell you about my letter."

a good appearance at the house of his cousin, with whom he was to live, Bernard insisted on his employing nearly all his leisure time in out-door exercises and knightly accomplishments. Hawking was postponed for the present, for, after the loss of Raymond's falcon was discovered, Bernard declared that he had not the heart to train another one immediately, even if a good bird could be easily obtained, which was not the case.

Very little was said about the disappearance of the falcon. Raymond, his mother, and the squire



BERNARD TEACHING RAYMOND THE USE OF THE LONG SWORD. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

#### CHAPTER V.

WE must now go back to the Chateau de Viteau, and see what has happened there since the departure of Louis for his new home. Of course, the boy was greatly missed by his mother and brother, but Raymond soon found himself so busy that he had not time enough to grieve very much over the absence of his old playmate. In order to prepare himself for the school at Paris he was obliged to study diligently, and in order that he might make

each had a suspicion that Louis had had something to do with it; but no one of them mentioned it to either of the others. Each hoped the suspicion was unfounded, and therefore said nothing about it.

While Raymond was busy with his studies and his manly exercises, the mind of Bernard, even while giving the boy the benefit of his knowledge of the management of horses and the use of arms, was occupied with a very serious matter.

As has been said before, the Countess of Viteau was one of the very few ladies in France who was

fairly educated, and who took an interest in acquiring knowledge from books. This disposition, so unusual at that time, together with her well-known efforts to have her sons educated, even giving a helping hand herself whenever she found that she was qualified to do so, had attracted attention to her, and many people began to talk about her, as a woman who gave a great deal of time to useless pursuits. Why should a lady of her rank—these people said—wish to read books and study out the meaning of old manuscripts, as if she were of no higher station than a poor monk? If there were anything in the books and parchments which she ought to know, the priests would tell her all about it.

But the Countess thought differently, and she kept on with her reading, which was almost entirely confined to religious works, and in this way she gradually formed some ideas about religious matters which were somewhat different from those taught at that time by the Church of Rome, or, at least, from those taught by the priests about her. She saw no harm in her opinions, and did not hesitate to speak of them to the priests who came to the château from a neighboring monastery, and even to argue in favor of them.

The priests, however, did see harm in the ideas of the Countess, simply because, in those days, people had very narrow and bigoted ways of thinking in regard to religious affairs, and it was generally thought that any person having an opinion differing, even very little, from what was taught by the monks and priests, was doing a wicked thing to persist in such an opinion after he had been told it was wrong.

For this reason, when the priests who had charge of the religious services at Viteau found that their arguments made no impression on the Countess, who was able to answer them back in such a way that they could find nothing more to say on their side of the question, they reported the state of affairs to some of the higher officers of the Church, and, in due time, a man was sent to Viteau to find out exactly what its mistress did think, and why she was so wicked as to think it.

The person who was sent was the Dominican monk, Brother Anselmo, who was met by the two boys and Bernard, on the occasion when we first made their acquaintance. Brother Anselmo was a quiet-spoken man, making no pretensions to authority or to superior knowledge; and the Countess talked with him and answered his questions freely and unsuspectingly. She knew he was a Dominican, and she knew he had come to the neighborhood of Viteau on purpose to talk with her on certain religious subjects; but this did not surprise her, as she supposed all good people were

just as much interested in these subjects as she was; but she had no idea that he was connected with the Inquisition at Toulouse.

Bernard, the squire, however, knew well who he was, and it troubled him greatly to know it.

Some weeks after the Dominican had begun to make his almost daily visits to Viteau, he came, one day, accompanied by another monk, who did not enter the grounds, but who remained outside the little gate, waiting for his companion to return.

Bernard noticed the monk waiting outside, and thinking that this unusual occurrence had something suspicious about it, he followed Brother Anselmo when he left the château, and, as he rejoined his fellow monk, the squire slipped quietly up to the wall and listened to what they said to each other. In this case, Bernard did not consider that he was doing a very improper thing. He feared that danger threatened the household of Viteau, and that these two monks were the persons through whom the evil would come. Therefore, he believed that it was his duty to employ every possible means of averting this danger; and he listened with all his ears.

What he heard was very little. The two monks stood silent a few moments, and then the one who had been waiting said something in a low voice, which Bernard could not hear. To this Brother Anselmo answered: "We have done all we can. I think it is a case for the Holy Inquisition."

And then the two walked off together.

Bernard now knew that his fears were correct. His beloved mistress, on account of some of her religious opinions, was in danger of being carried a prisoner to Toulouse, there to be tried before the officers of the Inquisition. He had no doubt that her opinions, whatever they were, were entirely correct, for he had a great respect for her religious knowledge, and he felt sure she knew more than the monks who came to the château, but he well understood that, if she should be put on trial, and if the doctrines she believed to be true were found to differ, in the least point, from those taught by the priests, she would be considered guilty of heresy, and perhaps be put to death.

The squire went away from the wall a very sad man. He was certain that no one at the château but himself knew of the danger of its mistress, and he felt that it rested on him to take some immediate steps to save her, if that were possible.

As he approached the house, Bernard met Raymond, who was coming to take some lessons from him in the use of the long sword. The good squire never threw so much energy and good-will into his lessons as he did that day.

"If he has to fight for his mother," he said to himself, "I want him to fight well."



## THE DISCOVERY OF THE MAMMOTH.

BY C. F. HOLDER.



THE MAMMOTH OF ST. PETERSBURG.

AT the close of the last century, a poor fisherman named Shumarhoff lived near the mouth of the Lena River, which flows through the cold Siberian country and is lost in the icy waters of the Arctic Sea. In the summer, he plied his vocation on the sea-coast, and during the long winter lived far up the river, where it was, perhaps, a little warmer. It is safe to say that Shumarhoff would never have made a great noise in the world—in fact, would

never have been heard of—had it not been for a wonderful discovery he made while coming down the river one spring. The river-banks of this cold country are quite peculiar. Those on the western side are generally low and marshy, while those on the eastern are often from sixty to one hundred feet in height. In the extreme north, this high elevation is cut into numerous pyramidal-shaped mounds, which, viewed from the sea or river, look

exactly as if they had been built by man. In the summer, these strange formations are free from snow, and to a depth of ten feet are soft; but below this they are continually frozen, and have been for untold ages. They are formed of layers of earth and ice—sometimes a clear stratum of the latter many feet in thickness.

It was before such a mound that our fisherman stopped, dumb with astonishment, one spring morning, so many years ago. About thirty feet above him, half-way up the face of the mound, appeared the section of a great ice-layer, from which the water was flowing in numberless streams; while protruding from it, and partly hanging over, was an animal of such huge proportions that the simple fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. Two gigantic horns or tusks were visible, and a great woolly body was faintly outlined in the blue, icy mass. In the fall, he related the story to his comrades up the river, and in the ensuing spring, with a party of his fellow fishermen, he again visited the spot. A year had worked wonders. The great mass had thawed out sufficiently to show its nature, and on closer inspection proved to be a well-preserved specimen of one of those gigantic extinct hairy elephants that roamed over the northern parts of Europe and America in the earlier ages of the world. The body was still too firmly attached and frozen to permit of removal. For four successive years the fishermen visited it, until finally, in March, 1804, five years after its original discovery, it broke away from its icy bed and came thundering down upon the sands below. The discoverers first detached the tusks, that were nine feet six inches in length, and together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. The hide, covered with wool and hair, was more than twenty men could lift. Part of this, with the tusks, were taken to Jakutsk and sold for fifty rubles, while the rest of the animal was left where it fell, and cut up at various times by the Jakoutes, who fed their dogs with its flesh. A strange feast this, truly—meat that had been frozen solid in the ice-house of Nature perhaps fifty thousand years,\* more or less; but so well was it preserved that, when the brain was afterward compared with that of a recently killed animal, no difference in the tissues could be detected.

Two years after the animal had fallen from the cliff, the news reached St. Petersburg, and the Museum of Natural History sent a scientist to secure the specimen and purchase it for the Emperor. He found the mammoth where it originally fell, but much torn by animals, especially by the white bears and foxes. The massive skeleton, however, was entire, with the exception of one

fore leg, while all the other bones were still held together by the ligaments and flesh, as if the animal had been dead only a few weeks. The neck was still covered by a long mane of reddish wool, and over thirty pounds more of the same colored wool or hair were collected by the scientist from the adjacent sand, into which it had been trodden by bears and other animals of prey. In this condition the mammoth, with the tusks, which were repurchased in Jakutsk, was taken to St. Petersburg and there mounted.

Our illustration depicts this very specimen, representing it as it appeared when alive and moving along with ponderous tread through the scanty woodland of the northern countries. Its length is twenty-six feet, including the curve of the tusks; it stands sixteen feet high, and when alive it probably weighed more than twice as much as the largest living elephant. And, as some tusks have been found over fifteen feet in length, we may reasonably conclude that Shumarhoff's mammoth is only an average specimen, and that many of its companions were considerably larger.

Imagine the spectacle of a large herd of these mighty creatures rushing along over the frozen ground, the reverberation of their tread sounding like thunder. When enraged, their wild, headlong course must have been one of terrible devastation. Large trees were but twigs to these giants of the north, and everything must have given way before them.

Tusks of this animal had been discovered previous to Shumarhoff's find, and have been found since in such great quantities that vessels go out for the sole purpose of collecting them. Eschscholtz Bay, near Behring Strait, is a famous place for them, and numbers have also been found in England. It is stated that the fishermen of Happpisburgh have dredged up over two thousand mammoth teeth during the past twelve years—a fact showing that a once favorite resort, or perhaps burying-ground, of these great creatures, is now covered by the ocean. In the cliffs of Northern Alaska remains of the mammoth are often seen, and the New Siberian Islands recently visited by the Arctic explorer, Baron Nordenskjöld, are liberally supplied with these, as well as remains of other and equally interesting extinct and fossil animals. The mammoth was so called from a curious belief among the Siberians that this enormous animal lived in caverns under the ground, much after the fashion of the mole. Many of the tusks and bones were found buried in the frozen earth, and it was the natural conclusion that the animal lived there when alive. They believed it could not bear the light of day; and so dug out with its tusks great tunnels in the earth.

\* According to Sir William Logan, from five hundred thousand to one million years ago.



To us the mammoth is known as the *Elephas primigenius*, an extinct and northern cousin of the Indian elephant of to-day. It lived above the parallel of forty degrees in Europe, Northern Asia, and North-western North America, during what is known in geology as the Quaternary age. In those days, North America presented an entirely different appearance from the present. What are now the coast States, from Maine to Central America, were then nearly, if not entirely, under water, while Florida existed, if at all, merely as a deep coral-reef. A great arm of the sea or ocean extended up the St. Lawrence nearly to Lake Ontario, covering Lake Champlain and many other Canadian lakes. The site of the present city of Montreal was then five hundred feet under water, and whales swam at will over what is now Lake Champlain—a fact sufficiently proved by the discovery of one sixty feet above the borders of the present lake, and one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Atlantic Ocean.

The animals that lived with the mammoth in that far-off, wonderful age were equally interesting. In 1772, a hairy rhinoceros was found in the ice at Wilni, Siberia, preserved in the same manner as the Shumarhoff mammoth. England, the northern part of Europe and Asia, and probably North

America also, were the roaming-grounds of a huge two-horned rhinoceros, that probably waged war with the mammoth. The streams, rivers, and swamps were then populated with gigantic hippopotamuses, armed with terrible tusks, while on the higher plains were oxen and deer, compared to which our modern cattle are dwarfs and pigmies. Among the tiger tribe was one now called the *Marchaerodus*, with sharp, saber-like teeth eight or nine inches long—one of the most formidable creatures of this age of wonders. It waged deadly warfare against the vast herds of wild horses that roamed the eastern plains in those days. Besides these were savage hyenas of great size, that traversed the country in troops, leaving devastation in their track.

Other great elephants are known to the geologist: as the mastodon, specimens of which have been unearthed at Newburg and Cohoes, N. Y., in Salem County, N. J., and in many other parts of this country. There is also record of a great fossil elephant, with tusks fifteen feet long, that was excavated from the Sewalik Hills of India; but none of these approached the hairy mammoth in size. It is surely a fitting monument of this ancient time, when man—if he existed at all—was but a savage, and the earth seemingly incomplete.



A Little Girl asked some Kittens to tea,  
To meet some Dolls from France,  
And their Mother came too to enjoy a view,  
And afterwards play for the dance.  
But the Kittens were rude & grabbed their food,  
And treated the Dolls with jeers,  
Which caused their Mother an aching heart  
And seven or eight large tears.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY NORA PERRY.



WHAT 's this hurry, what 's this flurry,  
 All throughout the house to-day?  
 Everywhere a merry scurry,  
 Everywhere a sound of play.  
 Something, too, 's the matter, matter,  
 Out-of-doors as well as in,  
 For the bell goes clatter, clatter,  
 Every minute—such a din!

Everybody winking, blinking,  
 In a queer, mysterious way;  
 What on earth can they be thinking,  
 What on earth can be to pay?  
 Bobby peeping o'er the stair-way,  
 Bursts into a little shout;  
 Kitty, too, is in a fair way,  
 Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ing  
 Every minute more and more,  
 And swift feet go springing, springing,  
 Through the hall-way to the door,  
 Where a glimpse of box and packet,  
 And a little rustle, rustle,  
 Makes such sight and sound and racket,—  
 Such a jolly bustle, bustle,—  
 That the youngsters in their places,  
 Hiding slyly out of sight,  
 All at once show shining faces,  
 All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask *them* what 's the matter,  
 What the fun outside and in—  
 What the meaning of the clatter,  
 What the bustle and the din.  
 Hear them, hear them laugh and shout then,  
 All together hear them say,  
 "Why, what have you been about, then,  
 Not to know it 's Christmas day?"





## "SOUL, SOUL, FOR A SOUL-CAKE!"

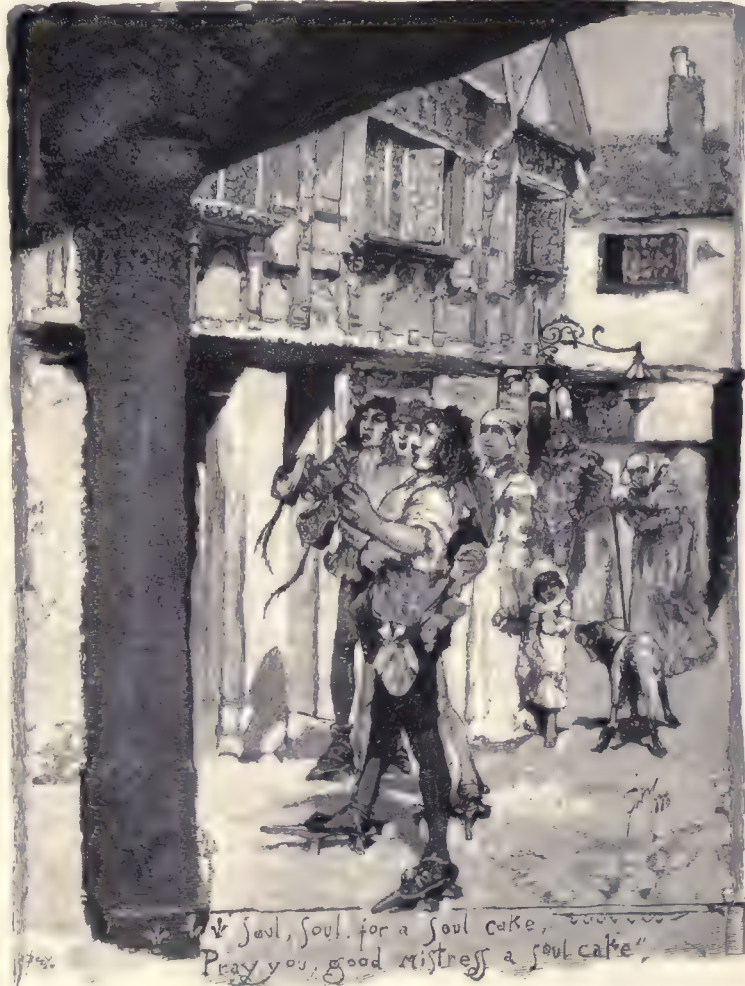
By J. L. W.

THE scene here represented was a familiar spectacle in the streets of English towns some centuries ago. They had many quaint observances in those days, as we all know, and the one here shown resembled much the pretty custom of singing Christmas carols under the windows of the rich, during holiday-week. The "Soul-cake," however, was rather a Halloween celebration than a Christmas-tide usage. The offerings of the first fruits of the year's harvest were called "Soul-cakes," which the rich gave to the poor at the Halloween season, in return for which the recipients prayed for the souls of the givers and their friends. And this custom became so favored in popular esteem that, for a long time, it was a regular observance in the country towns of England for small companies to go about from parish to parish at Halloween, begging soul-cakes by singing under the windows some such verse as this:

"Soul, soul, for a soul-cake;  
Pray you, good mistress, a soul-cake!"

It was not unusual, too, in those days, for the celebration of Christmas to be kept up for weeks before and after the actual date; and in the great houses of the country,—the homes of dukes and earls,—a "lord of misrule," or "abbot of unreason," was appointed before the advent of Halloween, to devise and superintend the pastimes and merry-making of the Christmas festival. His authority lasted from All-Hallow Eve (or Halloween) to Candlemas Day (the 2d of February), and during all that time the castle or manor over which he reigned was given up to feasting, music, and

mirth, which was shared by those of every rank and age. The last recorded appointment of a



"Soul, soul, for a soul cake,  
Pray you, good mistress a soul cake."

"lord of misrule" was in 1627, and at that time his title had changed into "The Grand Captaine of Mischieffe." No doubt he must have been the merriest of all the revelers at Halloween, when beginning his frolicsome reign; but perhaps he found it harder to maintain his joy as Candlemas Day drew near, when he would have to lay aside his authority and resume his work-a-day duties and burdens.

## CHANGING A FACE.—AN OPEN LETTER.



FEW days ago, my dear Kitty, I saw a little girl making a new face for herself, although she did n't know what she was doing.

Indeed, I often see boys and girls tracing upon themselves lines that, after a time, become as distinct, though not colored, as the tattoo-markings of the South Sea Islanders.

In fact, you were the little girl who was changing her face; and I have thought that, if I wrote you what the politicians call "an open letter" about it, both you and other little friends of ST. NICHOLAS might thank me in your hearts. You have often heard the saying that "Beauty is only skin deep"; and there is another that may be new to you, that "God makes our faces, but we make our mouths." Now, like most proverbs, these are truths, but they are not complete truths. But I think I can show you how in great measure we do make our own mouths and our own faces.

You know very well that a blacksmith's arm is not only strong, but large, because hard work has developed its muscles. And it is a general truth that all muscles increase by exercise. But you do not see how a blacksmith's arm illustrates anything in a little girl's face? Let us "make haste slowly," as the wise old Romans used to say, and then my meaning may be clearer.

What does our skin, so soft and smooth in childhood, and often so harsh and wrinkled in old age, cover? You say, flesh? Yes. And some other little girl adds, fat? Very well. And the boy who is studying physiology adds, nerves and tendons? True. And then you all know that bones support the human structure—are the frame—just as the beams and timbers of a wooden house, or of a ship, are its frame. But what is flesh? Is it merely so much softer fabric thrown over and fastened to the bones in a thick sheet, like the soft seat on the hard frame of your parlor sofa? Not at all. The

flesh is separated into several hundred divisions, or little bundles, called muscles.

Muscles and flesh are different names for the same thing, just as the bricks and the wall of a house, or the stones and the pavement of a street, are the same. Only the muscles, unlike the bricks and stones, are all changeable as to size within certain limits; for each muscle is attached to the bone beneath it by the tough, inelastic tendon. Now, you know the bones can neither bend nor change their length. But how, for example, does your hand reach your mouth when you eat? Because your arm is jointed, and some large muscles are fastened by one end to its upper part, near the shoulder, and by the other end below the elbow. The muscles contract, which, as your Latin reminds you, means "draw together," and thus grow shorter, and by means of the elbow-joint the lower part of the arm (for the bone can not shorten) is carried around and toward the shoulder or the face, as the case may be. But, becoming shorter, the muscles must become thicker, just as, when a stretched piece of India-rubber contracts, you see it grow thicker and stouter as it grows shorter. By putting your hand upon it, you can feel the muscle of your arm swell as it does its work. But you already know that continuous and forcible exercise causes the arm—that is, its muscles—to grow much more marked and bulky. Let us stop a moment to see exactly what muscle means. Your Latin dictionary will tell you, if you don't already know, that *mus* means mouse, and *musculus* a little mouse. The old anatomists who began to pry into Nature's secrets were impressed with the mouse-like outline of these tissues when contracted, and so called them little mice-muscles. So all our flesh is muscle, and it is these little mice running under the skin that are the tell-tales of what is going on or has been done.

Now your dear, soft face has its many muscles, too, much finer and more delicate than those of the body, by the exercise of which you express the emotions you feel. It would take too long to explain how or why certain of them respond to and illustrate certain feelings, and for the present you must accept it as a fact. Now, the secret of our first proverb lies in the further fact that around the mouth is one of the few muscles in the body that is not attached to bone. It is a muscular ring, to which other muscles are fastened, and moves in whatever direction it may be influenced, retaining the set and fashion into which it may be



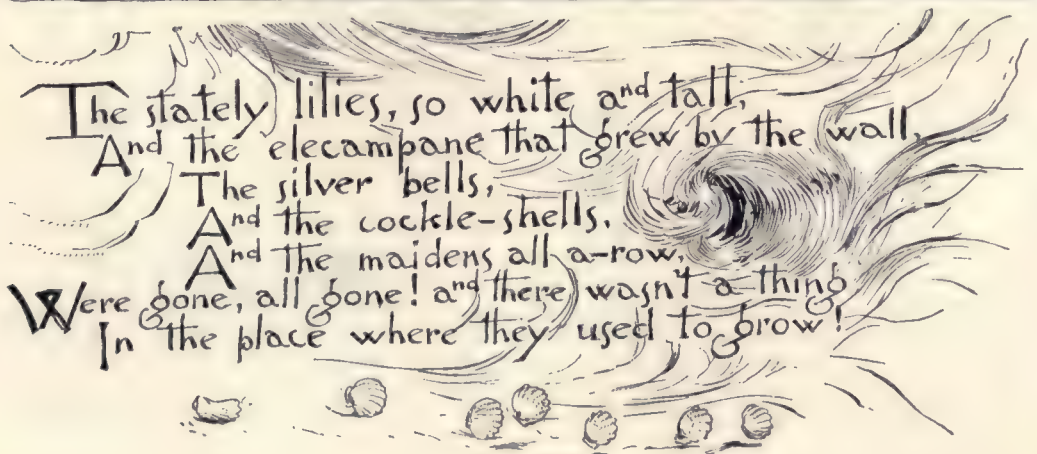
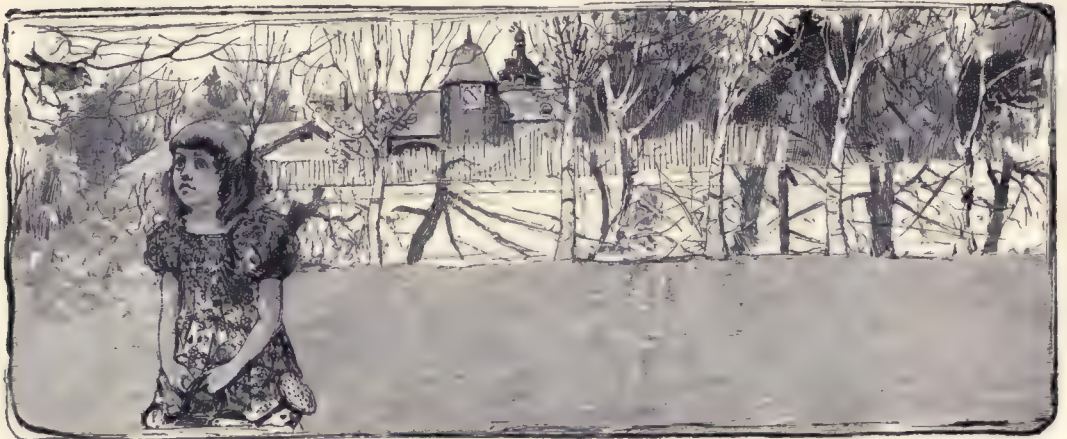
drawn. And as the bony parts of the face, the nose, the forehead, the cheek-bones, the jaws, the whole fixed contour, are what we have inherited, we can not of ourselves make much alteration in them. So, also, we inherit our mouth; but this, as well as a part of the surface of the countenance, we can, and often do, materially alter; and it is to these alterations,—this making of faces,—that we all, old and young, should give heed.

I will not tire you, my darling, by going into those details which belong to a study that is beyond your years, but I want you to remember that those who are peevish and knit their eyebrows and wrinkle their foreheads—cloud their brows, it is called—do so only by the operation of little muscles, that work more easily and grow a very little every time they are so employed. There are a set of snarling muscles that draw up the cor-



ners of the mouth and expose the canine teeth, which, in the savage flesh-eaters of the forest and jungle, are coarse and strong, and always at work, and which, I am sorry to say, are sometimes too well marked in boys and men. There is a little, but mischievous muscle, called *superbus* (which does not mean “superb,” but “proud”), that, with a human helper, draws down and pouts out the proud and sullen lower lip. But, regardless of names, what I want you to particularly bear in mind is, that as every expression the features can assume becomes easier the oftener it is repeated, so the little mice run away with beauty and goodness of face when these expressions are unkind; and, in like manner, they are fairy messengers, bringing pleasant gifts for both present and future use, when the face becomes the mask of a good and willing heart.

Your affectionate      UNCLE ALFRED.







“ little brown bird in the old elm tree,  
Have you seen my flowers to-day?”  
“Last night, when the moon was setting red,  
I saw them go away.  
Two by two, down the garden walk,  
Each standing straight on its slender stalk,  
They went in the dim starlight.” 



“O MISTRESS MARY — Quite contrary — Good-bye to your garden bed!”

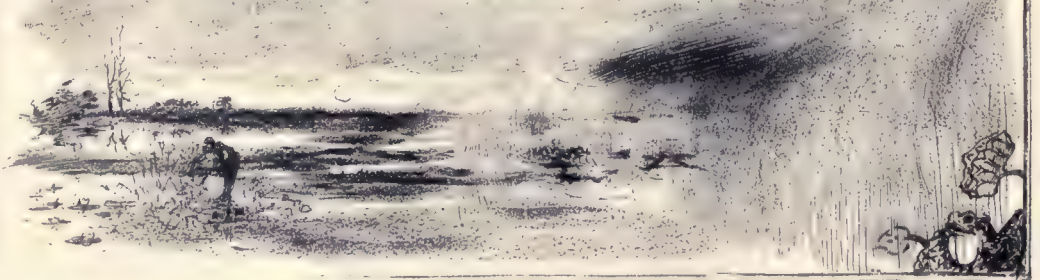
The maidens carried the cockle-shells,  
There were mufflers around the silver bells  
And over the lilies white.  
But the elecampane was laughing,  
And I heard him when he said:  
“O MISTRESS MARY,  
Quite contrary,  
Good-bye to your garden bed!”



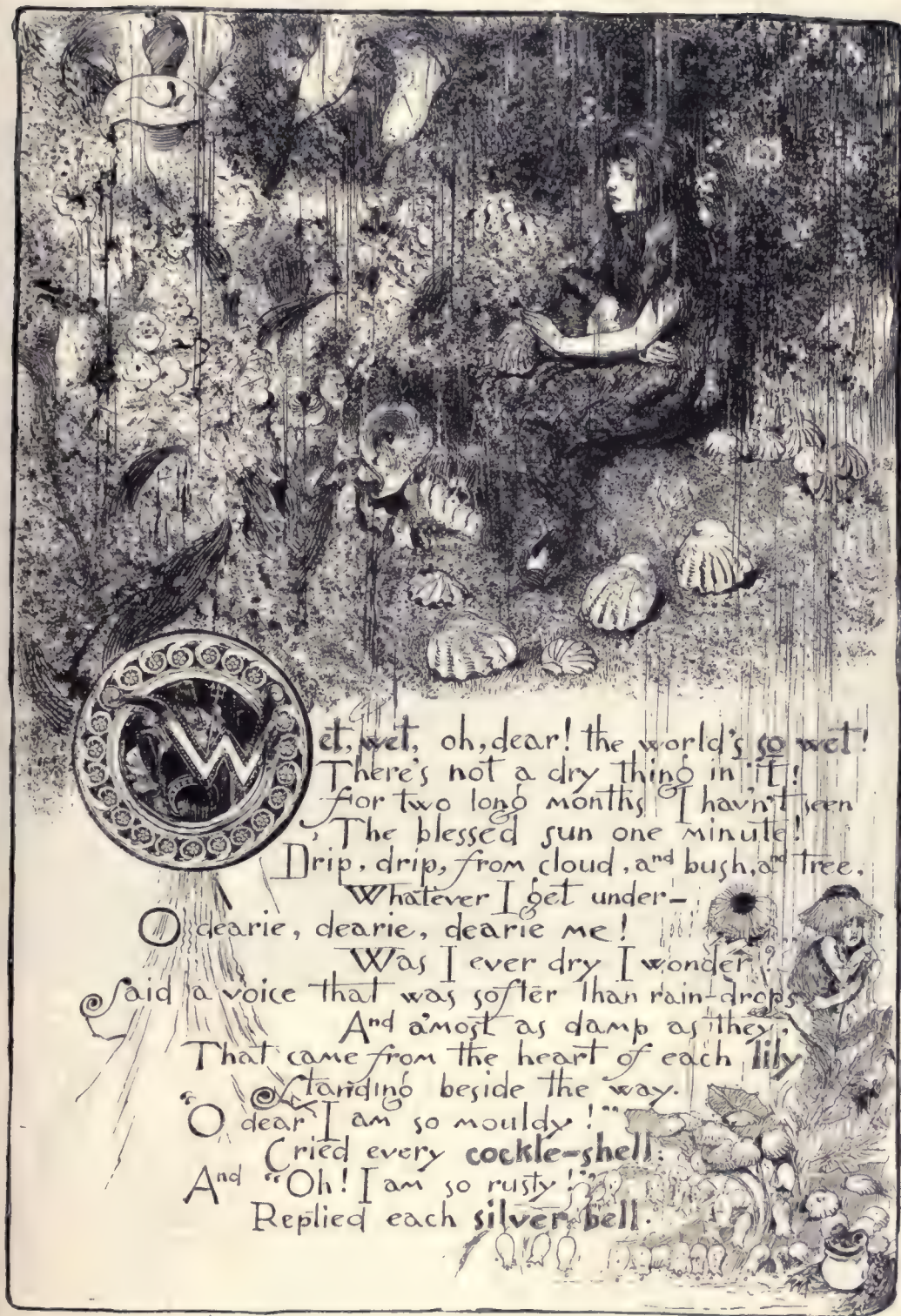
**O** little brown bird in the old elm tree,  
 Can you tell which way they went?  
 Over the river and down the hill,  
 And up by the old red cider-mill,  
 You can follow them by the scent.  
 For when I woke up this morning,  
 Just at the break of day,  
 The trail of the lilies' sweetness still  
 Hung over the dusty way."



**S**he followed them all the morning,  
 And through the bright hot noon,  
 And into the edge of the evening  
 By the light of the pale new moon.  
 For full two months all vainly  
 She looked for her wandering flowers,  
 And at last one day she found them  
 Down in the **LAND** of **FLOWERS**.







et, wet, oh, dear! the world's so wet!  
 There's not a dry thing in it!  
 For two long months I haven't seen  
 The blessed sun one minute!  
 Drip, drip, from cloud, and bush, and tree,  
 Whatever I get under—

O dearie, dearie, dearie me!

Was I ever dry I wonder?  
 Said a voice that was softer than rain-drops  
 And almost as damp as they.

That came from the heart of each lily

Standing beside the way.

O dear I am so mouldy!

Cried every cockle-shell:

And "Oh! I am so rusty!"

Replied each silver bell.



Five months in the hot Sahara  
 She dried her lilies well,  
 And three in the Desert of Loki,  
 She scoured each silver bell;  
 And two on the sea-shore she scraped the mould  
 Off of each cockle-shell.  
 But elecampane was so draggled  
 (And so dirty and so rude)  
 That Mistress Mary,  
 Quite contrary,  
 Left him beside the road.



A year and a day  
 Had passed away  
 When willful Mary came back to town.  
 Her hair had faded an ashen gray  
 And her eyes were a dusty brown.  
 But the lilies walked beside her  
 Stately and fair to see,  
 And the cockles, close behind her,  
 Came jumping three and three.  
 The silver bells were ringing  
 And the maidens all were singing  
 As they passed the old elm tree.







Take  
NOTICE!  
MARY:  
I daughter of  
Being wilful and of  
because of certain  
sinned away and be  
with great sorrow  
said parents will  
REWARD H

But when they reached the garden gate.

Of a sudden it opened wide.

And elecampane, all limpsy

And laughing, stood inside.

And the little brown bird in the tree-top

Listened and heard him say:

"Mistress Mary,

Quite contrary,

Pray how do you do to day?"

ANNAN

## COASTING ON LAKE WINNIPEG.

BY EDMUND A. STRUTHERS.



MOUISEAU AND HIS DOG.

THE boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS will perhaps be a little surprised to hear that there are civilized and enlightened people in the far north of our American continent who, during the winter season, make constant use of the dog as a beast of burden.

The officers of the powerful Hudson's Bay Company, whose trading-posts are scattered through the Dominion of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and away north to the banks of the noble Yukon, find it necessary to utilize the dog for purposes of traveling and transportation through sections of country where proper food can not be found for horses and cattle.

The dog is capable, also, of enduring a very low temperature and of thriving under harsh treatment. It is the habit of these hardy creatures, during a respite from drawing their heavily loaded sledges, to lie huddled together in their harness and allow the falling and drifting snow to hide them from sight, save where their black noses protrude for the purpose of obtaining air. With the Canadian Indian the dog takes the place of the horse, drawing the wood in winter, and bringing to the wigwam the spoils of the hunt. And, where farming has been attempted in a rude way by the red man, he uses his train of dogs for plowing the land for his little patch of potatoes.

As you boys have your toy steam-boats and cars, and while playing with them think that, when you are men, you will own real cars and boats, so the little Indian boy has his toy flat-sled, and no doubt thinks with longing of the days when he, a full-grown brave, will come striding back from the moose-hunt on his snow-shoes, followed by the panting train, drawing the carcass of the antlered king of the forest.

The manner of harnessing and driving dogs is interesting. The harness is usually made of moose-skin or buffalo leather, and is often lavishly decorated. The collar, which is not unlike our common horse-collar, is perfectly round, and is slipped over the dog's head, fitting snugly at the shoulders; the traces are attached to this collar, and, passing through loops in the bead-worked saddle-cloth, are fastened to the sledge. Four dogs usually comprise a train, and are driven "tandem." Great care is taken in selecting and training a leader; he must be quick, intelligent, strong, and ready to answer and obey the "chaw" and "yeä" ("right" and "left") of his driver.

The sledges for winter travel are of three kinds: the plain, flat sled (which is for freight), and the carrieole and Berlin, for passengers. The flat sled is constructed of two or three long, thin boards, turned up at the front exactly as were the old-fashioned skates of our fathers, and bound together with rawhide thongs. The carrieole, which might be termed the palace-car of the dog-train, is framed over and covered with dressed skins. The Berlin is a pleasure-sleigh, with rawhide sides.

Having given you an outline of the make-up and appearance of a dog-train, let me now ask that one of the boys (a brave boy he must be) accompany me on a journey of a few hundred miles through the wilderness, our only conveyance being flat sleighs and carrieoles drawn by bushy-tailed and sharp-eared dogs. We will imagine ourselves, in the dead of winter, at Norway House, an important post or fort of the Hudson's Bay Trading Company, which is situated north of the head of that inland sea, Lake Winnipeg, and nearly four hundred miles from civilization; also that we are (as we most likely should be, in such a situation) very homesick, and wishing ourselves again by the shores of the grand old Atlantic. You say, my dear boy, you do not care to be dragged four hundred miles by dogs over a frozen lake, with no shelter at night, and the companionship



only of the bears and wolves near the coast. But, never fear—it is our only way of exit from this land of ice and snow. So come with me to the dog-yard, while Mouiseau, our French half-breed guide, selects the animals which are to form our trains. We find a large inclosure with high, wooden walls, which are, at the base and for some distance upward, plated with sheet-iron to prevent the restless animals from gnawing their way out of prison. This yard, or prison-house, is filled with a great variety of dogs, from the stately fellow who plainly shows the blood of the Scotch greyhound, to the miserable little Indian dog, who has been allowed lodgings inside the stockade, while his red master is bartering furs inside the fort.

Mouiseau at last selects his dogs—not the largest in the yard, but from the medium-sized animals, on account of their greater powers of endurance. We are to have twelve dogs, making three trains of four dogs each. The selection is again carefully examined, collars are fitted, and the

to the food-supply, and places on the baggage-sledge a bag of pemmican (pounded buffalo-meat), a bag of "bannocks" (wheat-cakes made by Hector, the Scotch cook, who hails from the island of Lewis), several large pieces of fat pork, and a little box containing compressed potatoes.

Mouiseau calls us to look at our sleighs, packed as only an old traveler can pack, with snow-shoes, rifles, and cooking utensils lashed on the outside. All is now ready, and at break of day we shall be off amid the cheers and shouts of the employés, to whom the arrival and departure of guests is a matter of no small moment. Were it an arrival, the ensign of the corporation, with its "elk rampant" and curious motto "Pro pelle cutem" ("skin for skin"), would be at the top of the tall staff outside the walls of the fort.

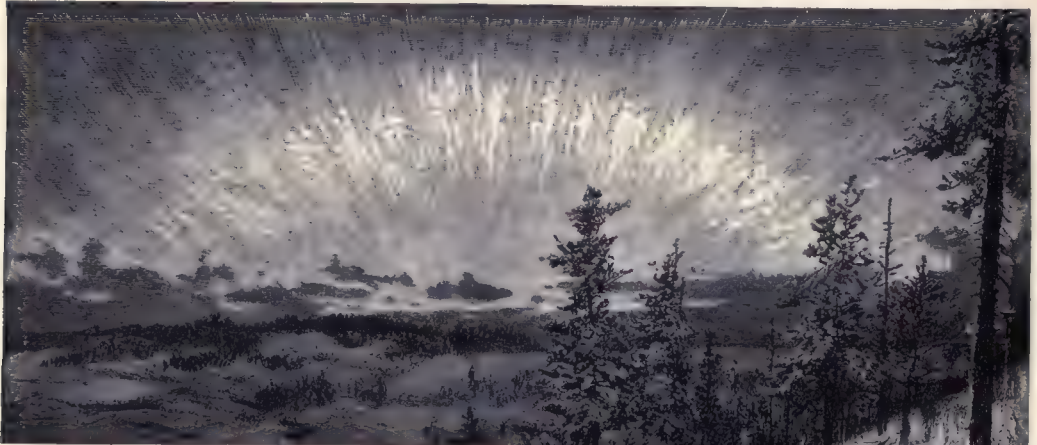
Morning comes, and after numerous hand-shakings we sit in our carriages, and are carefully wrapped by our attentive drivers, while the dogs are whining and barking in impatience to be off. The word is given: "Marsh anne mush!" ("Go along, dog!") the whips crack, and we glide down the slippery path, out of the gates of the fort and out upon the frozen river, which has for banks rough walls of granite, the



LEAVING NORWAY HOUSE.

dogs are placed in another yard near by, ready for to-morrow, the day of our departure. We must look now to our personal outfit, bearing in mind that our baggage must be light; two pairs of wool blankets each, two buffalo robes, an oil-skin blanket, and two pillows complete our outfit. Mouiseau, with his two Indian drivers, attends

tops of which are dotted with clumps of small jack-pine and spruce. We fly swiftly along, passing a few houses with mud chimneys and parchment



THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE AURORA.

windows, and suddenly at a bend in the river enter the woods. Our guide tells us this is a favorite portage,\* which saves us several miles of travel. We at last come out on a beautiful lake, dotted with islands of evergreen, and looking an enchanted place in the clear winter air. This is Playgreen Lake, a grand widening of the outlet of Lake Winnipeg. After an hour's travel we make another portage, which, we are told, is for the purpose of avoiding the open water at the immediate outlet of the lake. We are now twenty-five miles from Norway House, and have been four hours on the road. Truly, our little dogs do bravely. We stop for a few minutes, while one of our Indians builds a fire and prepares a cup of tea; and then, our lunch over, the drivers take their places at the back of the sleighs, steadying and steering them through the narrow wood track by the use of a rope called a sail-line. We suddenly speed down a steep bank, and there before us is Lake Winnipeg, that immense receiving basin, which takes to itself on the south the mighty, rushing Winnipeg and the steady-flowing and silent stream which comes dashing through the rich prairielands of Dakota, Minnesota, and Manitoba, in its search for the sea, and known to us as the Red River of the North; while in the north-west the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains, after a swift journey through the valley of the Saskatchewan, find a few hours' rest and then go tumbling down the Nelson to Hudson's Bay. On



the right is the site of an old fort, where many years ago a bloody battle was fought† between two powerful trading companies. Before us is Montreal Point, for which place we now take a direct course, our guide running before, in a steady, swinging trot peculiar to Indian runners, while our dogs follow in good form. At intervals we drop into a light slumber, to be suddenly awakened by the loud crack of a loaded whip and the responsive cry of a lazy dog. As the sun is setting in the west, going down into the apparently boundless lake, we halt on the edge of a huge drift, near the shore, which is at this point dotted with thickets of spruce and balsam, and get out of our carriages stiffly enough after our long journey. The sleds are drawn into the timber, and our little party go at the work of clearing with snowshoes a place for the camp. This accomplished, the fire is built, green boughs are laid for our beds, blankets and robes are brought forth; and while

\* The term portage signifies a crossing or carrying place between two bodies of water. For instance: On a certain route where canoes are used, there are a series of lakes separated from one another by narrow strips of land. We pass through lake No. 1, in the direction of lake No. 2, searching for the narrowest strip separating them; a road is cut through the forest, over which the sturdy Indians carry the canoes and baggage, and launching their craft push on for No. 3. On much-frequented canoe routes these carrying-places have fine, wide roads, and bear suggestive titles, as "Turtle Portage," "Mossy Portage," etc. In winter these roads are used by travelers in order to pass from one frozen lake to another.

† This battle appears to have taken place near the close of a terrific strife for the control of the rich fur trade of the North-west, which raged between the North-west Trading Company, with head-quarters at Montreal, and the Hudson's Bay Company, of London, England, the termination being the joining of the rivals under the tide of the latter company.



we stretch ourselves lazily before the bright fire of tamarack, our guide prepares supper, and his assistants unharness the dogs and prepare their meal of fresh white-fish. As we recline in perfect comfort, a shrike or butcher-bird, the first life we have seen in the woods to-day, hops from the bough above us, and helps itself from the pemmican-bag; then flies saucily over our heads toward his *cache*, to return in a few moments for more. The shrike is truly a camp-bird, and on discovering the smoke from some newly built camp-fire, as it curls upward through the trees, does not rest till it has reached the camp and sampled the cookery. The Indian seldom molests this arch thief, but laughs quietly at its saucy chatter, having a belief that, in days past, Wah-sē-i-ka-chak, as he calls it, has been in some way of service to his people. After a hearty supper of pemmican, potato, and bannock, we sit and listen to the monotonous tones of the Indians, who are recounting journeys to different parts of the far-north country, while they smoke their tiny stone pipes, filled with a mixture of willow bark and tobacco. Our twelve dogs are grouped on the solid drift, near the shore. The largest dog occupies the most elevated part of the bank, the place of honor, while the others sit solidly on their haunches and gaze steadily at their leader, who is now the picture of profundity, with a far-off, dreamy look in his eyes which his fellows are making a vain attempt to imitate. The moon is coming up now, and as it softly rises, causing the frost-covered trees to glisten in its light, the leader utters a plaintive wail, which is taken up by his companions, softly at first; then the leader gives forth a louder cry, another, and soon the whole pack there in the weird light are howling in fearful discord. Suddenly the leader ceases, and gradually the others become quiet, and curl themselves about the fire. The Indians soon are snoring in heavy sleep, the fire burns low, the trees crackle with frost, we hear a commingling of sounds, and, at last, sleep too.

We rest comfortably, with nothing above our heads save the beautiful dome of heaven, with its twinkling stars, which are dimmed at times by the magnificent and ever-changing aurora, which here reaches its greatest brilliancy. The Indians call this electric phenomenon Wah-wah-tao, and fancy it to be the spirits of the departed dancing on the borders of the Land of the Hereafter. While it is yet dark our drivers arise, with sundry grunts and remarks in Indian language relative to the probable weather and winds of the coming day; and soon a large fire, crackling and sending sparks over our heads without regard to consequences, is the alarm which brings us quickly from our snug beds. We now assist in packing our baggage

preparatory to a continuation of our journey. A light breakfast dispatched, our dogs are placed in harness, we take seats in the carriages, and are



THE GIANT OF LAKE WINNIPEG.

away with speed through the gray light of dawn. After an hour's run, the sun comes up—a golden ball seen through the stunted and storm-beaten



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

pinces that find footing on the lichen-covered rocks of the shore. We sit up in our sleighs to enjoy the fresh, clear air, and, looking to the right, we discover land where, a few moments before, there was none to be seen. Our look of surprise is answered by one of the Indians, who, running alongside the sleigh, shouts: "Statim Minis!" (The Horse Islands!) It is a grand mirage, for the Statim Minis are islands at least seventy miles away.

We fly along, our guides shouting alternately at the dogs and each other, apparently in the best of humor, now and again favoring us with snatches of Canadian boat-songs, no doubt caught up from the hardy voyageurs who go west in charge of bateaux from the banks of the rushing tributaries of the lower St. Lawrence.

At sunset we arrive at a large Indian village, the entire population turning out to welcome us. This is a village of the Poplar River band, the wildest of the Lake Winnipeg Indians. During our halt of a few minutes, the old chief with his council appear, and have a few words with our men, while we must show our good and friendly feeling by presents of tobacco, clay pipes, etc. As we move away, our good-byes are answered by shouts of "Marchon, How marchon!" ("Good speed!")

At dusk of evening we camp a few miles south

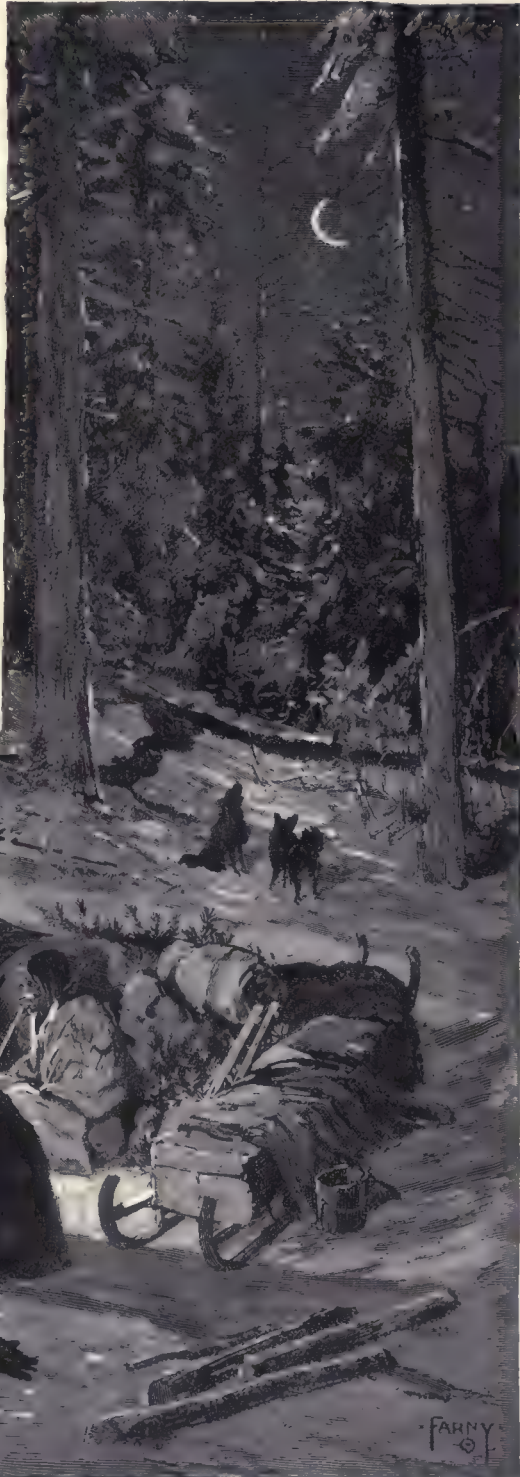
of Poplar River, going through the same procedure as on the evening of the first camp. At two o'clock in the morning of the next day, while the clear moon is slowly going down in the west, we are slipping along a hard-beaten hunters' track which runs across the bay. During the day we skirt a rough, rocky shore which lies to the left, and get glimpses of numerous islands on our right. In the early evening we arrive at Behrin's River Fort, a post of the trading company, where we are hospitably received by the officer in charge. We find in use at this place the St. Bernard dogs, very large and strong. Old travelers, however, will tell you that for long journeys, such as ours, the smaller dogs are preferable. It is not late, so let us accept the kind invitation of our host, and visit the trading-rooms of the fort. We follow him through a narrow passage, on one side of which is a short counter and at the end a heavy door, so built as to guard against surprise from hostile Indians, which, being swung back, admits us to the stores of Indian supplies—blankets, shirts, belts, and much-beaded moccasins; while hanging from smoke-stained beams are flint-lock guns of the "Queen Anne" pattern, axes, knives, and copper kettles. There is no money used in the trade of this far-away country; the beaver skin is recognized as the standard, and represents about five shillings ster-



ling. We are somewhat amused, on asking the price of a pair of blankets, to get the reply, "Eight skins." Our guide leads us up a narrow stair to the fur-room, which has large beams and cross-timbers, hanging closely on which are all the varieties of northern furs—bear, wolf, beaver, fox, and marten, with lynx, fisher, and ermine. In the month of June these furs are packed, and begin their journey to London by the way of the Norway House to York Factory on Hudson's Bay, where a steamer calls, in August or September, and takes the valuable bales on board for delivery in London.

But we can not always stay in this land of bear and beaver, and when morning comes, after thanking Mr. Flett, our kind host, for his care and attention, we again move out on the lake, and, jogging along steadily, arrive at the narrows of Lake Winnipeg, called by the Indians "Anne Mustuk-won," or "Dog's Head." The lake at this point is but one and one-half miles in width, the shores of the east side being of hard, dark granite, while those of the westerly side are formed of high cliffs of lime and sandstone.

A story is told of a party such as ours being lost in a severe snow-storm near this point. The guides not being able to decide on which shore of the lake they had strayed, one of the gentlemen of the



THE CAMP AT NIGHT.



INDIANS FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

party bethought himself of this difference in the formation of the rock, and, digging through the drift, at once solved the question. Our camp is made here, and in the morning we are off at full speed, passing during the forenoon Indian people fishing through holes in the ice, and bringing to the surface in their heavy nets beautiful white-fish. We pass Bull's Head, run through the Loon Straits, leave Grindstone Point on our right, and at night camp at the southern end of Red Deer Island. The camp to-night is in the enchanted country, and lying to the south-east is an island in which during summer, at break of dawn (according to our guide Mouiseau), the high wall of sandstone rock opens, and a giant, dragging after him a huge stone canoe, strides to the water's edge, launches his stony craft and pushes out into the broad lake, to return unseen for his voyage of the following morning. In passing this island it is customary to leave fragments of tobacco, and tea-leaves, as a peace-offering to the Phantom Giant of the Cliff.

We are now but seventy miles from the track of the iron horse, and with extra exertion may on the morrow finish our journey. We are called

very early, to find a bright fire and breakfast ready. It is apparent that our men mean to distinguish themselves as runners to-day. Great care is taken in the lacing of moccasins and fixing belts and leggings; the harness is carefully examined, and, all being in readiness, we dash down the steep bank and out upon the lake, over which we glide along, unable at times to distinguish land on either side.

As the sun is low in the west, we run through a narrow, ice-bound channel, bordered on either side with tall, yellow reeds and rushes. Shortly after getting into this channel our half-breed guide, who is running swiftly before, turns and shouts, "Rivière Rouge" (Red River).

And here our journey is virtually at an end, as in a few hours we arrive at a station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, where we secure passage, and, after bidding farewell to our brave companions, who, strange to say, have become dear to us after a week's companionship, we roll away eastward, and passing through the cities of Winnipeg in Manitoba, St. Paul, Minnesota, and ever-busy Chicago, in the short space of three days we arrive at our homes on the Atlantic sea-board.



"Good bye"



## CONFUSION.

By M. M. D.

HEIGHO! I've left my B O, bo,  
And A B, ab—oh, long ago!  
And gone to letters three.  
(Dear me! What *does* that last word spell—  
The last I learned? I knew it well—  
It's W and E and B.)

You see, I've so much work to do—  
Scrubbing and sweeping, dusting too—  
I can't remember half I know.  
And oh! the spiders drive me wild,  
Till Mother says: "What ails the child?  
What makes her fidget so?"  
(Now, sakes alive! What can it be—  
That W and E and B?)

Right after school is out, I run  
To do my work. It's never done,  
But soon as any lesson's said  
It goes and pops right out my head—  
All on account of dust and dirt.  
No matter how my hands may hurt,  
I sweep and toil the livelong day,  
And try to brush the things away.  
(It's all the spiders—don't you see?)  
And yet I'm glad I've learned to spell.  
(What *is* that word? I knew it well—  
That W and E and B!)



## THE WHALE-HUNTERS OF JAPAN.

By WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

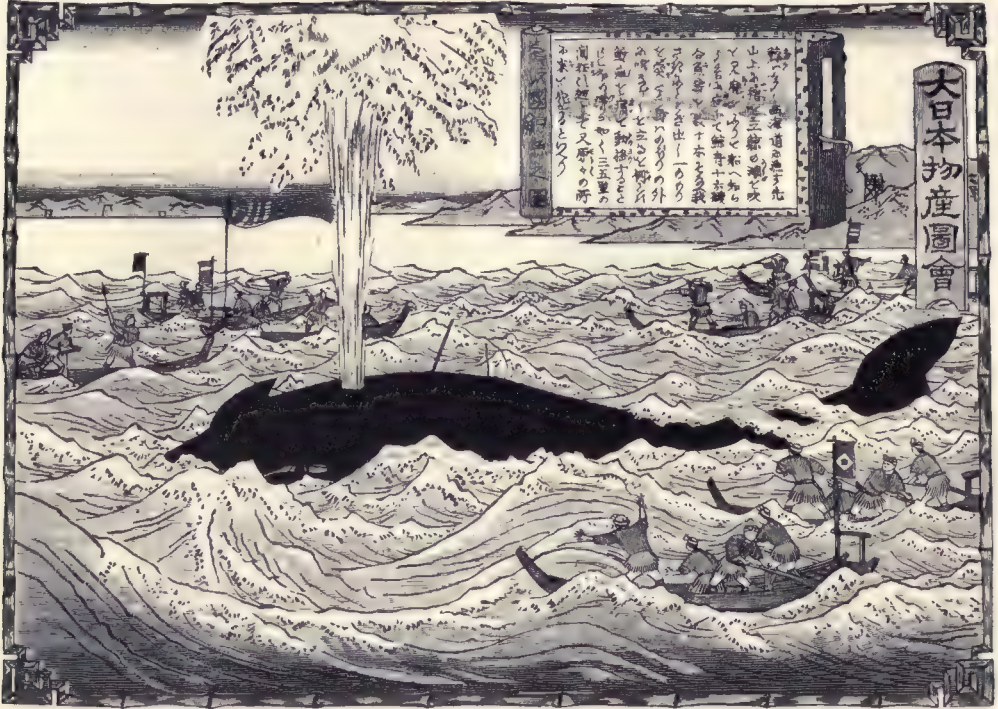
WHO ever heard of catching whales with a net, or of eating whale's meat? Yet both are done by Japanese sailors.

The whale-fishery of Japan is carried on as a regular business on both coasts of the country; but more men are employed, and the catch of whales is larger, off the eastern coast, especially off Kii province. A line drawn southward from Kioto, Lake Biwa, or Ozaka, will cut the Kii whaling-waters, and help one to find it on the map.

The great Gulf Stream of the Pacific, which the Japanese call the Kuro Shiwo, or Dark Current, on account of its deep blue color, rushes up from the south, and scours the Kii promontory like a mill-slucice. It is so sharply distinguishable from common sea-water that from the prow of a ship one can discern the line that divides the two colors. The starboard may be in the pale-green or sky-blue, while the larboard lies in the indigo or inky part. A bucket of water taken up from one side

will be twelve or fourteen degrees colder than one dipped simultaneously from over the opposite gunwale. The Kuro Shiwo is really a river flowing in the ocean. It lies upon, but does not mix with, the sea. Rising in the tropics, below Formosa,

whalemen are divided into scullers, netters, and harpooners, or grappling-iron men. Japanese never row, but scull with curiously bent long sweeps, which swing on a half-round knob set into a pivot, the handle end being usually strapped at



ATTACKING THE WHALE.

and flowing up and across the Pacific, it bends around Alaska to California, and then crosses to the Sandwich Islands. A plank set floating off Formosa will travel in a few weeks to Honolulu, if not picked up.

The whales seem to enjoy the dark current as a promenade or ocean avenue; but at certain promontories, like that of Kii, they come quite near the shore, or swim around into the eddies, for recreation or for food.

The fishermen of the little town of Koza have a lookout-tower perched upon the rocks, far up on the hill-side. A sentinel is kept constantly watching for the spouting *kujiri* ("number-one fish"), as the natives call the whale. Long boats, holding from four to ten men, are kept ready launched. These hardy fellows row with tremendous energy, as if in a prize race. If the whales are numerous, the men wait in their boats, with sculls on their pins and straps ready to slip on at a moment's notice, all in order to put out to sea. A gay flag with a curious device floats at each stern. The

proper height. The device on each flag is different, and spears, nets, and grappling-irons are marked, so that the most skillful get proper credit for their courage, sure aim, and celerity.

The boatmen are lightly clad in short, sleeveless cotton jackets, with leggings, like greaves, reaching from knee to ankle. Around their waists are kilts made of coarse rice-straw. The nets, which are about twenty feet square, with meshes three feet wide, are made of tough sea-grass rope, two inches thick.

Twenty or thirty of these nets are provided, and then lightly tied together, so as to make one huge net, from four hundred to six hundred feet long. As soon as the signal from the tower is given, the boats put out, two by two, each pair of the larger boats having the net tackle, and all armed with darts and spears. Rowing in front of the whale, the net is dropped in his path. If skillfully done, the huge fish runs his nose or jaw into a mesh. He at once dives, and tries to shake off the net. This he can not do, for the square in which he is en-



tangled immediately breaks off from the rest, which is hauled on board, ready for another drop. Should this also be successful, the game is soon up with the whale. Usually, the more he flounders, the more tightly his terrible collars hold him, entangling his fins and quickly exhausting his strength. No sooner does he rise for breath than the rowers dash close to him, giving the harpooners an opportunity to hurl their darts at his big body, until he looks like an exaggerated pin-cushion. As his struggles become weaker, the grappling-irons are thrown on and the boats tow the carcass near shore.

The whalemens carefully avoid the enraged animal's tail, and it is only occasionally that one of them is killed. In a good season, fifty whales will be taken. This method of whale-hunting was first practiced about the year 1680. When nets are not used, as in some places, the number of boats must be increased, and they must be smaller, so as to admit of rapid movements, and a good supply of harpoons must be on hand.

is the jolliest part of the work, as the casting of the net is the most exciting.

The whale is now cut up into chunks. Its tidbits go on the fisherman's gridiron, or are pickled, boiled, roasted, or fried. Japanese whales are caught more for food than for oil, and are leaner than their brethren of the Arctic seas. Some oil is, however, tried out from the blubber. Even the bones, when fresh and tender, are eaten. Of the others they make ropes, springs, and steel-yards for weighing gold and silver. Nothing seems to be thrown away, except the shoulder-bone.

The ordinary dry-goods measure of Japan is called a "whale-foot," and is two inches longer than the "metal-foot" with which wood and stone are measured. The origin of this difference, according to legend, is as follows: Long ago, a great white whale, the king of the northern seas, having heard of the fame and great size of the bronze image of Buddha at Kamakura, went in high dudgeon and compared his length with that of Dai Butsu, the statue. Greatly to his relief, the image was found



DRAWING THE WHALE ASHORE BY THE WINDLASS.

To land their prize, the successful hunters lash about it stout straw ropes, and attach to them a cable, winding the other end around a windlass set up on the beach. Then, with gay and lively songs, they haul the enormous mass ashore. This

to be two inches shorter than his spouting majesty, who thereupon whisked his tail in triumph and returned home. Hence the "whale-foot" is two inches longer than the "metal-foot," as every Japanese boy knows.

## AN ALPHABET OF CHILDREN.

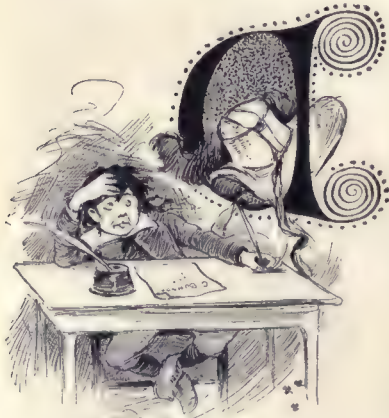
BY ISABEL FRANCES BELLOWES.



A is for Apt little Annie,  
 Who lives down in Maine with her grannie.  
 Such pies she can make!  
 And such doughnuts and cake!  
 Oh, we like to make visits to Grannie!



B is for Bad little Bridget,  
 Who is morn, noon, and night in a fidget.  
 Her dresses she tears,  
 And she tumbles down-stairs,  
 And her mother's most worn to a midget.



C is for Curious Charlie,  
 Who lives on rice, oatmeal, and barley.  
 He once wrote a sonnet  
 On his mother's best bonnet;  
 And he lets his hair grow long and snarley.



D is for Dear little Dinah,  
 Whose manners grow finer and finer.  
 She smiles and she bows  
 To the pigs and the cows,  
 And she calls the old cat Angelina.





E is for Erring young Edward,  
Who never can bear to go bedward.  
Every evening at eight  
He bewails his hard fate,  
And they 're all quite discouraged with  
Edward.



F is for Foolish Miss Florence,  
Who of spiders has such an abhorrence  
That she shivers with dread  
When she looks overhead,  
For she lives where they 're plenty—at  
Lawrence.



G is for Glad little Gustave,  
Who says that a monkey he *must* have;  
But his mother thinks not,  
And says that they've got  
All the monkey they care for in Gustave.  
VOL. X.—8.



H is for Horrid young Hannah,  
Who has the most shocking bad manner.  
Once she went out to dine  
With a party of nine,  
And she ate every single banana.



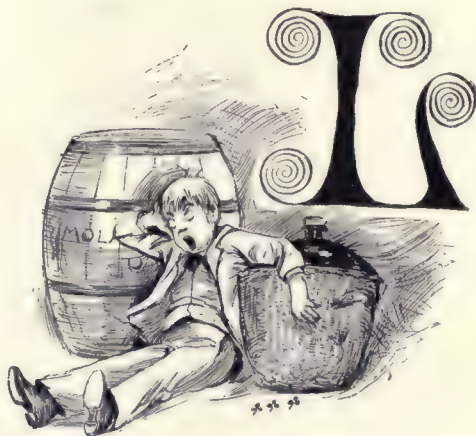
I is for Ignorant Ida,  
Who does n't know rhubarb from cider.  
Once she drank up a quart,  
Which was more than she ought,  
And it gave her queer feelings inside her.



J is for Jovial young Jack,  
Who goes to the balls in a hack.  
He thinks he can dance,  
And he'll caper and prance  
Till his joints are half ready to crack.



K is for Kind little Katy,  
Who weighs 'most a hundred and eighty;  
But she eats every day,  
And the doctors all say  
That's the reason she's growing so weighty.



L is for Lazy young Leicester,  
Who works for a grocer in Chester;  
But he says he needs rest,  
And he finds it is best  
To take every day a siesta.





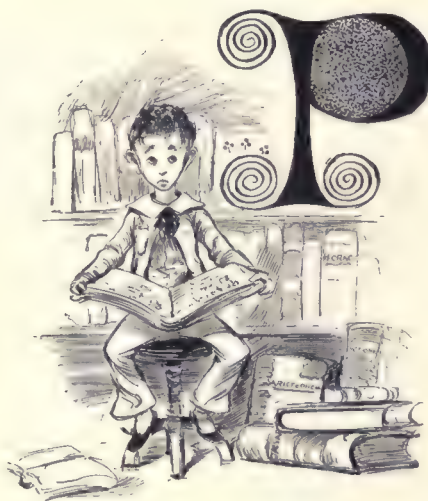
M is for Mournful Miss Molly,  
Who likes to be thought melancholy.  
She's as limp as a rag  
When her sisters play tag,  
For it's vulgar, she says, to be jolly.



N is for Naughty young Nat,  
Who sat on his father's best hat.  
When they asked if he thought  
He had done as he ought,  
He said he supposed 't was the cat!



O's Operatic Olivia,  
Who visits her aunt in Bolivia.  
She can sing to high C—  
But, between you and me,  
They don't care for that in Bolivia.



P is for Poor little Paul,  
Who does n't like study at all.  
But he's learning to speak  
In Hebrew and Greek,  
And is going to take Sanskrit next fall.



Q is for Queer little Queen,  
Who's grown so excessively lean  
That she fell in a crack,  
And hurt her poor back,  
And they say she can hardly be seen.



R is for Rude Master Ruby,  
Who once called his sister a booby!  
But a boy who stood by  
Heard her piteous cry,  
And came and chastised Master Ruby.



S is for Stylish young Sadie,  
Whose hat is so big and so shady  
That she thought it was night  
When the sun was out bright,  
And mistook an old cow for a lady.



T is for Turbulent Teddy,  
Who never can learn to be steady.  
He'll skip and he'll hop,  
And turn 'round like a top,  
And he's broken his leg twice already.





U is Unhappy Ulrica,  
Who takes her tea weaker and  
weaker;

She sits in the dust  
And eats nothing but crust,  
And Moses, they say, was n't  
meeker.

V is for Valiant young Vivian,  
Who practiced awhile in obli-  
vion;

Till he saw, without doubt,  
He could turn inside out,  
And now they 're all boasting  
of Vivian.

W is Wise little Willie,  
Who lives where the weather  
is chilly;

But he skates and he slides,  
And takes lots of sleigh-rides,  
And he coasts on his sled where  
it 's hilly.



X, Y, Z—each is a baby  
Who is going to be wonderful,  
maybe;

For their mothers all say  
To themselves every day,  
That there never was quite such a baby.

Birch

## THE BANISHED KING.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE was once a kingdom in which everything seemed to go wrong. Everybody knew this, and everybody talked about it, especially the King. The bad state of affairs troubled him more than it did any one else, but he could think of no way to make them better.

"I can not bear to see things going on so badly," he said to the Queen and his chief councilors. "I wish I knew how other kingdoms were governed."

One of his councilors offered to go to some other countries, and see how they were governed, and come back and tell him all about it, but this did not suit his majesty.

"You would simply come back," he said, "and give me your ideas about things. I want my own ideas."

The Queen then suggested that he should take a vacation, and visit other kingdoms, and see for himself how things were managed in them.

This did not suit the King. "A vacation would not answer," he said. "I should not be gone a week before something would happen here which would make it necessary to come back."

The Queen then suggested that he be banished for a certain time, say a year. In that case he could not come back, and would be at full liberty to visit foreign kingdoms, and find out how they were governed.

This idea pleased the King. "If it were made impossible for me to come back," he said, "of course I could not do it. The plan is a good one. Let me be banished." And he gave orders that his council should pass a law banishing him for one year.

Preparations were immediately begun to carry out this plan, and in a day or two the King took leave of the Queen, and left his kingdom, a banished man. He went away on foot, entirely unattended. But, as he did not wish to cut off all communication between himself and his kingdom, he devised a plan which he thought a very good one. At easy shouting distance behind him walked one of the officers of the court, and at shouting distance behind him walked another, and so on at distances of about a hundred yards from each other. In this way there would always be a line of men extending from the King to his palace. Whenever the King had walked a hundred yards the line moved on after him, and another officer was put in the gap between the last man and the

palace door. Thus, as the King walked on, his line of followers lengthened, and was never broken. Whenever he had any message to send to the Queen, or any other person in the palace, he shouted it to the officer next him, who shouted it to the one next to him, and it was so passed on until it reached the palace. If he needed food, clothes, or any other necessary thing, the order for it was shouted along the line, and the article was passed to him from man to man, each one carrying it forward to his neighbor, and then retiring to his proper place.

In this way the King walked on day by day until he had passed entirely out of his own kingdom. At night he stopped at some convenient house on the road, and if any of his followers did not find himself near a house or cottage when the King shouted back the order to halt, he just laid himself down to sleep wherever he might be. By this time the increasing line of followers had used up all the officers of the court, and it became necessary to draw upon some of the under-government officers in order to keep the line perfect.

The King had not gone very far outside the limits of his dominions when he met a Sphinx. He had often heard of these creatures, although he had never seen one before. But when he saw the winged body of a lion with a woman's head, he knew instantly what it was. He knew, also, that the chief business of a Sphinx was supposed to be that of asking people questions, and then getting them into trouble if the right answers were not given. He therefore determined that he would not be caught by any such tricks as these, and that he would be on his guard if the Sphinx spoke to him. The creature was lying down when the King first saw it, but when he approached nearer it rose to its feet. There was nothing savage about its look, and the King was not at all afraid.

"Where are you going?" said the Sphinx to him, in a pleasant voice.

"Give it up," replied the King.

"What do you mean by that?" said the other, looking surprised.

"I give that up, too," said the King.

The Sphinx then looked at him quite astonished.

"I don't mind telling you," said the King, "of my own free-will, and not in answer to any questions, that I do not know where I am going. I am a king, as you may have noticed, and I



have been banished from my kingdom for a year. I am now going to look into the government of other countries in order that I may find out what it is that is wrong in my own kingdom. Everything goes badly, and there is something wrong at

The King consented, and they walked down the hill toward the city.

"How did the King get his sentiments mingled?" asked the King.

"I really don't know how it began," said the Sphinx, "but the King, when a young man, had so many sentiments of different kinds, and he mingled them up so much, that no one could ever tell exactly what he thought on any particular subject. Of course, his people gradually got into the same frame of mind, and you never can know in this kingdom exactly what people think or what they are going to do. You will find all sorts of people here: giants, dwarfs, fairies, gnomes, and personages of that kind, who have been drawn here by the mingled sentiments of the people. I, myself, came into these parts because the people every now and then take a great fancy to puzzles and riddles."

On entering the city,

the King was cordially welcomed by his brother sovereign, to whom he told his story; and he was lodged in a room in the palace. Such of his followers as came within the limits of the city were entertained by the persons near to whose houses they found themselves when the line halted.

Every day the Sphinx went with him to see the sights of this strange city. They took long walks through the streets, and sometimes into the surrounding country—always going one way and returning another, the Sphinx being very careful never to bring the King back by the same road or street by which they went. In this way the King's line of followers, which, of course, lengthened out every time he took a walk, came to be arranged in long loops through many parts of the city and suburbs.

Many of the things the King saw showed plainly the mingled sentiments of the people. For instance, he would one day visit a great smith's-shop, where heavy masses of iron were being forged, the whole place resounding with tremendous blows from heavy hammers, and the clank and din of iron on the anvils; while the next day he would find the place transformed into a studio.



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" SAID THE SPHINX, IN A PLEASANT VOICE."

the bottom of it all. What this is I want to discover."

"I am much interested in puzzles and matters of that kind," said the Sphinx, "and if you like I will go with you and help to find out what is wrong in your kingdom."

"All right," said the King. "I shall be glad of your company."

"What is the meaning of this long line of people following you at regular distances?" asked the Sphinx.

"Give it up," said the King.

The Sphinx laughed.

"I don't mind telling you," said the King, "of my own free-will, and not in answer to any question, that these men form a line of communication between me and my kingdom, where things, I fear, must be going on worse than ever, in my absence."

The two now traveled on together until they came to a high hill, from which they could see, not very far away, a large city.

"That city," said the Sphinx, "is the capital of an extensive country. It is governed by a king of mingled sentiments. Suppose we go there. I think you will find a government that is rather peculiar."



THE ATTENDANT SPRITE ADOPTS A NEW PAIR OF PARENTS.

where the former blacksmith was painting dainty little pictures on the delicate surface of egg-shells. The King of the country, in his treatment of his visitor, showed his peculiar nature very plainly. Sometimes he would receive him with enthusiastic delight, while at others he would upbraid him with having left his dominions to go wandering around the earth this way.

One day, our King was sitting rather disconsolately in the garden of the palace. His host had invited him to attend a royal dinner that day, but, when he went to the grand dining-hall, pleased with anticipations of a splendid feast, he found that the sentiments of his majesty had become mingled, and that he had determined, instead of having a dinner, to conduct the funeral services of one of his servants who had died the day before. All the guests had been obliged by politeness to remain during the ceremonies, which our King, not having been acquainted with the deceased servant, had not found at all interesting. Another thing troubled him: his long walks had nearly worn out his shoes, and, although he had sent through his line of communication an order for a fresh pair, he had already waited for them a greater time than he had ever waited for anything before. It took a long time for an order to go through all the immense loops in which his followers were now arranged in the city, and then to the comparatively straight line between this city and his kingdom.

While sitting thus, he perceived a Genie walking meditatively down one of the paths. Perceiving him, the Genie stopped and asked what was the matter with him. The King did not say anything about the lost dinner and the funeral, because he thought the Genie might possibly belong to the court, but he told him how troubled he was about his boots.

"You need not annoy yourself about a matter of that kind," said the Genie, smiling. "What size do you wear?"

"Eights," said the King.

The Genie clapped his mighty hands, and in a moment an Attendant Sprite appeared.

"A pair of number eight boots," said the Genie—"best leather and purple tops."

Instantly the Attendant Sprite disappeared, and the Genie, without waiting for the thanks of the King, pursued his meditative walk. In a short time, the Attendant Sprite returned, bearing on a silver salver a beautiful pair of new boots. The King tried them on, and they fitted admirably.

"I am very glad you brought me the boots," he said to the Attendant Sprite. "I was very much afraid that on the way your sentiments would become mingled, and that you might bring me a bee-hive."

"No," said the little fellow, "I am not one of the regular inhabitants of this city, and I don't mingle my sentiments much, although if I were



to do so a little, just now, it would not surprise me, for I am greatly worried in my mind."

"What troubles you?" asked the King.

"Well," replied the Attendant Sprite, putting his silver salver upon the ground, and seating himself in it, "I am afraid I'm an orphan, and that is enough to trouble me, I am sure."

"You are not certain of it, then?" asked the King.

"Yes," said the other, "I really may be certain of it. You see that we attendant sprites have no parents when we make our appearance in this world, and if we want to be taken care of, we are obliged to adopt a pair of parents as soon as possible. For a long time I had very good parents. They did not know each other, but sometimes one cared for me, and sometimes the other. But now they have become acquainted, and have actually gone off to get married. Of course, they will care no more for me. My parents are lost to me. It is especially hard for me to be an orphan, for the

world who needs as much as I do some parents to take care of him and make him comfortable on the rare occasions when he gets a chance to take a little rest."

"Poor fellow!" said the King. "What do you intend to do?"

"I must look for another pair," replied the other, "as soon as I can get the time."

"How would I do?" asked the King. "Should you like me for one of your parents?"

"You would do splendidly," cried the Attendant Sprite, springing up. "I will take you, if you say so."

"Very well," answered the King. "I will be one of them."

"I am very much obliged," said the Attendant Sprite; "and now I will look up the other one." And away he ran.

The next day the King was in the garden again, talking with the Sphinx, when the Attendant Sprite re-appeared.



"YES," SAID THE LITTLE FELLOW, "I REFUSE, POINT-BLANK." [SEE PAGE 123.]

Genie, my master, gives me a great deal of work to do, and some of his errands are very long and difficult. There isn't an attendant sprite in the

"I have got the other one," he said, "or, at least, I had her." And he began feeling in his pockets. "Oh, here she is!" he cried directly.

And he pulled out a little Pigwidgeon Fairy, about six inches high.

This small creature looked rather old for her size, and was dressed in a short-gown and petticoat, and wore a speckled sun-bonnet.

"Now I am all right," he cried. "There's a father!" he said, pointing to the King; "and here," holding up the Pigwidgeon, "is a mother! Now, then, I shall have a chance to be happy and comfortable."

Just then he stopped, and looked as if he had been struck by a chill. "Oh, dear!" he cried, "the Genie has summoned me." And he was off in an instant.

"Poor dear! poor dear!" cried the Pigwidgeon, wringing her little hands. "This sort of thing will kill him before long. He tells me he hardly ever has a minute to rest. His constitution won't stand it."

"But what is to be done?" said the King. "I suppose he has to go when the Genie summons him."

"But he ought n't to have to go!" cried the Pigwidgeon. "Is n't there some way to get rid of going?"

"I have heard," said the Sphinx, "that there is only one way of not doing what a Genie tells you to do when he is your master. You must reverse his summons."

"How do you do that?" asked the King.

"I really can not tell you," replied the Sphinx, "because I have never heard. To find out that, we shall have to consult a Sage."

For this purpose they set out immediately, the King carrying the Pigwidgeon in his pocket. They walked a long, long way before they came to the home of the Sage. In fact, they made a great circuit in going to this place, and the officer of the court who followed next to him remarked to himself that if the Sphinx did not take the King by such roundabout ways there would not be half as much walking for them all to do.

The Sage was at home, and their business was soon explained. The learned man took down some old books from a high shelf, and turned to a chapter which treated of the summonses of Genii. After considerable study and thought, he announced to his visitors that the way to reverse the summons of a Genie was to mangle his sentiments.

"There is nothing particularly learned about that," exclaimed the King. "In this city that sort of thing is done all the time."

"Nevertheless," said the Sage, closing the book, "that is the way to do it. Five drachmas of silver, if you please."

The King paid the fee, and left the house very angry. "That is a regular imposition," he said

to the Sphinx. "Anybody in this place would have told us exactly the same thing."

"Perhaps so," said the Sphinx, with a mystic smile, "but I think we had better try it."

"Indeed we must!" cried the little Pigwidgeon, putting her head out of the King's pocket. "We must do everything we can to save our poor dear from killing himself with errand-running for this Genie."

"But how is it to be done?" asked the King.

"We must think that over," answered the Sphinx.

When they reached the palace garden they found the Attendant Sprite waiting for them. He was very tired, and was lying on his back on the grass. By this time the Sphinx had thought thoroughly over the matter, and he now proposed a plan.

"The next time the Attendant Sprite is summoned," said the Sphinx, "he must go to the Genie, of course, but let him refuse to obey his commands. If that does not mangle his sentiments I shall be very much surprised. Then we shall see what will happen."

"I don't believe anything will happen, except, perhaps, that he will be punished," said the King; "but, as there is nothing else to be done, we will try it."

"Oh, yes," replied the Pigwidgeon, "we will try it. We'll try anything to save our poor dear from his dreadful life."

"It will be pretty hard on me," said the Attendant Sprite, stretching his arms and legs out on the grass; "but I suppose I'll have to try it."

It was not long before the little fellow sprang to his feet. He felt a summons from the Genie, and was off in an instant. Impelled by some invisible power he found himself in a very short time in one of the rooms belonging to the ladies of the palace. On a divan sat a beautiful and richly dressed Princess, and beside her stood the Genie.

"Go, minion," said the Genie, "to the top of yonder high mountain. There you will find a lovely garden surrounded by a crystal wall. In the center of that garden stands a rose-bush more beautiful than any bush that grows. On the bush is a single damask rose, with a great pearl lying like a drop of dew on its crimson bosom. Go and pluck that rose, and bring it instantly to this fair Princess."

"I can't do it," said the Attendant Sprite. "It's dreadfully tiresome going up high mountains, and I always cut my legs when I climb over crystal walls."

"What!" cried the Genie, turning black with rage. "Do you refuse?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, looking up at the



Genie, with his legs outspread and his hands behind his back. "I refuse, point-blank."

The Genie was so moved by rage that he turned and twisted like the smoke from the chimney of a forge. "Go back!" he cried, his form trembling until the house shook, "to whatever wretched spot you came from, and nevermore be slave of mine!"

The Attendant Sprite turned, and was gone in an instant. Reaching the palace garden he threw himself upon the grass. "It is all right," he said to his parents and the Sphinx. "I mingled his sentiments, and the summons is reversed."

"A united family!" exclaimed the Pigwidgeon, taking off her sun-bonnet, and smoothing her hair.

"Now, then," said the King, "I am in favor of moving on. I am tired of this place, where every sentiment is so mingled with others that you can never tell what anybody really thinks or feels. I don't believe any one in this country was ever truly glad or sorry. They mix one sentiment so quickly with another that they never have, so far as I can see, anything but a sort of mushy feeling which amounts to nothing at all."

"When the King first began to mingle his sentiments," said the Sphinx, "it was because he always wished to think and feel exactly right. He did not wish his feelings to run too much one way or the other."

"And so he is never either right or wrong," said the King. "I don't like that, at all. I want to be either one thing or the other."

"I want to be one thing," said the Attendant Sprite, as he lay upon the grass, "and that is comfortable. Anybody who likes can be the other."

"I have wasted a good deal of time at this place," said the King, as they walked on, "and I have seen and heard nothing which I wish to teach my people. And yet I desire very much to do something which will prevent everything from going wrong as it does now. I have tried plan after plan, and sometimes two or three together, and have kept this up year after year, and yet nothing seems to do my kingdom any good."

"Have you heard how things are going on there now?" asked the Sphinx.

"Give it up," said the King.

This very much surprised the Pigwidgeon, who was always glad to get news of any kind, and had put her head out of the King's pocket, the better to hear how his kingdom was coming on. "What do you mean by that?" she asked quickly.

"I never answer a question put to me by a Sphinx," said the King. "There is no knowing what trouble it might lead to. But I don't mind saying of my own accord, and not as answer to any question, that I have sent a good many communi-

cations to my Queen, but have never received any from her. So I do not know how things are going on in my kingdom."

"I dare say she thinks you would meddle if she tells you what she is doing. I think she must be a very wise Queen," said the Pigwidgeon. "And now I want to say that I believe that is all stuff about answering the Sphinx's questions. I am not to be frightened by anything of that sort. Wont you ask me a question?" she said, turning to the Sphinx.

"How do you do?" gravely asked the Sphinx.

"Very well, indeed," answered the Pigwidgeon.

"There!" she said, looking around triumphantly before she cuddled herself down for another nap in the King's pocket.

The party now went on for an hour or more, the King and the Sphinx walking side by side; the Attendant Sprite skipping in front of them; the little Pigwidgeon sleeping quietly in the King's pocket; and the long line of followers coming after, keeping their relative positions a hundred yards apart, and passing over all the ground the King had traversed in his circuitous walks about the city. Thus the line crept along like an enormous snake in straight lines, loops, and coils; and every time the King walked a hundred yards a fresh man from his capital city was obliged to take his place at the tail of the procession.

"There is one thing we have found out," said the Attendant Sprite, after a while, as he came down from a tree where he had been gathering plums, "and that is that resistance to tyranny is the root of joy."

"There is no tyranny in my dominions," said the King, "so there is no need of learning anything about that."

"Oh, of course not!" said the little Pigwidgeon, popping out her head, and looking back at the long line of followers who had been obliged to leave their homes and families to trudge after the King in his wanderings. Nothing was said in answer to this, and after a time the Pigwidgeon made another remark. "If you want to see a kingdom where there really is something to learn, you ought to go to the country of the Pigwidgeons," she said.

"All right," said the King. "Let's go there."

And so, under the direction of the little creature, they started to walk to her country. She wanted to go there herself, she said, and would be very glad to show them the way. In the course of the afternoon they reached the edge of a high bluff. "On the level ground, beneath this precipice," she said, "is the country of the Pigwidgeons. You can sit on the edge of the bluff and look down upon it."

The King, the Sphinx, and the Attendant Sprite then sat down, and looked out from the edge over the country of the little people. The officer of the court who had formed the head of the line wished very much to see what they were looking at, but, when the line halted, he was not near enough.

"There now, you see," said the Pigwidgeon, "is the land of my people. You will notice that the little houses and huts are gathered together in clusters, and each one of these clusters is under a separate king."

"Why don't they all live under one ruler?" asked the King. "That is the proper way."

"No, it is n't," said the Pigwidgeon quickly, "not if you want everything to go on right. You

them and govern them well, they will gradually drop off from him and go to other clusters, and he will be left without any people or any kingdom."

"That is a very queer way of ruling," said the King. "I think the people ought to try to please their sovereign."

"He is only one, and they are a great many," said the Pigwidgeon. "Consequently they are much more important. We know how to do things here, and everything goes on all right. No subject is ever allowed to look down upon a king, just because he helps to feed and clothe him, and send his children to school. If any one were to do a thing of this kind, he would be banished until he learned better. I was banished for this very thing.



THE BANISHED KING PROCEEDS TO THE COUNTRY OF THE PIGWIDGEONS.

might as well have one father for all the families in your city, and I am sure nobody would like that. In each of these clusters live the Pigwidgeons who are best suited to each other; and, if any Pigwidgeon finds he can not get along in one cluster, he goes to another. The kings are chosen from among the very best of us, and each one is always very anxious to please his subjects. He knows that everything that he, and his queen, and his children eat, or drink, or wear, or have must be given to him by his subjects, and if it were not for them he would not be anything at all. And so he does everything that he can to make them happy and contented, for he knows if he does not please

I went to see our queen one day, and I suppose I was a little airy when I saw her wearing the clothes and eating the food I had helped to give her. And so I was banished."

"For how long?" asked the Attendant Sprite.

"I was ordered to stay away," she said, "as long as my sun-bonnet was clean and my clothes were not torn. Now, I want you all to look at me," she continued, turning herself around as she stood before them, "and tell me if I am really fit to be seen. My sun-bonnet is all crumpled up from sleeping in it, and there are several holes in my short-gown and petticoat."

Everybody agreed that her clothes were certainly



soiled and worn-out enough to entitle her to return to her home.

"All right," she said; "I am going down to my people. There is a little winding path here, by which I can walk down easily. If everything is all right, I will call for the Attendant Sprite, and he shall bring you something to eat. Are you not hungry?"

The King was obliged to admit that he was. Food had been regularly passed to him from his palace, but the line of communication had now become so long that it took a great while to reach him, and was often very stale and cold before he got it. Sometimes it was spoiled on the way, and then it was not passed on any further. So the King, who had now been waiting a long time for his dinner, which probably had been started to him two or three days before, was very glad to get something to eat, although he did not think his appetite would be satisfied by the little mites of food the Pigwidgeons must live upon. But when, in a short time, the Pigwidgeon parent, in a clean speckled sun-bonnet, and new short-gown and petticoat, appeared at the bottom of the cliff and called the Attendant Sprite to come down, he did not have to wait long for a very good dinner. When the Attendant Sprite returned, clambering up the face of the cliff almost as quickly as he had gone down, he bore with him a barn-full of fresh loaves of bread, and a quantity of fruit. The loaves of bread were no larger than very little biscuits, and the fruit was like currants or elder-berries, but they were both sweet and delicious, and there was enough to give the three companions a good meal. The first man in the line of followers looked very much as if he would have liked to have had some of these good things, but he was too far away to expect any to be offered him.

Before long the little Pigwidgeon came toiling up the winding path, and rejoined her former companions. "It's all right with me down there," she said, "and my time of banishment is over. I wish you could go down to see what a happy condition our country is in. The people are so good, and so kind to their kings, and the kings are so grateful for all that their subjects are doing for them, and so anxious to preserve their good opinion, that everything is going on beautifully."

"That may be very well for Pigwidgeons," said the King, "but I can learn nothing from a government like that, where everything seems to be working in an opposite direction from what everybody knows is right and proper. A king anxious to deserve the good opinion of his subjects! What nonsense! It ought to be just the other way."

"It ought n't to be the other way, at all!" cried the Pigwidgeon, sharply, "and you could learn a

great deal from our government, if you chose! But you don't seem able to learn anything at all here, and so you had better go on, and try to find some other government that is better than ours. You'll have a long walk of it, I can tell you! I am going home to my people." And so saying, she ran down the little path.

The King now again took up the line of march, turning away from the country of the Pigwidgeons. But he had not gone more than two or three hundred yards before he received a message from the Queen. It came to him very rapidly, every man in the line seeming anxious to shout it to the man ahead of him as quickly as possible. The message was to the effect that he must either stop where he was or come home: his constantly lengthening line of communication had used up all the chief officers of the government, all the clerks in the departments, and all the officials of every grade, excepting the few who were actually necessary to carry on the government, and if any more men went into the line it would be necessary to call upon the laborers and other persons who could not be spared.

"I think," said the Sphinx, "that you have made your line long enough."

"And I think," said the King, "that you made it a great deal longer than it need have been, by taking me about in such twisty-ma-curl ways."

"It may be so," said the Sphinx, with his mystic smile.

"Well, I am not going to stop here," said the King, "and so I might as well go back as soon as I can." And he shouted to the head man of the line to pass on the order that his edict of banishment be revoked.

In a very short time the news came that the edict was revoked. The King then commanded that the procession return home, tail end foremost. The march was immediately begun, each man, as soon as he reached the city, going immediately to his home and family.

The King and the greater part of the line had a long and weary journey, as they followed each other through the country and over the devious ways in which the Sphinx had led them in the City of Mingled Sentiments. The King was obliged to pursue all these devious turns, or be separated from his officers, and so break up his communication with his palace. The Sphinx and Attendant Sprite accompanied him.

When, at last, he reached his palace, his line of former followers having apparently melted entirely away, he hurried upstairs to the Queen, leaving the Attendant Sprite and the Sphinx in the courtyard.

The King found, when he had time to look into

the affairs of his dominions, that everything was in the most admirable condition. The Queen had selected a few of those officials who were best qualified to carry on the government, and had ordered the rest to fall, one by one, into the line of communication. The King set himself to work to think about the matter. It was not long before he came to the conclusion that the main thing which had been wrong in his kingdom was himself. He was so greatly impressed with this idea that he went down to the court-yard to speak to the Sphinx about it.

"I dare say you are right," said the Sphinx, "and I don't wonder that what you learned when you were away, and what you have seen since you came back, have made you feel certain that you were the cause of everything going wrong in this kingdom. And now, what are you going to do about your government?"

"Give it up," promptly replied the King.

"That is exactly what I should do," said the Sphinx; and the Attendant Sprite remarked that he thought under the circumstances he would do it too.

The King did give up his kingdom. He was convinced that being a king was exactly the thing he was not suited for, and that he would get on much better in some other business or profession.

He determined to be a traveler and explorer, and to go abroad into other countries to find out things that might be useful to his own nation. His Queen had shown that she could govern the country in the very best manner, and it was not at all necessary for him to stay at home. She had ordered all the men who had made up his line to follow the King's example and to go into some good business; and, not being bothered with so many officers, she would be able to get along quite easily.

The King was very successful in his new pursuit, and although he did not this time have a line of followers connecting him with the palace, he frequently sent home messages which were of use and value to his nation.

"And now," said the Attendant Sprite to the Sphinx, "I'd like to know what I am to do for parents. Both the Pigwidgeon and the King have deserted me, and again I am left an orphan. I wish I could find a pair of permanent parents."

"I feel very sorry for you," said the Sphinx, "and I would help you if I could. If you choose, I will be one of your parents."

"Well," said the Attendant Sprite, "when I come to think of it, I don't believe I will bother myself to make any changes at present. Good-bye." And he quickly skipped out of sight.



THE RETURN HOME.



## LITTLE BEPPO.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A DULL, leaden sky. All day the snow-flakes have steadily fallen, and now, as night approaches, not a vestige of the frozen earth remains. Beppo walks wearily along, his beloved guitar held closely under his arm. He sees the lights lit in happy homes; he sees the children, with their faces pressed against the panes, watching with delight the fall of the flakes, for to-morrow will be Christmas and the snow will aid Kriss Kringle in his visit; and a sad smile lights up his dark face, for the snow that brings happiness to them brings him deepest sorrow.

As the little wanderer strolls on, he thinks of that land of mellow sunshine far over the sea, and of the happy home *he* had before his parents died; and, in contrast to this, he thinks of the home he has now, and of the wicked *padrone* who took him from his cherished country.

These last thoughts arouse him to a sense of business, and, clinking the few pennies in his pockets, he takes up his position at the entrance of a theater which is ablaze with light. Then, blowing his breath upon his stiff, cold fingers, he plays a few wild, sweet notes upon his instrument—a prelude to “Home, Sweet Home.” He watches the gayly attired people pass into the warm building, but none seem to notice the little figure shrinking in the shadow. None save the gruff, burly policeman who roughly grasps his shoulder and says: “Come, young un, move along now!”

And Beppo, utterly disheartened, moves on. It has been a poor day for business; he does not dare to go home with the few pennies he has earned; and now the stern mandate of the officer has cut off his last chance of getting more.

He pauses under a gas-lamp, and, by its flickering rays, he counts his pennies over. Just ten—enough for coffee and rolls; and he crosses over to a little restaurant, and is soon indulging in a bit of extravagance. Supper over, he plans where he shall sleep.

He remembers a box filled with straw which he has seen in his wanderings. He wends his way toward it, and, when ten strikes from the tall church-tower near by, Beppo is calmly asleep, his guitar pressed tenderly upon his breast.

Twelve o'clock. As the last stroke reels out upon the frosty air, Beppo awakes from a troubled dream.

His sharp ear catches the sound of voices, and he remains almost breathless.

“How are you going to work the job?” says some one in a hoarse whisper.

“It’s as easy as rolling off a log,” replies his companion. “The girl leaves the kitchen-window unlatched, and we’re in the house as nice as you please. Have you brought all the tools?”

“All in this bag,” rejoins the first, and Beppo, wide awake now, hears something jingle.

“Then, ho for old Howland’s silver!” chuckles the second, and the two move off.

Beppo hears their footsteps die away. He comprehends it all,—that there is to be a robbery,—and wonders how he can prevent it. The name Howland he has heard before, and he knows that he may be the means of saving much.

He arises from his cramped position, and, stretching himself, reaches for his guitar. Then, shivering as the piercing winds strike through his tattered clothing, he glides swiftly down the street—on until the bright light of a police-station greets his vision.

In broken sentences, he tells his story to the sergeant in charge, and the latter at once sends two officers out to investigate the matter.

Beppo knows that he has done his duty—he can do no more. Unnoticed, he steals out into the dark street. Two or three blocks passed, a strange feeling comes over him. The snow falls so fast that he can scarcely see before him. Sick and dizzy, he gropes his way up the steps of a private residence and falls fainting in the door-way.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Herald*, two days after, contained among its advertisements the following:

IF THE LAD WHO GAVE THE VALUABLE INFORMATION that led to the frustration of designs upon a Fifth Avenue house, will send his address to A—H—, Herald office, he will hear of something to his advantage.

And the following in its local department:

## FROZEN TO DEATH.

Yesterday morning, while Mr. John Smith, of Blank street, was searching for his paper in the door-way, his attention was drawn to a little figure half-covered by the snow. A guitar was tightly clasped in his hands. A doctor was immediately summoned and stimulants were given, but to no avail. The poor little fellow was quite dead. He was subsequently identified as Beppo, who, with his instrument, was quite well known among people of the lower district.

## AN ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.



THE MAN IN THE MOON WHO SAILS IN THE SKIES  
IS A MOST COURAGEOUS SKIPPER;  
BUT HE MADE A MISTAKE  
WHEN HE TRIED TO TAKE  
A DRINK OF MILK FROM THE DIPPER.

HE DIPPED IT INTO THE MILKY WAY,  
AND SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY FILLED IT,  
BUT THE LITTLE BEAR GROWLED,  
AND THE GREAT BEAR HOWLED,  
AND FRIGHTENED HIM SO HE SPOILED IT.



## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE NEW HOME.

THE Dushees moved into a smaller house on the Dempford side of the river, and on the first of April the Tinkhams took possession of their new home.

Rush drove his mother and Letty over from the Tammoset station in Mr. Dushee's buggy, which the boys had about decided to purchase, together with the horse, harnesses, and a good business wagon—these being among the many things the owner would now have no use for, and which, he said, ought to go with the mill.

"A pretty fair sort of a horse," Rush remarked, as he drove out of the village. "Get up!"—with a flourish of the whip. "Not a two-forty nag, exactly—go 'long, will you!—not very stunning in the way of beauty, but he 'll do till we can afford a better."

"He looks well enough, I 'm sure," replied his mother. "And why should boys always wish to travel so fast? I never expected we should be able to keep a horse at all; and such a one as this, even, seems too much—too great a blessing!"

"Oh, he 's beautiful, if he is only ours!" said Letty. "To think of keeping our own horse and carriage! It 's like a dream."

"I hope it wont all turn out to be a big April fool," said the mother, with a smile in which quivered a deep and tender emotion. "That 's what I am afraid of."

The weather was fine; nearly all the first birds had come; there was a sweet scent of spring in the air. Letty, full of girlish hopes and gay spirits, was delighted with everything; and it was easy to see that, under all her doubts and misgivings as to this important change in their lives, the widow felt a tranquil joy.

Until that day, Rush had not seen the place since his first visit, and the others had not seen it at all. It now appeared to him even more attractive than before, and he experienced the anxious pleasure of watching their first impressions as they saw the lake, the river, the mill-roof appearing among the willows above the bank, and the old-fashioned house which was to be their future home.

Letty was almost wild with enthusiasm, while in the mother's eyes glistened that happiness which is akin to tears.

"Did n't I tell you it was nice?" Rush said, exultingly.

"Oh, yes!" said Letty; "but I could n't believe it was half so nice as it is."

"It is very charming, indeed," said the mother. "What a pretty little plateau the house stands on! I did n't think I should live to enjoy a home surrounded only by the air and sunshine, with no near neighbors but the trees and birds."

"There 's Lute coming out to meet us," said Letty.

The boys had arrived with the loads of goods earlier in the day, and had been busy putting things to rights and preparing for their mother, whom they wished to spare the trials of moving.

Lute ran out, hatless, in his shirt-sleeves, his honest face beaming behind the spectacles which gave it an almost comically wise look, and stammered his joyful greeting.

"Well, M-m-mother, this is j-j-jolly! We did n't want you to come a minute before; but now we 're about r-r-ready for you."

He reached to lift her from the wagon, as tenderly as if she had been a child, at the same time ordering Rush to "t-t-tumble out." But Rush said:

"I want to drive her around the place first, and show her the mill and the river."

"All right," said Lute. "That will give us a l-l-little more time."

He ran in to give some finishing touches to his mother's room, which was the first part of the house the boys had meant to have comfortable, in order to make her arrival as pleasant a surprise as possible.

Rush drove around by the little barn, along the track toward the mill; while Letty, who had leaped from the buggy, ran on before, light and happy as one of the newly arrived birds.

Hens were squawking with lazy content in the warm sun beside the barn. A pullet was cackling excitedly within,—over a new-laid egg, Rush said,—and a fine red rooster, stepping aside from the track as they passed, crowed a shrill welcome—sounds full of pleasant rural suggestion to ears and hearts long shut up in city walls.

Then came shouts of boyish laughter, as the two youngest, Rupert and Rodman, ran out of the upper story of the mill, along the level shed-roof, to meet the buggy bringing their mother.

Rush turned out on the turf near the edge of the

bank, and stopped where they could look down on the mill and the river, while Letty skipped along the foot-plank to the seats in the branches of the great willow.

"Oh, Mother, you must come here!" she cried. "You never saw so lovely a spot!"

"Yes, yes, I see; it is all too lovely!" Mrs. Tinkham exclaimed, with a tremulous smile.

"Here's Mart," said Rush. "He and I can take you up and carry you right over there without the least trouble."

"So you shall, some time," his mother replied. "I foresee that I am to spend many happy hours in that grand old tree over the stream. But not now; I must go into the house, and see how things are getting on."

"Yes, Mother," said Mart, coming to the side of the buggy, and looking up at her with an expression which beautified his rather lank face and homely mouth. "I want you to come and look at your little nest. Drive around, Rocket!"

At the side door he took her in his arms, and, in spite of her protestations,—for, with the help of her crutches, or an arm to lean on, she could walk,—carried her through the kitchen and sitting-room (where things were still in a chaotic state) into a room beyond, where he set her down gently in her own easy-chair.

She looked wonderingly about her. It was her own carpet on the floor, her own bed set up and freshly made, with the pictures on the walls and the vases on the mantel to which her eyes had long been accustomed.

"There!" said Mart. "We want you to stay here, and try to make yourself contented, while we straighten out things in the other parts of the house. We are getting along finely with the woman we have hired, and we don't mean that you shall take a step."

"Oh, this is too much!" said Mrs. Tinkham, seeing how hard the boys had tried to make her new home home-like to her at the start. "I think there never were such children as mine."

She had to cry a little, but soon dried her eyes in her quick, resolute way, and observed:

"The poor old carpet was n't quite large enough, was it?"

"All the better," said Lute, who peered in through his spectacles to enjoy her surprise. "For if it was, the r-r-room would be smaller."

"I am so glad you are to have a good large room now, Mother!" Letty exclaimed. "We used to crowd you so in the other house!"

It was a happy thought to the widow that her daughter and five sons had always found her room so attractive; and she now looked around with pleasant anticipations of the comfort they would

all take together there on future evenings and Sunday afternoons.

"I never had the sun in my windows so before," she said. "I am afraid, boys, you've given me the best room in the house."

"We mean to make it the best, as soon as we can afford it," said Mart. "We knew you would n't like this wall-paper very well; but I hope we can have the whole house repapered and painted in a year or two."

"The figures are rather old-fashioned," said his mother; "but old fashions are coming around to be new fashions now."

"And it's awfully 'tony,'" said Rush, "to have your carpet too small for your room, leaving a space a foot or so wide around by the wall!"

"And see," Letty laughed, gayly, "what small window-panes! The Lummells, in their new Queen Anne cottage, have some just such little scrimped-up panes, and think they are elegant."

"Children, we are in style, and it seems to me this place is going to be a little paradise! I like it—I like it extremely! Did you bring in my crutches, Rocket?"

In spite of all opposition, she was presently on her feet,—or rather on her one good foot and a crutch,—stepping about the house, giving instructions, and setting things in order with her own hands.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FISH-OFFICER.

THE boys worked hard, delighted with the change, and inspired by youthful hope and joy.

They had taken the contract to supply rocket-sticks, pin-wheels, and other wooden fixtures, for Cole & Company's fire-works, and orders for toys and dolls' carriages had been secured.

The mill met their most sanguine expectations. Much of the old machinery proved to be good, and their ingenious heads and skillful hands found little difficulty in adjusting to it their own special improvements in tools and apparatus. The future seemed bright with the promise of abundant, happy, and prosperous employment.

The simple water-power was a joy to their hearts. The tide set back twice a day, and ebbing again gave, as Mr. Dushee had said, about eight hours of good running power out of every twelve. The occurrence of this period varied day after day; but they could easily accommodate their work to it, for there would always be plenty of mere hand labor to do in the intervals of flood tide and still water.

Two or three days after taking possession, while they were experimenting with the machinery, they



received a call from Mr. Dushee. He came to inquire whether they had concluded to buy the horse and wagons; and the vast landscape of his countenance brightened when Mart said they would try to have the money ready for him the next day.

"I see you are making improvements," he remarked encouragingly, as he was about to go.

to start up the wheel; but what's the use even of that? I think Lute is right."

"I've already got a plan of a gate that will take c-c-care of itself," said Lute. "To be hung by the top, so the tide running up will open it, and shut it r-r-running back."

"I had thought of something like that myself," said the former owner.

"But," he added, with the air of one giving disinterested advice, "I think you'll find it for your advantage to stick to the flash-boards. Anyway, you'd better wait awhile and see."

The boys laughed at what they called his "old foggy notions" after he was gone; and Lute declared that, as soon as he could get around to it, he would certainly have his g-g-gate.

It was not long, however, before they learned that Mr. Dushee's counsel was good.

That afternoon, a stranger in a narrow-seated buggy drove up to the mill. Rush came out of the upper story to meet him.

"I hear this property has lately changed hands," said the stranger, with an air of official authority.

"Yes, sir," replied Rush.

"Who are the present owners?"

"Well, it belongs to our family—the Tinkham family."

"Where is the Tinkham family? I mean,

the head. I suppose there is a head somewhere."

The man spoke rather insolently, Rush thought, so that he was tempted to make a laughing reply.

"Yes, there are several heads; pretty good ones, too, some of us think. The property stands in my mother's name," he added, more soberly. "But my brothers have charge of the mill and the business."

"I want to see your brothers," said the man in the buggy. "Tell 'em I am a fish-officer. I



RUSH DROVE, WHILE LETTY WENT ON BEFORE.

"A few changes seem necessary," Mart replied.

"One thing I am bound to have d-d-done," said Lute. "In place of these flash-boards, we are going to have a p-p-permanent gate."

A cloud of slight embarrassment passed over the desert of a face.

"I would n't be in a hurry about that; I advise ye to wait and see how the flash-boards work."

"It is n't much trouble, I know," said Mart, "to go and put in the flash-boards when we want

come with authority from the fish commissioners, to give due notice of the law and its penalties regarding obstructions in the way of migratory fish."

Rush did not feel like making a merry reply to that. His heart sank a little, as he said:

"That is something I don't think they know anything about." He thought of the dam. "They are in the shop. Will you come in and see about the obstructions?"

The man got out of his buggy, followed Rush into the mill, and there delivered his errand to the oldest son.

Mart received it quietly, but Rush could see that he was taken by surprise.

"Is this a new thing?" he asked.

"Not at all; we have to attend to it every year," replied the officer. "The alewives will be running up the river in great numbers soon after the middle of the month, and they must have free passage-way."

Mart was silent a moment, only a reddish suffusion of his eyes betraying to Rush that the deputy's words had struck deep.

"Come out here and see my brother," he said.

It was high water, the ebb was just setting in, and Lute was on the platform over the dam, studying the probable working of his proposed tide-gate in some preliminary experiments with the flash-boards.

He was interrupted by the approach of his brothers with the stranger.

"I guess we'll give up the idea of a gate for the present," said Mart, with his usual drawl. "This man has an argument against it. Fire it off for my brother's benefit; will you, Mr. Fish-officer?"

The deputy complied with cheerful glibness. Lute listened intently, having set the flash-boards to keep back the water. Then, having glanced at Mart's serious face, he turned his gleaming spectacles up at the officer.

"If this had happened three days ago," he remarked, "I should have said it was an April-f-fool!"

"Well, it is no April-fool," replied the deputy. "So now what do you say?"

"I say Mr. Dushee is a f-f-fraud!"

"He never said a word to one of us about a fish-way," Rush spoke up in great excitement.

"But he knows the need of it well enough, often as he has been warned," said the deputy.

"What has he done to keep within the law?" Mart inquired.

"There was only one thing to do. He has pulled out his flash-boards and let the fish run."

"But that destroys the water-power!"

"Exactly."

"How l-l-long?" stammered Lute.

"The law requires that streams shall be free for fish to run from the middle of April to the middle of June. The alewives go up into the pond to spawn. After that they descend the river again, and return to the sea."

Mart had by this time recovered from the consternation into which he had at first been thrown, and his ingenious mind was already seeing its way out of the difficulty.

"I should greatly enjoy cracking the Dushee cocoa-nut," he drawled, alluding in that irreverent way to the former owner's head-piece, "for not telling us about this fish business. But it is n't such a terrible matter, Lute. The fish go up with the tide, I believe?"

"The great mass of them," replied the deputy. "But a good many stragglers get caught by the ebb, and have to work their way against it."

"These flash-boards float with the flood-tide," said Mart, "and of course they'll let the alewives run up with it. I guess they won't be seriously hindered, any of 'em. And by the time they have spawned, and are all ready to run down again, we'll ——"

"We'll have a f-f-fish-way constructed!" broke in Lute, with a rapid stammer. "I've got it already p-p-planned."

"That will be the best way," remarked the deputy. "In case of an impassable dam, the law requires the owner to build such a fish-way as the commissioners approve; or it requires them to build it, and charge the cost to him. Dushee thought it unnecessary, and preferred to keep his flash-boards open."

He added that he did not wish to be unduly strict with any man who was willing to comply with the law; having thus performed his duty, he parted on very civil terms with the Tinkham boys, and rode away.

"We can get over this well enough," said Mart. "But, I tell ye, I was in a pouring sweat for about a minute. I believe I lost about a pound of flesh."

"I wonder if there is anything else Dushee has kept back," said Rush, still excited. "I'm afraid we don't yet know all his reasons for being so anxious to sell."

"I remember, Father used to say, 'A man always has two motives for every action, his real motive and his pretended motive,'" drawled Mart. "I'm afraid Dushee is the kind of man he meant. What I'm still more afraid of is, that we shan't be glad when we find all his reasons out."

"Anyhow," said Lute, "I'm going to have my tide-gate all the same, soon as we've b-b-built the fish-way."

As the dam was only two feet high, the fish-way—consisting of open water-boxes placed one



above the other, so connected that the alewives could easily work their way up or down through them—seemed to be a simple and inexpensive affair.

So did the tide-gate. But there was a stronger argument against that than any the boys dreamed of yet.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ODD-LOOKING SUMMER-HOUSE.

RUSH had been too busy to go off the place since the day of the moving. But, after supper that evening, he and Letty and the two younger boys took a walk.

They strolled up the river as far as the bridge, where they chanced to meet the elder Dushee returning home from Tammuset.

Rush was inwardly boiling with indignation at the man's extraordinary economy of the truth regarding the alewife business, in all his talks with the purchasers of the mill. But he controlled himself, and said quietly, in reply to Dushee's observation that 't was a pooty evenin' to be takin' a ramble :

"You never mentioned to any of us that there might be some trouble about the alewives passing the dam."

"Trouble? trouble?" said Mr. Dushee, blandly. "Why, no! for I never believed there'd be any trouble."

"You did n't know the fish commissioners would be after us, I suppose?"

Rush spoke with biting sarcasm. But the large, bland countenance remained undisturbed.

"Oh! there's been an officer around, has they? I knew 't was about time. Comes every year. It's his business. But that's all 't amounts to."

"You have paid no attention to his warning?" said Rush.

"Skurcely," Dushee replied in a confidential way. "I'd set my youngsters to watch for a few days when the fish was runnin' the thickest, and if they see the fish-officer a-comin', I'd jest pull up my flash-boards, and mabby leave 'em up till they see him go 'long back down the river. That is, if I happened to be runnin' the wheel. But gener'ly I could git along without it for a part of the time; then I'd let the fish run. The dam never was no hendrance to the alewives, and the officer knew it," the former owner added, seeing a wrathful light in the boy's eyes. "There never was no trouble, and there never need to be none."

"It seems to me, you might at least have told us of anything of the kind that might turn up," Rush replied, in a rather choked voice; for it was

all he could do to keep his anger from breaking forth.

"I s'pose I might," Dushee replied, cheerfully. "But I did n't think it necessary. There's a good many little things about the mill you'll have to find out for yourselves. If I can be of service to ye, le' me know."

Then, as Rush was walking silently away, the large-featured man repeated, with friendly persistence, "It's a re'l pooty kind of an evenin' to be takin' a ramble," and went smiling home.

The snow had vanished from the hill-sides, and the ice from the lake. It was a still evening, and the glassy water reflected the shores, the distant orchards and groves, and the rosy hues of the western sky.

The boys ran on toward the outlet, while Letty sauntered slowly, waiting for Rush.

"Oh, can't we have a boat-ride?" she called to him, looking across the river, and seeing a skiff hauled up on the opposite bank.

"That's the first boat I've seen; I did n't know there was one on the river," said Rush. "Wait here, and I'll try to get it."

He hurried back to the bridge, crossed over to a farm-house on the other shore, and was soon seen running down to the water's edge with a pair of oars.

"Go on up farther," he shouted, "and I'll come over and take you all aboard."

The current was running out, and he had to keep close by the bank and pull hard until he had succeeded in rowing the skiff up into still water. Then, making a broad circuit above the outlet, leaving behind him lovely ripples which spread far away over the pink-tinted pond, he crossed to a pebbly beach, where Letty was waiting with the boys.

Eager for adventure, they scrambled aboard, and Rush pushed off again.

"This is better than the 'boat-rides we used to have around the edge of the dirty old harbor," said Rupert.

"Oh, it is heavenly!" said Letty, who sometimes indulged in an almost too enthusiastic way of expressing herself. "Why is n't the water covered with boats? I should think it would be."

"I suppose it is too early in the season for them yet," replied Rush. "Mr. Rumney said he had only just got his into the water. That accounts for its leaking so. Look out for your feet, boys!"

"Let us row awhile, Rush," said Rupert, as they glided out toward the center of the lake, which appeared like a vast gulf of infinite depth illumined by soft and delicate hues, until broken by prow and oars.

Rush indulged them; they took each an oar,

while he assumed the place in the stern and steered, with a shingle for a rudder. Letty leaned over the bow, enjoying the lovely views.

"We'll take Mother out here, when the weather gets a little warmer," said Rush. "I promised myself that, the first day I saw the lake. Wont she enjoy it!"

"I wish she was with us now!" exclaimed Letty. "It is too much for us alone!"

"We can row back and get her," said Rodman. "Can't we, Rupe?"

"Oh, yes—it will be fine!" said Rupe.

It was not because the young Tinkhams were so much better bred or kinder-hearted than many children, nor yet because their mother's crippled condition had called out their gentlest feelings toward her, but rather, I suppose, because she made herself so sympathetic and delightful a companion to them, that they constantly thought of her in this way.

But now all at once Rush had something else to attract his attention.

"Hello! there's that odd-looking—summer-house, Dick Dushee called it."

"What! that building on the shore?" said Letty. "Nobody would ever think of making such a summer-house as that!"

"And only an idiot or a knave would call it one!" Rush exclaimed, flushing very red in the evening light. "Hold your oar, Rod! We'll run over and look at it."

Steering with his shingle, he headed the skiff toward the Tammoset shore and Dick Dushee's astonishing summer-house.

"It's built on piles over the water," said Rupert. "And what's that before it?"

"A float," said Rush. "It's easy enough to see what the building is, and the rogue must have known!"

He was not long in surmising a reason for Dick's seemingly uncalled-for prevarication. What he had learned that afternoon made him suspicious of the Dushees.

"That's Dick Dushee there, with another boy, on the float," said Rupe.

"Pull away! I want to catch him before he gets off," said Rush, lowering his voice.

"What is the building—if you know?" Letty asked, with excited curiosity.

"Nothing anybody need to lie about," Rush muttered, still with his angry flush on. "I'll tell you by and by. Dick!" he called, "see here a moment."

Dick was stepping up from the float into a large open door-way in the barn-like end of the building, when, hearing the summons, he reluctantly faced about.

"This is your *summer-house*, is it?" said Rush, sharply.

"I knew 't was some sort of a house to have fun in—in summer," said Dick, with an ignoble grin, visible in the twilight. "I've found out what it is, now."

"So have I, without any help from you," said Rush. "And, I'm sorry to say, we're finding out other things that don't reflect much credit on those who left us to discover them for ourselves."

"I don't know what you mean," said Dick.

Rush was flaming up for a fierce reply, when Letty stopped him.

"Don't have any words with him, Rocket!"

"Well, then, I wont. Not now. Hold on here a minute, boys!"

To satisfy himself with regard to the character and use of the ugly structure, he leaped to the float, mounted the steps, and entered the great door-way. In a little while he came out again, with a troubled but resolute look.

"How long has this been building?" he asked of Dick's companion on the float.

"Ever since last winter," was the reply. "They drove the piles through holes in the ice."

"Did you know then what it was for?"

"I guess so! Everybody knew. Anyhow, it had been talked of enough."

Rush gave Dick Dushee an annihilating look, but said nothing as he stepped back into the boat.

"Why, what is it troubles you so?" Letty asked, as they pushed off. "That boy told us what the house was for, when you were inside; but Rupert had already guessed."

"I should think anybody could guess!" said Rupert.

Rush declined to talk upon the subject, as they returned along the shore to the river. After landing on Mr. Rumney's bank, he told Letty and the boys to walk along to the bridge, while he returned the oars.

Having thanked the farmer for them, he said:

"Are there many boats owned here on the river?"

The farmer, standing in his open shed, filling his pipe, answered, good-naturedly:

"Wall, consider'ble many; more 'n the 'use' to be, 'nuff sight."

"And on the lake?" queried Rush.

"Wall, a consider'ble many on the lake. There's been a kin' of a boom in the boatin' interest lately."

"How so?"

"Wall," replied Mr. Rumney, striking a match on his trousers, "for years there was no boatin' here, to speak on. But the notion on 't has broke out in a crop o' boys growin' up—a perfect epidemic.



'Specially sense the Argue-not Club was started last summer, though why they call it the *Argue-not* beats me, for I never seen anything else there was so much arguin' about."

The smile that broadened the good-natured face betrayed some consciousness of a joke. Rush, however, took the matter with intense seriousness.

"This new building over here, on the shore of the pond, is the Argonaut Club's boat-house?"

Mr. Rumney nodded as he puffed at his pipe.

Rush then said, trying to suppress a tremor in his voice:

"Has there been much trouble—about—boats passing—Mr. Dushee's dam?"

"Wall," said the farmer, smiling again, "since you ask me a candid question, I s'pose I must make a candid reply. There's been some trouble. I may say perty consider'ble trouble. They say the dam has got to go. Your folks 'll have to know it, and ye may as well know it fust as last."

Rush constrained himself to say calmly:

"Seems to me we ought to have known it a little sooner."

"'T would have been for your interest, no doubt," the farmer replied; adding, with a smile of the broadest humor: "If a man 's going to put on a stockin', and there 's a hornet's nest in it,

he 'd nat'rally ruther like to know it 'forehand—leastways, 'fore he puts his foot in too fur!"

"Naturally," said Rush. "It was the hornet's nest, as you call it, that made Dushee so anxious to sell?"

"Should n't wonder!" Mr. Rumney gave a chuckle, which had a disagreeable sound to the boy's ears. "Anyhow, he never said nothin' about sellin' 'till the Argue-nots argued him into it."

"My brothers came and talked with you before buying," said Rush. "Why did n't *you* tell them?"

"Wall, 't wan't my business. Dushee he come with 'em. Neighbors so, I did n' like to interfere and spile his trade."

In saying this, the worthy man appeared wholly unconscious of having acted in any but a fair and honorable way.

Something swelled alarmingly in Rush's throat, but he swallowed hard at it, and finally managed to say, "Thank you, Mr. Rumney."

He turned to go, paused, turned back, and hesitated a moment, as if struggling against a tumultuous inward pressure, an impulse to free his mind of some volcanic stuff. But he merely added:

"Much obliged to you for the boat," and walked stiffly away.



# The Story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold



*Together with the Doings and Diversions of Master Rauf Bulney and Mistress Margery Carew.*

BY E. S. BROOKS.

## I. HOW RAUF BULNEY SPOILED HIS CRIMSON CLOAK.

It was a breezy, sunshiny day in the early English spring—the 13th of March, 1520. The hills and valleys of Buckinghamshire lay bleak and bare, with but scant signs of the verdure imprisoned beneath. The ancestral oaks that studded the lawn and bordered the roadway before the Hall swayed and shivered in the wind that swept the Chiltern Hills and rocked the oaks and beeches of the Aylesbury woods. With jacket carelessly open and doublet disarranged, rode young Rauf Bulney across the roadway. His face was all



aglow from the exercise that had followed his endeavors to teach his fractious hobby, Roland, to leap the bars, while a reckless enjoyment of the March breezes made him careless alike of a possible throat-distemper and of his customary trim appearance.

Roland had shown so determined a disposition to shirk his duty and refuse the leap, and had arched his shapely neck so repeatedly in protest before the bars, that Rauf had satisfied himself with two or three successes, and now, holding on his wrist the cleanly made little "lanard," or falcon, that his uncle had recently given him, was on his way to test its merits. Just as he dashed across the roadway a rider, booted and spurred, passed him at full speed, his black horse flecked with foam, while on breast and back shone out in crimson and gold the well-known badge of his Grace the Cardinal.

A courier from Hampton Court, though no infrequent visitor at Verney Hall, was still ever an object of interest; and Rauf, weighing in his mind the opposing attractions of courier and falcon, decided for the courier and turned his steps toward the Hall. At the foot of the terrace stood Dick Ricroft, the groom of the stables, holding the courier's impatient steed.

Rauf wavered—the horse for the moment eclipsed the courier.

"You beauty!" he said, admiringly. "Let me try a turn with him, Dick?"

"The saints forbid!" interposed the horrified Dick. "Ride one of the lord legate's horses, Master Rauf! 'T would be as much as all our heads are worth, and I've no mind to lose mine yet. Besides," he added, "the courserman rides on to Sir John Hampden's on the hill, as soon as he has delivered his message to Sir Rauf."

"What! Hampden Manor, too? Why,

this must be some special mission. What's afoot, Dick?" questioned the boy.

"Ah, you must needs find that out for yourself," replied the cautious Dick. "'T is something touching the King's Grace and a journey to France."

"To France? Oh, glory!" and the impetuous youth, aflame with a new excitement, bounded up the terrace and dashed into the great wainscoted hall, where, at the middle table, sat the Cardinal's courserman—a barley loaf and a dish of "wardens," or baked pears, before him, his face half-buried in the great pot of ale with which he was washing down his hasty lunch.

"Well, how now, how now, young hot-head?" came the deep voice of the boy's uncle, and, checking his impatience, Rauf walked slowly up to where, near the dais, stood his uncle, Sir Rauf Verney, papers in hand and a perplexed expression on his face.

"What's astir, sir?" asked young Rauf, with the privilege of a favorite, as he leaned against the dais and glanced into his uncle's face.

"Bide a bit, Sir Malapert," said his uncle beneath his voice, adding, as the courier rose from the long table and wiped the ale from his heavy mustache: "Art refreshed, good Master Yeoman?"

"Fully; thanks to your worship," was the reply.

"I must now hasten on to Hampden Manor."

"Say to your master, the Lord Cardinal," said Sir Rauf, "that

the commands of the King's Highness shall have my proper obedience;" and, court-



THE COURIER OF THE CARDINAL.





WATCHING TO SEE  
KING CHARLES  
GO BY.

A WINDOW  
AT DOVER  
IN 1520.

ously conducted to the door and down the terrace, the courserman sprang to his saddle, doffed his bonnet in adieu, and the black horse sped down the roadway like an arrow.

"Well, Anne?" was all that Sir Rauf said, as he came back and looked to his wife for counsel.

"'T is the King's command and the Cardinal's wish. I suppose it must be done," said Lady Anne Verney, smoothing the folds of her satin kirtle.

"'T will cost a pretty peck of angels," said Sir Rauf, somewhat ruefully, as he stroked his long brown beard.

"But the honor of England and the Verneys, Sir Rauf!" interposed the Lady Anne.

"Yes, yes, I know," said her husband; "needs must when the King wills. But as to my following," he added, musingly; "'ten persons well and conveniently appareled and horsed'"—then, suddenly, "Rauf, would'st like to go to France?"

Respectful silence in the presence of one's elders was enforced by something more than words in those early days, and Rauf, though inwardly chafing at being so long kept in the dark, dared not ask for information. So, when his uncle's quick question came, the boy as quickly answered: "To France? Oh, Uncle! When?"

"That means yes, I suppose. Here, my boy, make test of Master Bolton's teaching on this paper," and he handed Rauf a billet on which ran the address: "*To our trusty and well-beloved Sir Rauf Verney, Knight.*"

Thanks to the careful tuition of Master Bolton, the chaplain at the Hall and a well-furnished scholar from the Oxford schools, Rauf could at least spell out enough of the billet to understand that it was a summons from the Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Chancellor of England, through the hand of

Thomas Ruthal, Bishop of Durham, and Secretary of State, commanding "*Sir*

*Rauf Verney to await upon the King's Highness with*

*a following of ten able and seemly persons, well and conveniently appareled and horsed; the same Sir Rauf Verney to appear, as to his degree and honor belongeth, at the camp in the marches of Calais, between Guisnes and Arde, in the month of May, and at the time of meeting between the King's Grace and the French King.*"

All the boyish curiosity, the love of excitement, and the delights of anticipation that lived in the heart of our young English Rauf of three and a half centuries ago, even as in the equally impetuous natures of our English and American boys of to-day, were stirred to their depths as he took in the meaning of the royal summons, and he turned a joyously expectant face to his uncle.

"Yes, yes," responded Sir Rauf Verney, with a smile, to his nephew's unasked question. "'T is a royal command and admits of no refusal. And you, Rauf Bulney, page, shall go 'well and conveniently appareled' as squire to the body in the following of Sir Rauf Verney, Knight."

"But just where are Guisnes and Arde, Uncle?" queried the boy.

"Tut, tut, lad; shall we jog your truant memory or Master Bolton's lagging work?" said the knight. "They lie, both, in the marches of Calais, in the valleys between our English town of Calais and the glorious field of Agincourt. This Guisnes is a town and castle in English territory, and Arde is a town and castle in French territory. They stand scarce two leagues removed from each



other. Though how these castles will serve for convenient and proper lodgings for the Kings' Highnesses passes my fathoming. I mind me that on my last return from Flanders, now nigh two years since, I went with my Lord Fitzwater over the castle of Guisnes, and found it wretched enough—its moat dry and weedy, its battlements dismantled, its keep ruinous and crumbling. And as for the French castle, they made equal poor report—the town long since in ruins, the castle desolate and impaired, its fosse choked and useless, its donjon untopped, its walls torn with breaches."

"A sorry place for a royal interview," said Lady Anne; "but will not due care be taken to make them presentable?"

"Trust the Lord Cardinal for that," replied Sir Rauf. "Where so lavish a hand commands, small doubt is there as to great results. His Grace's courserman tells me that nigh twelve hundred workmen have been dispatched to Sir John Petchie, deputy of Calais, under orders to Lord Worcester, the commissioners, and the chief artificer."

"But what is it all for, Uncle—this interview between our King's Highness and the King of France?" asked young Rauf, who with ready ears had drunk in all his uncle's words. Ignoring Sir Rauf Verney's long explanation, half-politics, half-rumor, and all glorification of his liege and King such as he, born courtier, gallant soldier, and true Englishman, could not help giving, we may condense Rauf's acquired information into a few words.

Three young men, Henry Tudor, of England, aged twenty-eight, Francis d'Angoulême, of France, aged twenty-five, and Charles von Hapsburg, of Spain, aged nineteen, at that day swayed the destinies of the Christian world as monarchs of their respective countries. The imperial throne of Germany, then known as "the holy Roman Empire," becoming vacant in 1519, by the death of the Emperor Maximilian, these three young kings, each with distinct but varying claims, asserted their right of election to the vacant throne. On the 18th of June, 1519, the electors of Germany rendered their final decision, and the younger of the three competitors, himself scarcely more than a boy in years, ascended the imperial throne as the Emperor Charles the Fifth—the mightiest monarch in Christendom. Henry of England, aware of the hopelessness of his claim, had already withdrawn from the contest; but his neighbor, Francis of France, brilliant, chivalric, handsome, and brave, but royally self-willed and impetuous, chafed under his defeat, and sought to weaken the power of his successful rival by an alliance between those two inveterate enemies, France and England. Thomas Wolsey, the son of the honest butcher of Ipswich, was now Cardinal Archbishop of York,

legate of the Pope and Lord Chancellor of England, mighty in influence with his master the King, feared and flattered by all the courts of Europe. He received with approval the propositions of Francis looking to an interview between the kings of France and England, and, gaining the consent of Henry, sought to make this interview such an occasion of splendor and ceremonial as should delight their majesties and gratify his own love of display. By it, too, he hoped to increase his power over both courts and thus advance himself toward the prize he coveted—the throne of the Pope, then the highest attainable dignity in the Church and the world.

To make this royal interview, then, imposing in its ceremonial and splendid in the magnificence of its display, all England and all France labored and lavished, struggled and spent, managed and mortgaged until, as one of the old chroniclers expresses it, "many lords bore to the meeting their mills, their forests, and their meadows on their backs."

So much for the political history. To young Rauf Bulney, however, as he watched the preparations that for two months kept the household at Verney Hall in continued bustle and action, the desires of kings and the ambition of cardinals went for but little. For him two realms were excited, two nations disturbed, in order that a fresh and healthy young English boy of fifteen years, Rauf Bulney by name, might go to France in grand style and feast his eyes on glorious sights and royal profusion.

At last the eventful time arrived, and in the early morning hours of Wednesday, the 16th of May, 1520, Sir Rauf Verney, with Master Rauf Bulney, his squire, Master Bolton, his chaplain, with color-man, archers, and bill-men, all picked from the very flower of the Verney tenantry, resplendent in new liveries and displaying the Verney arms, bade good-bye to Lady Anne and the Hall, and, while roadways and forest were sweet with the breath of an English spring, the Verney following passed over the Chiltern Hills and through pleasant English meadows, to London first, and thence on to Dover. Not the least happy in that train was our friend Rauf, with a pardonable pride in the possession of three rich suits, and a happy consciousness that he looked quite as nicely as he felt.

At Dover, the straggling, stuffy little town of three hundred years ago, they found a great crowd of nobles and gentlemen, with their attendant trains; while the valley of the Dour and the slopes of the chalk hills were white with tents and gay with streamers. Here, by the orders of the Lord Chief Marshal, the Earl of Essex, Sir Rauf Verney's following was joined to that of the Earl

of Dorset. Sir Rauf himself was ordered to attend the Cardinal at the immediate reception of "the elect King of the Romans," otherwise the Emperor Charles the Fifth. For that enterprising young monarch, knowing full well the excessive courtesy and winning manners of the French King, sought to gain an advantage over his rival by a prior meeting with Henry of England. And so, hurrying from Barcelona with "only sixty ship and the Queen of Arragon," he met the English King at Dover before he had crossed to France.

"Is our King's Grace, then, so wondrous great that this mighty Emperor fain must sue to him?" Rauf asked his uncle when he heard the summons; even his boyish enthusiasm for his King being unable to grasp this wonder of the "Monarch of Christendom" doffing his bonnet to an island prince.

"Ah, my lad," replied his thoughtful uncle, "the King of the Romans sees far and shrewdly. An alliance between our King's Highness and him of France would threaten a mighty breach in King Charles's great dominions. Besides, our noble King of England, so my Lord Bishop of Worcester writes from Rome, 'is in great reputation in Christendom,' and none know this better than the King Catholic. See now, my boy, what kingship does for a man. This young King Charles is scarce four years your elder; but, ah! it's an old, old head on green shoulders."

So reasoned the cautious courtier, and so young Rauf accepted it; and, next morning, stood for hours at the door of his lodging to see this boy Emperor ride by with the English King on the way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury—"the more to solempne the feast of Pentecost," says the old chronicle. What Rauf really saw was a spare young man of medium height, with pale face and heavy under-jaw, with hooked nose and small, irregular teeth, plainly dressed, as compared to the magnificence of England's kingly King, by whose side he rode. But what Rauf could not see in that quiet face was the deeper purpose that, even then, told of great possibilities, as fitted the man who, for forty years thereafter, held an imperial scepter in an imperious grasp.

Four days passed, and then, the Emperor's visit over, on the 31st of May the King of England, with his Queen and court,—above five thousand persons and nearly three thousand horses,—crossed from Dover to Calais. Standing in the bow of the stanch little "Maglory," one of Miles Gerard's stoutest hoys,—a small sloop-rigged vessel used for coasting work,—Rauf watched with interest the embarkation. The white chalk cliffs of Dover shone in the morning sun, the foam-capped waters of the Straits glistened and sparkled, while a host

of small craft, bright with pennons and colors, scudded before the wind out from the shadow of Dover Castle, dipping and bobbing over the choppy waves toward the opposite port of Calais. In the midst of the fleet, gay with the fluttering decorations of St. George's cross, the Tudor dragon, and the Tudor rose, sailed the royal transport, the "Katherine Pleasance."

Just as the "Maglory" rounded in behind the "Katherine," a sudden puff of wind and a choppy sea drove her hard against the stern of the royal vessel. There was a bump and a loud crash, and Rauf saw a young girl, whom he had already noticed as one of a merry group of ladies, topple over with the shock, and fall from the deck of the "Katherine" into the waters beneath. A shriek from the ladies on the King's vessel, a sudden wearing off on the part of the "Maglory," and then, impetuous as ever, as heedless of the consequences as of his satin doublet and his crimson cloak, his gold-embroidered hose, and his boots of Spanish leather, off from the bow of the "Maglory" jumped Master Rauf in aid of the drowning girl. A strong stroke and a ready eye, which much practice in his home streams had given him, stood him well in need; stout ropes and sturdy arms trailed over the lee of the "Katherine," and the girl and her rescuer were soon on deck, the one limp and faint from her peril, the other well enough in body but sorely damaged as to his gala dress.

"A trim young gallant and a brave! Whom have we here as the savior of our fair but unsteady maiden?" asked a deep, rich voice, and looking up, Rauf found himself in the midst of a gayly dressed group of lords and ladies, the foremost of whom was a man of tall and commanding appearance, well built, and stout almost to heaviness, with pleasant face, a fresh and ruddy countenance, and a short, golden beard and kindly smile, the very picture of health, imperiousness, and royal grace—Henry the Eighth, King of England.

The courtier blood of the Verneys lent grace and homage to the obeisance with which Rauf accompanied his answer to the King's question.

"I am Rauf Bulney, may it please your Grace; nephew and squire of the body to Sir Rauf Verney, Knight, in my Lord of Dorset's train."

"Ha! of our old friend Verney's stock," said the King. "And do you thus incontinently dive with equal speed to rescue the perishing, even be they not so fair to see as is our sweet maiden, Mistress Margery—eh, young sir?"

Again bending low, Rauf replied to the royal banter:

"My sponsors have taught me, my liege, that the true knight showeth due courtesy to all alike."

"A right knightly answer, is it not, my lords?"



said Henry, highly pleased. "And who, pray, after your good uncle and the Lady Anne, may your guiders be, my boy?"

"Master Bolton, an Oxford scholar, is our chaplain, your Grace."

"Ha? himself a pupil of our worthy Dean Colet—rest his soul! One of the new learning, too. We have high hopes of the youth of this present England, whose sponsors and preceptors are such as yours. But, body of me!" said the King, hastily, as his eye caught the little rills that coursed down Rauf's shivering but respectful legs, in crimson and violet tides; "here stand we chattering, and there stand you a-chattering, as well. Good Master Cary, take this young springald to our yeoman of the robes and see him suitably appareled. Thereafter will we request the Lord Cardinal, with due regard to my Lord of Dorset, and Sir Rauf, his uncle, to add him to the file of our special pages. He is a right-mannered and well-favored lad."

Rauf was shrewd courtier enough to make no reply to this promise of advancement beyond the customary low bow, and he therefore kept quiet as to his extra suits of gay clothing. "He who would rise must know when to hold his tongue," his uncle had taught him; and here seemed the opportunity to put this precept to the test.

On deck once more, dressed in a rich suit of crimson and violet blazoned with the Tudor rose, Rauf received with boyish sheepishness, not unmixed with his native courtesy, the well-spoken thanks of Mistress Margery Carew—a trim and sprightly little lass of near his own age, whose blue velvet gown, with its lining of crimson tinsel, well set off her fair Saxon face. She was the little daughter

of Sir Richard Carew, a knight of Surrey, placed by her father among Queen Katherine's gentlewomen under the protection of Lady Gray.

"And let me tell you, Master Page," said Lady



YOUNG RAUF RECEIVES THE THANKS OF  
MARGERY CAREW.

Gray, as she warmly thanked Rauf for his aid, "a sorry loss of a sprightly lass would have fallen upon us had you not so quickly taken to the water."

So, in exchange of pleasant words and compliments, of questions and explanations, the crossing to the French shore was quickly made, and all too soon, as it seemed to Rauf, the ramparts and towers of Calais lay abeam.

(To be continued.)



WORDS BY REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

MUSIC BY HOWARD M. DOW.

*Allegretto.*

SOLO.

1. In the old time, runs the sto - ry, There was once a won-drous night, When from out the un - seen  
 2. Since that day the chil-dren's voi-ces Have caught up the glad re - frain; And to - night the heart re -

glo - ry Burst a song of glad de - light; It was when... the stars were gleam-ing, Shepherds  
 joic - es That the hour comes round a - gain; And the chil - dren are our an - gels, With one

watched their flocks, and then In their wak-ing, or their dreaming, An - gels sang, "Good-will to men!"  
 loud... ac-claim they cry, Answ'ring back the glad e - van - gel's "Glo-ry be to God on high!"



## CHORUS.

SOPRANO. *f*

Mer - ry Christ - mas! Mer - ry Christ - mas! Let us make the heav - ens ring! Ech - o

CONTRALTO.

TENOR. *f*

Mer - ry Christ - mas! Mer - ry Christ - mas! Let us make the heav - ens ring! Ech - o

BASS.

back the an - gels' mes - sage, With the songs the chil - dren sing!....

back the an - gels' mes - sage, With the songs the chil - dren sing!....





HIS SEVENTIETH CHRISTMAS.

## GRANDMAMMA'S PEARLS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"MY DEAR GRANDDAUGHTERS: Before you go to meet the little trials and temptations of the coming week, I want to make a proposition. I am old-fashioned, and I do not like to see young girls in so public a place as the *café* of a great fair. Your mothers differ with me, and I have no right to dissuade you. But I have asked leave to try and keep the young heads from being quite turned, and the young hearts from forgetting the sweet old virtues—modesty, obedience, and self-denial. So I write to say that I intend to give the set of pearls you all so much admire to the one who be-

haves best during the week. Like the fairy god-mother in the story, I shall know what happens, and which of you deserves the reward. Laugh, if you will, but keep our little secret, and try to please  
GRANDMAMMA."

This was the letter read aloud by one of three young girls, who sat together in the pretty, old-time dresses they were to wear while serving as attendants in the refreshment saloon at the fair. A very select and fashionable fair, you may be sure, or Kitty, Kate, and Catherine St. John would not be



allowed to play waiter-girls in these dainty costumes of muslin, silk, and lace.

"That is just one of Grandma's queer ideas. I don't mind trying, but I know I shan't get the pearls, because I 'm always doing something dreadful," said Kitty, the merry member of the Kit Kat Club, as the three cousins were called.

"I 'd do anything to get them, for they are perfectly lovely, and just what I want," cried Kate, dropping the letter to give the kitten in her lap a joyful squeeze.

"I suppose she will find out how we spend the gold ten-dollar pieces she gave us, if she is going to know everything we do; so we must mind what we buy," added Catherine, with a frown, for she dearly loved to buy nice little things and enjoy them all by herself.

"Let us see—'modesty, obedience, and self-denial.' I think it won't be very hard to behave like angels for one week," said Kate, the oldest and prettiest of the three, looking again at the letter she had read aloud.

"Obedience is always hard to me, and I never expect to be an angel," laughed Kitty, while her black eyes twinkled with mirth and mischief, as she threw down her knitting.

"Self-denial sounds very nice, but I do hate to give up things I want, and that is just what it means," sighed Cathy, who seldom had a chance to try this wholesome virtue in her luxurious home.

"People call me vain sometimes, because I don't pretend to think I 'm a fright, when I know I 'm not; so perhaps Grandma meant the 'modesty' for me," said Kate, glancing at the long mirror before her, which reflected a charming figure, all blue silk, lace ruffles, and coquettish knots of ribbon here and there.

"Of course, you can't help knowing you are a beauty, with your blue eyes, yellow hair, and sweet complexion. I should be as vain as a peacock if I were half as pretty," answered Cathy, who mourned over her auburn locks and the five freckles on her rosy cheeks. But she had never looked better than now, in her pale green-and-white costume, with fan and mitts, and the objectionable hair hidden under a big cap, that added several years to her age—a thing one does not object to at sixteen.

"Now, I don't worry about looks, and, as long as I have a good time, it does n't matter if I am as brown as a berry and have a turned-up nose," said brunette Kitty, settling the cherry bows on her flounced apron, and surveying with great satisfaction her red silk hose and buckled shoes.

"Wont it be delicious to own a set of real

pearls,—necklace, earrings, and cross,—all on black velvet in a red case, with a great gold C on the outside! So glad our fathers were brothers and named us all for Grandma; now the letter suits each of us. Young girls can wear pearls, you know. Wont the necklace look well on me?" asked Kate, glancing again at the mirror, as if she already saw the new ornament on her white throat.

"Lovely!" cried both the others, who heartily admired bonny Kate, and let her rule over them because she was a little older. "Don't tell any one about this trial of ours, nor what we do at the fair, and see if Grandma really does know," said Kitty, whose pranks always were found out in some mysterious manner.

"She will—I know she will! Grandma is a very wise old lady, and I do feel sometimes as if she really was a fairy godmother—she knows so well what we want, and do, and think about, without a word being said," added Cathy, in such an awe-stricken tone that the others laughed, and agreed that they must look well to their ways if they wanted the promised reward.

The fair began next day, and a splendid opening it was, for neither time, taste, nor money had been spared to make the great hall an inviting place. The flower-table in the middle was a lovely bower of green, with singing-birds, little fountains, and the attendant young ladies dressed as roses of different sorts. At the art-table, maidens in mediæval costumes made graceful pictures of themselves, and in the *café* old-fashioned Priscillas and neat-handed Phyllises tripped to and fro, with all the delicacies of the season on their silver salvers. Round the walls were the usual booths, full of gay trifles, and behind them sat the stately matrons who managed the affair, with their corps of smiling assistants, to beguile the money out of the full pockets of the visitors. The admission fee was so high that none but the well-to-do could enter, so no common folk mingled with the elegant crowd that soon filled the hall and went circling around the gay stalls with a soft rustle of silks, much nodding of plumed bonnets, and a lively rattling of coin, as people bought their last Christmas gifts at double the price asked for them in any shop.

"Is n't it splendid?" whispered the Kit Kat Club, as they stood with their trays waiting for the first customers to appear.

"I 'm sure I don't see what harm Grandma could find in this," said Kate, shaking out her skirts and smoothing the golden curls shining on her temples.

"Nor I," cried Kitty, prancing a little to enjoy the glitter of the buckles in her smart shoes.

"Nor I yet," echoed Cathy, as she looked from her cousins to the nine other girls who made up the twelve, and saw in the excited faces of all something which dimly suggested to her more thoughtful mind what Grandma meant.

Just then a party came under the flag-festooned arch, and all the young waiters flew to serve their guests, for now the fun began.

Nothing remarkable happened that first day, and our three were too busy learning their duties and trying to do them well, for any thought of pearls or promises. But at night they confided to one another that they never were so tired in all their lives, for their feet ached, their heads were a jumble of orders, and sundry mistakes and breakages much disturbed their peace of mind.

Kitty walked in her sleep that night, and waked her mother by rattling the candlestick, evidently under the impression that it was her tray.

Kate kept calling out: "Two vanilla ices! Cup of coffee! Chicken salad for three!" And Cathy got up with a headache, which inclined her to think, for a time at least, that Grandma might be right about young girls at fairs.

But the pleasant bustle soon set spirits dancing again, and praises from various quarters reconciled them to the work, which was not half so much like play as they had supposed; so the cousins strolled about arm in arm, enjoying themselves very much, till the hour for opening the *café* arrived.

They all three made a discovery this day, and each in a different way learned the special temptation and trial which this scene of novelty and excitement had for them.

Kate saw many eyes follow her as she came and went, and soon forgot to blush when people turned to look, or whispered, "Is n't that a pretty one?" so audibly that she could not help hearing. She was a little shy at first, but soon learned to like it, to feel disappointed if no notice was taken of her, and often made errands about the hall, when off duty, that she might be seen.

Kitty found it very hard to be at the beck and call of other people, for she loved her liberty and hated to be "ordered round," even by those she was bound to obey. Just now it was particularly hard, for, though the presiding ladies tried to be angelic, the unavoidable delays, disorders, and mishaps at such times worried them, and some were both dictatorial and impatient, forgetting that the little maids were not common Biddies, but young ladies, who resented the least disrespect.

Cathy's trial was a constant desire to eat the good things she carried, for in a dainty way she was something of a glutton, and loved to feast on sweets, though frequent headaches was the penalty she paid. Such tempting bits of cake, half-eaten

jellies, and untouched ices as she had to yield up to the colored women who washed the dishes and ate "de leavin's" with aggravating relish before her eyes! These lost tidbits haunted her even when she took her own lunch, and to atone for the disappointment she ate so much that her companions no longer wondered that she was as plump as a partridge.

On the third day the novelty had worn off, and they all felt that they would like to sit down and rest. Kate was tired of tossing her curls and trying to look unconscious; Kitty hated the sound of the little bells, and scowled every time she had to answer one; Cathy had a fit of dyspepsia, which spoilt all her pleasure, and each secretly wished the week was over.

"Three more days of it! Do you think we shall hold out?" asked Kate, as they were preparing to go home after a very hard day, for the fair was a great success, and had been thronged from opening to close.

"I won't give in as long as I have a foot to stand on, and Mrs. Somerset may glare at me as much as she likes when I smash the dishes," said Kitty, exulting in her naughty little soul over one grand avalanche by which she had distinguished herself that evening.

"I shall if I can, but I don't want to see ice-cream nor smell coffee again for a year. How people can stuff as they do is a wonder to me," sighed Cathy, holding her hot head in her cold hands.

"Do you suppose Grandma knows all we have been doing?" said Kitty, thinking of an impertinent reply she had made to the much-enduring Mrs. Somerset that day.

"I hope not!" ejaculated Cathy, remembering the salad she had gobbled behind a screen, and the macaroons now hidden in her pocket.

"She is n't here, but perhaps some one is watching us for her. Would n't that be dreadful?" suggested Kate, devoutly hoping no one in the secret had seen her when she stood so long at the art-table, where the sun shone on her pretty hair, and Miss Wilde's ugly terra cotta costume set off her own delicate dress so well.

"We'd better be careful and not do anything very bad, for we don't seem to have a chance to do anything particularly good," said Kitty, resolving to smile when called, and to try and keep six orders in her head at once.

"I don't believe we shall any of us get the pearls, and I dare say Grandma knew it. Fairs are stupid, and I never mean to tease to help with another," said Cathy, dismally, for dyspepsia dimmed even the prospect of unlimited dainties on the morrow, and did Grandmamma a good turn, as I dare say she expected it would.



"I shall keep on trying, for I do want them very much, and I know what I can do to earn them, but I won't tell," and Kate tucked away her curls as if done with vanity forever, for the dread of losing the pearls set her to thinking soberly.

Next morning she appeared with only a glimpse of yellow ripples under the lace of her cap, kept in the *caf  *, and attended to her work like a well-trained waiter. The others observed it and laughed together, but secretly followed her good example in different ways—Kitty by being very docile, and Cathy by heroically lunching on bread and butter.

to rest here awhile, and let Alice take your place, my dear?" asked Miss Dutton as she sipped her tea, while Kate affably chatted with a bright little girl, who looked decidedly out of place behind the piles of knit shirts and Shaker socks.

"Yes, indeed, if she likes. Take my cap and apron; your dress is blue, so they match nicely. Our busy time is over, so you will get along without any trouble. I shall be glad to rest."

As she spoke, Kate stepped behind the table, and, when Alice was gone, sat contentedly down under a row of piece-bags, dusters, and bibs, well pleased to



READING GRANDMAMMA'S LETTER.

Kate felt better for the little effort, and when she was sent to carry a cup of tea to Miss Dutton, after the hurry was over, she skipped around the back way, and never looked to see if any one's eyes followed her admiringly.

Miss Dutton was a little old maid, whose booth was near the *caf  *, in a quiet corner, because her useful articles did not make much show, though many were glad to buy them after wasting money on fancy things.

"Here is a young friend of mine who is longing to stir about. You look very tired; don't you want

be obliging in such a convenient manner. Miss Dutton chatted about the fair in her pleasant way, till she was called off, when she left her money-box and booth in the girl's care till her return.

An old lady came and bought many things, glad to find useful articles, and praised the pretty shopwoman for making change so well, saying to her companion as she went away:

"A nice, well-bred girl, keeping modestly in her place. I do dislike to see young girls flaunting about in public."

Kate smiled to herself, and was glad to be where

she was just then. But a few minutes later she longed to "flaunt about," for there was a sudden stir; some one said eagerly, "The English swells have come," and everybody turned to look at a party of ladies and gentlemen who were going the rounds, escorted by the managers of the fair.

Kate stood up in a chair to watch the fine people, but without thinking of deserting her post till she saw them going into the *café*.

"There! I forgot that they were coming to-day, and now I shall not have the fun of waiting on them. It is too bad! Alice has my place, and does n't know how to wait, and is n't half so ——" She did not finish the sentence aloud, for she was going to say, "pretty as I." "She ought to come back and let me go; I can't leave till she does. I depended on it. How provoking everything is!" and in her vexation Kate pulled down a shower of little flannel petticoats upon her head.

This had a soothing effect, for when she turned to put them up she saw a square hole cut in the cambric which parted this stall from the *café*, and, peeping in, she could see the British lions feed, while a well-dressed crowd looked on with the want of manners for which America is famous.

"Well, this is some comfort," thought Kate, staring with all her eyes at the jolly, red-faced gentleman, who was ordering all sorts of odd things, and the stout lady in the plain dress, who ate with an appetite which did honor to the English aristocracy.

"That is Lord and Lady Clanrobert, and the fine folks only the people in waiting, I suppose. Now, just see Kitty laugh! I wonder what he said to her. And there is Alice, never doing a thing at her table, when it ought to be cleared at once. Cathy takes good care of my lady; *she* knows where the nice things are, and how to set them out. If only I were there, how I would sail about, and show them one pretty girl, at least."

Kate was too much excited to be ashamed of that last speech, though made only to herself, for at that moment she saw Miss Dutton coming back, and hastened to hang up the little petticoats and resume her seat, trying to look as if nothing had happened.

"Now, run if you like, my dear. I'm sorry to have kept you so long, for I suppose you want to see the grandees. Go, and tell Alice to come back, if you are rested," said the old lady, bustling in, with a sharp glance over her glasses.

Kate never knew what put the idea into her head, but she followed a sudden impulse, and turned a selfish disappointment into a little penance for her besetting sin.

"No, thank you; I will stay till she comes, and

not spoil her fun. I've had my share, and it wont hurt me to keep quiet a little longer," she said, quickly, and began to sort red mittens, to hide the color that suddenly came into her cheeks, as if all the forgotten blushes were returning at once.

"Very well, dear; I am glad to keep such a clever helper," and Miss Dutton began to scribble in a little book, as if putting down her receipts.

Presently the crowd came streaming out again, and, after making a few purchases, the English party left and peace was restored. Then Alice came flying up in great excitement.

"Oh, it was such fun! The fine folks came to our tables and were so nice. My lady said, 'Me dear,' to us, and the lord said he had never been so well served in his life, and he must fee the waiters; and after they went out, one of the young men came back and gave us each one of these delicious bonbon boxes. Was n't it sweet of them?"

Kate bit her lips as she looked at the charming little casket, all blue satin, lace, looking-glass, and gold filigree on the outside, and full of the most delicate French confectionery; for it was just one of the things young girls delight in, and she found it hard not to say, "I ought to have it, for you took my place."

But Alice looked so proud and pleased, and it was such a trifle, after all, she was ashamed to complain; so she called up a smile, and said good-naturedly:

"Yes, it is lovely, and will be just the thing to keep trinkets in when the candy is gone. These elegant boxes are what grown-up young ladies get at Christmas; so you will feel quite grand when you show yours."

She tried to look as usual, but Alice saw that something was amiss, and, suddenly thinking what it might be, exclaimed eagerly: "I truly did n't know they were coming when I took your place, and in the flurry I forgot to run to ask if you wanted to go back. Please take the box; you would have had it but for me. Do—I shall feel so much better if you will, and forgive my carelessness."

Kate was naturally generous, and this apology made it all right, so her smile was genuine as she put the pretty toy away, saying heartily this time:

"No, indeed; you did the work, and shall keep the fee. I don't mind now, though I did want to see the fun, and felt cross for a minute. I don't wonder you forgot."

"If you wont take the box, you must the candy. I don't care for it, and you *shall* go halves. There, please do, you dear, good-natured thing," cried Alice, emptying the bonbons into a



pretty basket she had lately bought, and giving it to Kate with a kiss.

This peace-offering was accepted with a good grace, and, when she had resumed her cap and apron, Kate departed, carrying with her something sweeter than the bonbons in her basket, for two pair of eyes followed her with an expression far more flattering than mere admiration, and she felt happier than if she had waited on a dozen lords and ladies. She said nothing to her cousins, and when they condoled with her on the loss she had sustained, she only smiled, and took a sugar-plum from her store, as if determined that no foolish regret should embitter her small sacrifice.

Next day Cathy, in a most unexpected manner, found an opportunity for self-denial, and did not let it slip. She had lightened many a weary moment by planning what she should buy with her ten dollars. Among various desirable things at the fair was a certain green-and-white afghan, beautifully embroidered with rose-buds. It was just ten dollars, and after much hesitation she had decided to buy it, feeling sure Grandma would consider it a useful purchase. Cathy loved cozy warmth like a cat, and pleased herself by imagining the delightful naps she would take under the pretty blanket, which so nicely matched the roses on her carpet and the chintz on the couch in her charming room at home.

"I'll have it, for green suits my complexion, as the milkmaid said, and I shall lie and read and rest for a week after all this trotting, so it will be nice to cover my tired feet. I'll go and get it the minute I am off duty," she thought, as she sat waiting for customers during the dull part of the afternoon. Her chair was near the door of the temporary kitchen, and she could hear the colored women talk as they washed dishes at the table nearest her.

"I told Jinny to come 'fore dark, and git a good warmin' when she fetched the clean towels. Them pore childern is most perished these cold nights, and I aint been able to git no blankets yet. Rent had to be paid, or out we goes, and work is hard to find these times; so I most give up when the childern fell sick," said an anxious-looking woman, glancing from the bright scene before her to the wintry night coming on without.

"'Pears to me things aint give round even-like. Some of these ladies has heaps of blankets, I aint a doubt, laying idle, and it don't occur to 'em we might like a few. I would n't ask for red-and-blue ones, with 'mazin' fine flowers and things worked on 'em; I'd be mighty thankful for a pair of common ones for three or four dollars, or even a cheap comfortable. My old mammy is with me now, and suffers cruel with her bones, poor creeter,

and I can't bear to take my cloak off her bed, so I'm gittin' my death with this old dud of a shawl."

The other woman coughed as she gave a pull to the poor covering over her thin shoulders, and cast an envious look at the fur cloaks hanging in the ladies' room.

"I hope she wont steal any of them," thought Cathy, adding pitifully to herself, as she heard the cough and saw the tired faces, "I wonder they don't, poor things! It must be dreadful to be cold all night. I'll ask Mamma to give them some blankets, for I know I shall think about the sick children and the old woman, in my own nice bed, if I don't do something."

Here a Topsy-looking girl entered the kitchen, and went straight to the fire, putting up a pair of ragged boots to dry, and shivering till her teeth chattered, as she warmed her hands and rolled her big eyes about what must have seemed to her a paradise of good things.

"Poor child! I don't suppose she ever saw so much cake in her life. She shall have some. The sick ones can eat oranges, I know, and I can buy them all without leaving my work. I'll surprise her and make her laugh, if I can."

Up got Cathy, and, going to the great refreshment-table, bought six fine oranges and a plateful of good, solid cakes. Armed with these letters of introduction, she appeared before the astonished Jinny, who stared at her as if she were a new sort of angel in cap and apron, instead of wings and crown.

"Will you have these, my dear? I heard your mother say the babies were sick, and I think you would like some of our goodies as well as they," she said, smiling, as she piled her gifts in Jinny's outstretched arms.

"Bless your kind heart, miss, she aint no words to thank you," cried the mother, beaming with gratitude, while Jinny could only show every white tooth, as she laughed and bit into the first thing that came handy. "It's like manny from the skies to her, pore lamb; she don't git good vittles often, and them babies will jest scream when they sees them splendid oranges."

As Mrs. Johnson gave thanks, the other woman smiled also, and looked so glad at her neighbor's pleasure, that Cathy, having tasted the sweets of charity, felt a desire to do more, and, turning to Mrs. Smith, asked in a friendly tone:

"What can I send to your old mother? It is Christmas time, and she ought not to be forgotten when there is such a plenty here."

"A little mess of tea would be mighty welcome, honey. My old mammy lived in one of the fust families down South, and is used to genteel ways;

so it comes hard on her now, for I can't give her no luxuries, and she's ninety year old the twenty-fust of next Jenniwary," promptly responded Mrs. Smith, seeing that her hearer had a tender heart and a generous hand.

"She shall have some tea, and anything else you think she would like. I'll have a little basket made up for her, and tell her I wish her a merry Christmas."

Then, hearing several bells ring impatiently, Cathy hurried away, leaving behind her three grateful hearts, and Jinny speechless still with joy and cake. As she went to and fro, Cathy saw the dark faces always smiling at her, and every order she gave was attended to instantly by the willing hands of the two women, so that her work seemed lightened wonderfully, and the distasteful task grew pleasant.

When the next pause came she found that she wanted to do more, for a little food was not much, and the cloak on old Mammy's bed haunted her. The rosy afghan lost its charm, for it was an unnecessary luxury, and four blankets might be got for less than that one small one cost.

"I wonder what they would do if I should give them each five dollars. Grandma would like it, and I feel as if I should sleep warmer if I covered up those poor old bones and the sick babies," thought Cathy, whose love of creature comforts taught her to sympathize with the want of them. A sudden glow at her heart made her eyes fill, her hand go straight to her pocket, and her feet to the desk where the checks were handed in.

"Please change this for two fives. Gold, if you have it—money looks more in pretty, bright pieces," she said, as the lady obeyed, wondering what the extravagant little girl was going to buy now.

"Shall I?" asked Cathy, as she walked away with two shining coins in her hand. Her eye went to the kitchen-door, out of which Jinny was just going, with a great basket of soiled towels in one hand and the precious bundle in the other, while her mother was saying, as she pulled the old cape closer:

"Run along, chile, and don't forgit to lay the pieces of carpet on the bed, when you tucks up the babies. It's awful cold, and I can't be home till twelve to see to 'em."

That settled the question in Cathy's mind at once, and, wishing the fives were tens, she went to the door, held out a hand to either woman, saying sweetly: "This is for blankets. It is my own; please take it," and vanished before the astonished creatures could do more than take the welcome money and begin to pour out their thanks.

Half an hour afterward she saw the little afghan going off on the arm of Miss Dutton, and smiled as

she thought how deliciously warm her old down coverlet would feel when she remembered her investment in blankets that day.

Kitty's trial came on the last night of the fair, and seemed a very hard one at the time, though afterward she was ashamed to have felt it such an affliction. About nine o'clock her mother came to her, saying anxiously:

"The carriage is here, and I want you to go right home. Freddy's cold is so bad I'm afraid of croup. Nurse is away, and Mary Ann knows nothing about it. You do, and I can trust you to watch and send for me if he grows worse. I can not leave yet, for all the valuable things on my table must first be taken care of. Now go, like a good girl, and then I shall feel easy."

"Oh, Mamma, how can I? We are to have a supper at eleven, and I know something nice is to happen—bouquets from the managers, because we have held out so well. Mary Ann will take care of Freddy, and we shall be home by twelve," cried Kitty, in dismay at losing all the fun.

"Now, Kitty, don't be disobedient. I've no time to argue, and you know that dear little boy's life is of more importance than hundreds of suppers. Before midnight is the time to watch, and keep him warm, and give him his pellets regularly, so that he may not have another attack. I will make it up to you, dear, but I shall not have a moment's peace unless you go; Mary Ann is so careless, and Freddy minds you so well. Here are your things. Help me through to-night, and I don't think I will ever undertake another fair, for I am tired to death."

Kitty took off her little cap and put on her hood without a word, let her mother wrap her cloak around her and walk with her to the door of the hall, giving last directions about draughts, spongia, wet bandages, and hot bottles, till she was shut out in the cold with thanks and a kiss of maternal relief. She was so angry that she had not dared to speak, and nothing but her love for her little brother made it possible for her to yield without open rebellion. All the way home she fretted inwardly, and felt much ill-used; but when Freddy held out his arms to her, begging her to "tuddle me, cause my torp is so bad," she put away her anger, and sang the restless child to sleep as patiently as if no disappointment made her choke a bit now and then.

When all was quiet and Mary Ann on guard, Kitty had time to think of her own trials, and kept herself awake imagining the pretty supper, the vote of thanks, and the merry breaking up in which she had no part. A clock striking ten reminded her to see if Freddy had taken his medicine, and, stealing into the nursery, she saw



why her mother sent her home. Careless Mary Ann was sound asleep in the easy-chair, a door had swung open, and a draught blew over the bed where the child lay, with all the clothes kicked off in his restless sleep, and the pellets standing untaken on the table.

"I don't wonder Mamma felt anxious, and it's lucky I know what to do. Mary Ann, go to bed; you are of no use. I have had experience in nursing, and I will take care of Master Freddy."

Kitty vented her vexation in a good shake of the girl's stout shoulders, and sent her off with an air of importance funny to see. Then she threw herself into her task with all her heart, and made the baby so comfortable that he slept quietly, in spite of the cough, with his chubby hand in hers. Something in the touch of the clinging fingers quieted all impatience, the sight of the peaceful face made her love her labor, and the thought that any carelessness might bring pain or danger to the household darling filled her heart with tender fears and a glad willingness to give up any pleasure for his sake. Sitting so, Kitty remembered Grandma's letter, and owned that she was right, for many things in the past week proved it, and Mamma herself felt that she should be at home.

"I shall not get the pearls, for I have n't done anything good, unless I count this," said Kitty, kissing the little hand she held. "Grandma wont know it, and I did n't keep account of the silly things I have left undone. I wonder if Miss Dutton could have been watching us. She was everywhere with her raffle-book, and smiled and nodded at us like a dear old mandarin every time we met."

Kitty's mind would have been set at rest on that point if she could have seen Miss Dutton at that moment, for, after a chat with Mamma, the old lady had trotted off to her own table, and was making the following singular entry in her raffle-book:

"C. No. 3. Ordered home; went without complaint; great disappointment; much improved in docility; evidently tried hard all the week to obey. Good record."

No one else saw that book but Grandmamma, and she read in it three neatly kept records of that week's success, for Miss Dutton had quick eyes, ears, feet, and wits, and did her work well, thanks to her peep-hole, and the careless tongues and artless faces of girls who tell secrets without knowing it.

On Christmas morning, each of the cousins looked anxiously among her many gifts for the red case with the golden C on it. None of them found it, but Kate discovered the necklace in a bonbon box far finer than the one she lost; Cathy found the pretty afghan pinned together with the cross; and on a fresher nosegay than any the managers gave their little maids, Kitty saw the earrings shining like drops of frozen dew. A note went with each gift, all alike, and all read with much contentment by the happy girls, as they owned the justice of the divided reward:

"MY DEAR: The trial has succeeded better than I thought, for each has done well; each deserves a little prize, and each will, I think, take both pride and pleasure in her share of Grandmamma's love and Grandmamma's pearls."

## A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY KATE KELLOGG.

ACROSS the blue sky together  
Raced three little clouds one day;  
The Sun they had passed at noon-time,  
The west was a league away.  
"Oh, he is so slow," they whispered,  
"So slow, and so far behind,  
We three can be first at sunset  
If only we have a mind."

They laughed to themselves in triumph,  
They took hold of hands and flew;  
But oh, what a sad disappointment  
They afterward found and knew!  
For this they had quite forgotten,  
As they hurried along through the air:  
There never can be a sunset  
Till the sun himself is there!

## THE SNOW-BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY MABEL JONES.

YES, the snow-birds had a Christ-mas-tree at our house last year—a real tree, just big e-nough for the dear lit-tle things. I'll tell you about it.

We were as hap-py as we could be a-round our own beau-ti-ful tree, when all at once Roy gave a shout, and point-ed to the win-dow. (Roy is my lit-tlest broth-er. He has love-ly brown hair, and it's banged in front and hangs way down be-hind. Mam-ma says he is the pet of the house, or that Lulu and he are the pets of the house. For Lulu looks ver-y much like Roy, and has the same kind of love-ly hair, and it's banged in front and long be-hind, just like Roy's. Only Lulu is old-er than Roy.)

Well, when Roy point-ed to the win-dow that morn-ing, he called out: "See! See! they want a Kis-mas-tee, too!" And we all looked a-round, and—what do you think? There on the win-dow-sill were four love-ly lit-tle snow-birds, look-ing in at our tree! And they would peck, peck, at the pane, as if they want-ed us to open the win-dow.

"Let 'em in! Let 'em in!" shout-ed Lulu, and she ran to raise the win-dow. But the lit-tle birds were a-fraid of her, and flew a-way.

But they did not fly ver-y far a-way—on-ly to a tree out in the yard. And we o-pened the win-dow and called, "Bird-ie! Bird-ie!" a-gain and a-gain, and tried ev-ery way we knew to get them to come in. But just then it be-gan to snow real hard, and the lit-tle birds flew down to a lit-tle, low ev-er-green, and a-way in-to the cen-ter of it, where the snow could n't fall on them.

But the best thing is to come yet. Lulu thought of it. Just when we said the poor lit-tle birds would have a real dull Christ-mas-day, Lulu shout-ed out: "Oh, I know! We'll make them a Christ-mas-tree of their own, and take it out and give it to them there in the ev-er-green."

And then Lulu got Mam-ma to cut off a lit-tle bough from our Christ-mas-tree, and she stood it up in a paper box, and packed the box all a-round with pret-ty blue pa-per, so that the bough would stand up straight all by itself. And then she hung the lit-tle tree all o-ver with bread-crumbs, and, the first thing we knew, there it was, a per-fect lit-tle Snow-birds' Christ-mas-tree!

Then Lulu and Roy put on their pret-ty, new red caps, and their warm coats, and they took that lit-tle Christ-mas-tree out in-to the yard, and up to the ev-er-green where the birds were, and they pushed the limbs a-way,



and set the lit-tle box and the lit-tle tree in a cor-ner of the ev-er-green, where it stood up straight. And—if you 'll be-lieve it—those birds nev-er flew a-way at all, but looked just as if they ex-pect-ed it all a-long! And Lulu and Roy went a few steps a-way, and turned a-round, and stood per-  
fect-ly still, and in a  
min-ute all four  
of those lit-tle



birds flew down,  
them-selves from their

and helped  
pret-ty lit-tle Christ-  
mas-tree, and were just as hap-py o-ver it as we were o-ver ours. Lulu  
and Roy stood out there in the snow and watched them ev-er so long.  
And we could see them from the win-dow, too.

We hope the same lit-tle birds will come back this year, and if they do,  
we 're go-ing to give them an-oth-er Christ-mas-tree. Would n't you?



## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Oh, tell me, children who have seen  
The Christmas-tree in bloom,  
What is the very brightest thing  
That sparkles in the room?

The candles? No. The tinsel? No.  
The skates and shining toys?  
Not so, indeed; nor yet the eyes  
Of happy girls and boys.

It's Christmas day itself, my dears!  
It's Christmas day alone—  
The brightest gift, the gladdest gift  
The world has ever known.

It's coming, my ruddy crowd—it's coming!  
It's sparkling in the air already and stirring in  
every heart. The dear Little School-ma'am is knit-  
ting the loveliest pair of striped mittens for the  
Deacon, and all the children of the Red School-  
house are playing and whispering and working  
like things possessed. There'll be crumbs scat-  
tered on the snow for my birds soon, depend on  
it—and maybe Christmas plums and goodies.

Oh! that reminds me of something.

### HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!

"CHANGED!" exclaimed Deacon Green to the  
dear Little School-ma'am, a year ago come Christ-  
mas, "I should think they had changed. Why,  
many's the time I've heard my dear old father  
tell how, years ago, when he and Aunt Mary were  
children living on their father's farm in old Eng-  
land, the least little present used to delight them.

"They were well-to-do people, too, the Greens  
were; but to find one book or a ball or a  
shepherd's pipe in his Christmas stocking would  
make Father perfectly happy when he was a boy;  
and his sister thought a box of sugar-plums, or a  
new doll, or any one pretty gimcrack, was a joy

indeed. Changed!—well, I'd like to know! Why,  
I'm told that a boy of this day, a real boy of the  
period, would consider himself a much-abused  
fellow if he did n't find on his Christmas-tree  
a ball, a six-bladed knife, a scientific top, a box  
of carpenter's tools, a printing-press, a jig-saw,  
a sled, a bicycle, ice-skates, roller-skates, a Punch-  
and-Judy show, a telephone, a steam-engine, a  
microscope, a steam-boat, a working train of cars,  
a box of parlor magic, a pistol, a performing  
acrobat, a real watch, a gold scarf-pin, gold  
cuff-buttons, a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS,  
and twenty or thirty other books, more or less,  
besides a pocket-book with gold money in it,  
and a pair of kid gloves.

"I may have forgotten something," added the  
Deacon, wiping his brow, "but, so far as I can  
make out, that's the proper thing for an average  
boy's Christmas, nowadays.

"As for the girls," the good man went on,  
raising his voice, "as for the girls—as for —"

How she did it, I do not know; but that wonder-  
ful Little School-ma'am actually stopped the pro-



ceedings then and there. So, to this day your  
Jack does n't know what an average girl of the  
present day does, might, could, would, or should  
find on a Christmas-tree.

### MORE ABOUT THE DURION.\*

HERE are two of the most interesting letters that  
have come in answer to your Jack's question  
about the durion. The returned Burmese mission-  
ary and little Paul (who is only eleven years old)  
differ just enough to show that their accounts are  
drawn from actual knowledge—and they agree  
more than enough to make us all long for a taste

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for September, page 900.



of the queer thing that is so pleasant in itself, and yet, as I'm told, takes its name from "thorn," which in Malayan is called *dury*.

#### AN EATER OF THE DURION.

DEAR JACK: I can tell you about the durion, or, as it is sometimes called, the dorean, for I have eaten many of them, and oh, how I wish I could get one now! I was a missionary for six years in Burmah, where two of your readers, Edith and Agnes, were born.

Well, about the durion. It is a fruit of oval shape, from ten to twelve inches in length, and from six to eight inches in diameter. It is of a light green color, and, when fully grown, the outer shell is covered with spines or thorns half an inch in length. These thorns are very tough and strong.

If any of your little readers will look at the seed-pod of the "Jamestown weed," or, as the boys call it, the "jimson-weed," they will have a good representation, in miniature, of the durion.

The interior is divided into five sections or compartments, in which lie rows of seeds about an inch long, surrounded by the delicious pulp, which is what we eat. Oh, the luxury of this pulp! Its delicate yet pungent flavor is almost indescribable.

The nearest approach to an imitation which I can imagine would be to take the sweetest bananas, the richest pine-apples, the most juicy of oranges, some peaches and cream, flavor the mixture with some rare spice, and you would have something which might resemble a very poor durion. It is twelve years since I bought my last durion in the bazar in Rangoon, Burmah, but its remembrance makes my mouth water as I write. How I wish I could get another!

I asked the natives why the outer shell was so thorny. They said that it was to keep the monkeys from eating the fruit. Poor monkeys! how I pity them. The only durions they can eat are the overripe ones, which fall from the trees and burst open.

One strange thing about the durion is its odor. This, to many, is offensive in the last degree; yet, strange to say, others can not detect in it anything disagreeable. As for me, I could never smell anything but a pine-apple flavor, very strong, but very appetizing; yet a dear brother-missionary declared that a durion smelled exactly like "a very dead rat, and a musk-rat at that."

It is needless to say that this brother did not like durions. I have often tried to detect the disagreeable odor, but in vain; yet I once saw a party of new residents put to flight from the dinner-table by the solemn entry of a native servant, bearing what the host regarded as the chief feature of the dessert—a magnificent durion. You say "the durion is a native of Borneo." This is true, but it grows to perfection in Southern Burmah and the Malay peninsula.

The King of Burmah sends every year special steamers to Maulmain, Burmah, to procure the most royal specimens of this right royal fruit.

The tree is a hardy one, and I think the only difficulty in raising it under glass would be to get a large enough house, as it grows about sixty feet in height.

There is, as the children say, "ever so much more" about the durion, which I will leave unsaid; but, how I wish I could get one!

R. M. LUTHER, Philadelphia, Pa.

#### A BOY'S STORY OF THE DURION.

BROOKLINE, MASS., Sept. 5, 1882.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read in the September ST. NICHOLAS that you wanted to know about an East Indian fruit called the durion. My father, who has lived out in the East Indies, told me about it, and I am writing what he told me.

He says he has seen the durion in British Burmah, and he believes it is found throughout the Malay peninsula. The Burmese are wonderfully fond of it. As the season approaches, the natives in Rangoon and Maulmain talk about the durion so much that foreigners who hear of it for the first time think the natives have gone crazy over the fruit. The love for the durion is not confined to the natives alone, for Europeans living in Burmah become mastered by the appetite, and are as eager as the natives for the first durion. The durion, as seen in Burmah, is from nine to fifteen inches long, and from seven to nine inches in diameter, and has an oval shape. It is very heavy, and is covered outside with long, sharp thorns, about as close together as those on a horse-chestnut. There are not very many durions in Burmah, and they are wanted so much that two or three rupees (\$1.00 or \$1.50) are often paid for one. Durions are usually sold before they are ripe, and the buyer carries the fruit home with a delight that one who has not seen it can not understand. Then it is hung up to ripen, generally on the veranda, out of reach of the children, who are wild for it. Now comes one of the strangest things about the fruit: as it becomes nearly ripe, it emits a horrible odor, which is so nauseating that, when my father was there, passengers on steamers in those waters were absolutely forbidden to bring a durion aboard. In a few days the fruit is ready to eat, and the outer husk comes off in regular sections, lengthwise

of the fruit. When the hull, which is about half an inch thick, is taken off, the eatable parts of the fruit are seen inclosed in a sort of pocket, formed by thin, white partitions that run the length of the fruit. The eatable part is a rich, golden yellow. It completely fills the compartment, but is itself divided into sections about two inches long, each section containing a smooth, hard stone. The fruit is eaten by taking out a section with the fingers. The taste, as my father describes it, is like the very richest custard, flavored with coffee and garlic, and smelling with the traces of the smell that it had when ripening. It is reported that some years ago the King of Burmah sent a steamer from Ava to Maulmain for a load of durions, and on her return so many had spoiled that those that were left cost him about a thousand dollars apiece. But the King and the court were satisfied to gratify their longing for durions, even at that price. — Your constant reader,  
PAUL C. WEST.

#### DO ANSWER THIS FELLOW!



#### THE JABBERWOCKY.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2, 1882.

DEAR JACK: Please tell me if "Jabberwocky," mentioned in that poem in the ST. NICHOLAS, is a book, and who wrote it, and what it means, and if English-speaking children can understand it?

I will look in your pages for your answer. I know other children all over the country will be glad to know, unless they are better informed than

ROSE BARROWS.

Well, well! Jack thought everybody knew about the Jabberwocky! Now, my dear little snarks—I mean chicks—who'll tell Alice—I mean Rose—about the Looking-Gl—I mean Jabberwocky?

## THE LETTER-BOX.

"OH, THAT COMPOSITION!"—ST. NICHOLAS SUBJECTS.

If, at first, we had any doubts that teachers and school-boys and school-girls all over the land would welcome our plan of suggesting to our readers four subjects for school compositions each month, we certainly have none now. From all parts of the country the response of the young folk and their instructors has been so hearty that we feel ourselves fairly enlisted in a common cause. A great many compositions have been received at the ST. NICHOLAS editorial rooms, some of them admirable, and almost all showing painstaking and a careful study of the picture offered as a theme.

Next month we shall print the composition that seems to us to be the best, and, on the whole, the most likely to interest the majority of our readers. Meantime, we thank the young writers heartily, and congratulate them upon their zeal and voluntary industry. We do not propose to criticise these scores of compositions. If our suggestion has been carried out, nearly all of them, by this time, have been presented in school to the respective teachers of the writers, who are better able than we to note the excellences, point out the

defects, and give needed advice and instruction. In future, we do not ask even to see the manuscripts, excepting when we offer a picture in connection with a subject. Then we shall be glad to see the compositions, with the view of selecting one for publication. And we should like very much if, in writing compositions, all who choose the ST. NICHOLAS subjects will let us know of the fact. It will be a pleasure to know that hundreds of boys and girls in this wide country and elsewhere are taking new interest in what is often a trying part of their school labors, from the fact that they are writing in concert, and "wrestling" with similar points and difficulties.

This month, the subjects offered to you, with the compliments of ST. NICHOLAS, are:

IF I HAD \$1,000, WHAT WOULD I DO WITH IT?

COASTING.

TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

MY FAVORITE BOOK.

THE report of the Agassiz Association is unavoidably crowded out of "The Letter-box" this month, but a partial report will be found upon page 12 of the advertising department, just before the frontispiece. We are very sorry to have to omit some of the most interesting letters, but they will be included in the report printed in the January number.

## TO THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA.

THE Longfellow Memorial Association has been organized in Cambridge, Mass., to provide a suitable memorial to the poet near his old home. There is a piece of land opposite the house in which he lived, which was kept open during Mr. Longfellow's life-time, that he might have a free view of the Charles River and the hills beyond. It was in a room looking out upon this favorite scene that he wrote "Excelsior," "The Children's Hour," "Maidenhood," and other poems which have made his name dear to the young, and the Association aims to buy the land, lay it out as a garden, build there a memorial to the poet, and keep the place, so endeared by association, forever open to the public.

The contribution of one dollar or more makes one an honorary member of the Association; but, in order to give the children throughout America a share in this memorial, the Association invites contributions of ten cents. In order that it may be made easier to collect and forward these gifts, teachers and superintendents are requested to act as agents. For every ten such subscriptions a package of ten memorial cards will be mailed to the address of the sender, to be distributed to the several contributors. The card contains an excellent portrait of Mr. Longfellow, a view of the house in which he lived, and one of his poems in a fac-simile of his handwriting. It is also thought that a package of these cards may sometimes be found an acceptable and appropriate present from teachers to scholars.

Contributions should be sent to John Bartlett, Treasurer, P. O. Box 1590, Boston, Mass. Single cards will not be sent.

## NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if the picture of Dorothy Reed in the October number was taken from a photograph. If it was, does she live in New York? All the boys that I know, who have seen the engraving, have fallen dead in love with her, including myself, and all the girls think she looks "just too awfully sweet." I think that it is the loveliest portrait of a girl I have ever seen anywhere.—Yours truly,

E. F. P.

E. F. P.—Dorothy's picture came to us all the way from England. It is an excellent likeness, however, and the original is living in ——. But no; eighty thousand boys would be too many admirers, and if they all should try to call on New Year's Day, what would poor Dorothy do! Besides, E. T. might object to our giving the lady's address to so many boys.

## ABOUT A GOSSAMER-LIKE VEIL.

## BEAVER FALLS, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing an article in the September "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" about woven wind reminds me of an article I read about a fabric of the same kind which was made in Greece. A lady once had a wedding-veil of such length that it would trail upon the ground for several yards. Yet a case representing an English walnut would contain it; but it would not unless folded in the same manner as the workman had folded it.

A. H.

We printed in "The Letter-box" of last month a copy of a page from the new edition of ST. NICHOLAS in Arabic, and a brief item telling how the translation came to be made. But the Rev. H. H. Jessup, in a letter written since the issue of the November number, gives so many interesting facts in connection with the Arabic edition that we must present to our readers the following extracts from his letter:

\* \* "Concerning the Arabic ST. NICHOLAS, we have published several illustrated books in Arabic during the past ten years, but none of exactly this style, and no illustrated book has ever been printed in Arabic equal to this in the character of its cuts, its superior paper, and execution. It was designed, as was the 'Baby Days' in English, for the Arab babies. The learned among the Arabs look with horror upon the attempt to bring down the stately Arabic to the comprehension of children, but we believe in Syria that it can be done; and Moallim Hourani, one of the best Arabic scholars of our time, thinks that the Arabic can be correctly written and yet be made simple enough for the youngest readers.

"The printing of this, as well as the binding, was done at the American Mission Press, in Beirut. The paper came from the establishment of Messrs. Smith & Meynier, at Fiume, on the Adriatic. The type is all cast at our Beirut American Type Foundry, by native Arab workmen.

"I took the liberty to add to the original articles translated from ST. NICHOLAS several of the Mother Goose rhymes, such as 'Old Mother Hubbard,' 'The House that Jack Built,' and others, besides introducing several of the ancient original Arab nursery rhymes, which are not inferior in beauty to anything in the English language.

"The edition was printed just before I left Beirut, and the copy sent to you was the first one bound. I showed a copy to the American missionaries in Egypt on board the steamer in the harbor of Alexandria, June 10th, and they expressed their approbation of this juvenile literary undertaking. There are now about 15,000 boys and girls in Christian schools in Syria and Palestine; and now that the Egyptian war has ceased, and order is being restored, I doubt not that there will be an increasing demand for a children's literature in the Arabic language."



DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: ST. NICHOLAS will be as happy as any of you this Christmas. In fact, every day in the year is a small Christmas to him, since every day brings a score or more of your eager, affectionate letters. If you could see them all, you would own that only a very solemn and preoccupied saint could help being made happy by them. And we can not resist the temptation to print a few of these letters here, though it is almost like trying to show you the sea in a water-pail. However, the pail of water would represent the sea, and so, if you'll just remember that each of these charming letters counts for a hundred more very like it, you'll understand what a great big flock of little joys it is that comes flying in to ST. NICHOLAS from the post-boxes day after day.

We are only sorry that we can not print all the letters, but that would require a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS. And we must see that the young friends who write from far away are not slighted in the few here given. So, we'll begin with two letters from the other side of the world:

ST. GERMAIN EN LAYE,  
26 RUE DE PONTOISE,

June 9, 1882.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Christmas Papa subscribed for your magazine, and I think it is so interesting that I hope he will get it for me next year. In December I crossed the ocean, and came over here. I have been traveling, and have visited the Littoral of France, Northern Italy, and Madrid. And when I was fatigued I would read ST. NICHOLAS.

My sister Minnie will soon commence to read it, too, I hope. I always wait with great impatience for the next number. I was so happy this morning, when I received the June number! I have already read half of it to-day.

From your constant reader, NETTIE M. T.

VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to tell you that we got a copy of the ST. NICHOLAS in London, and, although it has a different cover, inside it is the same old friend that we have known so many years in America and hope soon to see again.

Your friend, NETTIE F. LITTLE.

And here is a letter which comes from a place almost as far away, but in the opposite direction. It was written at Fort Apache, Arizona.

FORT APACHE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father is an army officer. We see lots of Indians every day. At first we were a little frightened to have the squaws come in the houses, but we are used to it now. There was an Indian battle here last year. I guess you read about it in the papers. General Carr was in command. My papa was wounded; he is well now. I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and watch for it every month. We have no schools out here. I think "Donald and Dorothy" is an elegant story. This fort is up in the mountains, with still higher ranges above it. It often rains down here and snows up in the mountains. I must stop now.

Your constant reader, MAE G.



"I DON'T GET VERY LONESOME."

Next, from the "piny woods" of Florida, comes this lovely message of C. D. R's.:

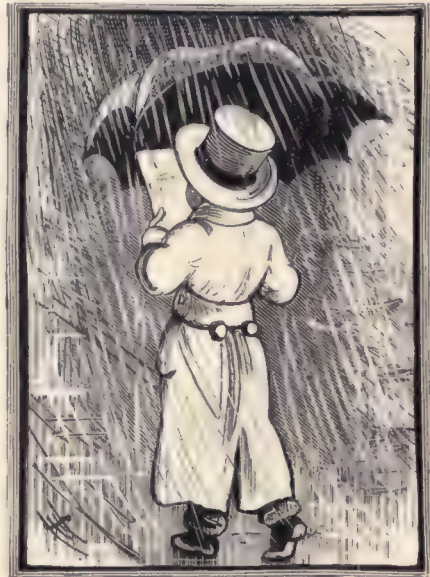
FORT MASON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter and tell you that I think all the pieces in ST. NICHOLAS are just splendid.

ST. NICHOLAS could not be any better, I don't believe. It is the best magazine for young people I have ever seen, I think.

ST. NICHOLAS is sent to me as a Christmas present from a very kind auntie of mine. I don't know what I should do without it. I live in the piny woods of Florida. The nearest little girl that I have to play with lives nearly two miles away, but I don't get very lonesome. I look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the day that brings ST. NICHOLAS to me.—Yours truly,

C. D. R.



"THERE IS N'T A DRY PAGE IN IT."

And here is another letter from the sunny South, this time from a mother:

RIPON, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little girl nine years old who is, as are all the "brothers and sisters" (and her "cousins and her aunts"), a devoted friend and admirer of ST. NICHOLAS. The magazine has been a valued member of the household for eight years. I wonder sometimes if he fills as important a position in any other. Here he is physician as well as instructor and playfellow; for, when Elsie's carache gets very bad she begs, "Please, Mamma, get ST. NICHOLAS and read a story, then I won't mind the pain"; and last summer, when Nannine, another daughter, had to lie for weeks in a darkened room, with bandaged eyes, her chief comfort was to have me ask her the hard questions in the Riddle-box, or read over and over Miss Alcott's charming stories. Even black Frank, our boy-of-all-work, thinks he can polish the shoes better if I let him bring his box and brush to the parlor door (you know the Southern custom of sitting with open doors) while I read aloud from ST. NICHOLAS. And I, myself, am most grateful to this children's friend for its help in the nursery.

P. V. B.

Blanche B. knows some other grown people who like to read ST. NICHOLAS:

BALTIMORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking ST. NICHOLAS for six years, and can hardly tell you how much we have enjoyed it.

When Papa brings it home we all make a rush for it, to see which can get it first, and its contents are enjoyed both by the grown people and the little folks.

I think it only justice to say that the ST. NICHOLAS is the most perfect magazine in existence.

With many kind wishes for the future prosperity of the ST. NICHOLAS, I remain, yours sincerely, BLANCHE B.

From the host of letters from Illinois we can give only this one:

ENGLEWOOD, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your dear magazine from the very first number; and really now, it does n't seem as if we could possibly get along without you.

There are four of us—two boys and two girls. I am the oldest and my little brother Allie is the youngest. We have enjoyed the stories

all the time, especially those by Miss Alcott, "Under the Lilacs," and "Eight Cousins." We have had all our numbers for each year bound, and they make quite a library.

There are very many of the stories that we read again and again. There was a picture published in the Letter-box, in one of the numbers a year or two ago, of a little negro boy with a brick lying at his feet. This legend was at the foot of the picture:

"This figure is a nigure.  
Made sick by a brick."

Little Allie used to get the book with that in it, and hunt till he found that picture. Almost before he could talk plain, he would sit on the floor and point first to the "nigure," and then to the "brick," until he actually soiled the picture, and you could see the print of a finger on the brick, and on the little darkey boy's face.

Each number seems as good as can be, and yet, the next is sure to be better. In the Letter-box for June, 1881, there were two letters telling how two people succeeded in the magic dance, spoken of in the March number of the same year. We tried it and made it a success. It was quite amusing. We had to try two or three times before we got the glass the right distance from the table; but when we *did* the figures danced merrily.

About the time we expect the ST. NICHOLAS, the first thing that Papa hears when he comes from up-town is, "Has n't the ST. NICHOLAS come yet?" And when it does come, we are all eager for the first look at it.

Your constant and affectionate reader, JENNIE.



"JOLLY YARN, THAT!"

May K.'s letter comes from Pennsylvania, and is too good to lose:

SCRANTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much, and so does my teacher—at least I think she does, because she lets us use it to read in school instead of a Reader, which is ever so nice. I attend a lovely little school which is held up in the tower of a house. We four little girls in the tower call it "Bellevue Tower," because there is a beautiful view from it. But there are some things around Scranton that spoil the scenery very much, I think: they are black mountains. Perhaps some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS have never seen them. They are made of immense piles of culm, that look very impudent as if trying to make themselves seem as high as mountains.

We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since it was started. My sister, who is now a young lady, was the first one in the family who took it; and now, it has been handed down to us younger members. Did you ever hear of the little girl in England who, when her mother told her that American children were whipped when they were naughty, replied: "I am sorry for them if they have to be whipped, but then I don't think they can have so bad a time, after all, because they have the ST. NICHOLAS there."

Three cheers for the ST. NICHOLAS! Your little friend, MAY K.

An enterprising boy of Western New York has this to say:

ELLINGTON, CHAUTAUQUA CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since I was six years old, and the longer I take you the better I like you. I take several magazines and papers, but ST. NICHOLAS is the best of all. Of all the continued stories that ever appeared in ST. NICHOLAS, I like "Jack and Jill" the best. I can sympathize with Jack in his passion for stamp collecting, but I like to collect coins and minerals better than that. Minerals and fossils are very numerous about here, and I have a good collection. We have a Chapter of the A. A., of which I am the secretary.

Your faithful reader,

WILLIE H. VAN A.

New York City sends us a multitude of letters, and we are very sorry that room can not be made for more than one. But that one is from a girl of nineteen years, who, we are glad to see, belongs to the host of older readers who say they will never get too old to read ST. NICHOLAS.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been meaning to write you for a long time, to say how much I have always enjoyed you. The talks with the dear Little School-ma'am and Jack-in-the-Pulpit are especially interesting to me; please be sure and give them my love. Though I am nineteen years old, still I don't feel a bit "grown-up," and love the stories as much as ever. I wish Miss Alcott would write another story. I like hers so much. All her characters are so natural. A favorite amusement of mine is looking for people from the "book world" when I am out, and often I meet Jo, Laurie, and Amy from "Little Women" (one of the loveliest books in the world), and Rose, Mac, and Uncle Alec from "Eight Cousins." I have taken you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, since the commencement, and I think if you could see all my bound copies in the book-case, you would know, by the mutilated covers, they had been read and re-read by us all. I have written a long letter now, so will say goodbye, you dear old ST. NICHOLAS.

Your loving and constant reader,

JULIE B.

And next—But no! We have hardly dipped into the mass of welcome and cheering missives, and should like to follow with scores in addition to those given above. But already our allotted space is filled. "Jennie," "Julie B.," and all the hundreds of boys and girls who have spoken of Miss Alcott's stories will be glad to see that a short story from her pen appears in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, and to know that she will contribute others during the year.

For your hearty and encouraging messages, dear young friends, we can only thank you warmly, one and all, far and near, while we rejoice in every fresh delight, inspiration, and aid that you find in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

We must make room, even in an overcrowded "Letter-box," for these clever verses from a friendly correspondent in New York:

#### ARE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN RESPONSIBLE?

Once I loved a little maiden,  
Frolicsome and gay was she;  
Said I, "Prithee, pretty maiden,  
Will you, will you marry me?"  
All her laughter then she silenced,  
And with looks and tones polite  
Said, "My stock of 'Patience,' kind sir,  
You have now exhausted quite."

Then I tried her heart to soften  
Said I, sighing deep and long,  
"You'll responsible be ever,  
For a noble man gone wrong."  
But she answered, gayly laughing,  
Giving me a wicked glance,  
"Much I fear your woes are due, sir,  
To the 'Pirates of Penzance.'"

Then I tried the cool and lofty,  
Said I'd leave her then and there,  
Said I'd *never* so been treated  
By a maiden, howe'er fair.  
But I heard in tones derisive,  
As I turned me from the door,  
"Hardly ever" you should say, sir,  
If you quote from 'Pinafore'!"

I. B. C.





### ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

SOME COLORS FOR CHRISTMAS. In each of the twelve monograms here given, find the letters necessary to spell a color.

A GREETING. These letters contain a greeting, and the puzzle consists in combining the letters of the two lines in such a way as to form the desired sentence.

G. F.

### TWO WORD-SQUARES.

\* \* \* \* \*

I. 1. The name of a general in a very recent war. 2. Estimates. 3. A coral island. 4. A courted beauty. 5. A small island.  
II. 1. A Turkish governor. 2. A book of maps. 3. To come in collision. 4. Hurry. 5. Pallid.

The first words of the two squares, when read in connection, name a well-known military commander.

FANCY.

### DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains six letters; when these words are placed one below another, in the order here given, the fourth line of letters will name a personage who is very important at the season named by the third line of letters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An alarm-bell. 2. To draw into the lungs. 3. To mock. 4. An old-fashioned musical instrument, resembling a piano. 5. A heavy quality of broadcloth. 6. A plant somewhat like mint. 7. Neglectful. 8. Marked out. 9. Vessels in which food is served. 10. Staffs used by conductors of musical performances. 11. Wound in circles. 12. To call for in a peremptory manner. 13. Decorations worn on helmets.

G. F.

### DIAMOND.

1. In stirrup. 2. A tattered fragment. 3. A knave. 4. A splendid exhibition. 5. To protect from danger. 6. Termination. 7. In stirrup. ISOLA.

### HOOR-GLASS.

CENTRALS (reading downward): A festival.

ACROSS: 1. Wooden plates. 2. A mode of engraving. 3. A fabulous monster. 4. A transgression. 5. In Santa Claus. 6. Consumed. 7. A tropical fruit. 8. To respire. 9. To metamorphose. PHIL. I. PINE.

### GREEK CROSS.

\* \* \* \* \*

I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. An American general. 2. Severity of climate. 3. Past. 4. Nine days after the ides in the Roman calendar. 5. A lock of hair.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A river of England. 2. More uncivilized. 3. To draw out. 4. Parts which connect heads with bodies. 5. A lock of hair.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A lock of hair. 2. Proportion. 3. A girl's name. 4. A continued attempt to gain possession. 5. Five-eighths of a word meaning an impropriety of language or speech.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Five-eighths of a word meaning an impropriety of language or speech. 2. The rudimentary state of a seed. 3. Part of the name of a famous opera by Donizetti. 4. An eminent prophet of Israel. 5. To come to an end.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Five-eighths of a word meaning an impropriety of language or speech. 2. A musical composition. 3. A tropical fruit. 4. To eat into or away. 5. Walking-sticks.

CHARLES ROGERS.

### EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-three letters, and am a Spanish proverb. My 3-23-11-17 is a river of Africa. My 27-8-25-9 is conversation. My 5-15-30-31-7 is a contrivance for heating. My 6-13-2-33 is indigent. My 14-20-26-21-18 is an elf. My 4-28-12-19 is a piece of baked clay. My 24-32-22 is to permit. My 1-10-29-16 is a broad, open vessel.

PAUL OAKFORD.

## PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THE answer consists of two lines from "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott, and is suggested by the largest picture in the accompanying illustration. The key-words are not defined in the usual way, but are represented by pictures, each of which refers, by a Roman numeral, to its own set of Arabic numerals given in the statement of the puzzle. Thus: "XII. 6-30-28-15-54-39" indicates that the sixth, thirtieth, twenty-eighth, fifteenth, fifty-fourth, and thirty-ninth letters of the answer, S-P-R-I-T-E, spell a word which describes the picture bearing the Roman numeral XII.

I. 38-46-14-23-57. II. 37-51-36-19-40-2-52-9-47-10. III. 49-17-6-26. IV. 25-1-33-28-13-20. V. 50-39-22-8-58-42. VI. 11-59-12-34-27-60. VII. 10-7-41-56-29-8-58-45. VIII. 3-26-4-32-36. IX. 18-5-48-55-43. X. 53-35-14-24-31-36. XI. 16-44-21-36-29. DUDLEY.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

**SPIRAL.**—Among the guests our country hostess passes,  
And from the heavy gallon jug  
With courtly style and pleasant smile  
Drops cider in the glasses.

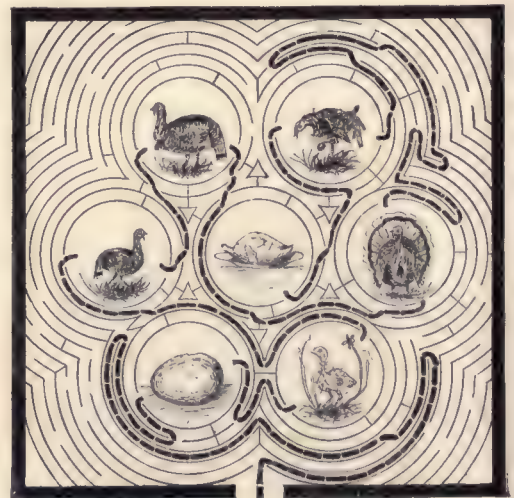
**DIAMOND:** 1. G. 2. Set. 3. Sinew. 4. General. 5. Terms.  
6. Was. 7. L. — **NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA:** Bryant.  
**NUMERICAL ENIGMA:** To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing. — **CROSS-WORD ENIGMA:** Thanksgiving.  
**RHOMBIC.** ACROSS: 1. Scat. 2. Oral. 3. Trim. 4. Eden.  
**HALF-SQUARE:** 1. Domino. 2. Opens. 3. Mend. 4. Ind. 5. N. S. 6. O.

**THANKSGIVING MAZE:** See accompanying illustration.

**ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER** were received, before October 20, from Minnie B. Murray—F. L. Atbush—Marna and Bae.

**ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES** were received, too late for acknowledgment in the November number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfort, Germany, 5—Potrero, 12.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER** were received, before October 20, from Melissa and Theodore, 1—J. W. Parker, 3—Ehrick R. and Florence P. Jones, 1—Sara M. and Edith Gallaudet, 6—Philip Embury, Jr., 5—John Burnet Nash, 1—"Two Aesthetic Maidens," 5—B. C. R., 13—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Professor and Co., 12—Theo. Richards, 1—"Alcibiades," 11—Nellie J. Parker, 3—Clara J. Child, 13—A. G. and E. W., 7—D. S. Crosby, Jr., and H. W. Chandler, 8—Maggie Tolderlund, 1—"Two Subscribers," 12—"Thick and Thin," 13—S. and E., 2—"Shumway," 9—Phil. I. Pine, 2—Lavinien d'Amaulis, 13—Etta M. Taylor, 1—Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 8—Génie J. Callmeyer, 8—Warren, 5—Snip and Snap, 7—Katie L. Robertson, 9—Clara and her Aunt, 10—Vin and Henry, 8—C. L. Slattery, 12—Florence P. Jones, 1—Appleton H., 12—Florence Leslie Kyte, 1—"Johnston and Co.," 6—Alice Robinson, 3—David H. Dodge, 1.









HIS LORDSHIP'S BED-TIME.

DRAWN BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1883.

No. 3.

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## HOW THE DOCTOR WAS PAID.

BY KATHARINE R. McDOWELL.

"Two dollars a visit!" cried Dot in dismay, forgetting entirely that she had come to look for a spool of No. 40 in Mamma's drawer, and opening her brown eyes wider and wider as she read the heading of an old bill of Dr. Cogswell's.

"Two dollars a visit!" she repeated. "Oh, why does n't Donnie get well? And where is all the money to come from?" she asked herself, sadly. "We will get very poor," continued Dot, shaking her little brown head slowly over the bill. After thinking awhile, she slipped the paper in her pocket and went down-stairs.

Mamma and Sister Margie were sewing. Dot went quietly to Mrs. Ledyard and whispered:

"We 'll feel very poor afterward, wont we, Mamma?"

Mamma smiled. A sad smile, Dot thought, as she replied: "You're better at guessing than we supposed. Now, why don't you take your trimming, little daughter, and go into the library? There's a nice fire on the hearth, and you can work away like a bee. We'll need it soon, you know," added Mamma, for Dot was rather inclined to dream when she was alone.

"We'll need it soon," repeated Dot, as she climbed up in the big library chair. "We'll need it soon. Oh, why did n't they tell me! Why did they leave me to find it out for myself? I might have worked yards and yards by this time, and sold them for ever so much, but I supposed it was just to give me something to do, and I've sometimes not done more than one scallop in a whole

afternoon," confessed Dot, as she made her little ivory needle fly in and out of her work, as if any one could ever make up for time wasted.

"And to think I never once thought that Mamma and Sister Margie were making those things to sell, nor how much 't was costing to have the doctor coming every day, and sometimes twice a day. Poor Donnie! Perhaps he's worse than they tell me. Perhaps," and there was a great lump in her throat, "he's going to die, and they are leaving me to find that out." Two great tears rolled slowly down the pretty, round cheeks. "But why, then, do they keep a-tellin' me he's better?" The tears had dropped on the crochet trimming, and two more were following in their train.

Tom went into the barn to clean his gun. Dot saw him.

"I'll ask him," she decided, as she put her work hurriedly in a little silk handkerchief, and started with it for the barn. "He wont tease me when he knows how badly I feel."

It was a very sad little face that peered in at the barn-door.

"Halloo!" was Tom's greeting. "Been crying?"

"Yes," admitted Dot, in a voice that could leave no doubt of it in any one's mind.

"What's up?" continued Tom, as he rubbed away at his gun. "Want any help?"

"Oh, yes, Tom; that's just what I've come for. Wont you talk real sober with me?"

"Nary a smile from me," said Tom. Then,

glancing sidelong at the little face in the doorway, he added, "Come in and state your case. Here 's a seat on the hay," as he lifted her gently upon a pile he had just brought down for the horses. "There! are you cold?"

"Not a bit," said Dot, smiling thankfully. "I have brought my cloak."

"All right, then; go ahead," said Tom, cheerfully.

"Well, you know, Tom," began Dot, in her sweet, timid voice; "there 's a secret in there," pointing toward the house, "and I never found it out till this morning."

"So you found it out, did you? Well, I told 'em you would."

"I would n't, but for the bill."

"You would n't what?" asked Tom, who was rubbing away again.

"I'll tell you about that afterward. When I went into the sitting-room, Mamma and Margie were sewing."

"That certainly did n't surprise you!" laughed Tom.

"O Tom! how can you make fun of it all? Mamma looked just ready to cry, and—oh, oh, oh, what can we ever do about it!" as she threw herself face downward on the hay, and sobbed as though her little heart would break, while Tom stood by in speechless astonishment, wondering why the words "Two dollars a visit" seemed mingled with her sobs.

"Does she know, after all?" he asked himself. "I must n't forget my promise to Mother, but I must give the child some comfort," he thought, as he went over toward the little blue cloak on the hay.

"Come, Dot," said he, tenderly. "Don't cry. You have n't told me yet what the matter is. Now we'll sit right up here, while you tell Tom all about it."

After a while, Dot managed to say:

"Does n't Dr. Cogswell charge people who are ill two dollars every time he goes to see them?"

"Something like that, I believe," answered Tom, wonderingly.

"It's exactly that," said Dot, feeling for the bill. "O Tom, we must owe him hundreds of dollars!"

There was a queer look in Tom's eyes.

"I suppose we do," he said.

"But have we got the money to pay him?" questioned Dot, the brown eyes swimming again.

"No, I don't believe we have."

"Then, what are we going to do?" said Dot, with another sob.

"There, Dot," said Tom, soothingly. "Don't be so foolish as to cry. It's all coming out

right. I can't tell you now just how, but take my word for it."

"Tom," called Mrs. Ledyard, "they're all waiting for you."

"The boys have come, Dot," said Tom, giving her a hasty kiss. "Now, remember not to worry. It's coming out all right."

Dot sat a long time on the hay.

"Tom always thinks everything's going to come out all right," she said, determined to be miserable. "He does n't know anything about money. Margie says so, and I know myself he does n't, 'cause I once owed him five cents for weeks, and, when I went to pay him, he'd forgotten all about it, and said I must have dreamed it. He's gone off now to sleigh-ride and does n't care how hard we're all workin'," and the little needle flew faster than ever. "I just know he thinks Dr. Cogswell is n't going to charge, but he is, for here's one bill and he's probably got another all ready."

"He could just as well not charge," she went on, "for Edith Olcott told me he was ever 'n' ever so rich, and that he's got a house in the city even prettier than this. But how could one be?" she wondered. "How could any room be lovelier than the one Mrs. Crane took Edith and me into the other day? the little one with the window looking on the lake, and the little bed with curtains and everything blue, carpet and all. Dr. Cogswell calls it his little sister's room, and she's coming in the spring."

The little fingers never did better work than that day, for "Mamma would n't have told me they needed it if they did n't," Dot kept assuring herself. "Tom just wanted to comfort me. He does n't know how hard they're workin' and cryin'."

That night, Dot added to her prayer the words, "O God, please don't let it be more than we can pay."

"Let what?" asked Mamma, as she tucked her in bed.

"The doctor's bill," whispered Dot, her arms very tight about Mrs. Ledyard's neck.

Mrs. Ledyard smiled. She thought Dot was half-asleep, so she tiptoed quietly down-stairs to the library, and there found Tom telling Margie about Dot's trouble.

The young doctor must have been there, too, or heard of it in some way, for he happened in the next morning right after breakfast, and the first thing he said was:

"I'm going to have my bill settled to-day, little Miss Dot," as with quite a grave face he took out his memoranda.

"Let me see," he mused, "I began coming in May. Two visits a day, till—why it's nearly



Christmas, is n't it? Now, how much should you think it would come to?"

"Hundreds!" said poor little Dot, faintly.

"We want to be business-like," said Dr. Cogswell; "suppose you get your slate and figure it."

Dot ran. "He is n't going to let us off a penny," she moaned.

"Now, let's do a little sum in arithmetic," said the doctor. "What does M. stand for?"

"One thousand," said staggered little Dot, pushing the crochet-work way down in her pocket.

"Very good," said the doctor. "Now, what does C. stand for?"

"One hundred," said Dot, trying to be brave.

"And altogether?" was the next question.

"Eleven hundred," said Dot, tearfully.

"H'm," coughed Dr. Cogswell. "Now, can you think of anything else they might stand for?"

"No, sir," said Dot.

"Why yes, you can, Dot," cried Donald, who had just been wheeled into the room. "M. C.!" clapping his hands. "Why, Merry Christmas, don't you see?"

Dot smiled.

"Then there is n't any bill?" she asked Tom.

"Nary a bill," said Tom; "but can't you think of anything else the letters might stand for?"

"No," said happy, stupid little Dot.

"I can," cried Don, catching sight of some glances being exchanged, and Margie's pretty cheeks aglow. "Margie Cogswell!"

Then they all laughed, and the doctor caught Dot up and set her on his shoulder, and pranced with her into the cozy sitting-room. Pretty soon Don was wheeled into the sunny bay-window, and there they all sat the rest of the morning.

Dot had to submit to a good deal of teasing, but she was very happy notwithstanding, and wrote in her diary that night, in such big letters that she went right over two or three of the following days:

*"The doctor was n't coming to see Donnie, after all, and there was n't any bill. I am going to be bridesmaid and wear white. There is n't any little sister but me, and I'm agoing to have the little blue-room, whenever I want to go there to visit."*



SANTA CLAUS MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE.

## FAIRY WISHES, NOWADAYS.

BY S. A. SHEILDS.



“‘GOOD-MORNING, MA’AM,’ HE STAMMERED; ‘I HOPE YOU ARE WELL.’”

TINKEY lay under a wide-spreading apple tree, upon a bed of half-dried grass, that was not yet hay, but sending out the most delicious perfume of clover blossoms. Overhead, a clear blue sky, with soft white clouds dotting it here and there, and a blazing July sun, were only half visible through the thick leaves of the apple tree that made a cool shade where Tinkey was lying.

It was holiday time, and all the long, hot days were free from Latin grammar or arithmetic; free to make fishing-parties, to play cricket, to toss hay, or to do as Tinkey was doing—lie about out-doors and find pleasure in pure idleness. It is not to be denied that Tinkey was lazy. He dearly loved a morning nap after the getting-up bell had sounded; he liked to drop into soft chairs or upon the sofa, and dream of wonderful things he was going to do. All the activity and energy of great deeds lay in the future for Tinkey, who fully intended to become in some way famous when a man. In the meantime, he liked to lie under the apple tree, thinking. First, he counted all the green apples in sight, and wondered how soon they would be ripe; then he watched the clouds and leaves waving softly in the gentlest of summer breezes, and then he speculated as to whether Mrs. Davidson

would have ice-cream at the party to which Tinkey and his brothers and sisters were invited that afternoon. It was to be a gathering of all the boys and girls for miles around—a sort of picnic on the beautiful grounds that surrounded Mrs. Davidson’s large house, and a garden tea-party.

“It must be lovely to be as rich as Mrs. Davidson,” thought Tinkey, lazily, “and I might have had as much money once, if I had only wished for it. If I had another such a chance——”

“Well, what would you do with it if you had?”

Tinkey sat bolt upright and stared. That sharp, clear voice was certainly one he had heard before, and right in front of him, daintily balanced upon the tiniest of hay-cocks, was the little old-woman fairy, in her red cloak and pointed cap, who came in a butterfly-drawn car through the air. Tinkey did not see the car, but he was sure it was not far away.

“Good-morning, ma’am,” he stammered, when he could find voice enough to speak. “I hope you are well?”

“Now,” said the fairy, “did you ever hear of a sick fairy? Of course I am well, and never had a pain in my life. It is great, clumsy people like you who are ill half the time. But I can’t stand



chattering here. I've an engagement in Japan in half an hour, but as I was passing I heard you sighing for another chance to make a goose of yourself——"

"It was a calf," corrected Tinkey, "and I do *not* want to make a goose of myself. Oh!" and his eyes grew so round, and stuck out so far, it was really wonderful that they did not drop out. "Oh! Are you going to let me have another wish?"

"H'm!" said the fairy, rubbing her sharp little nose with a handkerchief that looked like the leaf of a tiny jessamine, "you don't seem to make much out of one wish. Suppose I give you a dozen or twenty."

"Oh!" cried Tinkey.

"Yes," said the little old woman. "I am going to see to-day how much you are to be trusted with having your own way. So, between now and sunset, I am going to let you have everything you wish for. Only, remember this: you can have but one wish for one thing. No 'takings back,' you understand. So if you wish yourself a goose, a goose you will have to remain."

"Everything I wish for!" cried Tinkey. "I do not believe fairy-land holds all I want!"

"You can try. But you had better think over the matter before you begin! Good-bye."

Then the fairy-car floated down from the apple tree, and a moment later Tinkey saw it float up again, higher and higher, till it was quite lost in a soft, fleecy cloud.

Lazily wondering if that was an air-line to Japan, Tinkey tried to decide upon the treasures he should collect between that hour and sunset. Wealth, a fine house, a pony, a thousand boyish desires floated through his brain, but he resolved to do nothing hastily. Still it was a temptation to test his power, and he said, with an air of command:

"I wish for a plate of ice-cream."

There it was, right in his hand, cold, white, delicious, and, to Tinkey's amazement, no matter how fast he ate, the white heap upon the plate did not grow any smaller. He might sit all day and eat ice-cream, if he wished; but when he had had enough, and put down the plate on the hay, it melted in a second—spoon, plate, and cream vanishing like a dew-drop in the sun.

Tinkey wondered if all fairy dishes were "cleared up" in this way, and laughed to think what a saving of house-work it would be if dishes dropped down upon the table filled with food, and quietly melted

away when the meals were over. But, while he was still thinking of that, the dinner-horn sounded faint and far away.

"Oh dear!" sighed lazy Tinkey. "I wish I was at the table."

The wish was scarcely formed before he felt himself lifted up and shot across the meadow, in at the kitchen door, and plump into his chair, with a whizzing rapidity that took his breath away, and raised a serious doubt in his mind whether walking was not preferable to this sort of fairy locomotion.

There was a great confusion of voices all through dinner, the children hurrying through the meal to dress for Mrs. Davidson's, and fidgeting until the dishes were cleared away and their mother took the younger ones to the nursery.

"Your clothes are all on your bed, Tinkey," she said, as she went upstairs, "and remember your new suit must be your best one all summer."

Excited by the prospect of meeting all his young friends and school-fellows, Tinkey rushed to his room, entirely forgetting the fairy and her promise. He had quite resolved to make no more foolish wishes, but to steal a quiet hour before sunset and wish for the very best fortune that could come to a boy.

The new suit, a pretty light gray, lay upon the



"I WISH FOR A PLATE OF ICE-CREAM."

bed, with the clean shirt, collar, and cuffs, a blue silk neck-tie and a snowy pocket-handkerchief, while on a chair were new shoes, shining like a mirror.

Scrubbed to the perfection of cleanliness, clean linen nicely adjusted, Tinkey took up the pretty gray pants, and turned them around admiringly. It was the very first city-made suit he had ever

possessed, his usual dress being the outgrown clothing of his older brother. But this one suit was all his own, made for him, fitting him, and he handled it carefully. It was still buttoned up, as it had come home, and, taking his seat upon the side of the bed, Tinkey unbuttoned one button, a second, but the third seemed to be too large for the button-hole, and would not come through.

new blue suspenders dangling provokingly out of reach.

Tinkey was ready to cry, but, instead, said: "I wish for another pair of trousers."

But the wish was unheard or unheeded in fairy-land, and he sadly remembered that he could not have two wishes for any one thing. "Why can't I remember to think before I speak?" thought Tin-

key, ruefully taking up his everyday trousers, cast aside with such contempt. They seemed to have grown shabbier in the few moments they had been on the floor. The knees had never looked so white and thin, the edges so frayed, the spots so big.

"Perhaps they won't show much with a new coat and vest," thought Tinkey; but they were drawn on very slowly, and it required all the boy's manliness to keep back the tears.

A call from downstairs hurried him.

"We're all ready, Tinkey! Come!"

Allready! There was no time then to lose, for if his father had the carryall harnessed up, he would not like to wait. Tinkey caught up his new shoes and thrust in one foot. A new



"I WISH I WAS AT THE TABLE."

He twisted it and pushed it, coaxed it and jerked it, pushed it to the right, pulled it to the left, till he got red in the face, lost his temper, and cried aloud:

"Bother the old trousers! I wish they were in Jericho."

One jerk freed them from Tinkey's hold, and they soared into the air, as if with wings, escaping his outstretched hands, and flying through the open window like some huge, awkward bird, the

shoe is not the very best thing to try to put on in a hurry, and so he found it. Voices from downstairs were impatiently shouting: "Tinkey! Tinkey," as he tugged violently, but without avail, at the shoe his mother had thought had better be "one size larger."

"Oh, come on!" said Tinkey. "I wish the shoes were twice as big!"

On slipped the shoe as easily as if it had been greased, Tinkey's foot lost in its suddenly in-



creased size. Twice as big! To the round eyes gazing at them they looked as big as the barn, and if any little reader doubts it, let him measure twice the length and breadth of his boot, and put his foot upon the measure.

Tears could no longer be kept back. Tinkey kicked the shoe into the corner of the room with a passionate sob.

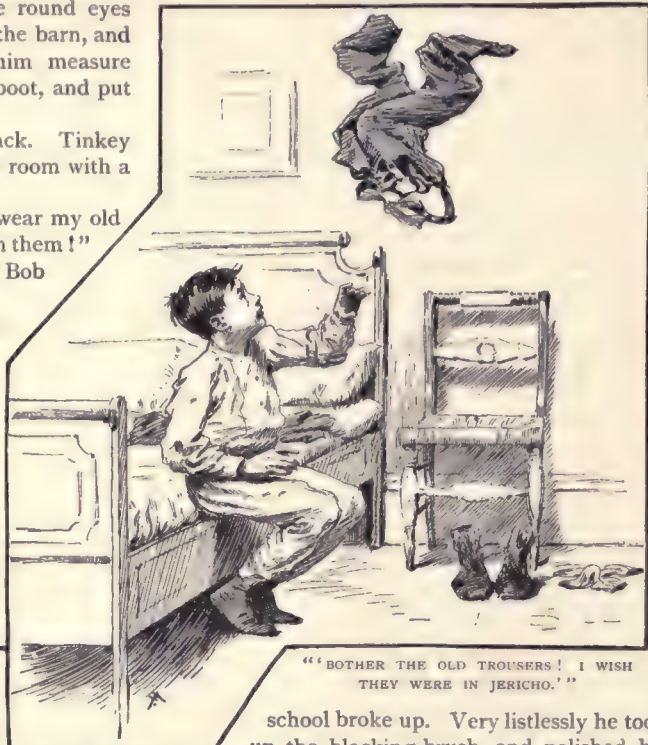
"I wont go!" he cried. "I wont wear my old trousers and shoes with a great patch on them!"

"Are you never coming?" shouted Bob from down-stairs.

"I'll walk over! Don't wait for me!" Tinkey answered, and could hear them all laugh as Fannie said:

"Tinkey's prinking! Wont he be fine!"

Should he go? Mrs. Davidson's annual party was not to be lightly set aside, and was one of the great pleasures in Tinkey's quiet country life. Perhaps among so many his dress would not be noticed, and he had not seen some of the boys since



"BOTHER THE OLD TROUSERS! I WISH THEY WERE IN JERICO."

school broke up. Very listlessly he took up the blacking-brush, and polished his



"I WISH THE SHOES WERE TWICE AS BIG."

old shoes to such perfection that, after all, the patches were scarcely seen, and once on, and neatly laced, they looked so well that, with a lighter heart, Tinkey sprang to his feet to complete his dressing. The mirror by the aid of which he arranged his collar and neck-tie did not reflect his pants, and the pretty silk tie was very becoming. Actually,



"I WISH I HAD N'T ANY HAIR." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Tinkey was whistling when he took up the comb to part his hair.

Now, Tinkey's hair was what old nurses call "stubborn," and its decided inclination was to stick straight out from his head. It could be coaxed to remain in good order about one hour, but after that was apt to rebel and fly off in every direction; and to look neat, even for an hour, required coaxing, delicate little touches here and there, nice brushing of feathery plumes on the crown, and careful arrangement in front of locks that inclined to fall forward. Certainly it was not hair to appear at its best in a hurried arrangement, and the more Tinkey brushed, the more persistently it stuck out. He parted it on the left; he tried a parting on the right; he made a lovely white line down the middle; he "banged" it over his forehead, and each way looked worse than the last.

"Oh, I wish I had n't any hair!" cried impatient Tinkey.

Was there a rain of feathers? What was that flying into his eyes, up his nostrils, tickling his ears, down his throat, through a mouth opened wide in amazement? Hair! hair! hair! The whole room seemed to be full of it, flying here and there, as if every hair was a fairy laughing at Tinkey's dismay. And when at last it had all swept itself with one grand rush out at the open window, Tinkey's head was as bald as a china door-knob.

He gave one despairing glance at the mirror, caught up his old coat, crammed his polo cap tightly over his bald pate, and rushed out of the house. Nobody noticed him as he ran, not to Mrs. Davidson's, but into the woods, into the deepest shadow he could find under the tall trees, where he threw himself down and cried like a baby.

No wonder the fairy called him a goose! No boy in his senses was ever so foolish! It was bad enough to waste one fairy wish in being shot through the air like a cannon-ball, but to miss the party by such stupid folly was dreadful.

"No wonder Father says, 'Think first, speak afterward,'" sobbed Tinkey. "A pretty looking object I have made of myself, and I can not imagine what Mother will say about my shoes and pants. And they must be having such a nice time now, playing all sorts of games. I've half a mind to wish it would pour rain. No, I won't! I am not quite such a beast as *that*, anyhow! Oh dear, how hot it is! I wish—no! no! I don't wish anything. Dear me! I was just going to wish I was in a snow-bank! Now, I won't make another foolish wish; not one! And as I can't go to the party such a guy, I'll just think, as hard as ever I can, of real sensible things. What a lot of things I can have between now and sunset!

I'll begin with a bicycle. I always wanted one. I wish for the best bicycle in the world!" he cried aloud, adding, in another moment, "Oh! oh! the beauty! the perfect beauty! Oh, it looks like fairy-land!"

And it did. The wheels were a net-work of glistening bars like silver threads, the seat shone like a mirror, the handle and delicate wood-work were picked out in golden ornaments. Tinkey forgot the party, forgot his bald head, his big shoes, and vanished pants in the delight of this new treasure. He was sure he could ride it, for he had watched others, and knew exactly how it was done. Hop! hop! hop! and up! One leg thrown over the seat, and down came Tinkey, bicycle and all, with a crash that made him sure every bone in his body was broken. Vigorous rubbing convinced him that he was only bruised, and the bicycle was found to be uninjured. Up again! Alas! down again, as well! But a boy will work to conquer a bicycle as he never would to solve a problem in algebra, and at last Tinkey was actually up, balanced, and moved forward about ten inches. Then a new difficulty arose, and he proved that a thick grove of trees is the worst of all places in which to ride a bicycle. Every other turn of the wheels he upset; he banged his head on the tree-trunks; he skinned his legs against the rough bark, until, weary of the fun, he pushed his treasure to one side, to be dragged home at leisure. But time had not waited for Tinkey's movements, and he suddenly discovered by the lengthening shadows that sunset was not far away.

Sunset! He would lose his fairy gift when the sun was gone.

"Oh, what shall I wish for first?" he thought, sitting down upon a fallen tree-trunk. "I wonder if it is n't best to wish for a million dollars, and then I can buy everything I want. I don't believe I would get it. I wish for a dollar!" he cried aloud, and felt in the palm of his hand a pressure of something round. There it lay, a bright silver dollar, shining as if it had just left the mint.

"I do believe I can have them!" thought Tinkey, who had been rather scared at the magnitude of his proposed wish, "but I must hurry up; the sun is certainly going down." He stood up and waved his arm aloft like an officer leading his soldiers.

"I wish for a million dollars!" he cried. In a second the great silver dollars rained down upon him, as if every leaf in the trees above his head had been turned into coin. They flew into his face, striking him with their sharp, metallic edges, bruising his cheeks, his nose, his eyes; they piled up around him, each one hitting a blow as it fell. His feet were prisoned fast, his legs, his knees; he





"I WISH FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!"

was being banked up in a silver prison, and yet the air was full of this novel hail-storm.

"Oh, I shall be smothered, buried alive!" cried poor, frightened Tinkey, trying vainly to run away, and thrashing out his arms in every direction, as

he tried to beat back the stinging, bruising pieces of coin, that were threatening to cover him entirely.

"Oh, what shall I do? Stop! I wish you to stop! I shall be killed!"

Then he heard a mocking little laugh, and on one silver dollar that balanced itself in the air, just before his eyes, he saw the fairy herself, laughing at his dismay.

"Stop!" she cried, moving her crutch, and the dollars settled down upon the trees, the bushes, the grass; on Tinkey's shoulders, on his cap, and on the pile in which he already stood waist-deep.

"So you don't want a million dollars?" she said. "I can't find out what you *do* want! I give you everything you wish for and still you are not satisfied!"

She sat down on the dollar that rocked gently in the air.

"There is nothing like a million dollars here yet," she said, "but you can have what is wanting to complete that sum in one minute."

"No! no!" cried Tinkey, seeing the crutch lifted. "What is the use of a million dollars if you are buried alive in them? I wish you would go away, and let me alone!" he burst out, in an angry sob. The fairy leaned forward and gave him one smart blow with her crutch, right on the tip of the nose. It was such a dreadful blow—for she was very angry—that Tinkey, for a moment, lost all consciousness.

When he recovered his senses he was lying under the apple tree, but the sun was hidden behind thick clouds, the wind was blowing a gale, scattering the half-ripe apples upon the ground, and threatening rain so decidedly that even lazy Tinkey was roused to running quickly until he was safely in-doors again.



"SO YOU DON'T WANT A MILLION DOLLARS?" SHE SAID."

## JANUARY AND JUNE.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



SAID January to June :

"Pray, let us walk together.  
The birds are all in tune,  
And sunny is the weather.

"And look you : I will show,  
Before the long day closes,  
A pretty sight I know,  
Worth all your summer  
roses."

Then, as they went, the air  
Grew thick with snow-flakes  
flying;  
But all the roses fair  
Hung down their heads,  
a-dying.

Cried June, in sorrow : "Nay,  
We may not walk together.  
You 've turned my skies to  
gray,  
And spoiled my golden  
weather.

"Go now, I pray you, go,  
Before my last bud closes.  
Take you your cold white snow,  
And give me back my roses !"



## THE STORY OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

## II.

## HOW THE KINGS MET IN THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

By high noon all were disembarked, and for the four days following Calais blazed with all the semi-splendors of a dress rehearsal. Every available foot of ground around the old city was taken up for lodgings. Tents and huts and temporary booths encircled the walls until, as Rauf said, "it might almost be the time of great King Edward over again."

"And how?" queried Margery.

"Why, so Master Bolton tells me," explained Rauf, "when good King Edward besieged Calais, now nigh two hundred years ago, he built all around its walls, much as we have done, houses and dwelling-places, and encompassed it round about with a new town, in the which he vowed to live until Calais should be starved out."

"Our Lady grant that we may not be starved out, though," protested Margery, whom the breezes of the Surrey hills had blessed with a healthy appetite.

"Nay, before we shall starve," said valorous Rauf, "I will, as did King Edward, single out six notable burghers of this town, and hold them as hostages for your tortured appetite."

"And I," said gay young Margery, "like the good Queen Philippa, will down on my knees before my lord and beg him to spare the honest burghers' lives."

"Which I will gladly do," retorted Rauf, "provided my lady will ask their lives of me, as also did the good Queen Philippa, for the sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary and for your love of me!" and then they both looked a little sheepish and quickly turned to watch the brilliant passing of Sir Henry Marney and the King's guard.

"A rare and gallant sight, are they not, Margery?" said enthusiastic Rauf.

And a rare and gallant sight, in truth, were these archers of the King's guard: "two hundred of the tallest and most elect persons, with doublets, hosen, and caps," as the old record states, their red coats rich with "goldsmiths' work and the King's cognizance," the Tudor rose in brodered gold shining on breast and back, their long-bows of finest English yew slung at the shoulder, and their velvet quivers filled with cloth-yard shafts tipped with brightest feathers.

For four days Rauf and Margery enjoyed the restless life at Calais, frequently meeting as the Queen's household and the King's retinue mingled in the work of preparation; and then, on Monday, the 4th of June, all being ready for the ceremony of the interview, the whole court moved to the appointed ground before the Castle of Guisnes.

A long train of moving color, the royal *cortège* wound across the low, flat plain known as the marches of Calais — the border-land between English and French territory. Everywhere brilliant costumes and gorgeous trappings met the eye: the glitter of gold, the flash of silver or of burnished steel, the dazzle of jewels, and the wave of countless plumes. With lords and ladies superbly mounted; with high officials and their trains, gay in suits of velvet and gold; with priests and prelates richly gowned; with grooms and yeomen, guards and litter-men, henchmen and footmen in liveries of scarlet and russet velvet, white and yellow satin, Milan bonnets, and cloth of gold; with Flemish horses, adorned with velvet liveries; with coursers and palfreys gayly caparisoned; with hooded falcons and hounds in leash, the flower of England's nobility, following their King and Queen, swept on toward the grand lodgings that had been prepared for them on the barren fields of Guisnes.

"Prepare yourself for a wondrous sight, Rauf," said his uncle, riding up to the boy as he cantered by the side of the litter in which rode Lady Gray and Margery. "Lord Dorset tells me that so mighty a work has been done by the artificers and pioneers, that there is nothing in Rome or Venice to equal the sight."

Just then they gained the crest of an unwooded ridge, and an exclamation of delighted surprise sprang to the lips of young and old as they looked upon the scene spread out before them. To their right lay the once shabby little town of Guisnes, now royally resplendent with banners and pennons, colored hangings and cloth of gold, its castle so repaired and refitted as to make it almost habitable, and certainly picturesque. But, most marvelous of all, there rose, upon the castle green, the triumph of the architect and the decorator, the wonder of an age which brought to the decorative art the enthusiasm of religion and the luxuriance of an uncurbed fancy.

Imagine a grand palace of stone and brick and wood, its outer walls covered with gayly painted cloth—a palace larger than the New York Post-

office, more nearly the size, perhaps, of Memorial Hall, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia—its roof bright with gilding, painted in antique pattern. On every side projected oriel (or bay) windows and curious glazed towers, called clerestories, their posts and mullions thickly overlaid with gold. Great castled gates guarded the entrance, their niches filled with gilded statues of warriors and heroes, and, flanking these, rose an embattled tower, pierced with loop-holes and flying the royal arms. From this warlike entrance there rose, in gradual ascent to the embowered portals of the palace, a wide walk, or "hall-pace," lined with "images of sore and terrible countenances," gleaming in silvered armor. Over all streamed the royal flags—the red dragon of Cadwallon, the collared greyhound, the white swan, and the crimson cross of St. George mingling with the golden blazonings of the Tudor badge of the rose, "large and stately," in every conceivable device. Grouped around and beyond this royal lodging the sun gleamed on the white canvas of near two thousand eight hundred tents, gay with the flags, the decorations, arms, and "cognizance" of their lordly occupants. On the palace lawn a great gilt fountain, running three ceaseless streams of claret, spiced wine, and water, freely quenched the thirst of all comers, while, facing it, four golden lions upheld, on a pillar wreathed with gold, a blind Cupid armed with bow and arrows.

The royal *cortege* swept down the grassy slope, the embattled gates swung open wide, and, amid the blare of trumpets and the boom of welcoming artillery, Henry the Eighth and his court entered into fairy-land.

And fairy-land indeed did Rauf and Margery find it as, day after day, they wandered through the marvelous structure, finding ever some new magnificence of decoration, some gilded mystery of rebus or device. They strolled through passages ceiled with white silk and hung with silks and tapestries and braided cloths, "which showed like bullions of fine burnished gold"; they lingered in chambers and state apartments decorated with panels rich in gold and carving, their ceilings studded with roses frescoed on a field of fine gold; they tested the luxuriance of the chairs and divans of rare Turkish work covered with golden tissue and rich embroidery, and looked with admiring eyes upon the hangings of silken tapestries and cloth of gold, "of great and marvelous splendor." The children's eyes, indeed, often wearied of the display, and they were not sorry to rest, now and then, from all this magnificence, in the dim corridors of the "winding alley covered with verdure" that connected the palace with the old Castle of Guisnes.

"It is more wondrous even than the golden

palaces of Morgan le Fay and Queen Cinderella, of which my nurse tells," said Margery, during one of these resting spells.

"Never was fairy-palace grander. Never was such magnificence," replied the sight-tired Rauf. "Why, even the poorest quarter of it is a habitation fit for a prince."

On the afternoon of their first day at Guisnes, they stood, as part of a courtly company, while through the embattled gate-way passed, surrounded by a gallant retinue of guards and gentlemen superbly dressed, the one man who was the originator and the director of all this magnificence—Thomas Wolsey the Cardinal, Lord Chancellor of England and Legate of the Pope. Mounted upon a barbed mule, whose trappings were of crimson velvet, whose headstall and studs, buckles and stirrups, were of pure gold, rode the Lord Cardinal—a heavily built man, now nearly fifty years of age, impressive in appearance, handsome in face, eloquent in speech, whose years of power had brought with them an imperious and autocratic manner that displeased his equals, but held the people in awe. He was magnificently dressed in a robe of crimson velvet heavily figured, over which was drawn a loose vest or "rochet" of the finest lace, and on his head he wore the red cap of a cardinal, with large hanging tassels. As his brilliant retinue, in their rich costumes of scarlet or crimson velvet and cloth of gold, passed down between the fluttering tents, escorting the Cardinal to the French camp to announce the arrival of England's royalty, Rauf, gazing in admiration at the splendid and imposing scene, said to Margery:

"It looks like a great field of gold, does it not, Margery?"

"Say rather of cloth of gold," said delighted Margery, as, with her girlish love of finery and perception of detail, she watched the glittering throng.

The quick ear of the King caught the comments of the children.

"Well said, well said, little ones," he broke in, enthusiastically. "What say you, my lords," he continued, turning to his retinue, "shall we not take advisement from the words of these younglings? Let us know this ground hereafter as the Field of the Cloth of Gold!"

And the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" it has remained in history to this day.

"Well, what about the French camp, Roger?" asked Rauf that evening, as he met Roger Adamson, formerly falconer at Verney Hall, but now an archer of the King's guard.

Roger put down the silver cup of spiced wine with which he was refreshing himself at the golden fountain.



"Ah," he said, "a rare sight it was, Master Rauf; though, truth to say, I was feasted so plentifully that I fear I shall never know an appetite again. Two bow-shots from the French camp, which stands across a beggarly little stream, there met us a gallant company of lords and gentlemen and men-at-arms, bravely arrayed. We marched through their files until, after the Lord Cardinal had passed, they too joined their ranks to ours, and so on to the French camp."

"Are the French lodged as royally as we, Roger?" asked Rauf.

"Ay, fully so, though in different guise. Their camp takes in both the town and castle of Arde, royally fitted, and between the castle and the little stream I spoke of there are nigh five hundred tents, very rich, and covered with bright stuffs, and flags, and devices, and cloth of gold."

"And the King's house?"

"The French King's mightiness is lodged both in the castle and in a great pavilion, which is one central tent with three lesser ones joined to it. They are hung with cloth of gold from crown to base, and on the peak of the center pavilion is a statue of St. Michael, of great height and magnificence, and all of gold, saving a rich blue mantle powdered with golden fleur-de-lis. In his right hand the image holds a dart, and in his left a mighty shield bearing the arms of France, and all so glistening with gold that one may scarcely look on it."

"Well—go on, go on!" said impatient Rauf, as the archer paused a moment.

"Give me breath, give me breath, Master Rauf," pleaded the good-natured archer. "Well, when we reached the gates of the King's lodging, we passed through long files of princes and gentlemen, archers and Swiss halberdiers, all brave in splendid liveries, and then, lo, there comes out to us the French King, bonnet in hand, to greet my Lord Cardinal."

"Bonnet in hand?" queried Rauf, incredulously.

"Ay, bonnet in hand, said I," protested the archer; "bonnet in hand comes the French King to welcome our King's Chancellor. And the trumpets and the hautboys and the clarions sounded out melodiously, while the artillery boomed such a welcome you could scarce hear aught else. Then, when my Lord Cardinal's Grace had dismounted, the French King embraced him joyfully, and they went with the lords and princes into the King's pavilion, while, as for me—well, Master Rauf, I was laid hold upon one side by a French archer, and on the other by a Swiss halberd-man, and though we could fathom naught of each other's lingo, why, we could feast together, and that we did so well and royally

that here am I back again in camp, with but little stomach, I can tell you, for salted meat and strong beer again."

"And I am to go with the King's train, in two days' space, so I too can make test of this hospitality," said Rauf, with glowing anticipations.

The next day witnessed the return visit of the "harbingers," or envoys of the French King, many lords and princes "dressed in cloth of gold and well accoutered." Among them rode the Archbishop of Sens, Bonnavet, Admiral of France, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Sieur Tremouille. They were received with great display, with music and artillery and feasting, and then, on Thursday, the 7th of June, came the great event so long looked forward to—the formal meeting between the Kings.

"Oh, if I could but go!" sighed Margery, as she watched the elaborate preparations for the interview.

"Would that you might go, Margery," said Rauf, pondering. "If, now, I could but strangle one of my brother pages and put you in his place! There's young Sir Hubert Darrell, for instance. He's an uncomfortable little comrade, and, if I could only buy him off with a meal of pippins and wine as big as his appetite, and smuggle you into his suit of silver brocade and crimson velvet—why, off we would go together to the interview. You would look charming in crimson and silver."

"St. Frideswide forbid!" exclaimed the scandalized Margery. "When I go to a maskalyne, Master Rauf Bulney, I will go honestly and not in boy's apparel. Suppose they should surprise me in Sir Hubert's brocade and velvet! Then would I be burned like that La Pucelle or Joan of Arc they tell us of, who essayed the same. My faith, I have no liking for so hot a fire! No, no, Rauf, my day will come when the Queen's Ladyship meets the French Queen."

"Yes, I suppose it is not to be thought of," said the boy, ruefully, loath to give up his brilliant plan. "But what a pity you are not a boy, Margery—why, no, it's not, though," he changed suddenly. "I'd far rather have you as you are—what old Ralegh, our minstrel, sings:

'A mayden fayre,  
With sonnie hair,  
All garmented with light';

and never mind—I shall tell you all about it when I return, and that will be just as jolly."

Later in the afternoon, some two hours before the time of vespers, a gallant train awaited before the palace gates the signal for the interview.

Boom! went the English culverin from the Castle of Guisnes.

Boom! responded the great French falcon\* from the Castle of Arde; and before the echoes died away from the intervening hills, Rauf had taken his place in the royal train, and, the English footmen, step for step, solidly leading the way, the glittering company moved on toward the pavilion in the Val Doré. Preceded by his archers of the guard, in doublets of crimson and scarlet cloaks blazoned with the Tudor rose, with nobles and prelates, knights and gentlemen, pages and guards, in richest attire of velvets and damasks and cloth of gold, rode King Henry of England, imposing in appearance and royal in mien. He was dressed in a magnificent suit of silver damask, thickly ribbed with cloth of gold, his bonnet studded with jewels and topped with waving plumes. The trappings of his horse were of velvet and cloth of gold, thickly overlaid with fine gold and mosaic work. Before him rode the old Marquis of Dorset, bearing the sword of state, and behind him came nine henchmen in cloth of tissue, their horses bright with gold-scaled harness. On the crest of a small hill, overlooking the valley where stood the pavilion, the English retinue halted and saluted, with the blare of trumpets and the dip of banners, the French resting on the opposite hill.

Tarra-tarra-tarra-ta! sounded the trumpet-blast, and down the hills on either side swept the French and English provost-marshals to clear the ground, crowding the great masses of people back upon the surrounding hills. Rauf, close in attendance on the King, saw the looks of anxiety and distrust on the faces of some of the English lords as they noted the superior numbers of the French retinue.

"Sire," hastily broke in the impetuous Lord Abergavenny, pressing close to the King, "you be my king and sovereign, wherefore, above all, I am bound to show you the truth and to stay for no one. Look ye to the French party! I know them—I have been among them. They are more in number—ay, double so many as be your Grace's train."

"Sire," counseled the more discerning Earl of Shrewsbury, "whatever my lord of Abergavenny sayeth, I myself have been there too, and, mark me, the Frenchmen be more in fear of you and your subjects than your subjects be of them. Wherefore, if I were worthy to give counsel, your Grace should march forward."

"So we intend, my lord," said the intrepid Henry. "Trumpeter, sound the advance!" and following the trumpet-call came the old-time "Forward, march!" the "On afore, my masters!" from the officers of arms, while, in close array, the whole company passed on to the position assigned them, midway down the slope.

There was a brief silence—the stillness of ex-

pectation—while two nations, long divided, watched and waited. From the pavilion in the valley below, gleaming with its rich covering of cloth of gold, streamed the companion flags of France and England. There was a stir, a parting of ranks, and forth from the array of dazzling color, of waving plumes and banners, of scarlet and cloth of gold, down either hill-slope, amid the shouts of spectators and the burst of martial music, "so that there never was such joy," rode the English Henry and the French Francis. Suddenly each monarch gave his horse the spur and galloped toward the other, "like two combatants about to engage, but instead of putting their hands to their swords, each put his hand to his bonnet." With uncovered heads and courteous salutations, still on horseback, they closed in an embrace of welcome; dismounting, they embraced again, and threw their jeweled bridles to their masters of the horse. Then, arm in arm, the two sovereigns entered the gilded pavilion; the people cheered, "the trumpets and other instruments sounded on each side, so that it seemed a paradise," the Lord Cardinal and Bonnavet, Admiral of France, followed their lieges through the portals of the pavilion; with hearty and repeated salutations of "Bons amys, Francoys et Angloys!"† the two companies intermingled, and the great event, so long anticipated, was an accomplished fact.

Our friend Rauf, enthusiastic in his delight at being really a part of all this grand and gracious display, walked gayly among the mingled ranks and aired his broken French with an impartial and reckless sincerity.

"And what think you they talk of in the pavilion, Uncle?" he asked, as with boyish curiosity he glanced toward the curtained entrance of the tent, now closely guarded by archers and halberd-men.

"Of more than you can fathom, my boy," answered Sir Rauf. "Of treaties and alliances, of possible wars and possible marriages; for there is some talk afloat of a betrothal between our little Princess Mary and the Dauphin of France."

"A marriage?" echoed incredulous Rauf. "Why, Uncle"—thinking tenderly of Margery—"they are but children; the Princess Mary is but a baby, and the Dauphin surely not much older."

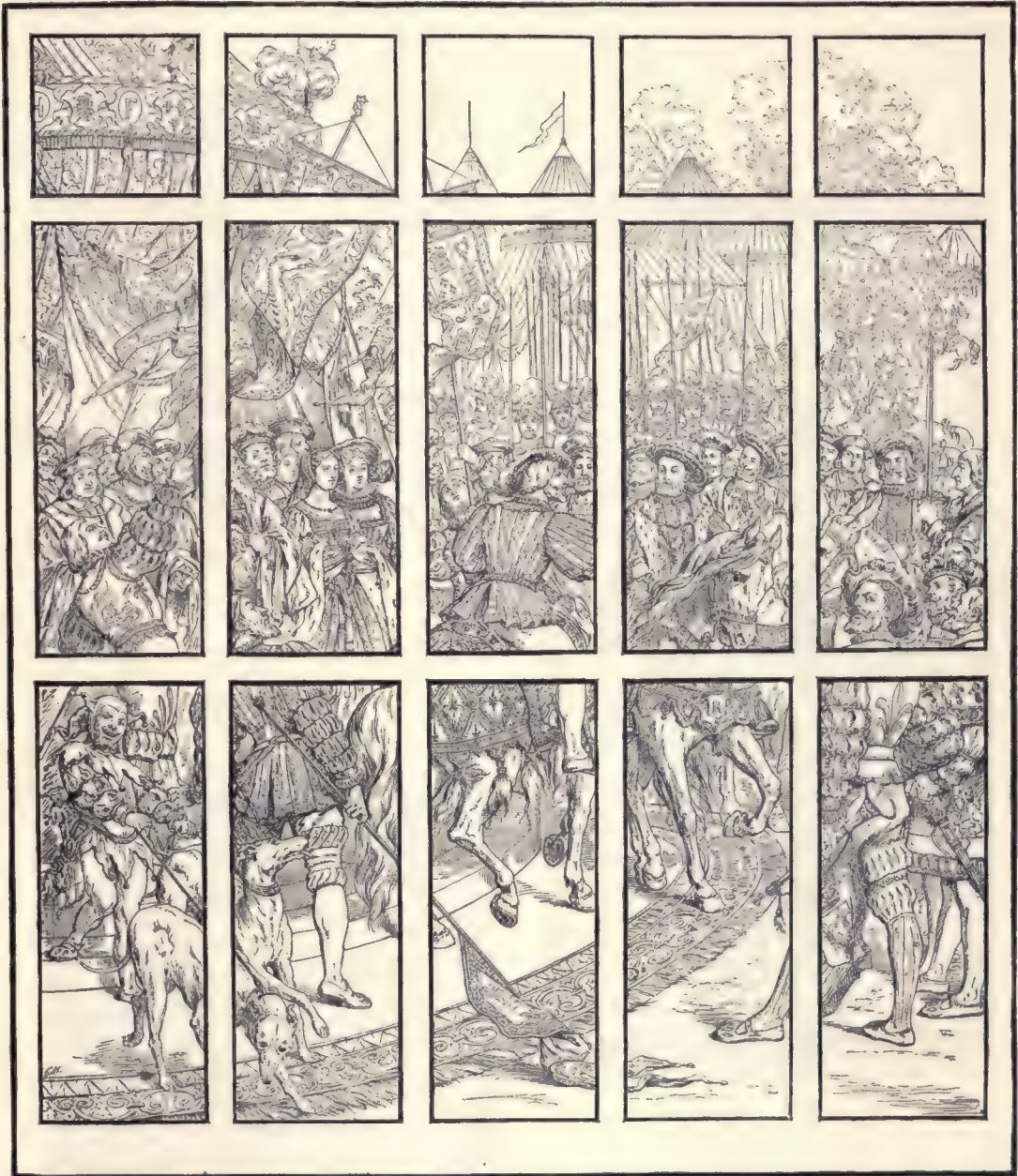
"The betrothal of two nations, my boy, is, as you will learn in time, of more moment than the ages of two children. But trust our King's highness," continued his uncle. "He whom the King of the Romans seeks and the King of France sues, will not pledge faith and friendship without careful thought."

And Sir Rauf was right. For after nigh twenty

\* Falcon—an ancient form of cannon.

† "Good friends, French and English."





THE MEETING OF THE KINGS IN THE GOLDEN VALLEY.\*

days of comradeship, of feasting and of pageantry, the King of France knew no more of the real intentions of Henry of England than he did before the meeting of the Kings in the pavilion of the golden valley.

As, a half-hour later, Rauf waited in ready attendance upon King Henry, his sturdy boyhood seemed to have taken the fancy of the French King, for, turning to his brother prince, Francis said, with that easy grace and pleasant manner that

\* This picture is copied by permission from the stained-glass window designed by M. Oudinot, of Paris, for the house of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, in New York City.



won so many to him: "My dear brother and cousin, lend me, I pray you, yon courtly young squire, that I may show our demoiselles of France a worthy sample of your English lads. I will return him, well and suitably accompanied, before noon to-morrow."

"Why, take him thus, fair cousin," responded

curiosity with certain sly references to the beauty and graciousness of the French maidens.

"But what manner of man is the great King of France, Rauf?" she asked.

"Oh, a right royal prince," responded the boy, enthusiastically. "As page of honor, I rode close to his stirrup on the way to Arde, and he oft questioned me about my home, and my duties, and my pets, and—O Margery, he told me how to snare a rabbit after the French fashion, and how to hood a lanard, wild to fly!"

"Well, never mind that, Rauf—how did he look, what did he do, what did he wear?" asked Margery, more interested in fashions than falcons.

"Oh, I studied him well, believe me, for I knew you would question me. He is tall and well-built, but not so stout as our gracious King; broad in the shoulders and large in the feet, with a brown face and short, dark beard, long nose and bright blue eyes; haughty, but pleasant; gay and gracious, and, withal, a smile and a voice that make you feel as if you must do as he desires, willy-nilly. And then—O Margery—his dress!"

"Finer than our King's, Rauf?" asked the girl.

"Well," said cautious Rauf, halting between loyalty and admiration, "not less glorious, believe me. Over a cassock of gold frieze he wore a splendid mantle of cloth of gold, wonderfully fine in texture and sprinkled with jewels. The front



THE ARMOR OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.\*

Henry, heartily, "and may his manners prove more to your liking than can his halting French. Comport yourself as though you were hostage for England's youth, Sir Page," he said to Rauf, "and shame not the teaching of your English tutor, nor your English home."

So Rauf went to the Castle of Arde in the train of the French King, and, on the following day, after his return from his visit, he regaled Margery with the story of what he had seen, and piqued her



THE ARMS OF ENGLAND.

and sleeves were studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and large hanging pearls, while his velvet bonnet was set with precious stones and capped with gallant plumes. Before him marched

\* Another stained-glass window, designed by M. Oudinot for the house of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, is made up of the four decorations copied in the drawings on these two pages.



the Constable of Bourbon, bearing a naked sword, and, also, his master of the horse with the state sword of France, powdered with gold fleur-de-lis;



THE ARMS OF FRANCE.

and at rear and van marched a great company of princes and lords and gentlemen, with archers and men-at-arms, more grandly dressed than I can say."

"And what did you at the camp, Rauf?"

"Oh, I was most graciously received and royally lodged. The great pavilion of the King is more goodly to see than I can describe. It is as high as a tower, of wonderful breadth; outside, all cloth of gold, and, inside, cloth of gold frieze. The hangings, too, and the furnishings are most marvelous, and the ceiling is like to the blue sky, full of golden stars and all the signs and devices of the heavens."

"Well—what more?" as Rauf paused for breath.

"Oh, but give me time to think, Margery. Well, after the feast came a wonderful maskalyne, with the French lords in all manner of curious and mirthful costumes, and the dames and demoiselles—the last in especial—beautiful beyond compare."

"Oh, Rauf!"

"Ah—ah! for *French* maidens, I mean. There was not one, of course, in all the French camp to go before the fair maid of Surrey—

sweeter than the sweet whitethorn blossom on her banks of Thames," said the gallant Rauf.

"The blessed St. Valentine spare us," cried Margery, lifting her pretty arms in mock protest. "If this comes of your French visiting, Master Page, the more you stay at home the better for quiet English maids."

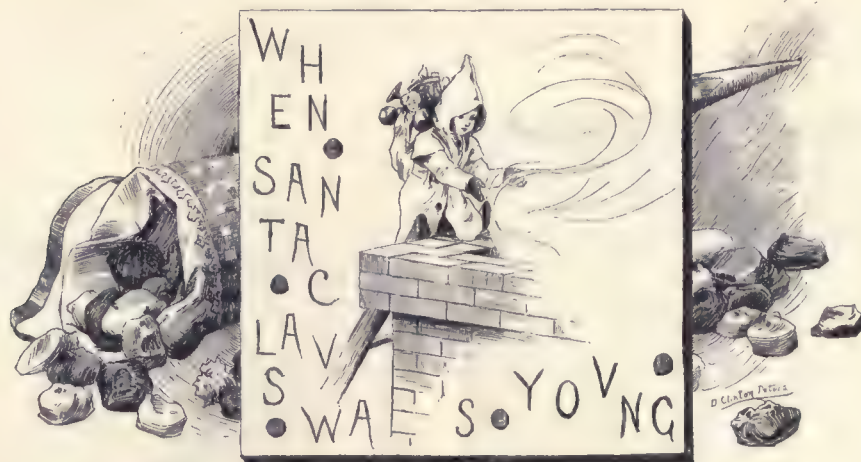
"But she seemed to like it, nevertheless," thought Rauf; for compliments have been just



THE ARMOR OF KING FRANCIS THE FIRST.

as sweet to hear, and maids have been just as protestingly pleased to listen, through all the six thousand years of this gray old world's pilgrimage.

(To be continued.)



## HETTY'S LETTER.

BY KATHARINE KAMERON.

MISS THANKFUL WHITE'S "keeping-room" was as prim and proper as herself. Hetty Williams glanced about her, as she knitted briskly. Long practice had made this easy to her. The chairs stood stiff and straight against the wall in rows. The ancient sofa held itself severely erect, while its long lines of shining nail-heads made her arms ache to look at them. She had polished their bright brass every day of her life, as long back as she could remember. The square-figured carpet was speckless, even the feathery asparagus that filled the fire-place never dropped a grain. The great pink-lined shells on the high chimney-shelf, and the scraggy coral branch, had stood in the same places always, and the tall bunch of peacock's feathers, with their gorgeous colors and round eyes, nodding over the whole, were worst of all—"They stare so," she said softly under her breath. The dismal green curtains were down, to keep the sun from fading the carpet, but the summer wind fanned them in and out, and brought to Hetty bright flashes of golden-rod along the road-side, and the sweet scent of the buckwheat and the drone of the bees above its white blossoms. The door to the kitchen was closed. Miss Thankful had a visitor, and was enjoying a good gossip.

"Take your knittin', Hetty, and run into the keepin'-room, and shut the door after you," were Miss Thankful's instructions, when Widow Basset

had seated herself comfortably in the flag-bottomed rocker. The session was longer than usual, and Hetty grew desperate.

"Miss Thankful," said she, clicking the latch, and putting her small head into the kitchen, "may I take my knittin' out under the big tree in the orchard?"

"I 'd jest as lief 's not," was the answer, "if only you don't get to witchin' and forget your work. The mittens must be done afore Sat'day night, you know."

For a while the needles flashed in and out, the mitten grew longer, and the work went on steadily and quietly, as if Hetty had been one of the newly patented knitting-machines. The sunshine made shadow pictures on the grass, the leaves over her head rustled pleasantly, and the leaves at her feet waved silently in a tangle of light and shade. The bees went humming by, and the butterflies brushed her face, but still the little maid worked faithfully at her task. The last mitten was nearly finished.

Presently the sudden sound of chattering voices and merry laughing caused her to look up in surprise. Three little girls were coming toward her, and one of them said, quite politely:

"We saw you here, and thought it looked such a nice shady place for our dolls' picnic. Should you mind if we staid with you to play?"

"I should be very glad, indeed," answered Hetty,



heartily; but she scarcely looked at her little visitors—her eyes were fixed on the dolls which two of them carried. Hetty had a rag-doll of her own make, hidden away in a box under her bed, and it was one of her most precious possessions. She had seen prettier ones at the store, and had long dreamed of saving pennies to buy one—but these dolls! these were so unlike anything she had ever seen or imagined, that they “took away her breath,” she said. They had dainty waxen faces, with cheeks like rose-leaves, and great blue eyes with dark, silky lashes, and real golden hair, wavy and long. “They must be meant for dolls’ angels,” she thought, but said not a word. Hetty was not given to speaking her mind, Miss Thankful White’s motto being: “Little girls must be seen, but not heard.”

While she stood lost in admiring wonder, the little strangers, with a busy chatter, set about preparing their picnic. Before long, Hetty knew that they lived in Boston, and that they, with their mamma,

Presently Hetty said, thoughtfully: “I guess little girls are heard in Boston.”

They looked at her a minute in surprise, and then one answered:

“Why, yes, of course; are n’t they in Patchook?”

“Miss Thankful says they should only be seen,” was the reply.

“Who is Miss Thankful?”

“Why, she’s Miss Thankful White; and I live with her.”

“Is she your aunt?”

“No; she’s the one who took me to bring up, when Mother died—to help ’round, and save her steps, and do the house chores.” Hetty made this long speech quite rapidly, as if she had heard it, or said it, so often that she knew it by heart, and then she fell to knitting busily.

Her little playmates looked at her and at one another, but did not answer. This was a kind of life they knew nothing about. They could not



“SHOULD YOU MIND IF WE STAYED WITH YOU TO PLAY?” THEY ASKED.

were boarding at the Maplewood Farm, near by, for the summer; that two of them were sisters, and one a cousin. All this, and much more, was told to their new neighbor.

imagine a little girl without a papa and mamma, auntie and cousins, plenty of toys and playtime, and lots of laughing and talking.

Soon one of them, with a bright thought, said

quickly: "Would you like to hold my dolly, while I help set the table?"

This was delightful. Hetty dropped her mitten, and taking the dainty creature gently in her arms,



"SHE TOOK ONE LOOK AT HER DEAR OLD RAG DOLL."

she lightly smoothed the long, soft dress of finest frills and laces. What a wonder of beauty! Hetty sat silent and happy, stroking the golden hair and touching the little hands and pretty kid shoes.

"Where did it come from?" she asked at length.

"Uncle Charley bought it for me at one of the Boston shops," answered the little owner, carelessly. A wax doll was nothing strange to her.

Then Hetty took up the other doll and compared them—"a brown-eyed beauty and a blue-eyed angel," she thought.

Suddenly she heard Miss Thankful's voice calling: "Hetty, Hetty Williams! Can't you see it's near sundown? How are the cows to get home if you don't spry up and start after 'em?"

Sure enough, the day was nearly done, and when the little strangers started for Maplewood Farm, long, spindling shadows, with long, spindling dolls in their arms, ran alongside of them. Hetty saw this, as she stopped to look back after them on her way to the house.

Then off she trudged after Sukey and Jenny, but she passed by the flaming golden-rod, the purple asters, and the creamy buckwheat without ever once seeing them. It was like walking in her sleep. Her eyes were open, but she saw nothing except the pretty doll-faces she was dreaming about.

After the cows were home, and the milk in the bright pans, she finished the last mitten and bound

it off in the fading light. Before she slipped into her little bed, she took her dear old rag doll from the box for one look.

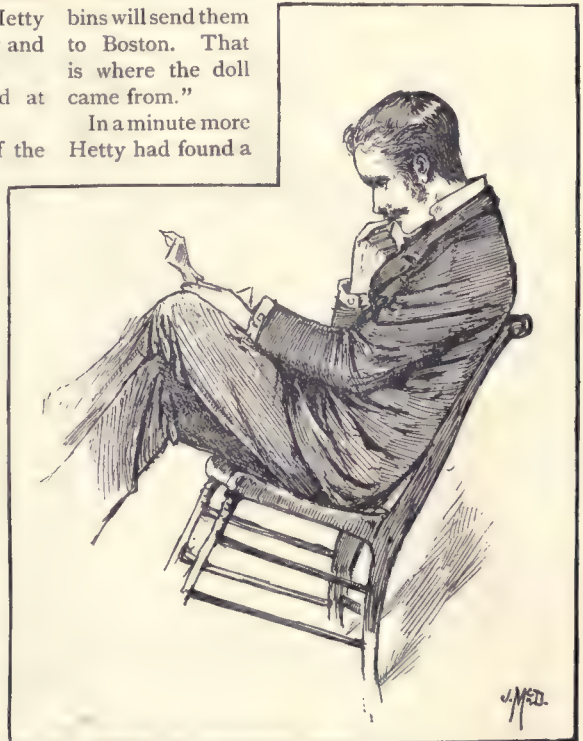
It was dreadful. She shut her eyes tight and put it back quickly out of sight. Those lovely doll angels! She could not quite keep them out of her prayers, even. It took a long, long time for Hetty to go to sleep that night. Her restless head tossed from side to side. When, at last, it lay quite still, and she was fast asleep, it was still full of rosy dreams. Blue-eyed dollies, with pink faces and wavy hair, crowded about her pillow.

The first beams of the morning sunshine found Hetty standing in the middle of the floor, with a brand-new idea caught tight and fast in her tangle of hair. Miss Thankful had not called her. She was not even stirring yet, and Hetty spoke aloud:

"Miss Thankful will take the mittens to the store to-day—that makes six pair

—and Mr. Dobbins will send them to Boston. That is where the doll came from."

In a minute more Hetty had found a



TOM READS THE LETTER. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

pencil and some scraps of paper, and was seated by the low window, busily writing. It was clearly something very important. She wrote one note and



tore it up; and then another and did the same; the third time it seemed to suit her. Next, she folded it very small and flat; then she took the new mittens from the drawer, and tucked the folded paper close up into the tip of the right hand.

"Good mornin', Miss Thankful," said Mr. Dobbins; "want to trade fur mittens agin, do ye? Well, that little girl o' yourn makes 'em 'mazin' spruce. None o' the knittin'-machines beat Hetty much. We kin get rid o' all ye kin fetch. A Boston man was in here yist'day and spoke fur a dozen pair. So help yerself, Miss Thankful; got some extra fine cotton cloth, very cheap, and some hansum caliker as ever you see."

Hetty was at the south door as the old chaise drove up, and took the parcels from Miss Thankful. She saw the mittens had not come back. "Gone to Boston," she whispered joyfully, as she turned into the house again.

So they had—started that very day. They did not stay long in Boston, however. The city was full of western merchants, buying for the fall and winter. Among the rest, stacks of woollen gloves and mittens went off over the iron tracks, up into the great, cold north-western country, where Jack Frost has jolly times playing his Russian pranks, and nipping noses, ears, and fingers.

Time went by, and winter came in dead earnest. Jack Frost enjoyed his rough jokes and found his way through all kinds of gloves. The clerks of a great store up in Minnesota were tired of saying to customers, "We are out of woollen mittens, sir—all gone long ago—not a woollen glove left in the house, sir."

"Hello, Mike, what is this?" said a pleasant-faced young fellow to one of the porters, as he drew out a packing-box from a dark corner in the cellar.

"Shure an' I dun' no, sir. I 'm thinkin' it 's sumthin' that's hid itself away, unbeknownst loike."

"We 'll find out quickly," said the young man. Mike's hatchet went splintering and cracking through the dry wood till the cover flew off.

"Wullun gloves! Misther Tom, and it 's the lucky foind, sir. Shure the paaple 'll be twice gladder to have thim now, sir, than in the warrum wayther whin they cum, sir."

Tom laughed at Mike's sharp way of dodging

the blame, and ordered them brought upstairs to be put on the counter at once. As he turned away, he took up the top pair. "First come, first served," he said; "these are my share. My old ones leak the cold everywhere." Sitting down by the glowing stove, he examined his prize at his leisure. "Good, thick, warm wool," said he. "No thin places; honest work, first quality."

By this time, two or three others had gathered around him, each with a pair of the new "find." When Tom tried the fit of his new gloves, his fingers touched something in the very tip of the right hand. Turning it wrong-side out, he found a carefully folded paper, like a note. Smoothing it out on his knee, he read it aloud:

"My name is Hetty Williams. I am eight years old. I live in Patchook, Mass. I knit these mittens for Mr. Dobbins's store. I wish the gentleman who buys them would send me a wax doll. I have only a rag doll, and I want one with a wax face and blue eyes, and pink cheeks and real hair. I want her very much indeed."

"Hurrah for little Hetty!" said Mr. Tom; "she



"HETTY SAT LIKE A STATUE, LOOKING AT HER TREASURE." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

shall have her wax baby for Christmas-day." And then he fell into a brown study. The fact was, Tom had been born "away down East," and he had worked a while in a country store there. He knew in a minute just what Mr. Dobbins's store was like. He fairly smelt the soap, and fish, and coffee, and could see the calicoes, and dishes, and woollen socks, and gray mittens. It did not take long to think all this, and then he cried:

"Who wants to help get a stunning doll for little Hetty? I'm glad Mr. Dobbins sent her gloves along this way."

The boys who did not get notes in their mittens tried to think that Hetty had knitted them all the same, and when Tom passed around his hat, the halves and quarters rattled in, then a trade-dollar thumped down, and a greenback or two fluttered in silently. Tom took the proceeds and went to the gayest toy-shop in town, and found a famous wax dolly. It was as big and as plump as a live baby, and much prettier, he thought. It had a long white frock, and shut its eyes properly when Tom laid it down to count out the money to pay for it. It did not take long to pack it snugly in a smooth box. Then Tom pasted Hetty's open letter on the cover. He went down himself with it to the express, and told the boys it must go free, and that every one might send a Merry Christmas to little Hetty till the lid was full of good wishes. I doubt if there ever was so much writing outside of one box. Every man who handled it seemed to think at once of some little sister or daughter or niece, and for her sake sent a greeting to the little girl in Patchook.

The day before Christmas, Miss Thankful White's old chaise stopped at Mr. Dobbins's store and post-office, and that lady, with Hetty to carry the parcels, came up to the counter.

"Good mornin', Miss Thankful—wish ye Merry Christmas—fine frosty weather, this. Le' me see: I think there's a letter for your little gal, Hetty there—came this mornin'. Get it out, Dan."

Hetty's eyes opened wider than ever before in her life. A letter for her! What could it mean? Mr. Dobbins must have made a mistake. But no, the red-haired boy, Dan, read the address, and handed it straight to her.

"*Miss Hetty Williams, Patchook, Mass.*"

Her first letter! She never thought of opening it—she was too much astonished and too well pleased.

"Sakes alive! Hetty Williams, what be you standin' there for, like as if you was struck dumb? Why don't ye hev sense enough left to open that letter and find out su'thin' about it?"

But as Hetty did not stir, Miss Thankful took it from her hand, removed her glasses, wiped them and put them on again, then carefully opened it and slowly read aloud:

"There is a box for Hetty Williams, in the express office at Fitchtown. Will be kept till

called for. This express does not deliver in Patchook."

"Wall, to be sure! Who kin it be from? how kin we get it?" queried that lady, helplessly.

"Why, bless ye, Miss Thankful, that's as easy as rollin' off a log. My boy Dan is jest hitchin' up to go to Fitchtown express for some store goods. He'll bring Hetty's box along with him, and glad tew."

Just after early nightfall that day, Mr. Dobbins's wagon rattled up to the south door. Miss Thankful and Hetty both rushed out to meet Dan, and it would be hard to say which was the spryer of the two.

Miss Thankful took the box from Dan with many thanks, and carried it into the house, saying:

"It's rather big and hefty for you, Hetty;" and then the good woman carefully pried off the cover with a claw-hammer and stove-lifter. The Christmas softness had, somehow, found its way to her heart, and so she quietly moved away to put up the "tools," and left Hetty to unfold the wrappings by herself and first see the sight, whatever it might be.

Hetty, when Miss Thankful came back, sat as still as a statue, with folded hands, looking only at her treasure. Miss Thankful settled her spectacles, took one good look, and then exclaimed: "Wall, I never! This does beat all natur'. Where upon airth did it ever rain down from?"

Just then, her "specs" grew dim, and the old lady took them off and wiped them well; then she continued: "Deary me, deary me! Well, I am right down glad that the Lord's put it into some-un's heart to clap to and send that child a doll baby. I'm sure I never should 'a' thought o' such a thing, if I'd lived a thousand year, and yet how powerful happy the little creetur is over it, to be sure! She looks like a pictur', kneelin' there by the box, with her eyes shinin' so bright and so still, just as if the doll baby was an angel, come down in its long white frock."

I only wish Tom could have seen Hetty then, or afterward, when she sat by the bright wood-fire, looking with childish delight into the soft blue eyes of her waxen darling. Or if he could have taken one look at the two heads on the pillow of the little attic bed, that night—both pair of eyes fast shut, and Hetty's small arm hugging her treasure tight and fast in her soundest sleep—he would then have known to a certainty that little Hetty Williams was to have at least one happy Christmas.



## ELIZABETH BUTLER.

BY ALICE MEYNELL.

[Many of the older boys and girls among our readers, who have seen in the print-shops beautiful engravings known as "The Roll-call," "Quatre Bras," "Balacava," etc., and have heard of the fame of Elizabeth Thompson, the brilliant English girl who painted the original pictures, will be glad to read the following interesting sketch, written by her sister, Mrs. Meynell. For several of the illustrations to this article (the drawings on pages 190, 191, 192, and 193, showing single-figure studies from some of the prominent English regiments) we are indebted to the artist herself, who drew them expressly for ST. NICHOLAS.]



*Elizabeth Thompson*

as I have been, to record the happy and successful early career of another, she will be ready, for the sake of a task so pleasant, to set aside the feelings of family diffidence, which might make her as modest in respect of her sister's fame as if it were her own.

Short biographies of Mrs. Butler have been plentiful enough, and have vied with one another in incorrectness. Elizabeth Thompson (Mrs. Butler) was positively unknown to the great public when her "Roll-call" took the world by storm, and it was scarcely to be wondered at that the surprise at her success, joined to the common love of wonders, gave rise to many mistakes in regard to her past. One delusion it is well to put an end to at the outset—the opinion that her sudden success was not preceded by long and careful study. In fact, Mrs. Butler has been a worker at art from the age of five.

Her father's system of instruction consisted of reading aloud the things which he wished to instill into her mind, while she practiced drawing and sketching. He believed that this kind of occupation on her part was no hinderance to mental attention, but that, on the contrary, the after-sight of the drawing produced during the reading of some passage of history would recall the events to which the little artist was listening while her pencil was at work. A little

It is not altogether unusual for an artist's or an author's work to be the subject of a brother's comment in criticism or biography. Sons have written of their fathers; many a wife has chronicled the labors of her husband; and, if one sister is asked,

questioning at the end of each lesson was, of course, necessary to test whether the pursuit of art had or had not been too absorbing. Undoubtedly the success of this plan was mainly due to his own gentleness and patience. Upon the

whole, the system was found to work well, and it was no doubt persevered in because it enabled her father to give his two children more advanced instruction than would have been possible without the constant comment and explanation which a reader is able to supply, better than any other teacher, to his hearers. He undertook the whole education of his daughters, giving up his time, and of course denying himself much that otherwise his cultivated nature would have enjoyed, for the sake of conscientiously fulfilling his self-imposed task. A few words in commemoration may be permitted in this unavoidably personal little record, especially now that he is no longer here to forbid the acknowledgment of all that his celebrated daughter owes to him.

Born in 1811, in the West Indies, Elizabeth Thompson's father was early left an orphan, and was brought up in the care of his grandfather; he was educated under private tuition and at Trinity College, Cambridge, which his delicate health, however, caused him to leave before he had taken his degree. He married, for the first time, very early; lost his young wife after the birth of a son and daughter, and adopted a life of travel and of literary and artistic interests, collecting pictures, studying by way of pleasure, and enjoying the society of which the late Lord Lytton, Charles Dickens, and D'Orsay were the principal stars. During this period he made a trip to America—rather an uncommon thing in those days; and it was a source of keen pleasure to him, not only at the time, but in the memories of his later life.

Of my father's friendship with Charles Dickens little need be recorded here, except that it was close and unusually affectionate; that he joined some of the amateur theatricals which the novelist so enthusiastically loved, and that it was Charles Dickens who introduced him to the lady who became his second wife and the mother of the battle-painter. Meeting, in Liverpool, a young girl who inspired him with an admiration attested by some of the most enthusiastic letters he ever wrote, Charles Dickens could not help coveting the prize on behalf of his friend. What he hoped for happened, in effect, more quickly than he had anticipated. He was the confidant of the engagement, the life of the wedding, and, with Mrs. Dickens, the companion of the closing month of a long wedding journey. His note of congratulation on the birth of the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, which event took place at Lausanne immediately after he had left the young couple in Switzerland, has been published in the third volume of "Dickens's Collected Letters."

About seven or eight years later he met my parents again; this time they were living, with their

two little girls, within sight of the snow-capped peaks of the Appenines, in an old palace, the Villa de Franchi, immediately overlooking the Mediterranean, with olive-clad hills at the back; on the left, the great promontory of Porto Fino; on the right, the Bay of Genoa, some twelve miles away, and the long line of the Apennines sloping down into the sea. The palace garden descended, terrace by terrace, to the rocks, being, indeed, less a garden than what is called a *villa* in the Liguria, and a *podere* in Tuscany—a fascinating mixture of vine, olive, maize, flowers, and corn. A fountain in marble, lined with maiden-hair, played at the junction of each terraced flight of steps. A great billiard-room on the first floor, hung with Chinese designs, was Elizabeth Thompson's first school-room; and there Charles Dickens, upon one of his Italian visits, burst in upon a lesson in multiplication. It was the first and almost the only time I ever saw him. In dim remembrance, he abides as a noisy, very rosy, very energetic, and emphatically English personality, though his person itself is quite forgotten; and the fact that nine times nine are eighty-one has remained in the girls' minds as one of the most unmistakable items of arithmetic, accompanied by the clap of hands and the cordial shout with which he proclaimed it.

The two children never went to school, and had no other teacher than their father—except their mother for music, and the usual professors for "accomplishments" in later years. And whether living happily in their beautiful Genoese home, or farther north among the picturesque Italian lakes, or in Switzerland, or among the Kentish hop-gardens and the parks of Surrey (the family having a more than Bedaween fondness for liberty of movement), Elizabeth's one central occupation of drawing was never abandoned—literally not for a day. With it went a peculiar faculty of observation which her father fostered continually. On the family *vetturino* journeys to Florence, to Switzerland, and elsewhere the small artist's head was always out of the window, watching with a perfectly inexhaustible interest the changing of horses and the ever-varying humors of the road-side. In England, the subjects of study—and of very profitable study undoubtedly—were the action of the cricket-field and the labors of cart-horses in the hay-harvest. Assuredly the child was never idle, for her eyes were hard at work. The promise of her sketches had declared itself very early to eyes able to discriminate between what is significant and living in such elementary attempts, and what is only the common work of baby fingers. Both her parents were, in fact, artists; her father having an altogether exceptional, though untaught, power in



drawing heads, and her mother being a landscape-painter whose capacity Mr. Ruskin and the late Mr. Tom Taylor, among other critics, recognized with marked interest and admiration. Nor were the child's wise guides alarmed at what might have been considered as unfeminine in the subjects she chose—stampedes of wild horses, battles, and soldiers in various combinations. So strong a tendency, it was felt, had a meaning; the love of horses especially seemed to point to a following of Rosa Bonheur; but happily Elizabeth Thompson, when in her early teens, abandoned the intention of being exclusively an animal painter.

When the child was fifteen, it was resolved (the family being at that time in England) that the routine of art-training might begin without inter-

After a winter of hard work came a three-years' sojourn at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, where Elizabeth Thompson received instruction in water-color and landscape from a Mr. Gray, continuing her own sketches from imagination and nature with ceaseless pleasure. Bonchurch is a pretty place, but Bonchurch life is hardly picturesque; fortunately, horses are everywhere, and are always good subjects, even though nothing rougher or more characteristic be at hand than carriage-horses, or the well-groomed mare of the family butcher.

After still another visit abroad came a prolonged stay in London and another application, this time under new circumstances, for the national art-instruction at South Kensington. The head-master



AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF ELIZABETH THOMPSON'S FAMOUS PICTURE "THE ROLL-CALL." \*

fering unduly with other studies; and my sister joined the South Kensington School of Design, but only for a session, the work proving too mechanical to profit her much. A teacher of art-painting was therefore engaged, a Mr. Standish, and the young aspirant handled the brush for the first time.

there at the time was Mr. Richard Burchett, whose discrimination as a teacher and whose enlightened encouragement of the lady students (always under a disadvantage in Government schools) were of signal assistance to many a beginner. He knew how to dispense with routine in a place of which routine was, apparently, the very life; and to him

\* It is impossible to present within the limits of one page an adequate copy of "The Roll-call," as the required reduction would make the faces so small that their expression would be lost. We give a reduced outline of the entire picture, and on pages 188 and 189 show copies of some of its most interesting groups.

All the reproductions here given from the picture of "The Roll-call" are made with the kind permission of the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond street, London, owners of the copyright. The painting belongs to Her Majesty the Queen, and is now at Windsor Castle, but was in the possession of the Fine Art Society for some time, and was seen by nearly a quarter of a million people. The steel-plate engraving (from which our engravings are copied) was prepared by Mr. F. Stackpoole, A. R. A., at a cost of nearly £2000 (\$10,000); and after thirty-five hundred impressions had been taken off, the plate was destroyed, although in good condition, in order that the value of the engravings might not be lessened by the issue of inferior impressions.

the new pupil's sketches were submitted, with the bold request that, if he saw fit, he would allow her to skip the room in which drawings of scroll-work were to be copied for a certain number of months, the room in which outlined flowers were to be reproduced, the room in which an egg was to be shaded, and that in which a chair was to be studied in perspective, and all the other preliminaries to the "antique" and the "life." The permission was readily granted, and Elizabeth Thompson became a pupil in figure-drawing. She never considered, however, that her course of study at South Kensington had done for her what it ought to have done in the time which she spent there, or that the system in force was personal or careful enough to develop individual power. And it was between two long courses of study there that she enjoyed the summer in Florence and the winter in Rome to which she thought she owed almost all the solid success of after years.



GROUP FROM "THE ROLL-CALL"

In 1868, she was painting in private at Genoa, the city which had been her early

home, and in which her half-sister had married and remained. The following spring saw the family in a Florentine villa upon the road to Fiesole, within walking distance of the heart of Florence. Elizabeth Thompson entered the studio of Professor Bellucci,



the most eminent historical painter of his time in Italy, and made the utmost use of six months of his excellent instruction. What she gathered from him she was wont to say that his method of correcting a touch or an outline, and then asking her whether she had understood the motive of the correction, was worth more than a lecture on painting. Everything was personal, well-directed, and insistent — the very antithesis, in fact, of class teaching, where generalities are unavoidable. The steadfast young student used to rise betimes, to breakfast alone before the rest of the family, and to walk down with a maid into the town, to the old paved street of Santa Reparata, where Signor Bellucci had his studio. On the days when she did not work with him, she copied passages from the frescoes in the cloisters of the Annunziata, masterpieces of Andrea del Sarto and Franciabigio, making a special study of the drapery of the last-named painter. The sacristans of the old church — the most popular church in Florence — knew and welcomed the young English girl, who sat for hours so intently at her work in the cloister, unheeding the coming and going of the long procession of congregations passing through the gates.

Her studies in the galleries were also full of delight and profit, though she made no other copies, and she was wont to say that of all the influences of the Florentine school which stood her in good stead in her after work, that of Andrea del Sarto was the most valuable and



the most important. The intense heat of a mid-summer which, day after day, showed a hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the shade could not make her relax work, and her master, Florentine as he was, was obliged to beg her to spare him, at least for a week, if she would not spare herself. It was toward the end of October that artist and pupil parted, his confidence in her future being as unbounded as her gratitude for his admirable skill and minute carefulness. During the following seven months, spent in Rome, no other teaching was sought besides the silent instruction of the great galleries. Under the influences of the city, military subjects were put aside for the time, and

thronged with "types"—Oriental and Occidental, Tartar and African and Mongolian; while languages, habits, and vestments were as various as the faces. The Council was still in session when the artist, with her family, went to London in the early summer.

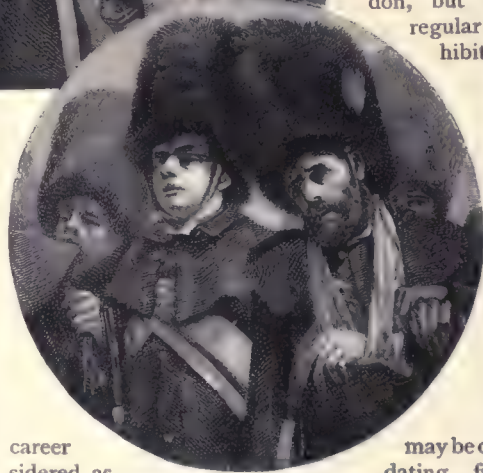
At this time Elizabeth Thompson, again a student at South Kensington, became a regular exhibitor at the Dudley Gallery and other water-color exhibitions. Military subjects had resumed their strong hold on her fancy; and her drawings of cavalry in action, of recruits at drill, and kindred scenes gained so much appreciation that a leading critic adjudged her, to her own surprise, to

be, in her higher studies of character, a rival to Fortuny. During her sojourn in Florence she had entered upon her profession in the formal manner which is marked by a first sale, and a few years previously she had been an occasional contributor to the Society of Lady Artists in London, but her regular exhibition



GROUPS FROM "THE ROLL-CALL."

Elizabeth Thompson sketched the Romans of to-day, drew from the usual models, and achieved a religious picture—the "Visitation of the Blessed Virgin to St. Elizabeth"—which gained honorable mention at an ecclesiastical art exhibition opened by Pope Pius the Ninth in the cloisters of the Carthusian monastery. In Rome, too, was studied from the life a scene of a Roman Sunday-school which the artist had been much interested in watching—the priests and children at catechism, the groups gathered together in different parts of the churches or cloisters, the demonstrative interest and emphasis with which the monks pressed their theological dogmas into the boyish mind, and the evident good-will that inspired the little learners. Nor, fortunately for our artist and the public, was there any lack of other sketchable matter in Rome that season, the Vatican Council having assembled in December, and the churches and streets being



career  
sidered as  
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may be con-  
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1870. While,  
however, her military work was meeting with what promised to be a success, the Roman religious picture of which mention has been made underwent a more than usually rigorous fate at the hands of the Royal Academy, being not only re-

jected, but displaying, when eventually recovered from the cellars of that institution, a ragged hole in the carefully painted evening sky large enough to give a glimpse of the sky of London through the canvas. The next picture, sent to the Academy from the Isle of Wight, was rejected also, but came home without a hole; the next year the young artist tried again—this time with a subject from the Franco-Prussian war, then of comparatively recent interest. "Missing" was the title, and the picture commemorated one of those side-incidents of a campaign in which she believed that art might find a truer and more human interest than in the masses and generalities of a battle. Two French officers, old and young, both

known. The picture gained admittance to the Academy, to the artist's great pleasure, but was hung too high up, or, as it is technically termed, "skyped." During the same year she received her first commission, which came from one of the wealthy art-patrons of the great metropolis, and was accepted as a welcome encouragement and proof of appreciation. The subject was to be military; and the artist resolved upon "The Roll-call." In sticking so resolutely to the painting of soldiers she abandoned several other branches of art in which she would probably have won distinction: sacred history, romantic history, portrait, landscape, or, as has been said, animal-painting, all lay well within her power, and had been practiced by her; but she was aware not only that her own taste pointed decisively in another direction, but that there was a movement in her time which it would be wise to join. Military painting in France was, in this treatment of individual soldiers and of incidents of the battlefield rather than of battles and of masses of men, a new art, followed by brilliant votaries; but in England the beginning had not been made. All artists in these days of numbers feel the great desirableness of some fresh field—if only such should be open to them. To Elizabeth Thompson this freshest of fields was manifestly open; she was, by her long preparation, ready for the time, and the time was ready for her. The almost overwhelming success of "The Roll-call" owed something of its completeness to this fortunate combination. A studio was taken in London for the production of the picture, and there the artist worked on several canvases in years to come.

In the spring of 1874, "The Roll-call" was duly sent in to the Royal Academy, and was received with a cheer by the committee. By degrees tidings of its success were carried to the painter and her family; there were unmistakable signs of a sensation in the town; the clubs were full of rumors of a great picture by a woman; scraps of talk about it were overheard in railway trains. And yet this preparation hardly broke the shock of surprise when, on the morning after the Academy banquet, the speeches of both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge were found to refer in terms of generous praise to the work of the unknown girl. Such a compliment had seldom or never been paid to a new name, and it was the prelude to a popular furore which can only be described as unexampled. The Private View had out one topic of talk, and the picture was preserved from destruction at the hands of a mob of friendly sight-seers only by the efforts of a policeman; not since the days of Wilkie's first great success had such a guard been necessary. But



A LANCER, 17TH REGIMENT. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]

wounded and with one wounded horse between them, have lost their way after a disastrous defeat; their names will appear in the sad roll as missing, and the manner of their death will never be



"The Roll-call" officer had unquestionably a busy time of it; from morning till night the throng never loosened, or relaxed from its hard knot in front of

crowds about her in ball-rooms, at exhibitions, in the public ways; but she never relaxed work for a day. The next year's picture was her constant

preoccupation, and neither the pleasure of celebrity nor the distraction of notoriety ever discomposed her. "Quatre Bras" was exhibited in 1875, and drew a crowd equal to that which thronged round its predecessor; it had also the honor of Mr. Ruskin's praise. "I never approached a picture," he wrote, "with more iniquitous prejudice against it than I did Miss Thompson's—partly because I have always said that no woman could paint; and secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing. But it is Amazon's work, this, no doubt of it, and the first fine pre-raphaelite picture of battle we have had, profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. The sky is most tenderly painted, and with the truest outline of cloud of all in the exhibition; and the terrific piece



A TRUMPETER OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]

the picture, except, indeed, on one occasion, when a gap, as memorable as the crowd, occurred on the day when the Queen, who did not visit the Academy at that time, had the picture removed to Buckingham Palace for a few hours, that she might see a work of such special interest to a sovereign who has always loved her army. "The Roll-call" was, as has been said, the result of a commission; but, when Her Majesty expressed a wish to possess it herself, the owner loyally ceded his claim, on condition that the next year's picture should be his. The copyright was purchased for fifteen times the amount of the original commission, and during the ensuing four years was either in the hands of the engraver (Mr. Stackpoole, who produced an admirable plate) or on view in the provincial towns, where it became even a greater lion than it had been in London. And if the picture was a lion, the painter was the heroine of the season, and so pursued with her celebrity that the preservation of serenity of mind was no slight achievement. The whisper of her name drew

of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme left, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse, seen through the smoke below, is wrought through all the truth of its frantic passion with gradations of color and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death." "The Return from Balaclava" followed in 1876, and "Inkerman"—a return of infantry in this case—in 1877.

This was the year of Elizabeth Thompson's marriage with Major (now Colonel) Butler, C. B. (who as the author of "The Great Lone Land" needs no introduction), an alliance which has strengthened her love of military art by inspiring her with a personal interest in the army, and which has also given her a new country—Ireland—henceforth to be in its landscapes and its people the subject of her enthusiastic study. The deep coloring of the climate, its strong effects of light and cloud, have delighted her eye and her imagination. Whereas her former recreation con-



AN ENGLISH SOLDIER OF THE 17TH LANCERS.  
[DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR  
ST. NICHOLAS.]

sisted generally of a trip to Italy, to the familiar Mediterranean or to the Tuscan vineyards in time of vintage, it now usually takes the form of a stay in some Irish glen; but wherever Mrs. Butler travels it is with the enjoyment of one to whom all things are always new, whose sketch-book is constantly in her hand, who has that artist's gift felicitously called by some one "collodion on the retina," and whose intelligent appreciation of the realities of character and incident in the world has done so much to in-

form and strengthen her dramatic imagination. Of her two pictures exhibited in 1879, one ("Listed for the Connaught Rangers") dealt with Irish life, and the other ("The Remnant of an Army") with one of the most tragic events in the Indian history of England—the solitary arrival of Dr. Brydon under the walls of Jellalabad in 1842, after the destruction of General Elphinstone's force of 16,000 by the Afghans. A commission from the Queen produced "The Defense of Rorke's Drift," an incident of the Zulu war, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1881; and in the same year was



A MEMBER OF THE "SCOTS GREYS." [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER FOR  
ST. NICHOLAS.]



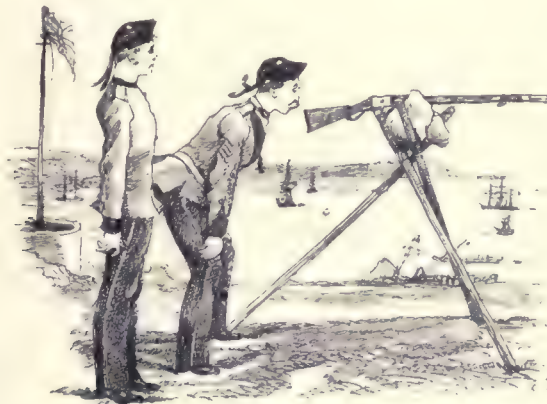
completed the picture called "Scotland Forever"! which, in the opinion of many critics, showed an increased development of power in movement, in the expression of energy, and in the drawing of the horse.

Mrs. Butler in her studio is surrounded by the signs of work rather than by those signs of play which make many an artist's *atelier* an apartment for the display of luxury. No bric-à-brac and no bits of subtle drapery are there, no stuffed peacocks and no orange-trees in flower: her art deals with other matters. The walls are hung with old uniforms—the tall shako, the little coatee, and the stiff stock—which the visitor's imagination may stuff out with the form of the British soldier as he fought in the days of Waterloo. These are objects of use, not ornament; so are the relics from the fields of France in 1871, and the assegais and spears and little sharp wooden maces from Zulu-land. These accessories of her art are peculiarly dear to Mrs. Butler. And, indeed, uniforms and arms have a meaning, a spirit and significance, which no other kind of garment possesses. Her models are not the usual professionals—pretty women in elaborate historical costumes, or men who have achieved a triumph in the development of muscle. Mrs. Butler draws directly from her subjects—the soldier and the horse; and as Wordsworth's proverbial servant-girl, on being asked to show her master's study, said that his library was in the house but that he studied in the fields, so it may be said that Mrs. Butler studies in the fields, in the streets, making notes from horses as they rest at pasture or labor at draught. The walls

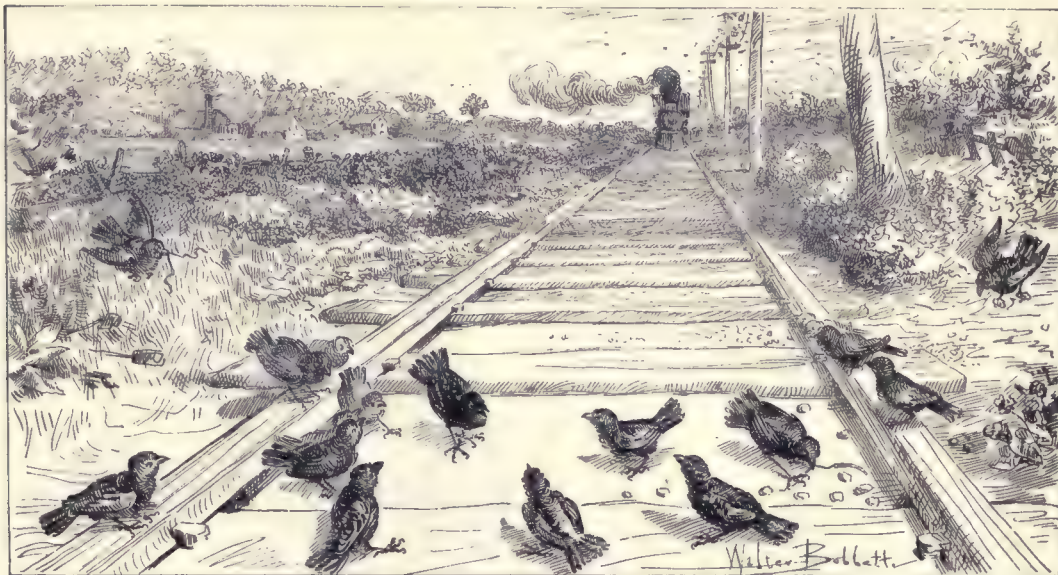


A HUSSAR SCOUT. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER, FOR ST. NICHOLAS.]

of her studio are hung with sketches as well as with "properties"—Genoese studies and Florentine studies, drawings of Tuscan oxen in the vineyards, impressions of landscape, light, and color. That she spends her time in learning is a fact which should exist in the life of any artist; and that the altered conditions and duties entailed upon her by matrimony have not interfered with her old industry should encourage those young women who fear marriage as an obstacle to success in art.



MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION. [DRAWN BY ELIZABETH BUTLER.]



IS N'T IT ABOUT TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY?

## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE BOYS IN COUNCIL.

RUPE and Rod ran on merrily down the bank, while Letty waited alone on the bridge, in the pleasant evening light, until Rush came out of Mr. Rumney's yard and joined her.

The innocent girl was thinking gratefully of the happy days which awaited them in that charming spot, with the lake so near and the river running by their door, delighting their eyes while it turned the mill, when a glance at Rush's perturbed face startled her from that bright dream.

"Rupe!" he cried, "go and find the boys, and tell them I want to see 'em. About something very particular."

Then, after the youngsters were gone: "I'll tell you all about it now," he said in answer to an eager inquiry from his sister. "I did n't want the boys to know, for we must keep it from Mother."

He was in a fever of excitement. He took off his hat, to cool his brow in the dewy evening air,

and continued, while she listened with breathless interest, leaning by the rail of the bridge:

"There's a good reason why I did n't like the looks of that new building over on the pond! It's the boat-house of a newly formed club—the Argonauts."

"We knew it was a boat-house," said Letty. "But I don't see why it should trouble you."

"No, you don't take in the meaning of it," replied Rush. "But I did, as soon as I found out that Dick Dushee had thought it necessary to make up a fib about it. There's a rage for boating, just now, here in Tammoset and Dempford."

"All the better," said Letty. "It will make things lively. We are to have a boat, too, you said yourself; and Lute has promised to make one."

"It would all be very well, but for one thing," said Rush. "Many of the boats will be kept in the new boat-house, and about the pond. Some belong down the river. And all will want to be passing up and down."

"I should think so," replied Letty, still failing to see the evil which cast so dark a shadow. "Why not?"



"There's our mill-dam!" said Rush, in a low, intense whisper; and, as they walked on, he told her all he had heard. "This was what made Dushee so rabid to sell."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Letty. "But the dam has a right to be there?"

"So Uncle Dave's lawyer told us; he looked into that matter when he examined the title to the property."

"He ought to know."

"Of course he knows. But he merely went to his law-books for his knowledge, probably. It's a pity he did n't talk with the Dempford and Tammoset Argonauts!"

"Did n't any of you talk with anybody else?" poor, distressed Letty inquired.

"Why, yes; the boys, when they came up here with Uncle Dave, went and talked with Mr. Rumney. He owns the land on the other side of the mill and up above here. He told them that keeping back the water did more good than harm to the land-owners, and he had never heard a complaint against it from one of 'em, during the dozen years and more the dam has been there. But he never said a word about the boats. Neither did Dushee."

"Oh dear! What can you do?"

"I have n't talked with Lute and Mart," replied Rush. "But since the law is on our side, and the dam has a right to be there, and it is necessary to our business,—why, it would ruin us to take it away,—I know just what they will think."

"They will stand up for their rights," said Letty, pride in her strong, resolute brothers rising above her fears. "They are not cowards. Neither are you, Rush!"

"I should hope not," said Rush, with a nervous laugh. "We have Mother to think of, you know. We have got all her money in this property, and we are bound to protect it, for her sake even more than our own."

"Can't you see some of the Argonauts,—if that's what you call them,—and come to some agreement with them? I do so dread the thought of any trouble!" exclaimed Letty.

"So do I; and, of course, we shall get along peaceably with them if we can. But, by their driving Dushee to sell out, I judge that they're pretty rough fellows. It won't do for them to be rough with us!" Rush added, with another excited laugh. "There come the boys."

Near the house they met the two oldest, sauntering along the walk. They had had a good day in the shop, notwithstanding the fish-officer's visit; and they were hopefully and tranquilly talking over their plans in their mother's room, when they received Rush's message.

"How little they suspect!" whispered Letty.

"What's up, Rocket?" Mart inquired, carelessly, resting one hand on his hip.

"Send back the boys," said Rush, in a low voice; for the two youngest were following. "I don't know, though; I suppose they may as well be told; but the whole thing must be kept from Mother. Go in, Letty, and if she asks any questions, just say I wanted to talk about boats. She knows we think of building one."

"What have you f-f-found out?" said Lute.

"Anything more about f-f-fish-officers?"

"Worse than that!" Rush replied. And there, on the high bank above the river, in the fading twilight, with his four brothers grouped about him for an audience, he told briefly his story.

After a few of their eager questions had been answered, Lute turned to the oldest and said:

"It looks as if Dushee had let the knife into us middling d-d-deep. Do you remember how the d-d-deed reads?"

"I'm afraid there's not over-much comfort for us in that," Mart replied. "It guarantees the title to the real estate, but merely assigns to us the right he bought of Rumney to maintain a dam against his shore for ninety-nine years."

"That is, the right to maintain it if we c-c-can," said Lute.

"And we can," exclaimed Rush, "with the law on our side. And we will!"

"The law is a good thing to have on a man's side," Mart said. "But with a boat-club against us, made up of fellows from two towns, maintaining our right is n't going to be the smoothest job."

Rush had expected to see his brothers take a more determined attitude at the start; and this sort of talk disheartened him.

"Dushee is a villain!" he exclaimed, with burning resentment.

"Why don't you go right over and punch his head for him?" cried Rupert. "I would! I'll take that Dick; and you see if I don't give him the worst pounding ever the mean son of a mean man had."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Lute. "P-p-punching and p-p-pounding won't do any good."

"No," said Mart. "And remember, you boys: We've the right on our side, to begin with, and we've got to move carefully, so as not to put ourselves in the wrong. So, just let Dick Dushee alone, and take care what you say to other people."

"That's the p-p-point," said Lute. "We are going to stand up for our rights, even if we have to fight for 'em. But we don't want to f-f-fight, unless we're f-f-forced to. Is n't that the ground, Mart?"

"Precisely," said Mart. "We've everything

at stake here, and we're not to be scared. If the principal Argonauts are reasonable, right-minded fellows, it's likely we can make some amicable arrangement with them. If not——"

"I'd fight 'em!" said Rupe. "I think there'd be fun in it."

"There might be, if it was n't for Mother," said Mart. "She must n't be troubled about this affair at all. Come, Lute."

"Where are you going?" Rush asked.

"To have a quiet and agreeable little chat with Dushee."

"Yes, let's w-wash our hands of him the f-f-first thing," Lute assented.

They started off, the younger boys following, intent on witnessing the sport.

"See here!" said Mart. "We're not going to battle. We don't need an army. Go back! But Rush can come along as far as Rumney's, where we shall stop to have a little talk first."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A CALL ON DUSHEE.

THE elder Dushee was not pleasantly surprised when, that evening, there came a decided ring at the door of his new house on the Dempford side of the river; and, on opening it, lamp in hand, he looked out on the serious faces of the big Tinkham brothers.

It was hard to manufacture, at once, and on the spot, smile enough to cover that enormous blank countenance of his; but he struggled manfully at it, and invited them to "step in."

They stepped in accordingly, and remained quietly standing, while he placed the lamp on a table and offered them chairs.

"Re'l spring-like weather, now," he observed, hospitably. "Any news?"

"Y-y-yes, r-r-rather," said Lute, with gleaming spectacles. "Seems to be p-p-pretty good weather for news."

"You told our brother Rush this evening," said Mart, "that there were some little things about the mill we should have to find out for ourselves."

"Yes, certainly."

There was hardly smile enough to go around among the Dushee features; but the mouth made the most of its share, and grinned persistently.

"And we're f-finding 'em out," said Lute.

"But we thought," Mart added, in his driest manner, "that it might simplify matters if you would be a little more liberal with your information."

"Truth is a p-p-precious thing, we know," struck in the other's rapid stammer. "But a man

should n't be too s-s-saving of it. And if you'll waste a little on us, now that it can't hurt your trade, we'll be ob-b-liged to you."

If there was any humor in their way of introducing the business that brought them, not the least consciousness of it was betrayed by either of the boys; and surely Mr. Dushee was in no mood to appreciate it. There was a rather grim earnestness in their manner which to him foreboded unpleasant things.

"Better set down," he said, as they remained standing. "Truth about what?"

"About the trouble you've had with the boat-club, and the probable amount in pickle for us," said Mart. "You've played a sharp game on us, Mr. Dushee; but we have n't come to make any unnecessary comments on that. The important thing now is, to know what we're to expect from the Argonauts."

"Wall, I d'n' know. Better set down," said Dushee, with a stammer that rivaled Lute's. "I guess you'll get along with 'em. You're new men. There won't be the prejudice agin' you there has been agin' me."

"Mr. Rumney says you've had your flash-boards broken and parts of the dam torn out more than once. How is it?" Mart inquired.

"He told you that?" said Dushee, quickly.

"Yes; but not till after you had made your trade. He was careful about that. Now fork out the facts," Mart added, with his most deliberate drawl, "and oblige."

"I *have* had a little trouble with some of 'em," Dushee admitted, after urging his visitors again to "set down." "There was skurce a boat on the river, 'cept now and then one goin' up into the pond, fishin', not for years. I could always 'commodate 'em, and nobody never questioned my right to have a dam there."

"N-n-nobody?" said Lute.

"Nobody!" Dushee repeated, with emphasis. —"Better set down—Not for a dozen years at least. Then a passel of boys, that was in baby-frocks when I built it, they'd growed up to feel smart and think they owned all creation. They must have their boats; and, if I was n't on hand to pull up my flash-boards for 'em, they had no more sense than to go to smashin' things. Come! wont ye set down?"

"Guess not," said Mart. "We're like the boy that went visiting with his mother, and when she kept asking him at the table: 'Can't ye eat a little more, sonny? can't ye eat a little more?' 'Mabby I could,' says he, 'if I stood up.' We can take in your facts best standing. And as we don't mean to intrude on your hospitality again, we want a full meal this time."



This was said with such solemn deliberation that, when Mr. Dushee tried to receive it as a joke, his forced laugh sounded strangely out of place.

"Why did n't you tell us this when we first asked about the d-d-dam?" Lute inquired.

"I d'n't know; I wa'n't bound to. Every man in business has his enemies and his little troubles,

son was over, you would make some different arrangements before spring?"

"Wall, I *have* made different arrangements," said Dushee.

"Yes, you 've sold the property to us," Mart replied, with his usual drawl, but with a dangerous light in his eyes. "*Without incumbrance*, you said,

but I call a fight like this with two towns the biggest sort of an incumbrance."

"We 've got about as much satisfaction as I expected," said Lute. "When a man deliberately swindles a widow and her boys in this way, it's like exp-p-postulating with a hyena to call him to an account for it. But there's another thing we came to say."

"Yes," Mart added. "I told you to-day that we would take the horse and wagons and things at your price. But now, we think differently."

"You back down?" cried Dushee.

"We b-b-back down," said Lute. "A man may overreach us once. But we 're fools if we let him overreach us tw-twice."

"But he 's a good, sound horse!" Dushee protested.

"He may be," Lute answered. "But it will take more than your word to convince us there is n't some inc-c-cumbrance on him."



MART CARRIED HIS MOTHER ACROSS THE PLANK. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

and you don't s'pose he 's goin' to make out a list of 'em when he comes to sell out, do ye?"

"Little troubles is g-g-good," said Lute.

"Of course," said Dushee. "This boatin' fever 'll die down about as sudden as it come up; storm 'll blow over in a little while, and you 'll be all right."

"Did n't you have to keep your flash-boards open half the time last summer?" Mart demanded.

"Wall, I did keep 'em open a little more'n I wanted to, I allow."

"And did n't you keep your dam from being destroyed at last by promising, if the Argonauts would leave it for you to use after the boating sea-

"We don't want anything more to do with you, or any more of your property," said Mart. "Come and take it away."

"And another thing," Lute added, as they were about to go. "Come and get your property, as my b-b-brother says. But after that, if I catch you on our place again, I 'll p-p-pick you up and throw you into the w-w-water."

As Dushee was about twice as big as the boy of nineteen who made this threat, it would have sounded laughable enough, if anybody there present had been in a laughing humor.

As for Dushee, he was in a blustering rage by

this time. He threatened, at first, to sue the widow for the price of the horse and wagons; then he taunted the boys with their smartness in putting into the market dolls' carriages that crowded his out.

"You're welcome to make 'em now, at any price," he roared after them as they walked out of the door. "But you've somebody else besides me to compete with. You've got the Argynots to compete with! Compete with them!"

They kept their temper pretty well, considering the circumstances, and went slowly away, without deigning any further reply.

It had been, on the whole, an unfortunate visit, and they had the poor satisfaction of feeling that they had gained nothing by it but an enemy, against the day when they were to have enemies enough and to spare.

They had gained two enemies, in fact; young Dick Dushee, who had stood in the background during the interview, counting henceforth for one.

## CHAPTER IX.

### IN THE WILLOW TREE.

THE next morning the boys went quietly about their work, wisely resolved not to borrow trouble, but to await developments, and make the best of things.

They started up the mill, and the rush of the water-wheel, the clank and whir of the machinery, and the noise of the jig-saw and lathe, made the music their hearts loved.

Early in the forenoon, Mr. Dushee came over with Dick, hitched the horse to the wagon, loaded up the extra pieces of harness, the blankets and robes, with other articles, and took the buggy in tow. They said nothing to anybody; but Dick glared insolently at Rupe and Rod, who were digging in the garden, and snatched from their hands the rake and fork they were using, these being among the effects which the Tinkhams had finally declined to purchase.

"Don't say a word to him!" Rupe charged his brother, who was inclined to resent this rudeness. "They're welcome to their old traps; we don't want 'em."

This was said loud enough for the Dushees to hear, while Rupe bestowed on Dick a look of defiant scorn.

The Dushees drove away with their miscellaneous possessions, and a few minutes later Rupe and Rod were on their way to the village, with money Mart had given them to buy the garden tools they needed.

The next day was Sunday; and in the afternoon

Mrs. Tinkham made her first visit to the seats in the willow tree over the river.

Mart carried her across the plank in his strong and tender arms, and placed her where the best views were to be had, while Letty followed with a shawl to wrap around the delicate shoulders. The sun was shining, but there was a chill in the air.

There was room on the benches for the whole family, though Mart remained leaning against one of the great branches, and Rod chose to perch himself on a limb.

Lute had a newspaper, and Letty had brought a book from which to read aloud to her mother. But book and newspaper were forgotten in the charm of the situation and the pleasant communion which united the hearts of mother and children.

"Mr. Dushee must be a man of some taste," said the widow, looking delightedly around, "or he never would have put these seats here in this old tree."

"I fancy he has about as much taste as his old roan horse has," replied Mart. "He used to have a partner in the business, who lived in the house here with him; and it's to him and his young wife that we owe these and some other pleasant things."

"Speaking of the horse," said his mother, "I can't understand why you concluded so suddenly not to buy him, after I had given my consent."

"We have n't much c-c-confidence in Dushee," remarked Lute, who had pulled off his spectacles to read his newspaper, but now put them on again to look about him. "He would never let on, if the horse's legs were c-c-covered with spavins and ringbones."

"Besides, we shall probably want to use all our spare cash in establishing ourselves here," said Mart, thinking of their rights to be maintained and perhaps fought for. "Then there will be a satisfaction in buying a better horse, and new wagons and things, when we can afford them."

"A wise conclusion, I've no doubt," said his mother. "Rocket, I do think it was a happy inspiration that made you hunt up this place and insist on our buying it! Does n't it seem, children, as if it had been made and kept for us, just as Rocket said?"

The older boys did not respond to this sentiment so promptly as might have been expected, the consciousness of an important secret kept from her, and of troubles in store of which she did not dream, tying their tongues.

But Rush spoke up earnestly: "I hope you will always think so, Mother." And Letty, to the relief of her brothers, began to expatiate on the beauties of the place, in her extravagant, girlish way.

"I was sorry to take you children out of school,"



the widow said. "But I am told the schools here are as good as those in town, and you, Letty, shall begin to go at the commencement of the next term, along with Rupe and Rod."

"I want to stay at home and work in the garden," said Rod. "We are going to raise flowers, and corn, and potatoes, and peas, and beans, and strawberries, and everything."

"You shall have work enough in the garden," said Mart; "all you hanker for, I'll warrant."

"What a blessed day of rest this is!" said the mother, "after the turmoil of moving and getting settled! It seems as if there was nothing now to mar our perfect enjoyment."

"N-n-nothing!" stammered Lute, taking off his glasses again to look at the newspaper, but thinking all the while of the menaced dam.

"I'm only afraid you'll work too hard, boys," she went on. "You've been looking rather careworn for a day or two; and I don't like to see it."

"We've had a good many things to think of," drawled Mart, glancing from under his contracted brows at some object down the river.

"Too many!" exclaimed the mother. "I think some are unnecessary. The boat, for instance, which you talk of making. Don't think of that at present."

"We shall want a boat," said Lute, carelessly. "There's a new boat-club here in town, and we may wish to j-j-join it."

"Why, yes," returned the mother; "it will be pleasant to be on good social terms with the young men."

"V-v-very," said Lute. "We hope to be."

"There comes a boat, now!" cried Letty, her eye having followed Mart's down the river. "Two of them!"

"Three!" called Rod from his perch on the limb, as a third boat hove in sight around the bend below the mill.

"How charming they look!" exclaimed the mother.

"L-l-lovely!" said Lute, peering anxiously through his glasses.

"They are the first of the season," said Rush.

"They are coming up with the tide."

The flash-boards were up, yielding a free passage to the boats, the foremost of which, impelled by sturdy oars, came gliding through.

"If it was a week-day, and the mill was going, I don't see how they would pass the dam," Mrs. Tinkham observed, looking down on the boatmen, who, in their turn, looked up at the group in the tree.

"Sunday is the time for them," said Mart. "And they'll naturally come at flood-tide, when the flash-boards are always open, whatever the day."

Then, without giving her time to reflect that the

boats would probably be returning with the ebb, and that on working days they would find the passage in the dam closed, he added:

"I'm afraid it's a little cool for you, Mother. I don't want you to take cold the first time; for I expect you will pass whole days here when the weather is warm and the trees are in foliage."

"But you are not going to take me in so soon!" she said, entreatingly, as if she had been the child and he the parent.

"I think I'd better." And he put his arms about her.

"Oh, yes; we'll all go," said Letty, at a hint from Rush.

There was something in the appearance of one of the boats which the boys did not like; and if their mother was to be spared all knowledge of the threatened troubles, it was high time that she should be got out of the way.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ENCOUNTER AT THE DAM.

THE first boat, having passed the dam, staid its oars. The second likewise slackened speed, and drifted with the current abreast of the mill, while the third boat came up.

In the bow of this boat was a burly fellow, whom we may as well introduce to the reader.

He was a Dempford boy, named Buzrow—son of a Buzrow whom nobody we can hear of ever knew, but who was popularly supposed to have possessed prodigious strength. Tradition declared him to have been double-jointed, or "double-j'inted," as the boys had it; and there was a story that he had once knocked down a cow with his fist.

Milton Buzrow—for that was the son's name; though why a Buzrow who could knock down cows with his fist should honor a poet by calling a child after him, admits of some speculation—Milton, I say (commonly called Milt), was hardly yet twenty years old; but, in addition to the honor of being the son of the cow-smiter, he also enjoyed a reputation for tremendous physical prowess. He made no claim to being, like the mythical Buzrow, double-j'inted, but his style of conversation clearly showed that he regarded the knocking down of cows as an act of heroic manhood to which he, too, might, in due time, aspire.

Such a Buzrow was naturally a leader among a certain class of boys; and that he did not often lead them into ways of peace and quietness need hardly be said. He was one of the Dempford Argonauts, and, we must add, not one of the mildest-mannered and most modest of those young gentlemen, by any means.

It was Milt Buzrow who had made a braggart vow, at a meeting of the club in November, that if Dushee's mill-dam remained to obstruct their navigation of the river until after he had got his boat into the water in the spring, he, for one, would proceed, in open daylight, to do it some dreadful damage.

Spring was now here, and here was the mill-dam. Here also, this Sunday afternoon, when he might have been better employed, was Milt Buzrow in his boat. Would he dare to execute his threat?

That became an exciting question to his mates, seeing that he had no longer a timid and crafty Dushee to deal with, but three stalwart-looking lads watching him from the tree.

He had committed himself, however, to an act of aggression, and it would never do to have it said that a Buzrow had backed out of anything because he was afraid.

The dam was a simple structure: strong stakes driven into the river-bed, with closely fitting horizontal planks nailed to them, over a mud-sill across the bottom of the river.

Buzrow had two of his trusty followers with him, and as they kept the boat in place with their oars, he hauled up a crow-bar from the bow, where he braced himself, and began to strike the point of it against the planks.

He was striking and wrenching, and a plank was beginning to splinter, when somebody in the other boat whispered: "Look out! there comes one of 'em!" and Buzrow, glancing up from his work, saw Lute.

At the first movement of the iron bar, the second son had slipped from the tree down the bank, and sprung to the platform over the Tammoset end of the dam.

"See here, young man!" he called out, "you are a stranger to me, and I am not aware that I ever d-d-did you any harm."

His manner was not at all menacing, and Buzrow inferred that he could treat his stammer, and his spectacles, and his wise-looking old-young face with contempt—all the more safely because he himself was on the opposite side of the flash-board opening, about ten feet off.

"No, you n-n-never have," the son of the cow-smiter replied, with a mock stutter which greatly delighted his associates. "But this dam has, and I promised Dushee that if it staid here till spring it would get smashed."

"But Dushee has nothing more to do with it,"

struck in another voice; and there were two Tinkhams on the platform.

The second was Rush, who had stopped to snatch up a bean-pole, and now stood grasping it, while he joined his remonstrance to Lute's.

As there was nothing at all comical about his determined manner and blazing eyes, Buzrow deemed it worth while to treat him with rather more respect, especially as the pole was a dozen feet long.

"I don't know anything about that," he deigned to respond; then with a whisper to his oarsmen, "Get a little further out of his reach."

"But you *ought* to know about it, before you go to destroying our property!" said Rush. "We did n't suppose this dam injured any one, when we bought it. We have come here to get an honest living, in peace with our neighbors, if we can."

"That you can't, as long as you keep a dam here," said a man in one of the other boats. "We have no quarrel with you, and don't want to have. But if you think you are going to step into Dushee's place and do what he found to his cost that he could n't, you're mightily mistaken."

"All we want to do," said Lute, "is to carry on our lawful b-b-business; and that we've a p-p-perfect right to do."

"We don't want to interfere with your business, or injure you in any way," said Buzrow. "But you have no more right to keep a dam here than you have to put a gate across the highway. That's all there is about that."

Having got well beyond sweep of the bean-pole, he gave startling emphasis to these words by striking another blow with his bar.

"Break that dam," cried Rush, lifting the pole, and standing ready to leap from the platform into the river, "and I'll break your head!"

By that time, there was a third Tinkham on the spot, namely, Mart, with two more younger ones hastening to bring clubs and brick-bats from the shed.

"Give me room, boys," said Mart. "No, Rocket, I don't want your pole. Don't fling any of those missiles, boys!"

He stepped to the end of the platform, and stood there weaponless, his right hand clenched and resting on his hip, in a favorite attitude, the other hanging loosely by his side; rather thin of face and lank of form, but of goodly height, long-limbed and athletic, and with an eye like a hawk's as he looked over at Buzrow and his iron bar.

(To be continued.)



## A CHINESE NEW YEAR'S DAY IN SANTA BARBARA.

BY H. H.



FIRE-CRACKERS BY THE MILLION—CELEBRATING THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

THE Chinese New Year's day in 1882 fell on the seventeenth of February. They have a week of holidays at their New Year, just as we do between the twenty-fifth of December and the first of January.

On Thursday, the sixteenth, the Chinese laundry-men and shop-keepers in Santa Barbara printed in the newspapers of the town an invitation to all their friends and patrons to call and see them the next day. This invitation said that there would be fire-works in the morning, from half-past twelve o'clock to one, and from eight to ten, and from nine to ten in the evening.

In the cities they make a fine display of fire-works, but none of the Chinese people in Santa Barbara are rich, so there were no fire-works, except crackers; but there were barrels and barrels full of these, and the Chinese boys do not fire off crackers on their New Year's day as American boys do, a cracker at a time, or one package at a time: they bring out a large box full, or a barrel full, and fire them off, package after package, as fast as they can, till the air is as full of smoke as if there were a fire, and the ground is covered with red, half-burned ends.

Long before we reached the part of the town where most of the Chinese live, we heard the noise of the crackers going off; and when we came to the street where the Joss-house is I was almost afraid to drive in; there was such a racket and such a smell of smoke. The Chinese did not seem to mind it at all. They were hopping about in the smoke, pouring the crackers out on the ground, box after box, barrel after barrel. You could not see their faces clearly for the smoke. Groups of American boys stood as near as they dared, looking on. Now and then one would dart in and snatch up one cracker, or a string of them, which had not gone off.

I thought the American boys had almost as much fun out of it as the Chinese.

This firing of crackers did not last long, luckily. If it had, the air would have been so bad that nobody could have breathed. After the fire-works stopped, we went into the houses. Every Chinese family keeps open house on New Year's day, all day long. They set up a picture or an image of their god in some prominent place, and on a table in front of this they put a little feast of good things to eat. Some are for an offering to the god, and some are for their friends who call. Every one is expected to take something; and they are so courteous that they always provide one dish of sweetmeats for Americans, who may not like the Chinese cooking.

There was no family so poor that it did not have something set out, and some sort of a shrine made for its idol; in some houses it was only a coarse wooden box turned up on one end like a cupboard, with two or three little tea-cups full of rice or tea, and one poor candle burning before a cheap paper picture of the god pasted or tacked at the back of the box.

In some of the best stores were groups of Chinese men playing cards and smoking; each man had, sitting on the table before him, a tiny little tea-cup, no bigger than a doll's tea-cup; it would not hold more than one small mouthful. As fast as these were emptied, they were filled again from a pretty china tea-pot, which stood inside a round bamboo basket on the table—the last place you would have looked for the tea-pot if you had been asked to find it; but this is the way the Chinese keep their tea hot. The baskets are lined with many thicknesses of wadding, covered with soft satin or silk, and are very much prettier than the “cozies” which English people make out of quilted silk, in the shape of helmets, to be shut down over the tea-pot to keep it warm.

In one of the stores two men were playing a game which has been played, under different

names, all over the world. It consists simply in one man holding out his hand, with part of the fingers closed and part open, and his antagonist calling out, instantly, how many of his fingers are open. One would think nothing could be easier than this. But when the movements are made rapidly it is next to impossible to call out the number quickly without making a mistake. For every mistake a fine of some sort, according to the agreement of the players, is to be paid. These Chinese men played it with such vehemence that the perspiration stood on their foreheads, and their shrill crying out of the numbers sounded like unbroken sentences; there did not seem a breath between them. They rested their elbows on the table, and, with every opening and closing of the fingers, thrust the fore-arm forward to its full length, so there was violent exercise in it.

The Italian peasants whom I used to see playing it in Rome took it in an easier fashion. They rested their wrists on a table, or the door-sill, or the ground, wherever they happened to be playing, and simply opened and closed their fingers. In the Etruscan Museum in Rome, on one of the vases which were buried in tombs many hundred years before Christ's day, there is a picture of two men playing this very game. So it seems probable that it is as old as the human race itself.

It was amusing to watch the American boys darting about from shop to shop and house to house, coming out with their hands full of queer Chinese things to eat, showing them to each other, and comparing notes.

“Oh, let me taste that!” one boy would exclaim, on seeing some new thing; and, “Where did you get it? Which house gives that?” Then the whole party would race off to make a descent on that house, and get some more. I thought it wonderfully hospitable on the part of the Chinese people to let all these American boys run in and out of their houses in that way, and help themselves from the New Year's feast.

Some of the boys were very rude and ill-mannered—little better than street beggars; but the Chinese were polite and generous to them all.

The Joss-house, where they had their religious services, was a chamber in one of their best houses. A door from an upper balcony opened into it. This balcony was hung with lanterns and decorated with mottoes printed in large letters on bright red paper. The door at the foot of the stairs which led up to this room stood open all day, and any one who wished could go up and say his prayers in the Chinese fashion, which is a curious fashion indeed. They have slender reeds, with tight rolls of brown paper fastened at one end. In front of the image or picture



of their god they set a box or vase of ashes, on which a little sandal-wood is kept burning. When they wish to make a prayer, they stick one of the

Joss-house—they were too poor to have one; they had only a gay colored picture of it put up on the wall. In front of this was a frame-work of wood,

decorated with gay colored papers, tinsel, artificial flowers, and peacock feathers. Narrow tables of different heights, like shelves, were arranged in front of this, and on them

were placed a strange collection of articles. Vases filled with paper roses and gold and silver leaves; lighted candles; and great bowls filled with pebbles and water, in which were growing beautiful plants of the fragrant Chinese lily (a flower like our white narcissus, and with an odor so sweet that it can scarcely be endured in a room).

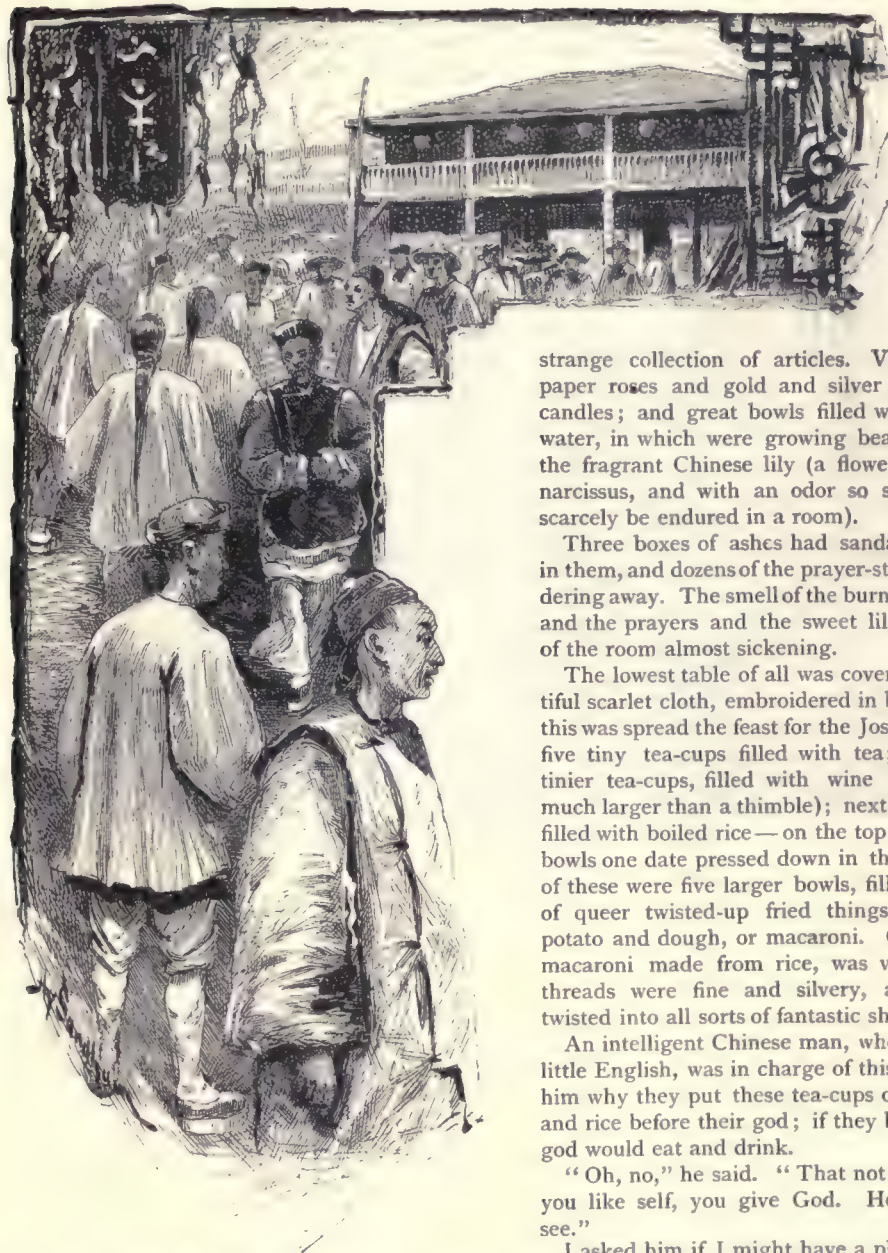
Three boxes of ashes had sandal-wood burning in them, and dozens of the prayer-sticks slowly smoldering away. The smell of the burning sandal-wood and the prayers and the sweet lilies made the air of the room almost sickening.

The lowest table of all was covered with a beautiful scarlet cloth, embroidered in bright silks. On this was spread the feast for the Joss himself. First, five tiny tea-cups filled with tea; next, five still tinier tea-cups, filled with wine (these were not much larger than a thimble); next, five little bowls filled with boiled rice—on the top of each of these bowls one date pressed down in the rice. In front of these were five larger bowls, filled with all sorts of queer twisted-up fried things, made out of potato and dough, or macaroni. One of them, a macaroni made from rice, was very pretty: the threads were fine and silvery, and curled and twisted into all sorts of fantastic shapes.

An intelligent Chinese man, who could speak a little English, was in charge of this room. I asked him why they put these tea-cups of wine and tea and rice before their god; if they believed that the god would eat and drink.

"Oh, no," he said. "That not what for. What you like self, you give God. He see. He like see."

I asked him if I might have a photograph taken of the Joss shrine and house, to be printed in a magazine, to show American boys and girls how the Chinese boys and girls kept New Year's day. At first he hesitated; but finally he said yes, if I would come very early in the morning, before the



COMING OUT OF THE JOSS-HOUSE.

reeds down in these ashes, and set the paper on fire. They think the smoke of the burning paper will carry the prayer up to heaven.

There was no image of their god in this little

Chinese people wanted to come in. So, very early the next morning, I went with a photographer, and he took the picture. As soon as the Chinese people in the street saw us coming, they began to gather in a crowd to look on. But Ah Linn would not let one of them come into the room till the picture was done. Then we took a picture of the

"They will never let them have their pictures taken," said the photographer. "It is the hardest thing in the world to get the Chinese to sit for their pictures. They have a superstition that, if a man has his picture taken, he will fall ill and die before the year is out.\* I expect that is what they are telling these children now."



INTERIOR OF THE JOSS-HOUSE, SHOWING THE SHRINE.

outside of the house. There were gay lanterns and bright red and yellow mottoes on each side of the door, which I thought would show in the picture, but they did not. The light was not strong enough to bring them out.

As we were arranging the instrument, I caught sight of three Chinese children in the door of one of the houses, the youngest not more than two years old, and the oldest not over six. They were dressed exactly like the grown-up ones, and looked so droll, toddling along in their baggy trousers and big-sleeved shirts, that I wanted to have them in the picture. Their father said they might go with me, and be taken; they looked a little afraid, but I coaxed them along, and was just placing them in good positions by the posts of the piazza, when, from the crowd of Chinese men and boys who were looking on, there suddenly went up shouts, exclamations, and outcries,—angry voices calling to the children.

I do not know whether this was the case or not; but at any rate they frightened the children away, and I could not coax them back. The oldest one dragged the other two away with him as fast as he could, and when I overtook them on the threshold of their house, and began to ask their father if he would not come with them, and make them stand still, he shut the door hastily in my face, saying in Chinese something which sounded as if it might be very unpleasant indeed.

Afterward I tried to get one of the big boys from the Chinese Mission, a boy who called himself a "Christian Chinese boy," to stand in the doorway and be photographed; but even he was afraid to do it.

"It is no use," said the photographer. "You have n't the least idea how afraid they are of it. They've got to be pretty thoroughly enlightened before they will have their photographs taken; and even then they won't let their queue be seen

\* The same curious belief exists among the Mic Mac Indians living along the St. Lawrence River, in New Brunswick.



in the picture. If it shows the least bit, they 'll make me print it out. I used to have great fun with some of them who had a laundry near my rooms. They 'd be out, hanging their clothes on the line, right under our windows; and all I had to do was to open the window and point a stereoscope at them, and they 'd drop everything, clothes and all, right on the ground, and run into their house, and never show their heads till we had gone away from the window."

I wondered very much that the Chinese boy from the Mission was afraid to have his picture taken. Perhaps if he had been by himself he would not have refused; it would certainly have taken some courage to do it under the eyes of twenty or thirty of his countrymen, all believing that he was doing something very like committing suicide. Afterward, he translated for me some of the mottoes which were on the bright papers hung up at the sides of the door of the Joss-house.

The first one on the right hand, he said, was:

"Man no tell lie,  
Tell everything true;  
Be good-hearted to everything;  
Not cheat."

The second one was:

"The good-hearted are  
Good-hearted all round;  
Round like sun and moon."

On the left side was this:

"Good people believe in good,  
Mind what is good;  
He don't care what other people had,  
He try to make good."

Just below this was a picture of the Joss, fastened to the wall of the house; in front of it a small table decorated with peacocks' feathers and gilt ornaments, and holding rows of tea-cups

of wine and tea and food, like those in the inner room. Above it was a great red banner, with large letters printed on it, which the interpreter said meant:

"God in Heaven,  
We pray to thee;  
Come down from Heaven to teach us."

In front of this was a box of smoking, fragrant sandal-wood ashes, stuck full of the little prayer-reeds.

On my way home, I stopped at the Chinese Mission. This was a small room in a low *adobe* building, and here the Christian Chinese were keeping their New Year's day, with open house to all their friends, just as the Joss worshipers were doing in the other street. But, instead of the incense and prayer-sticks and heathen pictures, they had only bouquets of beautiful flowers, and bowls of Chinese lilies, and plates of cake and candies on a table. On the wall they had hymns in English and Chinese, printed on large cards. There was a small organ in the room, and, whenever any lady came in who could play the organ, the Chinese teacher asked her to play a tune for the boys to sing one of these hymns; they sang very well, and I sat for half an hour listening to them. Later in the afternoon, as I was driving in a carriage past the building, I heard their voices again, rising full and clear above all the noise of the street. They were singing "The Sweet By and By"; and I thought that those words must mean a great deal to poor Chinese boys, who only a few years ago were burning paper prayers and bowing down before a painted idol. Now they are held by their countrymen in scorn and detestation, because they have adopted the Christian way of worshipping God, but in the good "by and by" will come a day when they will all worship together.

---

TO-DAY my doll is one year old,  
And she shall have a purse of gold  
If she will speak, and tell me where  
I'm sure to find a gift so rare.

## THE CHRISTMAS MOON.

By S. H. S.

I THINK that the silver moon must know  
 That 't is holy Christmas night,  
 When first she looks from the twilight sky  
 On the earth so cold and white;  
 She smiles, as if musing on blessed things,  
 And touches the snow-drifts like sleeping wings.

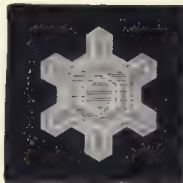
She's old, you know—so old that she shone  
 When our Baby King was born,  
 'Mid the far-off hills of Bethlehem,  
 In a manger rude and lorn,  
 And beamed in his beautiful blue eyes  
 When they oped to those soft Eastern skies.

And he smiled at her, too, it may be,  
 In his wondering baby way,  
 And stretched out his fair little hands

To catch at some fleeting ray;  
 And watched her, softly, till sleep's still showers  
 Folded his eyelids like fringed flowers.

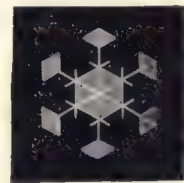
Oh, I know she remembers his look,  
 As he lay in that lonely place,  
 And the angels that hovered near  
 His mother's radiant face,  
 The new star that throbbed in the solitude  
 And the lifted eyes of the shepherds rude!

And if we could hear, she would tell  
 Stories more strange and sweet  
 Than even the bells and the choirs  
 In passionate tones repeat;  
 And that one blessed star we should know,  
 Which led to His cradle ages ago.



## SNOW-FLAKE CHINA.

By MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.



ONE of the chief pleasures in china-painting is to be able to produce something specially appropriate in design to the article decorated. A spray of leaves and blossoms of the tea on a teacup, or coffee berries and leaves on coffee-cups (which was done on the famous set painted for the White House, except that in this set the stem of the plant was made the actual handle of the cup), are good examples.

The idea of decorating ice-cream dishes with the pattern of snow-crystals having seemed to me a pleasantly appropriate one, I send the method,

which by experiment I have proved practicable, to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

Should you have or be able to procure a book published by Appleton in 1865, "Cloud Crystals: A Snow-flake Album," you will have a sufficient variety of patterns to answer all practical purposes. ST. NICHOLAS has also given a number of reproductions in the issue for March, 1882.\* The crystals themselves can best be obtained by letting them fall upon a cloth of black velvet, during a light snow-storm. These need a magnifying glass to reveal their beauty and enable you to

\* We here republish a few of these designs.

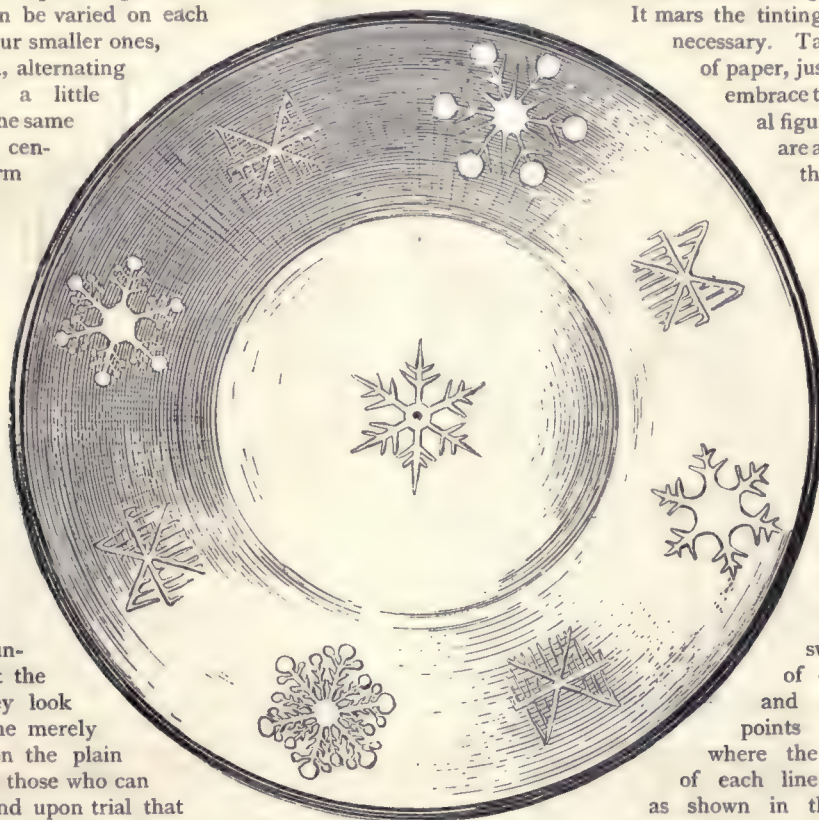


enlarge the details correctly. The crystals shown on the preceding page may be used on plates of the size of the pattern given.

They can be varied on each plate. Four smaller ones, of *one* kind, alternating with four a little larger, of the same size as the center one, form a pretty

This part of the work can be learned from a teacher in a few minutes. When the plate is dry, you will not need to draw the figure upon it.

It mars the tinting and is unnecessary. Take a square of paper, just the size to embrace the hexagonal figure,—as they are all formed on the six-sided plan, one



combination. If unable to tint the china, they look well if done merely in sepia on the plain white; but those who can tint will find upon trial that white crystals on a blue ground are most effective. They may easily be prepared in the following manner: Select china as perfect as possible, that no flaw may appear in the delicate blue. Tint the plate with Indian-blue. The process of tinting is simple and readily acquired. Mix the Indian-blue thoroughly, by using the palette-knife, with a few drops of oil of lavender, thinned with a little turpentine. Cover the plate quickly with sweeping lines from a broad brush, and beat the surface with even strokes (a buffer, made by a bunch of cotton covered with smooth old linen, is preferable) until it is of an even shade throughout.



paper answers for all of one size,—and make six points upon it, where the outer end of each line is to be, as shown in the diagram below.

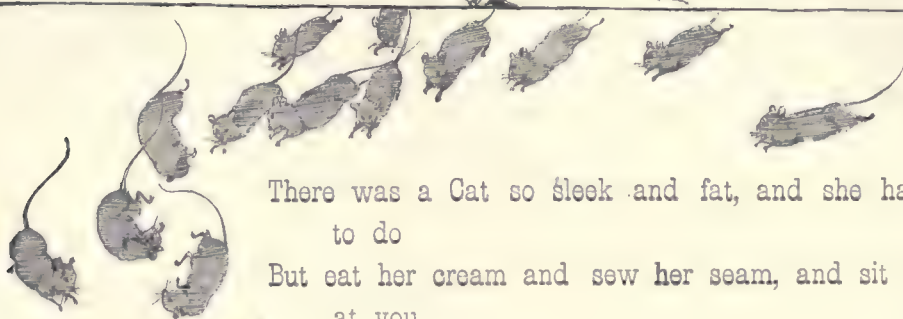
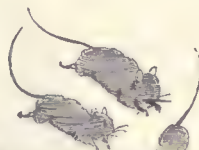
Lay this upon the plate (it is well to do the center one first) and with a sharp pencil make a point upon the china to correspond with each point on the paper. You can then go from point to point with a sharp needle or pen-knife, etching by aid of the eye only. After the six lines are etched, the details of each separate figure can be made in the same way. A little practice will make it entirely easy. The etching must be thoroughly done, so as clearly to expose the white china in distinct narrow lines.

The plates are then ready to be sent to the firer, and may have an ornamental gilt edge given them at the trifling additional cost of ten cents per plate.

## THE JINGLING RHYME OF THE BOLD ROWER.

By Emily S. Oakey.

There was a Dog, and he barked and barked and barked  
so loud, they say,  
That he frightened all the rats and mice a hundred miles  
away.



There was a Cat so sleek and fat, and she had naught  
to do  
But eat her cream and sew her seam, and sit and look  
at you.





There was an Eagle, and he flew and flew out in the  
rain,  
And flew and flew up in the sky, and then flew down  
again.

There was a Boy, and he built a raft, and his other  
name was Sam,  
And on his raft he rowed and rowed and rowed to  
Rotterdam.

The Bells did ring as he came in, and the rain it  
rained that day,

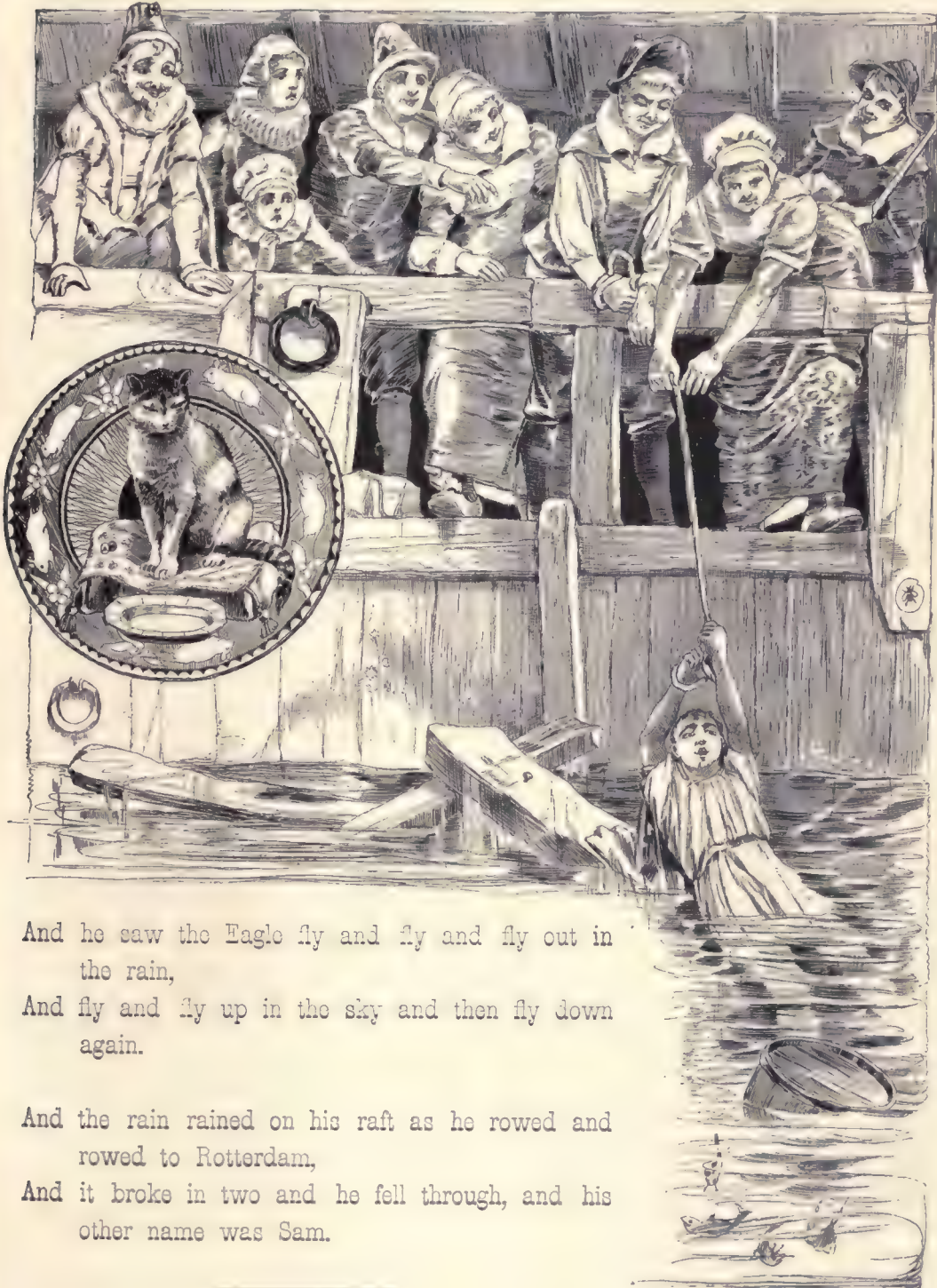


And he saw the Dog that barked and barked and  
scared the rats away.

And he saw the Cat that always sat upon her cushion  
trim,

And she ate her cream and sewed her seam, and sat  
and looked at him.





And he saw the Eagle fly and fly and fly out in  
the rain,  
And fly and fly up in the sky and then fly down  
again.

And the rain rained on his raft as he rowed and  
rowed to Rotterdam,  
And it broke in two and he fell through, and his  
other name was Sam.



MAMMA'S LITTLE HOUSEMAID.

## THE STORY OF VITEAU.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

## CHAPTER VI.†

FOR some days after the departure of Louis for his mother's château, none of his friends had the least idea of his unfortunate situation. At the castle it was supposed that he was overstaying his time with his family, and at Viteau no one knew that he had left the castle. At last, Barran, somewhat provoked that the boy should so deliberately disobey his orders,—for he had told him to return promptly,—and knowing that his mother could always furnish him an escort, sent messengers to Viteau, demanding that Louis should immediately come back with them.

This, of course, caused great consternation at the château, and the messengers went hurriedly home, accompanied by Raymond, to tell the news that Louis had not yet been seen at his mother's house.

The Countess wished Bernard to go with the messengers, but this he refused to do, urging that

his place could be nowhere else than at Viteau, and that Raymond could confer as well as any one else with Barran, regarding the immediate steps which should be taken to find out what had become of Louis, and to rescue him from any danger he might have fallen into.

The Countess spent the time, during Raymond's absence, in tears and prayers. When he returned, there came with him a small troop of well-armed men, which Barran had sent to press on, as rapidly as possible, to the estates of the knight from the South, for it had been thought very likely that this knight had been prevented in some way from stopping at Viteau, and that he had taken Louis on with him, intending to send him back at some convenient opportunity. That the boy should have been lost, in any way, from the company of the southern knight, Barran did not consider possible.

This belief of a man so sensible as Barran partially comforted the Countess; but when the troop

\* Copyright, 1882, by F. R. Stockton.

† This story was begun in the November number.



returned, and told how Louis had left the knight's company to ride on by himself, as none could doubt, to his mother's house, the poor lady was completely overwhelmed with grief, and thus she remained until Barran arrived at Viteau, for which place he started as soon as he heard the news.

Vigorous measures were now taken for a search after Louis. It was generally agreed that he must have been captured by robbers, for there was no other danger which was likely to befall him on the road; but what robbers had taken him, and to what place they had conveyed him, were questions not easy to answer. That a band of *cotereaux* might then be in the forest, within ten or fifteen miles of Viteau, was not at all improbable; but to find out their hiding-place, and, also, to find them in it, would certainly be difficult tasks. The forests of that time spread over such a vast extent of country, and were so dense, and in many places so apparently pathless, that to find anything so carefully hidden as a robber's camp would be a matter almost as much of chance as of skill and design.

Barran privately declared that, if it were not for the Countess, who seemed almost overcome with grief, he would quietly wait a few days before attempting to penetrate the forest with any force; for he was sure that, if the boy had been captured by *cotereaux*, their only object was to get a ransom for him, and that they would soon be heard from. Under the circumstances, however, Count De Barran saw that it would be necessary to take immediate action, and Bernard was very active in pushing forward the most warlike preparations.

Some of these appeared almost ridiculous to the Count.

"How now, Squire?" he said. "One might think that we expected the rascals to attack this château, and carry off the other boy. By the plans you lay, there will be more cross-bows and lances left at Viteau than we shall carry with us into the forest."

"I should not leave the Countess defenseless, good Sir Count," replied the squire.

"I know you are a good man and a brave soldier, Bernard," said Barran, "and as much to be trusted, in peace or war, as many a knight of good renown; but this is something too prudent. In these times the *cotereaux* do not come out of their holes to our châteaux and castles to carry us away."

Bernard hesitated before making answer to this speech. He had intended informing Barran of his recent discoveries in regard to the visits of the Dominican monk, but he had not thought it well to speak of the matter now, when the minds of every one were so occupied with the present great trouble. However, he knew that it would be necessary to give the reasons for the peculiar

measures he advocated, and so he said, in a low but impressive tone:

"No, good Sir Count, the *cotereaux* do not come to our houses to carry us away, but the officers of the Holy Inquisition do."

"What means that?" cried Barran, turning pale; and then, on a warning signal from the squire, he lowered his voice and continued: "Has the Countess brought upon herself the censure of the priests, by her strange ideas about the saints? I have heard of them. Tell me quickly, is that what you mean?"

The squire bowed his head.

"This is, indeed, grievous," said Barran; "but, surely, we need have no great fears. Tell me, quickly, what has happened?"

Then Bernard told all that he feared and all that he had heard.

Barran was not easily frightened. Indeed, he was too apt to sneer at things which other people considered dangerous; but this was such a very serious matter that it caused him great anxiety and even fear, when he heard of the peril to which the wife of his dear old friend was likely to be exposed.

"This must not be allowed," he said. "We can not suffer that gentle lady to be taken from us by the Inquisition. Even if she should be found entirely innocent, which is not likely, the trial itself is something I can not think of for a moment. And yet what is to be done? We can not fight the Church."

"No, Sir Count," said Bernard, "but I shall be here, with all the force of men and arms that I can bring together, to defend my lady, and if the Church fights me, I shall do my best battle."

"And you shall not do battle alone, my good Bernard," said Barran; "but it may be that we shall find some better way to avert the evil than by force of arms, which, indeed, would amount to very little, I fear me, in the end. But now we must give our hearts and hands to the finding of this poor, foolish boy."

Bernard was perfectly willing to give his heart to the finding of Louis, but he would not give his hand. Nothing could induce him to leave the château, where he insisted upon being left with a moderate force of well-armed men.

Barran, with several knights from his castle, for whom he had sent when he found that there would, probably, be more work to be done than he had at first anticipated, set out as soon as possible, at the head of a large body of followers, some of whom were expert in all kinds of wood-craft, and as capable as any men could be of finding out the paths of beasts or human beings in the depths of the woods.

The party quickly made its way along the road down which Louis must have ridden; and, a few miles below the place where the road forked, turned into the woods, to the west, and made careful search for paths, or any traces of the passage of men, through the undergrowth. Several well-marked paths were soon discovered, and along the most promising of these Barran and his men pushed their way, sometimes separating, in various directions, and then coming together again, until they had penetrated far into the forest.

Unfortunately for the success of their search, the camp of the *cotereaux* was in the woods to the east of the road. To be sure, the forest, in every direction, would be searched in time, but if the Count's party should keep on in the way it was going, it would be long before it could find the huts of Captain Michol.

Raymond stayed at the château with his mother. He much wished to join the Count's party in the search for his brother, but Barran told him that it was his duty to try to comfort and console the Countess until Louis should be brought back, and, therefore, Raymond reluctantly remained at Viteau. He loved his mother, and was always willing to do anything that would please or benefit her, but, in this case, he thought that she, being safe at home, did not need him nearly so much as his poor brother, who probably was suffering in captivity, no one knew where.

On the evening of the second day after the departure of the searching party, Raymond came down into the grounds of the château. His mother was asleep, and he came out for a little exercise.

Not far from the house he met the squire.

"Bernard," said Raymond, "I think it is a foolish thing for you and me and all these men to be idling here. We might leave my mother with her ladies, and a man or two, and go, the rest of us, to help scour the woods to find dear Louis."

Just at this moment, and before Bernard could answer him, Raymond saw, coming up from the lower part of the grounds, the Dominican monk, Brother Anselmo.

"What does that man want, Bernard?" he exclaimed. "There have been two priests here to-day, to console my mother in her affliction, and I do not think another one is needed now, especially not this man, who does not belong to our monastery and who keeps himself a stranger to me. My mother is asleep, and should not be disturbed."

"If she is asleep," said the squire, "she shall not be disturbed."

He then walked back to the house, closely followed by Raymond, and stood in the entrance door. In a few moments the monk appeared,

and with a slight motion of the head, but not a word, stepped forward to pass in. But the squire stood stoutly before him, and stopped him.

"My lady, the Countess," he said, "is weary and sick at heart on account of the loss of her young son. She is sleeping now and can not be disturbed."

"If she is sick at heart," said Brother Anselmo, "that is the greater reason why I should see her."

"It can not be," said Bernard. "She needs rest, and no one must disquiet her."

"What right have you, Squire Bernard," said the monk, "to forbid my entrance? Are you the master of this house?"

"No," said Raymond, stepping forward, "but I am, when my mother can not act as its mistress, and I say that no one shall disturb her this night. Two priests have been here to-day, and I know she expects no others."

"Boy," said Brother Anselmo, "stand aside! You should be chastised for such presumptuous words; and as for you, Squire, I command you, in the name of the Church, to let me pass."

"I honor the Church as much as any man," said Bernard, "but I do not believe that she grants to her priests the right to ask what they please, in her name. I might come to be asked for my purse, in the name of the Church; and that I would not give up, any more than I shall give up my right to protect my mistress, the Countess, in this, her first hour of sleep and rest for many days."

Brother Anselmo was very angry. Shaking his fist at the sturdy squire, he cried:

"Stupid blunderer! You shall see, and that right soon, what power the Church gives me." And then, without another word, he turned and walked rapidly away.

"What does he mean?" asked Raymond. "I greatly dislike that monk. He is always asking my mother questions which trouble her much to answer."

Bernard made no reply, but stood for a moment in deep thought. Then he said to himself: "An hour to the monastery, and an hour back. There is yet time, and the plan I think of will be the better one. I can not trust the men to stand against the priests. Raymond! Run now, and have your horse saddled and bridled, and ride out of the upper gate, and wait for me in the road."

"Why so?" cried Raymond, in surprise. "It is too late for exercises."

"I can not answer now," said Bernard, hurrying away. "Be speedy and I will tell you on the road."

Raymond, much amazed, but feeling quite sure that the squire had some good reason for this



strange proceeding, ran to get his horse, while Bernard ordered the men-at-arms to hastily equip themselves for an expedition, and to gather together, mounted, inside the north gate. Then he went upstairs to the apartments of the Countess, and asked to speak with one of her ladies. The Countess, who was only lightly dozing on a couch, heard the squire's voice, and, instantly rising, called to him to know what news he brought.

Bernard advanced within the door-way, and in a hurried voice told his lady that the news he brought was of great import, but that he must tell it to her alone. The Countess then desired the ladies who were with her to retire to another room, and the squire, in as few words as possible, but very earnestly and forcibly, told her of her great danger, of the threats of the Dominican monk, and of the fact that he had heard, that day, of the arrival of a body of men, well-armed, at the neighboring monastery.

"In an hour or so," he said, "these men will be here, I greatly fear me. Raymond is already on the road, for I wished to spare him this wretched story, and, if we do not start quickly for Barran's castle, where you will find present safety, it may happen that weeks and months may pass before you will have news of Louis, even if he should be found to-morrow."

"You mean that I may not be here to meet the news?" the lady said.

Bernard bowed his head. The Countess did not hesitate, but came to a decision at once.

"I shall be ready," she said, "in a very short time. Have horses prepared for myself and my three ladies. We must hasten to Raymond, if he be alone on the road."

She then called her ladies, and began to make rapid preparations for the journey.

The horses were scarcely ready when the ladies made their appearance in the court, and, in a few minutes, accompanied by Bernard and the men-at-arms, they rode out of the north gate. An elderly man, who acted as seneschal, or keeper of the establishment, was left, with the ordinary servants and vassals, in charge of the château.

Raymond, riding slowly up and down the road, was soon overtaken, and then the squire, without entering into explanations, urged his party onward as swiftly as possible.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried Raymond, in great perplexity, riding up to his mother. "It is stranger than any of the old tales the women used to tell me."

The Countess was a lady of strong mind and body, and although the unknown fate of her younger son had overwhelmed her with grief, this new peril to her whole family had thoroughly

aroused her, and she was riding steadily and swiftly onward.

"It is a strange tale," she said—"stranger far than any I thought would ever be told in this fair land; but I can not tell it to you, my boy, until our journey's end. Then you shall hear it all."

So Raymond, with the rest, rode on, and he, with all the others, excepting the squire and his mother, supposed that this long night-ride had something to do with the rescue of Louis.

## CHAPTER VII.

LOUIS sat for a long time, in the bit of shade by the tree, before Jasto returned; but, when that learned man at last made his appearance, he merely remarked that the Captain had kept him longer than he had supposed he would, and, after that, he had to look for a quill, of which to make a pen.

"It is not an easy thing to get the right kind of quill for a pen, you must know," he said, as he took his seat by Louis, and began to scrape the lower end of a long quill with a broad, sharp knife which he took from his belt. "A crow-quill will do very well, or even a quill from a hawk; but I like a long one, like this, which came from a heron's wing, nailed up in one of our houses. And he who nailed it up never dreamed of the benefit that a quill from that wing would bring to our good company."

"What benefit?" asked Louis.

"The benefit that comes from the money your mother will send us when she reads your letter."

"Oh!" said Louis.

"And while I make this pen," continued his companion, "I shall tell you the story of my letter."

"Yes, indeed," cried Louis; "I should rather have that than the pen—at least, just now."

"That is a bad choice, for the pen is to give you liberty, and the story will not do that. However, there is a lesson in the story, and you shall have it. It was just before one of the battles between Queen Blanche and the Duke of Burgundy. I was a soldier then, in the service of a good knight; and although I was not his squire, but a simple man-at-arms, ready to fight on horse or on foot, or not to fight at all, just as the case might be, still I was a better man than the squire—for he could not write, any more than his master could. So, just before the battle, the knight sent for me, and, said he, 'Jasto, I have heard that you are a wise fellow and can write, and I want you to write me a letter.' He knew I could write, because I had told him so, and had told all my companions so, for this I found I must do, otherwise they would never be aware of it; for, not knowing how to write themselves, how

could they comprehend that I knew? 'I want to send a messenger back to my castle,' said my good knight 'and I want him to carry a straight and fair message, which he can not do if I send it by word of mouth. So you must write what I wish to say in a letter to my seneschal, and the messenger shall carry it.' With that, he showed me a little piece of parchment that he had with him, and a phial of ink and a pen, and he bade me sit down and write what he told me to say. I liked not this haste, which gave me no time for study and prep-

casque which he expected from the armorer, and a long-sword which hung up in the great hall, and divers other things, of which I wot not now. When I came to write down all this, I found myself sorely troubled, for you must know that to write a letter requires a knowledge of many things. One must know what letters are needed for a word, what order to put them in, and how to make them.

"Some words need a good many letters, and if the letters in a word are not the right letters, and are not set in a befitting order, it will be



BROTHER ANSELMO THREATENS BERNARD AND RAYMOND. [SEE PAGE 214.]

aration, and I told him, with due respect, that I could not write unless I had a table on which to lay my parchment. Whereupon he made a man with a cuirass get down on all-fours before me, so that on this man's steel back I could write as on a table. My master then told me to write how that, knowing the enemy would soon reach the spot where we then lay, and feeling the want of a stronger force, he desired his seneschal to send him five more men, and five horses, with arms and all things needful, and also to send therewith a new

of no use for any man, even the most learned scholar, to try to tell what that word is. So I soon found that for many of the words I could not remember the letters, and of those letters I did remember there were some that I could not make, for I had forgotten their shape. But I would not tell my master that, for it would have been a sorrowful thing to have fallen from my high place as the most learned person in our company, not to speak of the punishment I might have expected. So I wrote on, making the best words



I could devise with the letters at my command, and urging my master to repeat every sentence, so that I should be sure to get it straight and fair; and in that way I learned the whole letter by heart, and read it to him, when I had finished it, so that he was greatly gratified. 'Let me see the letter, my good Jasto,' said he; and when he looked at it, he said, 'The words seem very much like each other'—which was the truth, indeed, for most of them had the same letters in them, measured out in very much the same measurement. 'But it all looks simple enough,' he went on to say, 'and I greatly desire that I could read it, but that is beyond my powers.' And then he made his mark, which his seneschal well knew, and the letter was done.

"Thereupon he called for a messenger to take it in all haste to his castle, but I told him that he could have no better messenger than I should be, because, having writ the letter, I could read it to the person to whom it was sent, if it should so be that he could not read it himself. 'But old Hubert can read, else I would not send him a letter,' said my lord. But I answered that, if he had never seen my writing, it might be so strange to him that it would take much time for him to understand the proper slope and indication of the letters, and so the reinforcements might be sorely hindered in their coming. Therefore it was that I was sent, and I so saved my life; for, shortly after, the battle came off, and, if I had been there, I know I should have been killed, as most of my knight's men were. But I was safe in the castle, and when I went back with the men and the horses and the armor, I met my lord coming to his castle, and right glad was he to see me with my company, for he was in such sore plight that he was even afraid of thieves, although there were but few of them to be met with then, being mostly in the wars. And therefore, I, being fresh and unwounded, took the lead among the men-at-arms, and felt high in my lord's favor, and this was far better than being able to scratch off a poor letter that could be read."

"But what said the seneschal to your letter?" asked Louis.

"Oh, nought at all," answered Jasto. "I read it to him out of my head, and showed him his master's mark."

"But did you not feel, all the time, that you were a great trickster and cheat?" said the free-spoken Louis.

"No more than I do now," answered Jasto, "coming here to help you with your letter to your mother, and telling you a story with a moral to it, showing how arduous a thing it is to write

a letter, so that you may be ready for your difficulties when they come upon you. And now this pen is done, and it ought to be, for I have put a score of nibs to it, and there is not enough quill left for another one. It may be blunt, but it will make a mark."

"And what am I to write on?" asked Louis.

"I'll find that and the ink this afternoon," said Jasto, "but now I smell dinner."

In the afternoon, Jasto mixed up a black compound with some water, so as to make an ink,—rather thick and gritty, to be sure, but good enough for its purpose,—and he produced a piece of parchment, completely written over on one side. This writing he proceeded to obliterate, as far as possible, by rubbing it with a piece of pumice-stone.

Louis was impatient, and suggested that he might mark out the words on one side and go on writing on the other; but Jasto would not hear to this, for it would argue too great poverty on the part of the *colereaux* to send a letter on the back of another, and so he rubbed and rubbed, and talked, and came and went, until it was nearly dark, and so the letter was postponed until the next day.

On the morrow, however, Jasto refused to produce the writing materials, because there was to be a grand expedition of the band, which would require nearly all the men; and Michol had said that Louis must be taken along, as he did not wish to leave him behind, guarded only by the few men who would stay at the camp.

"That's a pretty way to do!" exclaimed Louis. "Suppose I should be killed in this expedition, what will your captain say to my mother then? I am not afraid to go, but I do not want to be taken for a robber, and be shot with an arrow, or have my head cut off."

"Be not afraid," said Jasto, laughing. "The enemy will not hurt you, if you keep out of the way. You are to be under my special keeping, and I will warrant that the foe shall not kill you."

Early in the morning, nearly the whole of Captain Michol's force, some armed with lances, some with bows and arrows, and others with long knives, or swords of various descriptions, set out, on foot, for a march through the forests. Louis went with them, closely accompanied by Jasto, who never lost sight of him.

On the way, the good-humored robber, who seemed to be of a better class than most of his companions, using more correct language, and behaving himself better in every way, informed Louis of the object of the expedition. About eight or ten miles to the east of the camp of the *colereaux* there was a château, almost as strongly

fortified as a castle, the owner of which possessed a great number of hogs. These animals, until within a few days previous, had been confined within close bounds, for fear that they should be stolen. But as no evil-disposed persons had been seen for a long time in the neighborhood, the whole herd had been let out into the adjacent woods, where they would thrive much better, during the hot weather, than in their former quarters. Michol had been informed that these hogs were ranging through the woods, under the charge of two or three men, and he was now going to try to capture as many of them as possible. He took his large force, not because he expected any opposition from the keepers of the hogs, but because a great many men would be needed to surround and capture the animals, many of which would be lost if the herd should be allowed to scatter itself through the forest.

As they walked along, Louis thought that it was a great pity that the first foray he ever set out upon should be an expedition, in time of peace, to steal pigs; but he considered it wise not to say what was in his mind, for it was the business of these men to steal pigs, or anything else they could lay their hands on,—even boys and borrowed jennets,—and they might not fancy his finding fault with them. He was not afraid of Jasto, with whom he had become very friendly and communicative; but many of the other men looked like fellows whom it would not be at all pleasant to offend. So he went along with the company, and made no objections until he had walked five or six miles through the forest, when he informed Jasto that he was getting very tired, and that he hoped they would soon come to the end of their journey, so that he could sit down and rest.

“As for that,” said Jasto, “the end of your journey will soon come, if the signs ahead of us mean anything. Some of our foremost fellows have come back, and I think they are telling the Captain that the herd is not far ahead of us. And if that be so, it will make our work easier, for the herdsmen will be far from home and can not call for help. You and I will not go up to the field of battle, but will be posted outside, with here and there another brave fellow, to arrest any of the enemy who may take to flight in our direction. So keep up a brave pair of legs for a little while longer, and then you shall have your rest.”

Sure enough, in less than a quarter of an hour Jasto received orders to wait with Louis, at the end of a small path through the underbrush, while the rest of the force spread themselves out widely through the forest. Before long a great

noise of squealing and shouting was heard in the distance.

“We have come upon them,” said Jasto, “and many a good meal of pork shall we have this year.”

“I hope the poor herdsmen are not getting killed,” said Louis.

“Have no fear for them,” replied Jasto; “they will run away the moment they see one of us. And as they can not bring help, there will be no Christian blood shed. Look out there! Stand close behind me! Hear you that?”

Louis plainly heard something rushing through the bushes, and in a moment a pig, about half-grown, dashed along the path toward them. When he saw Jasto, he stopped for an instant, and then made a rush, endeavoring to pass him. But the robber was too quick to allow that, and he stooped and seized the scampering porker by the hind leg. In an instant, Jasto was jerked upon his back, still, however, holding fast to the struggling pig.

Louis shouted in laughter, and he enjoyed the fun so much that it was some moments before he considered that the shouting and wriggling Jasto probably wanted his assistance. He then ran up, and, taking hold of the other hind leg of the prisoner, enabled Jasto to get up, and to tie the pig's legs together with a strong cord which he had in his pocket.

“There, now,” cried Jasto, with a very red face, “the rest of the pork will be ready to cook or salt down, but this fellow I shall take home to fatten. He is too lean and lively for good eating now.”

In less than half an hour the rest of the company appeared, walking in a long line, some of the men bearing each a slaughtered pig, while here and there two fellows carried a larger animal between them. Jasto threw his prize across his shoulders, and, although there was a good deal of struggling on the part of the pig, his captor held him firmly, and carried him thus throughout the whole long tramp back to the camp.

When he reached the huts, Jasto immediately set to work to make a rude pen of stakes and poles, in which he shut up his pig, which was to be thoroughly fattened before sharing the fate of his brethren who had been slain in the forest.

Louis was a very tired boy when he found himself again in the camp, and he slept until a late hour the next morning; but, as soon as he had had his breakfast and felt fully awake, he went to hunt up Jasto, so that he could begin his letter.

But he found that individual, his well-mended and red-lined clothes exchanged for an indescribably wretched suit, busily engaged, with a large portion of his comrades, in cutting up and curing, in



various ways, the pork which had been brought in the day before. The band had so much hog-flesh on hand that they hardly knew what to do with all of it, and they were so busy for several days that Jasto had no time to give to Louis and his literary labors.

But, as soon as the pork business was finished and Jasto was at liberty, Louis set to work in earnest to write his letter to his mother.

Jasto prepared the parchment, nearly obliterating the writing on one side of it, and, the ink and pen being ready, the work began, and a very important work it seemed to be. Louis, of course, was anxious that his first letter to his mother should be a good one, well spelled and well expressed; Jasto continually suggested forcible and high-sounding sentences, containing words which neither Louis nor he could spell; the Captain came several times to the place where the writing was going on, to insist on certain terms of ransom being clearly stated; and nearly all the men in the band straggled up, one or two at a time, to know how the letter was coming on, and to hear Louis read what he had already written. It was a document of great interest to every one of the robbers, for, if it should succeed in its purpose, it would bring a large sum of money to the band.

At last, after much labor and consultation, Louis finished the letter just as the sun was setting, and as one of the men called out that the evening

meal—which that day consisted principally of fresh pork—was ready.

Louis laid his letter, the last words of which were scarcely dry, upon the ground, putting a stone upon it to keep it from blowing away, and ran to get his supper. While he and the rest of the company were busily eating, Jasto's pig broke out of the pen, and, seeing the parchment letter under the tree, devoured it without the slightest hesitation.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Barran had searched the forest on the western side of the highway for nearly three days, and had found no traces of the *cote-reaux*, he was obliged to return to Viteau, before entering the woods to the east, to obtain a fresh supply of provisions. He was utterly astounded, of course, when he heard of the flight of the Countess, with nearly all her household; but he was still more surprised, and very much alarmed, when the seneschal told him that, in an hour or so after the departure of the Countess and her party, the château had been visited by a large body of armed men, accompanied by several priests, among whom was Brother Anselmo. These men were admitted because the presence of the priests was a token that they were friends, but they behaved very strangely after they entered. One of them demanded to see the Countess, and when he was told that she had gone away to look for her son, as the seneschal supposed she had gone, he ordered the other men to search the château from top to bottom, evidently believing not a word that was told him.

But after every room and every part of the house and grounds had been ransacked, and when it was found that the Countess was really not in the château, and that her ladies, and almost all her attendants, as well as the horses in her stables, had gone away, the search was given up, and, after a great deal of talking among themselves, and a great deal of severe questioning of the seneschal and the other servants of the house who had been left behind, the unpleasant visitors departed.

What they wanted, and why they came, the seneschal did not know, any more than



JASTO'S ADVENTURE WITH THE PIG.

he knew why the Countess had left. But Barran was not long in divining the truth. He felt certain that the men with the priests were officers of the Inquisition, and that the Countess had heard of their intended visit, and had escaped from the château. Whether or not she was then really out of their power, he did not know; but, as he hoped that her destination was his own castle, the Count determined to hasten home as fast as he could.

After a brief halt for rest and food, Barran, with all his men, hastened back to his castle, where, to his great delight, he found the Countess safe from her pursuers.

But the relief and satisfaction of the poor lady at her present security was entirely overbalanced by the news that her son had not been found. She was in such grief that Barran had not the heart to tell her of the visit of the Inquisitors. He assured her that he would immediately begin the search of the forests on the other side of the road; but, before he started the next day, he held an earnest consultation with Bernard and with Count De Lanne, who was taken into confidence in this most important matter, in regard to the measures to be adopted should the officers of the Inquisition follow the Countess to the castle.

Nothing was agreed upon, excepting that Bernard declared that she should never be given up, so long as life remained in his body; but Barran considered it necessary that he himself should be at home, in case the Inquisitors should come to the castle; and so, after conducting his men to the forest, and instructing them as to the manner in which they should proceed, he returned to the castle, where he remained quietly, without informing the Countess of his presence.

He would have been glad to assist in the search for Louis, for whose safety he was very anxious, but he regarded the mother's position as one which required his personal attention much more than did that of the son. He would have told her everything, and have urged her to leave France, if possible; but he knew she could not be induced to take a step of the kind until she had seen her son, or had had definite news of him, and so he deemed it unwise to say anything about the Inquisitors as long as he felt sure that she would go no farther to escape from them. She asked no questions, for her mind seemed entirely occupied by the loss of her boy.

She would not allow Raymond to go with the searching party, for fear she should in some way lose him also; and this troubled her eldest son greatly until she told him, as she had promised, of the danger with which she was threatened, and which had caused her to leave her home.

This information had a powerful effect upon Ray-

mond. It seemed to make him several years older. At first he scarcely could believe that there were people in the world who could wish to punish his dear mother for believing what she thought right about religious matters; but when he heard how so many persons had been cruelly tried and punished by the Inquisition for saying and thinking no more than his mother had said and thought, he saw what peril she was in; and he determined, like Bernard, that he would never leave her until she should be safe from all her dangers.

## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Captain Michol heard of the fate of the letter,—and there could be no doubt as to what that fate was, for the pig was found rooting around the spot where the parchment had been left, evidently searching for something else good to eat,—he was very angry. He knew that there was no more parchment in the camp, nor anything else on which a proper letter could be written, and he did not know when or where he could procure any material of the kind. He had made all his arrangements to send the letter, which had now been too long delayed, to Viteau the next day; and this disappointment enraged him very much. He ordered Jasto's pig to be instantly slaughtered, and he told Louis that he would cut off one of his ears and send that to his mother, and then, if a handsome ransom did not soon arrive, he would cut off the other one and send it also.

Whether or not the Captain was in earnest in making this threat is not to be known; but it frightened Louis greatly, and he determined that the morning should not find him in the power of a man who would do such terrible things, and he made up his mind to escape that night, no matter what might afterward happen to him.

Accordingly, when Jasto was fast asleep, poor little Louis slipped quietly past him and made his way into the forest. He pushed blindly through the thickets and undergrowth, not knowing in what direction he was going—only anxious to get away as far as possible from the cruel Captain. It was very dark, and he frequently came violently against a tree, or stumbled over tangled vines and bushes, scratching his hands and face and bruising his body; but he still pressed on, wherever he could push himself through the bushes. When daylight should appear he hoped to be able to make his way to the high-road, and, once there, he felt sure he could walk to Viteau.

But, after hours of toilsome and painful struggling through the pathless underbrush, he found that, even by the increasing light, he could not



discover, although he searched diligently, any sign or indication of a passage through the thicket. He even climbed a tree, but could see nothing except

after noon when he was awakened by some one laughing very close to him.

Louis opened his eyes with a start, and there was Jasto, who at that moment laughed again. The boy sprang up with a cry, and was about to plunge into the bushes, but the robber seized him by the arm.

"No, no, my good Sir Page," said Jasto. "Don't lead me over any more such wretched ways as you have led me this morning. I've had enough of them."

"Oh, Jasto!" cried Louis, "you are not going to take me back?"

"I don't know," said the robber, "what I shall do with you, but I certainly shall not take you back the way you came. Where you crept under the bushes, I had to break through them. I never saw such a fellow for hiding. How do you suppose I found you?"

"I don't know," said Louis.

"I found you," said Jasto, "by not looking for you. The rest of our men—and nearly all of them turned out to search for you, when we found you had run away—scattered themselves about in all directions, to see if they could catch a glimpse of *you*. I did nothing of that kind. I knew that if a boy like you were to crouch under a thick bush, I could not see him. So I

trees and bushes—the latter extending, in what seemed like impenetrable masses, in every direction.

Almost tired to death, he sat down at the foot of the tree he had climbed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. He slept for hours, and it was

looked for little bits of blue silk from a pair of trunk hose, and little shreds of purple cloth from a tunic that I knew of. I saw a bit of the silk on some briars when I started out, and I knew I should find more. I lost your track many times, but every now and then a bit of rag on a thorn



"THE COUNTESS SENT FOR JASTO, AND THANKED HIM WARMLY." [SEE PAGE 223.]

would encourage me; and so, at last, I came up to the gallant young page who was marking his way with pieces of silk and costly cloth. It made me laugh to think how truly these rags had led me to him."

"I am glad, Jasto," said Louis, "that you found me, and not one of the other men. I don't believe you will make me go back to the Captain to have one of my ears cut off. You will show me the way to go home, and I promise you, if you will do that, that my mother will send you a good sum of money, quite as much as she would have sent to the Captain if she had got my letter and had ransomed me."

"I am not sure about that," said Jasto, "but I have been thinking over the matter, and it may be that I shall not take you back to our camp. I have a kindly feeling for you, Sir Page. First, because I think you are a lad of spirit, as I used to be; and second, because my pig ate your letter, and so brought your trouble on you. Therefore, I feel bounden to help you out of it. But, if I send you to your mother, she may forget my sole share in your rescue and return, and may send the ransom-money to our company, when it will be so divided and shared, and measured into parts, that I shall get very little of it. So I think I shall take you to your mother, and then I shall get all the ransom myself, and not be obliged to share it with any one. And I am sure the good lady, your mother, will give more to him who brings you back than to him who has merely carried you away."

"Indeed would she!" cried Louis, more than delighted at the prospect of being taken directly to his home.

"Well, then," said Jasto, "take you this piece of bread, which I put in my pocket before I set out this morning, and when you have eaten it, you will be strong enough, mayhap, to go on to your mother's château, though it is still a good distance from here; and I promise you that I shall not lead you through such rough ways as you led me. But we must be careful, for, if we meet any of my good comrades, there will be an end of our plan."

When Louis had finished eating,—and, coarse and hard as the bread was, he devoured every morsel, for it was his breakfast and his dinner,—the two started off for Viteau. Louis supposed that they would try to reach the main road as soon as possible; but Jasto assured him that he had no idea of doing that, for the woods would be occupied, at various points along the road, by the *cotereaux*, who would expect the fugitive boy to take the highway as soon as he could find it. Instead of that, Jasto intended to slyly make his

way, through the woods, to the nearest point to Viteau, and then to strike across the country to the château.

Jasto was an expert and experienced woodsman, and he found paths where Louis would never have imagined they could exist; and with great care and caution, and frequent halts for outlook and listening, he led the boy through the devious mazes of the forest, without meeting one of his comrades. About dark they reached the edge of the forest, and then they cautiously made their way to the château, where they arrived late in the night.

It would be hard to express the consternation of Louis—and that of Jasto was almost as great—at finding that the Countess had gone away; that Barran had been there that day, returning from a search for his lost page, but had almost immediately set out for his castle, and that a body of strange men, accompanied by priests, had been searching the house for his mother only the night before.

Poor Louis, who could not imagine what all this meant, and who was bewildered and astounded at seeing the happy home he had always known deserted by every one excepting the seneschal and a few servants, desired nothing so much as to go immediately to his mother. But this Jasto would not have allowed, had it been possible, for the boy was nearly exhausted by fatigue and want of food. After some supper had been prepared for the two travelers, and Louis had eaten as much as Jasto thought good for him, the robber accompanied his young companion to the room he had been used to occupy with his brother Raymond, and, after seeing him safely in bed, lay down on the floor across the door-way, and went to sleep himself. It was evident that he intended to take good care that Louis should not leave him this time until he had conducted him into his mother's presence.

The seneschal was rather surprised at the actions of this man, who announced himself as a friend to the boy, and one who had saved him from the robbers who had captured him; but, as he and Louis seemed on very friendly terms, the old man made no objection to anything that Jasto said or did.

In the morning, Louis insisted upon an early start for Barran's castle; but, although Jasto was now perfectly willing to go, he was afraid to do so, for there was no other road but the one which led through the woods, and on that he certainly would be seen by some of the *cotereaux*, who would keep the road under constant watch. To make his way with the boy through the woods on the west of the road would be almost impossible,



for he was not familiar with that part of the forest, and did not know the paths; and Louis would of a certainty be tired out long before he could reach the castle, which was distant almost a day's journey for a horse.

But fortune favored him, for, after he had spent most of the day in endeavoring to impress these things on the mind of the impatient Louis, and in making efforts to find some one who would be willing to go to the castle and inform the Countess of her son's arrival at Viteau, there came to the château a party of horsemen who had been sent by Barran to see if anything had been heard from the boy at his home, the party in the eastern woods having, so far, met no traces of his captors.

The course was now easy enough, and the next day Barran's men set out for the castle, taking with them the happy Louis and Jasto, who felt no fear of capture by his former comrades now that he was escorted by a body of well-armed men.

The scene at the castle, when Louis arrived, was a joyous one. The Countess forgot all her troubles and fears about herself, in her great happiness for the return of her son; and even Raymond ceased to think, for a time, of his mother's danger, so glad was he to see his dear brother again. Every one at the castle, indeed, was in a state of great delight, for Louis was a general favorite, and few persons had expected to see him again.

Among the most joyful of his welcomers was Agnes. She listened to his story with the greatest eagerness, and, when he began to lament that he had lost her horse, she exclaimed:

"We don't think much about horses, my father and I, when we are afraid that we have lost boys. It is easy enough to get another jennet, and, before many years, this one would have been too small for me. Do you think he is in a comfortable place?"

"I don't know," answered Louis. "I did not see where they took him."

"At any rate," said the girl, promptly, "the thieves can not ride him in the forest, and so he will not be worn out by hard work. But we won't talk about him any more. And your brother's new falcon is gone, too, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," said Louis, ruefully. "But he will not grieve about that, for he did not know he was going to have one. I thought of that a good many times, when I was among the robbers. If he had been expecting it, things would have been a great deal worse than they are now."

"Of course he did not expect the bird," said the girl, "but he knows you have lost it, for everybody was told that it was to carry him a new falcon that you left the castle. But he never will scold you

for not bringing it, and so we need not say anything more about it. But he must wonder that you were bringing him a falcon; for how could you know he had none, when you left your mother's house before anything was said about his bird having been lost? He must suspect you had something to do with it."

"Of course he does," said poor Louis. "I intended to tell him all about it when I should give him the new falcon; but it will be harder to do it now."

"Don't you say a word about it," said Agnes, who was really a kind-hearted girl, although she liked to talk about everything that was on her mind. "I'll tell him myself. It will be easy enough for me to do it, and I can tell him better than you can, anyway."

She did tell Raymond all about it, dwelling with much earnestness on Louis's sorrow for his fault, and his great desire to make amends for it; but she found that Raymond cared very little about falcons. His mind was occupied with weightier matters.

"Louis is a good fellow, and a true one," he said, "although he often plays wild pranks, and the only reason I am sorry that he lost my bird is that it caused him such danger, and all of us such grief."

"I like Louis better than Raymond," said Agnes to herself. "Raymond talks so much like a man, and he is n't half so glad as he ought to be, now that his brother is saved from those dreadful robbers. If I were in his place, I'd be singing and dancing all the time."

The Countess sent for Jasto, and thanked him warmly and earnestly for bringing her son to her, instead of taking him back to the *cotereaux*.

"If I could do it now," she said, "I should reward you handsomely for what you have done for me; but, as I left my château for this place very suddenly, I have no money with me. However, as soon as I shall have opportunity to send for some, I shall more than pay you for the trouble you have taken. Meantime, as your conduct shows that you wish to leave your companions and give up your evil ways, you can remain here, and I shall see that you receive fair treatment and are well employed." And then, with a few more gracious words, she dismissed him.

This was all very pleasant, for the Countess spoke so sweetly and looked so good that it greatly gratified Jasto to have her talk to him so kindly, and thank him for what he had done; but still he was not satisfied. He had expected to make a regular bargain about a ransom, and hoped that Louis would have told his mother how much Michol was going to charge for his return; but he

found the boy had never mentioned the matter, and he did not feel bold enough, in his first interview with the Countess, to do it himself. He knew that he would be rewarded, but he felt sure that a lady would have no idea of the proper sum to pay for a page's ransom. If the pig had not eaten the letter her son had written, she would have been astonished indeed. He would wait, and, when the proper time came, he would let it be known that he expected ransom-money just as much as if he had kept the boy in some secret spot, and had made his mother send the sum required before her son was restored to her. Meanwhile, he was perfectly willing to remain in the service of the good Countess, and the first thing he asked for was a suit of clothes not composed of patches sewn together with bright red silk. And that he received without delay.

Now that Louis was safe at the castle, the minds of the Countess and her friends were occupied with the great question of her safety. It was not to be expected that the officers of the Inquisition would give up their attempts to arrest the lady; and although Barran's castle and Barran's forces might be strong enough to hold her securely and to drive back her persecutors, a contest of this kind with the Church was something not to be desired by the Count nor by his friends. Barran and Lanne were both of opinion that the safest refuge for the Countess would be England; but a secret journey there would be full of hardships, and might compel her to give up all her property, and to be separated from her sons.

It was hard to decide what to do, and at any day the officers of the Inquisition might appear at the gates of the castle.

(To be continued.)



There once was a youngster named Dick  
Who at drawing was clever and quick -  
He used paper so fast that he ran out at last  
So he drew on a page of "St. Nick"



## WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK.

UNDER this general heading we propose to give, from month to month, some articles of especial interest to boys and girls, introducing them to various useful employments or ways of self-improvement, and also to novel sports, games, and entertainments. The papers for this department have been obtained from different sources: some of them are written by well-known writers, some by experts in special fields, and some by wise boys and girls who, in solving their own difficulties or devising new pleasures for themselves, have hit upon expedients and diversions that are of value to young folk everywhere.

We begin, this month, with a paper that will be welcome in many quarters, and upon a subject concerning which we have received many inquiries, viz.: "Silk-culture." The achievements of Miss Nellie Rossiter in this home employment have gained honorable mention in the newspaper press, and have familiarized many of our readers with the fact that silk-culture offers a simple and easy method for boys and girls to make money. A great many young folk have had their curiosity aroused on this subject, but have had no means of learning how to begin and to conduct the work. This information, therefore, the accompanying article aims to supply, and we believe that it gives all the directions needed by earnest, active boys and girls for successful work in the line of silk-culture.

We shall have more to say upon the subject in other numbers, having already in stock an account of the "Boys' Silk-culture Club," of Philadelphia, and the results achieved by a girls' organization in the same city. And if the industry prove a popular one with our readers, we may organize a St. NICHOLAS Silk-culture Club. We are prepared to make free distribution (under suitable guaranties) of as many as 200,000 silk-worm eggs among boys and girls who are subscribers to St. NICHOLAS, and who are ready to undertake silk-culture in good faith, and to render us reports in due time of the progress of their work. The present paper, which is written by an experienced silk-culturist, will show how much can be done by young folk in this new field.

As indicated by the title, the new department shall vary work with play. So, next month, it will contain an illustrated article by Prof. H. H. Boyesen, on "A New Winter Sport for Boys"—a stirring paper, introducing American lads to the use of the Norwegian "skees."

### SILK-CULTURE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By I. CAPSADELL, SEC. N. Y. SILK EXCHANGE.



THERE is nothing remarkable in the appearance of this moth or butterfly, as you might call it. It is no larger than the white or yellow butterfly that flits over the mud in a country road, and not nearly so pretty, being of a grayish white, with small, black, bead-like eyes.

It lives only twelve or fifteen days, eats nothing, can not fly or protect itself from enemies, and you may wonder what such a moth is good for; but if you lived in China, Japan, Italy, or France, you would find it for the first three days of its life guarded with zealous care. In fact, in some countries it is called the golden moth, for it is the means of putting gold into the pocket.

It is said that, two thousand six hundred years before our Christian era, Si-ling-Shi, the wife of the Emperor Hoang-ti, finding that the skins of animals, with which the people clothed themselves, were growing scarce, looked about for some material to take their place. Her search was unsuc-

cessful until one morning, while taking her walk in the palace garden, she discovered some large worms spinning spider-like webs on the mulberry trees. She immediately conceived the idea of weaving these webs into a fabric. The wise men of the Orient were consulted, and finally a fabric was produced which has since been called "silk."

From that day, the wives and children of the poor and middle classes of many nations have derived a livelihood from the product of this little gray silk-moth, which hatches the worm that spins the silk.

The rapid changes these silk-worms go through in six weeks are as amusing and wonderful as the tricks of a sleight-of-hand man, and if you want to get some fun and money out of your next summer holidays, you have only to obtain some silk-worm eggs and let them hatch.

You must keep these eggs in a cool place till hatching time, or they will spoil. A cellar where the temperature does not rise above 40 degrees is a good place.

The hatching season commences when the leaves come out on the mulberry and osage-orange trees, for you must know that the leaves of these are the proper food of the silk-worms. If your studies will not allow you to hatch the eggs at that time, put them in a perforated tin box, and ask the butcher to hang them in his refrigerator. They will keep in this way for quite a time. You can freeze them without harm, provided they are

brought very gradually to higher temperatures for hatching.

No, you do not put the eggs to hatch on the mulberry trees. You bring them into a room in the house, or into a shed or stable where it is clean and well ventilated, and spread them out on a newspaper, or on the bottom of a wooden tray made for the purpose. This wooden tray is much like the bottom of a square bird-cage, and you can easily make one.

After you have placed the eggs as directed, heat the room to a temperature of 70 degrees, and in a few hours you will see a change taking place. The eggs grow gray, then blue, then white, with the exception of a small, moon-shaped black spot.

Now look at this spot with your magnifying-glass, and you will see it is the head of a worm.

In a few minutes some of these worms will surprise you by the rapidity with which they make their exit from the shell. And when they are out, you will observe, if your magnifying-glass is strong enough, that they are covered with short hairs like a caterpillar, and that they are fastening a little silky web to every object within their reach.

The second day after you put your eggs to hatch, you will find the paper or tray swarming with little, black, wriggling worms. You may judge how small they are when I tell you that the egg is not much larger than a mustard-seed.

They are hungry now, and should be fed, but before doing so, make a frame, similar to a slate-frame with a strip through the middle, to fit into the tray. This frame should be covered with mosquito-netting, and placed over the worms. Now gather a few mulberry or osage-orange leaves, chop them fine, like smoking-tobacco, and sprinkle them over the netting.

The worms will quickly crawl through the meshes to eat the leaves.

Being so small they will eat very little, but they should be given fresh leaves as soon as the old leaves become hard or dry. When giving them fresh leaves, put over the old frame another frame covered with netting. When the worms have crawled through, remove the first frame with the dried leaves. In this way you can easily change them from old to fresh food. They should be given four meals a day during the "first age."

The trays must be changed and cleaned at least once a day.

In three days all the strong worms will have hatched; those born after this are apt to be weakly, and had better be thrown away.

Each day those hatched should be removed and placed by themselves, with the date of their birth marked on the tray that contains them. Those first hatched should be placed in the coolest part

of the room, and those latest hatched in the warmest. This will tend to equalize their growth and prevent the worms being of different sizes when their molting period comes, which occurs four times.

Five or six days after the worms have hatched, they will prepare to shed their skins.

This is called a molt.

#### FIRST AGE.



BEFORE MOLTING.



AFTER MOLTING.

You will know when this period comes by their loss of appetite. They will become torpid, and look like small bits of rusty iron wire. If now you observe the worms carefully with a glass, you will see a black spot coming in front of the first joint. This is the growth of a new head, and the commencement of the shedding, which process is completed so gradually that a whole discarded skin is rarely found.

In twelve hours this period is over. The worms have passed their "first age," and enter with renewed appetites into their "second age."

This differs but little from the "first age." In it, however, they eat more and grow much larger.

#### SECOND AGE.



BEFORE MOLTING.



AFTER MOLTING.

Before they enter the "third age," the netting must be removed from the frames and replaced with perforated paper. Each perforation should be large enough to admit a lead-pencil.

You need not chop the leaves any more now, as the worms are able to eat them whole.

#### THIRD AGE.



BEFORE MOLTING.



AFTER MOLTING.

During the "fourth age" they consume an enormous quantity of food, and when their fourth and last molt comes they suffer acutely. Their sickness sometimes resembles death, and many of the soft, fat worms actually do die.

They require at this time much care as to ventilation and cleanliness. It is very important that the trays be changed daily, and the worms not handled with the fingers. If there is occasion, for lack of



room or any other cause, to remove some of them to other trays, lift them with small, flat camel's-hair brushes or large leaves.

When the molt of this "fourth age" is past, the critical period of the silk-worm's existence is over.

#### FOURTH AGE.



In the fifth and last age, how much they will eat! If you have many worms they will keep you pretty busy getting food for them, for not only leaves, but whole mulberry boughs must be given them now. They are as greedy as pigs, and seem to live for nothing but to eat, eat, eat! At this age you can even hear their jaws munching the leaves. But you must not mind this, for they are converting the leaves into a precious fluid, that soon will be poured from their mouths to make the beautiful silken cocoon, and the more they are fed, the firmer and finer will be their cocoons and the more abundant the silk.

In about eight days after the beginning of the "fifth age" the worms, which never before showed the least desire to wander from their trays, become exceedingly restless, and wander aimlessly about, moving their heads in all directions.

They are now looking for a convenient place to spin their cocoons, and if a place is not arranged for them, so that they may disgorge this silk fluid, they will die.

The worm is now as large as your finger, and of an ashy gray color.

I have not yet told you that black ants are the silk-worms' mortal enemies, and that you will be sure to find them in your cocoonery. I think they are first brought in on the leaves, and you must keep a sharp lookout for them. They pinch and bite the worms until they kill them. If they get to the worms during the "first age," they may kill

them all, for they are then so tender that one pinch or bite will prove fatal.

Now that your worms are ready to spin, you must get ready the spinning-branches. These are bundles of dry twigs from which the leaves have been taken, or bunches of straw. The bunches should be as thick as your wrist, and about a foot long. Stand these bunches all about the trays, and bend their tops together in the shape of an arch.

The worms, as soon as they see the branches, will know what they are intended for, and will lose no time in mounting them. There may be found some who are too lazy to mount. Place some branches in the way of these, and when they have taken hold, stand the branch up.

After the worm has mounted the branch, he commences throwing little silky webs from branch to branch. This is a sort of hammock in which he means to hang his cocoon. By and by he really begins work, moving his head quickly from side to side, and throwing the silken thread in the shape of the figure 8.

If you could properly dissect a silk-worm, you would find in it a reservoir which contains the silk matter. From this reservoir proceed two glands that unite in the mouth. From them a fluid is poured forth which, hardening as it reaches the air, becomes a tiny silken thread, to be conducted and directed by the worm to the points it has selected.

The worm moves its head more than sixty times a minute, or three hundred thousand times in making its cocoon.

For some time after it has been spinning and has wound itself in the threads that have taken the shape of a cocoon, you can see it, doubled up like a horseshoe, hard at work on the inside.



SPINNING-BRANCHES.



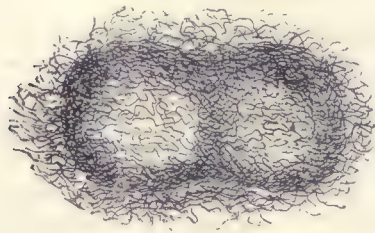
FULL-SIZED WORM READY TO SPIN.

Finally the threads grow so thick that the worm is shut out from your view forever, and I am sure by this time you will feel a little tinge of sadness in

saying good-bye, for it has been with you so much, and has been so intelligent, that it seems almost human.

In four days it has expended all its silk fluid, and the cocoon is done. It will contain a thread of silk from six hundred to eight hundred yards long.

You must let these cocoons remain on the spinning-branches for about eight days. At the end



A COCOON.

of that time, take them down and carefully strip them of their loose floss. Select the largest and finest, and string them on a thread about a yard long. This is done by passing the needle lightly through the outside of the cocoon floss that still remains on it. Never pass the needle through the cocoon, as it would pierce the chrysalis and kill it. Then hang these threads in a cool, dark room, away from rats or mice.

In about seven days more, you will awake some morning to find holes in your cocoons and a number of butterflies or moths, like those I first told you about, clinging to the walls and cocoons.

Some of these will be males and some females. The males are smaller than the females and keep beating their wings.

After about six hours, place the females on cells.

A cell is a little piece of muslin three by three inches, with a string run through the top. A number of these should be prepared beforehand, and then stretched across the room.

As fast as you separate the moths, place a female on each cell, darken the room and let them alone. In a few hours they will commence to lay. Each moth carefully deposits the eggs (which are covered with a sticky fluid that causes them to adhere to the cloth) side by side, and so on for about three days. The usual number of eggs each moth lays is four hundred, but they often lay as many as seven hundred.

It will be well to occasionally pin a moth in the corner of a cell, so that the buyer of eggs can reduce it to powder and examine it for disease. Silk-worms have so far been subject to no disease in this country, but occasionally the precaution should be taken of examining a moth. The break-

ing out of a disease among the silk-worms is a great affliction on the other side of the ocean.

If you have had one thousand eggs to begin with, and these have produced five hundred females that have laid the average amount of eggs, you will find yourself the possessor of five ounces of eggs, worth at the lowest wholesale price two dollars per ounce, or twenty-five cents a thousand at retail, and about four pounds of pierced cocoons, which, sold as waste, will bring fifty to eighty cents a pound.

If you should want your cocoons for reeling, instead of reproduction, you should take them from the spinning-branches a few days after they are spun, and stifle them.

Stifling is killing the chrysalis inside, so that it can not pierce the cocoon. The pierced cocoon can be carded, but not reeled.

There are many ways of stifling, but solar rays, charcoal fumes, hot air, or steam are the most used.

To stifle them by solar rays, they must be put in glass-covered boxes in the sun for several days, care being taken to stir them often.

To stifle them by charcoal, they must be put in

a bag, hung in a tight box from which the bottom has been removed, and then placed over a pot of burning charcoal. Bank earth about the box, and in twelve hours the work will have been accomplished.

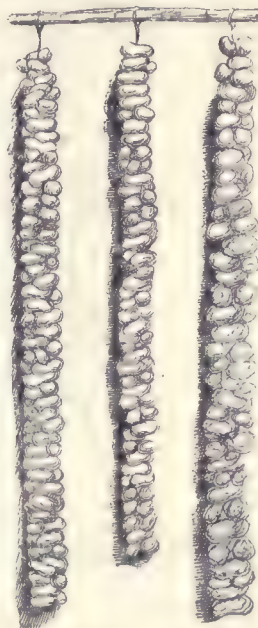
To stifle by hot air, you place them in an oven for half an hour. This is dangerous, for the cocoons are likely to scorch.

To stifle by steam, you put them in a common steamer and steam as you would potatoes or a pudding. Thirty minutes is long enough for them to remain in the steamer.

This last mode is said to be the best of all,

as the steaming softens the gum and improves the luster of the silk.

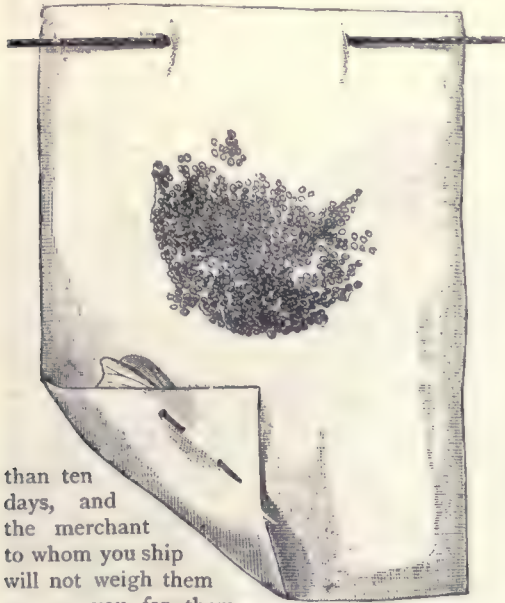
In all cases, after the cocoons have been stifled, they must be placed on a clean cloth, in a cool, airy room, and allowed to dry for at least ten days. They will mold and discolor if you do not dry them.



A STRING OF COCOONS.



You should never ship them in a green state, before or after stifling, unless you are specially requested to do so, for they lose in weight for more



A CELL, WITH EGGS.

than ten days, and the merchant to whom you ship will not weigh them or pay you for them till they are perfectly dry.

Four pounds or less can be sent in paper boxes by mail. Larger quantities should be sent by express or freight. Pack them lightly in thin pine boxes, so that they will not be mashed or dented, for this prevents their reeling properly.

If the cocoons are pierced, you may pack them as tight as you please.

It will not be profitable for you to reel your

cocoons yourself, for no matter how nice and smooth it looks to you, the manufacturer would find it very uneven. But you may want to do it for your own amusement, and so I will tell you how it is done.

Of course, you must provide yourself with a reel, or invent one. I heard of a boy who put a wide band of leather over the upper wheel of a sewing-machine, which worked well. I believe this would do, for there you have the revolving wheel, and all you need is a flat, broad surface on the wheel to catch and wind the silk as it unwinds from the cocoons.

Before reeling, you must throw the cocoons into hot water. Then take a portion of a whisk-broom and stir the cocoons, drawing the broom out of the water occasionally. The hot water softens the gum by which the thread adheres to the shell of the cocoon, and the rough broom catches the ends as they loosen. Then turn the wheel slowly, and with the thumb and forefinger start the ends around the wheel. If the threads break, twist them together and start them around again. When all the silk is unwound from the cocoons, slip it off the wheel and give it a twist and a knot, like a skein of sewing-silk. Should the silk snarl as it unwinds, you may know the water is too hot.

This ends all that you can do with the reeling.

As the pierced cocoons can be carded and spun in the same manner as cotton and wool, your grandmothers, or other old people in your vicinity, can tell you how to do it, and even how to weave it into silk.

Next year I hope to learn that many specimens of cocoons, reeled and spun silk have been on exhibition at the State and county fairs all over the United States—the work of the girls and boys who have read this article.

## A BALLAD OF BRAVERY.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

To spread his fame, I'll sing about  
A little lad of ten,  
Who, with no weapon, put to rout  
An army of brave men!  
The glittering troops attacked one day  
A quiet, sleepy town,  
And filled the people with dismay  
As swiftly they came down.  
They all prepared to hide or run,  
With faces ashen pale.  
All, did I say? No, all save one—  
The hero of my tale.

"Cowards!" he cried, with flashing eye,  
"They pillage and destroy,  
And yet you men stand idly by!  
I'll lead you, though a boy!"  
He charged alone; the troops stood still;  
He bravely knocked them down!  
And thus, by his heroic will,  
He saved the little town.  
Lest this you think be hardly true,  
It should be understood  
That, though the boy was *real* like you,  
The rest were made of wood!

## KARSING AND THE TIGER.—A PRIZE COMPOSITION.

BY HOLLIS C. CLARK (Aged Fifteen).



THE tiger is called the scourge of India. With many other wild animals, including deer, fowl, cattle, and wolves, he frequents the immense jungles of that country. Commonly, the tiger is shy and will run at sight of a man, but once in a while, having tasted human blood, he becomes *doo loo shadwee*, as the natives say, when nothing but human flesh will satisfy him.

When a tiger is known to be a man-eater, the natives in his neighborhood are in constant dread and terror. They either retire into their bamboo huts at sundown, and crouch trembling until day-break, or they light great bonfires and keep up a continual commotion during the night; for when a tiger captures a person, he generally stays in the same vicinity until killed or entrapped, becoming bolder and bolder every day. A tiger has even been known to bound into a village in daylight, and, like a flash, dash away with his doomed prey.

The news of a man-eater, however, is not an every-day occurrence, as the brute is supposed to obtain his first taste of human blood accidentally.

The task of killing these blood-thirsty beasts is sometimes performed by Europeans, for the mere sake of the hunt and the subsequent glory of exhibiting the furry hide; more often, however, by the *shekarrys*, or professional tiger-killers.

The modes of operation of the latter are often very strange. Sometimes a stout bamboo cage, containing the tiger-killer (who will kill a *doo-loo-shadwee* tiger for thirty dollars) is placed in one of the well-trodden paths of the animal. The statue-like figure of the hunter sits motionless until the tiger, having scented him, springs on the cage and is dispatched by the spears of his antagonist. A brave native has also been known to let a tiger spring at him, and then, lightly bounding aside, dash a knife into his tawny body.

The indolent natives, however, seldom hunt, except for a livelihood, or when accompanying Englishmen, of whom there are large numbers in India.

A few years ago, an English missionary, a friend of mine, was stationed at a small village in the midst of an almost impassable jungle, extending for leagues inward. With one or two neighboring towns the village was connected by foot-paths, and from it a narrow road led to the railway station, distant three miles or more.

One hot evening, as my friend was sitting before his two-story bamboo cottage (which was a source



of admiration and wonder to the simple natives), enjoying some letters from home, which he had just received from a native guide and mail-carrier, he was startled by cries of fear, and a crowd of Hindus from a neighboring village rushed up and threw themselves at his feet, bewailing loudly and alternately imploring his aid and that of their heathen gods. Moreover, his own villagers became very much alarmed, and added to the tumult, while the guide, though excited, remained outwardly calm.

As soon as Mr. Dawson could make himself heard, he inquired the cause of their trouble, to which the guide replied that a tiger had carried off a child from the new-comers' village, adding also, that as the town was now entirely deserted by the terrified inhabitants, part of whom were before him, some other village might now expect the tiger's attentions.

Mr. Dawson was alarmed. This was the first time during his residence there that the peace of the little town had been disturbed. To add to this, his was the nearest village to the one recently attacked, and there was more than an even chance that it would be the next to suffer. It was with a feeling of dread, therefore, that he went to bed that night. He could not sleep, and was momentarily expecting the advent of the tiger. But nothing happened to break the night's stillness.

In the morning, feeling somewhat relieved, he said to the guide (who was off duty for a week), "Well, Karsing, I guess the man-eater has missed us." This was said with an attempt to smile, but Karsing shook his head, and said shortly, "He may come yet." And come he did.

In the evening, when one of the less timorous natives had gone a little distance from the huts to obtain some water, all were paralyzed by shriek upon shriek from the unfortunate man, upon whom the tiger had sprung. His pitiful cries grew fainter and fainter, as the blood-thirsty animal bounded away with him. Pursuit was useless, and another gloomy night was sleeplessly passed.

The next morning the missionary sent one of the villagers to the station to send for a certain *shekarry*, who lived about twenty miles away, and who replied by telegraph that he would come and hunt for the tiger that afternoon.

Meanwhile, Karsing (who was quite intimate with Mr. Dawson), to occupy his time, began overhauling some of that gentleman's "traps," which he brought with him from England, and had stored away. While rummaging in this manner, he came across an old, rusty musket. This he seized upon, and after cleaning and oiling it, took some powder and balls, and about noon went into the jungle, telling the servants about the

house—as Mr. Dawson, at that time, was absent—that he would try to shoot something for dinner. They laughed at him, for he had never used either gun or pistol, and told him that the man-eater would catch him.

But Karsing was confident, for he had often seen others shoot, and as to being afraid of the tiger, he said that such beasts usually slept at that hour.

When dinner-time came, the "hunter," as the natives derisively called him, did not appear. Mr. Dawson, who well knew that the guide was fully able to take care of himself, was in nowise alarmed, but was somewhat vexed because Karsing had not asked permission to use the gun. However, in the consideration of other matters he forgot about the affair altogether until later in the day.

At two o'clock, the *shekarry*, with a companion, arrived, armed with rifle and knife.

They immediately set out on the tiger's trail, starting from the point where the animal's latest victim had been seized the night before. As the tracks became plainer, they hurried on cautiously and quietly, when, all of a sudden, the loud report of a gun startled them. It could not have come from a point more than a quarter of a mile away, and in the deathly stillness of the tangled jungle it seemed still nearer. Immediately after it, a loud roar awoke the echoes, and the *shekarrys*, advancing a few rods and parting the bushes, came upon the tiger, then in his death-struggles. He was roaring and lashing the ground with his tail, while in his open, frothy mouth the hideous teeth gleamed; finally, with a huge bound, he leaped into the air and fell dead.

The tiger-killers were exceedingly surprised. Why had they been sent for to kill the tiger if it was probable that another would do it?

They approached the body and came face to face with Karsing, who appeared from the opposite side. The *shekarry*, very naturally, felt vexed and angry, and sullenly demanded, "Did *you* kill that tiger?" "Yes," replied the guide.

"With that gun?" continued the questioner, espying the old musket. "Yes," replied Karsing.

The two tiger-killers turned away with disgust and went back to the village, where they told the story to the wondering missionary and natives. Mr. Dawson paid them their expenses, and they went home.

As for Karsing, he skinned the tiger and brought the hide home, where, after curing it for a month or more, he presented it to Mr. Dawson, who returned the favor by buying him a fine rifle.

The missionary afterward found out that the sly fellow had set out that morning with the express purpose of killing the tiger, which he had accomplished by a lucky chance shot.

## THE SLED THAT WON THE GOLDEN ARROW.

ONE cold day, a la-dy looked from a win-dow down to the side-walk, and she saw there a lit-tle girl and a lit-tle boy. The girl had a brok-en sled, and on the sled there was a board that fell off if any-bod-y touched it and would n't stay on un-less it was held.

Well, the lit-tle girl held the board just right, and made a quick jump and got on it, so that the board staid in place; then she got off, and told the boy to jump on.

He jumped. The board tipped, and the lit-tle boy fell on the side-walk. But the lit-tle girl picked him up, and brushed off the snow. Then the la-dy at the win-dow slid up the sash, and this is what she heard the girl say:

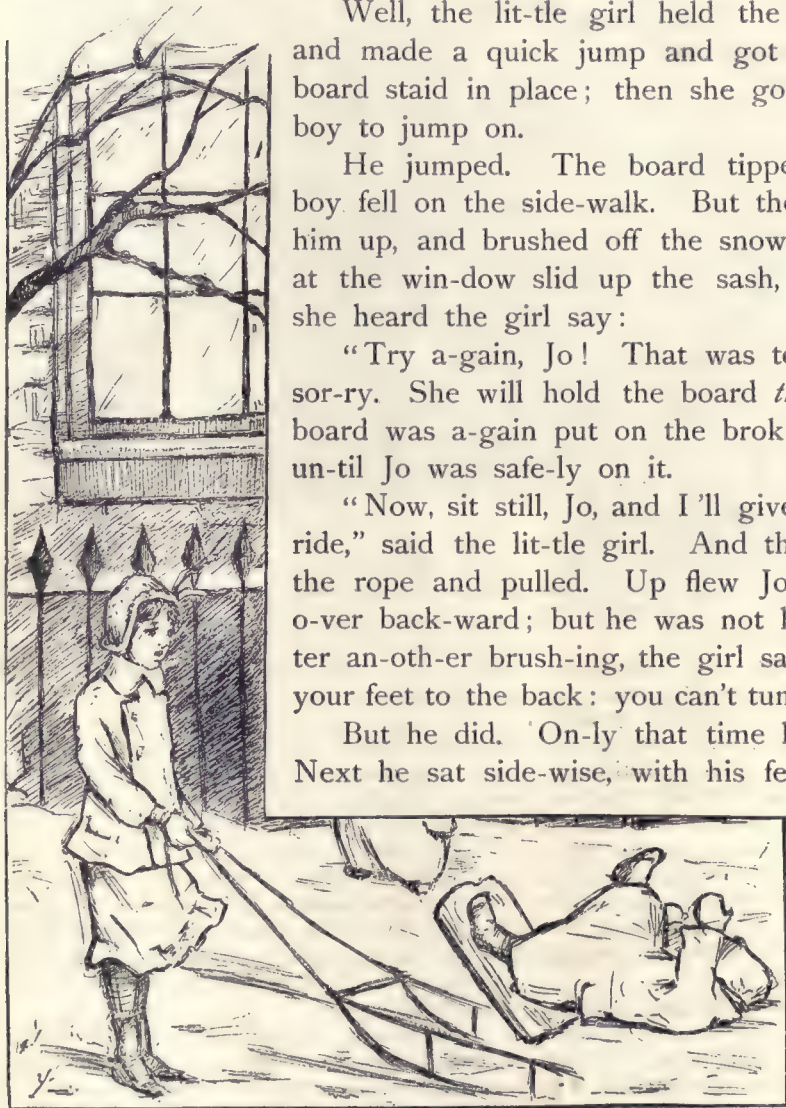
"Try a-gain, Jo! That was too bad. Sis-ter is sor-ry. She will hold the board *this* time." So the board was a-gain put on the brok-en sled, and held un-til Jo was safe-ly on it.

"Now, sit still, Jo, and I'll give you a nice slide-ride," said the lit-tle girl. And then she picked up the rope and pulled. Up flew Jo's feet and he fell o-ver back-ward; but he was not hurt much, and, af-ter an-oth-er brush-ing, the girl said, "Now, sit with your feet to the back: you can't tum-ble off that way."

But he did. On-ly that time he fell on his face. Next he sat side-wise, with his feet hang-ing o-ver

part of a run-ner. In this way he went safe-ly as far as a-cross a lit-tle room, but then board and boy once more up-set.

The good sis-ter tried a doz-en times to give Jo a ride, but ev-ery time the old, brok-en sled threw him off. Still the lit-tle girl was pa-tient and kind, and spoke gent-ly, and took good care of her lit-tle broth-er. And that was bet-ter for





both of them that day than a fine sled-ride would have been. For when they went a-way the la-dy o-pened the win-dow wide, and sent a big boy to fol-low them, and told him to come back and tell her the house they lived in.

And then, that same day, she went out and bought a strong and pret-ty sled. Its name was "Gold-en Ar-row."

Then, she went her-self to the house where the lit-tle girl lived, and asked for the lit-tle girl who had been try-ing to give her lit-tle broth-er a sleigh-ride that morn-ing.

"Julia! Julia!" called her moth-er. "Here is a la-dy, ask-ing for you."

Julia ran to the gate.

"You were try-ing to draw a lit-tle boy on the side-walk in front of my house this morn-ing"—be-gan the la-dy, but she could not say an-oth-er word then, for Julia was fright-ened and said: "Oh, ma'am, I did n't, I *did* n't mean to do any-thing naugh-ty." Then she be-gan to cry ver-y hard, and ran a-way.

"What is it, ma'am, that my child has been do-ing?" asked Julia's moth-er.

"She is a dood sis-ter," said lit-tle Jo.

The la-dy smiled. "I watched her this morn-ing," she said, "and she



was so sweet and pa-tient that I wished to make her a pres-ent. And at my house there is a new sled for her, if she will come and get it."

Pret-ty soon, Julia was at the la-dy's house, with Jo and three oth-er lit-tle broth-ers, and the "Gold-en Ar-row" made five chil-dren hap-py man-y days—for these chil-dren were real chil-dren, and it all hap-pened just like this sto-ry.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ANOTHER Year! Welcome it, my people, and treat it as handsomely as you can. In twelve months it will slip aside, to take its place in the long line of years that have "passed away," as we say. But it will not pass away. It will stand there in line with the rest that you have known, and will greet you familiarly whenever you look back upon it—whether with smiles or frowns, or with too much of one and too little of the other, depends very much upon yourselves.

Well, here we are, good 1883! Glad to see you, and ready to do our best. Your bright, fresh face is full of promise, and, in the name of big folk, little folk, snow-time, bloom-time, and harvest, JACK thanks you for coming!

#### "DOWN IN THE DOLDRUMS."

DEAR JACK: I am puzzled, and perhaps you, or some of those remarkably bright young people known as your "chicks," can help me. I was sitting on the fence of the school-house yard, one morning last week, watching the children as they passed in, when I heard the following scraps of conversation. Said one little boy to another: "It's the splendidest book; the sailors were becalmed in the Doldrums for three weeks, and when they got out of them their water ran short." Well, I lost the rest of it; but "doldrums" was a new word to me, but I thought that if I listened I would hear it again soon; and, if you will believe me, I really did hear it again from the very next who passed. It was two large girls, this time, who are in the high-class. Said one of them: "We had the dolefullest evening; that poky old professor kept talking all the time, so that we could n't have a bit of fun, and we young folks were down in the doldrums all the evening."

Now, dear Jack, I do not repeat these scraps of conversation to suggest that some adjectives are compared by more and most, though you might think so, but to inquire respectfully, is there, really, such a place as the Doldrums, and did those speakers mean the same thing in using the expression?

Your ever faithful friend,

SNOW BUNTING.

Here is your answer, dear Snow Bunting. The Little School-ma'am says: "'The Doldrums' is a name given by sailors to places in the ocean near the equator, in which calms, storms, and contrary

winds abound. The boy used the expression in its literal sense; the girl, figuratively."

#### WHICH WAS RIGHT?

THE children of the Red School-house had propped up the thing, as a great curiosity, on a mound, by my pulpit. Yes, there it was, as plain as day, a beautiful twig or spray, with the dear Little School-ma'am's label upon it—but I could n't do anything with my birds. They insisted that the things that I called flowers would soon shake their pretty wings and fly away. Yes, they were sure of it. In vain I protested, and even hit my pulpit hard with an imaginary fist.

"Did you never hear of an orchid?" said I. "What kind of a kid?" said they.

"An orchid?" I repeated.

"Not we," said they; "but we know bees when plant does instead of flowers,

peated. they; "but we see them, n't bear bees we'll give up."



BEES OR FLOWERS?

"That's just what I want," said I. "When folk who are mistaken give up, the battle is ended." And off they flew, quite sure that old Jack-in-the-Pulpit had made a mistake for once.



Bless their bright little eyes and quick voices! What should I do without them?

You see, the little darlings have no dear Little School-ma'am to go to, as I have; and good Mother Nature is so fond of playing funny tricks!

Now, would n't it be very queer if some of my little human chicks should look at the picture and see only bees? Ah, but then they can find out about orchids! Very likely they'll be writing to me about them before January has time to roll our moon once around the earth.

#### THE EMU AT HOME.

MY DEAR MR. JACK: I thought I would write you a letter about the Emu, as it is a native of Australia, where I live. The Emu is a large bird, stands about five feet high, and is of a brown color; its feathers are small and double,—that is, two feathers grow

from the same place. It runs like the ostrich, and, when frightened, makes off at a great pace. It takes a very fast dog to run it down, as the Emu can keep up for a very long time; the dog generally gets tired and slinks away. It is a very inquisitive bird, and even in a wild state, if a man were to hide behind a bush and tie a piece of rag to a stick, and hold it out, the Emu would come running up to see what it was. Emus are generally seen here on the plains, walking in pairs, followed by their young family. The mother-bird does not make a proper nest, but just makes a hole in the ground, and lays fourteen or fifteen eggs, on which the birds, male and female, sit in turn. The eggs are large,—not so large as those of an ostrich,—and of a dark green color. Like the ostrich, the Emu has a hardy stomach, and will swallow nails, buttons, and all sorts of queer things, without hurting itself, though in its wild state it lives chiefly on berries. They are easily tamed, as soon as they get acquainted. We are now living on the Darling Downs, Queensland, but in Riverina,—part of New South Wales,—where my papa used to have a sheep station, he says there are a great many more Emu than here in Queensland. Papa says the Emu are very injurious to young lambs. They want to play with them; they chase them, jump over them, knock them down, and roll them about. This rough play often kills the poor little things.

Your constant reader,

WYNNIE PRUDENCE BRODRIBB.

### “OH, THAT COMPOSITION!”\*—THE COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

In announcing our choice of a composition out of all that have been sent in response to our offer on page 982 of the October ST. NICHOLAS, we are happy to acknowledge the surprising cordiality with which our plan to assist the young “compositionalists” has been met. Parents and teachers everywhere have approved highly of the plan of offering ST. NICHOLAS subjects; whole schools have been represented in the present competition; and the letters accompanying the MSS. sufficiently attest its popularity with the boys and girls themselves. One friendly correspondent writes: “You have found a very interesting way of making difficult lessons seem like play”; a candid young author says: “I hope you will give four subjects each month, for composition work is a very dull and horrid task to me, and I am very glad of anything to make it easier”; and very many of the young writers insist that, whether their Tiger compositions be printed or not, the work has been its own reward. Indeed, the Committee rely upon the very general expression of this sentiment to aid them in making their report. It can be no easy task for any committee to decide easily and promptly upon the one very best out of hundreds of clever stories by clever young folk. In the case of these Tiger stories, it was quite impossible to choose one that was preëminent in *all* good qualities, for, however excellent in some points one of them might be, there were others quite as good—if not better—in other respects. But, on the whole, and after due deliberation, the Committee united in according the highest place to the composition by Hollis C. Clark, aged fifteen, as best fitting the picture and combining information concerning the tiger with a vivid story of a hunt. This composition, therefore, appears on page 230 of the present number, in company with the original picture; and a check in payment, at the rates promised, has been forwarded to the young author. In his letter accompanying the manuscript he says: “I interpret the picture as I do, for the reason that the tiger is not in the attitude for pouncing upon the hunters, nor are the hunters in position for shooting the tiger.”

It must be remembered, as before stated, that among the compositions were others quite as good in many respects as the one we have chosen to print. At least twenty of the compositions crowded closely upon us in making a selection, and many others are so admirable, considering the ages of their authors, that we gladly extend the Roll of Honor to take them in.

Heartily thanking our young friends, one and all, for their interest and enthusiasm, we submit the above report to their attention, and offer four subjects for this month.

#### THE YEAR 1882 — THE YEAR 1883 — WHAT I SAW ON A COUNTRY ROAD — WHAT MAKES ME GROW?

As stated in the December number, we do not ask to see the compositions hereafter, excepting when we offer a picture in connection with a subject; but we shall be glad if, in writing compositions, all who choose the ST. NICHOLAS subjects will kindly let us know of the fact.

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

Dollie Darrach—Mamie A. Collins—Mattie W. Baxter—Chas. Lee Faries—Evy Robinson—Margt. W. Lighton—Isa E. Owens—Dora Young—Carrie F. Lyman—Maude Linda Gilbert—Edie M. Arnold—Neddie Freeman—C. Herbert Swan, Jr.—Wyatt W. Randall—M. Josephine Collins—Kate H. Gillicuddy—S. Bessie Saunders—Mary E. Armstrong—H. C. Mather—Ursula Norman—George Weildon—Mary Paxson Rogers—Harry Milnes—Sarah T. Dalsheimer—Hilda E. Ingalls—Albert T. Ryan—Otto R. Barnett—Alice May Schoff—Charles Waddle—Carrie C. Coe—Blanche Walsh—Rannie C. Scott—David G. Wilson—Wm. R. McIver—Madge L. Wendell—Florence Bradshaw—W. T. Stevenson—Katie Lloyd—Ralph Browning Fiske—Sallie E. Buck—“Sand-piper”—Marcellus L. Holt—Daisy O'Brien—Fannie G. Davenport—John Peck, Jr.—Mamie H. Wilcox—Mary May Winsor—Mary Josephine Shannon—Jessie Garfield—Frank D. Thomson—Harry Robertson—Lulu Thomson—C. M. Frazer—Helen L. Towne—Helen M. Brown—Sallie H. Williamson—E. Georgina Jackson—Charles Ellis—Maria W. Edgerton—Susie I. Harwood—Katie Jacobs—Emma Cole—J. H. Gorrell—Karl H. Machold—Jessie McGregor—Maye C. Boorman—Fannie Bogert—Annie W. Johnson—Wm. J. Dante—Sam Blythe, Jr.—W. H. Laurence—Walter E. Borden—Claude N. Comstock—Susie D. Huntington—Carl K. Friedman—Hattie P. Perkins—Louie F. Pitts—Mary K. Goodwin—Eva W. Eastman—Israel Joseph—Jessie Goodrich—Alice Robertson—H. E. Northup—Fannie Faunteroy—Wm. Vance Martin—May Winston—Pace Winston—Alice C. Hegon—Hattie Venable—Emma Martin—Josephine Meeker—Hugo Diemer—Winnie Marsh—Etty Reeks—Olivia Kurtz—Lillian W. Hart—David W. Brant—Olive H. Causey—Gracie E. Southworth—Mary Hutton—“Honor Bright”—Eliza M. Grace—W. C. Burkholder—Chas. B. Gulick—Gracie Avery—James F. Berry—J. Buchanan—Powell Evans—Albert L. Taylor—Caryl D. Haskins—Fred T. Sewall—Carleton W. Ginn—Daisy Carville—Harry Leonard—Evarts R. Greene—Lizzie Dye—Frank T. Brown—Isabel A. Beaumont—K. L. Terry—H. Kenner—B. W.—Edward B. Reed—Frank Munroe—Frances H. Catlin—E. L. Hunt—Susie Clark—Mame L. Wheeler—N. H.—Carrie A. McCreary—Grace Gallaher—Lulu Cumbach—Lulu M. Hutchins—Anna L. Roe—John Fred. Kennedy—Charlotte W. Hare—Stuart M. Beard—Mabel Guion—Aurelia Key—Mary Thompson—Sallie D. Rogers—Harriette R. Horsfall—Harry B. Sparks—Clara Burr—“Phyllis”—Gertrude M. Doughty—Asa B. Priest—Mary M. Ehlers—Horace Wylie—Jessie MacGregor—Elsie M. Kittredge—Rowland G. Treat—Dudley Ganst—Kitty Williamson—Jos. H. Sutton—James R. Danforth, Jr.—Robt. I. Brown—Anna May Bristol—Anna B. Cordo—E. W. Mumford—Maggie L. Bawgan—Julia Abbey—Gertrude Hascall—Jeannette B. Gillespie—Katie R. Elliott—Gracie L. Thayer—Lillian Byrne—B. C. P.—Helen Stapleton—A. Klouber.

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for October, page 982, and for December, page 156.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

## THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD FUND.

It is pleasant to know that, up to the present date, nearly five hundred dollars have been contributed through this magazine to the Children's Garfield Fund for the benefit of the poor and sick children of New York. The amounts received since our report in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1882, aggregate \$63.77. \$16.28 of this sum was sent by a club of young girls,—“a little society of six members,”—with the following letter:

“DANSVILLE, N. Y., NOV. 11, 1882.

“DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had a little society of six members, and have worked for six months for the ‘Garfield Home.’ November 10th we had a little fair; sold the things we had made, and ice-cream and cake. We invited our friends, and made the sum of \$16.28, which we inclose.

“Please acknowledge the receipt of it, either through the ST. NICHOLAS or in any way convenient.

“Yours truly, THE GARFIELD HOME SOCIETY.

“FANNY GRANT, Pres.

FANNY PRATT, Sec.

HELEN EDWARDS, Treas.

“Members: Dora Voorhees, Alice Grant, Carrie Pratt.”

Now, girls and boys, who will start another club to raise the twenty dollars and twenty-one cents that are needed to swell the Children's Garfield Fund to \$500?

For full particulars, see ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1881, and July, 1882.

READERS of this number who also have read “The Story of Tinkey,” printed in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1882, will find an increased pleasure in the capital tale “Fairy Wishes Nowadays,” on page 166, as the same “Tinkey” is the hero of the two stories, although each is complete in itself.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, NOV. 3, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that the piece called “A Happy Thought; or, Olive's Game,” is a very good one. My sister and I tried it, with success. Mamma wrote the names on some slips of paper, and my sister and I think of playing it every day. I hope all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will try it.

Your interested reader, CARRIE STEWART.

Thanks, Carrie. The game is a good one, and we join in your wish that it may become very popular with ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls.

By an oversight, the two jingles, “The Iron-clad Pie” (in the August number) and “Oh, What Are You at, Little Woman?” (in the October number) were credited solely to Mr. L. Hopkins, in our Tables of Contents for those months, when in reality they were drawn by Mr. Hopkins, at our request, from suggestions by Mr. A. W. Harrington, who furnished the text of the verses and hints in outline for the pictures. We gladly make this correction, in justice to Mr. Harrington, and extend to him our apologies for the mistake.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT'S “Cloudy-Saturday” question continues to agitate several of our readers, as the following interesting letter shows. J. R. S., Jr., evidently intends to settle the matter beyond a doubt—if he can. Well, we shall be glad to hear from him again, and from all the others who are keeping a close eye on the Saturday styles of weather. But hear what J. R. S., Jr., has to say already:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the Jack-in-the-Pulpit pages of your magazine, I read some time ago a statement that there is but one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine. Since reading, I have carefully dotted all the Saturdays on the almanac, and have been watching to see if you really meant what you printed for us.

I have been very much afraid lest you were joking with us, just

to see how many of us would watch for a year, and at the expiration of that time give way to disappointment.

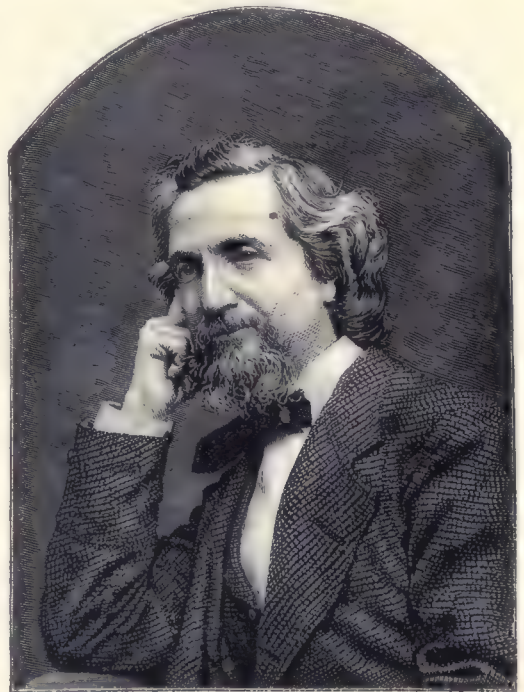
At first, I thought that, if such an event should transpire, the Saturday would be the one on which I wished to do something that particularly required clear sunshine all day. It seemed, at school, that there never was a Saturday upon which it did not rain; but not having heard that there was but one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine, I took no special note of the sunshine.

Upon several Saturdays during the past summer, I have seen only about five minutes' sunshine, and that just as the sun was setting.

But, at last, I have found the one Saturday. That one was the 21st of October, 1882. Our faithful watchman failed that day to give us a ray of sunlight in this city. I watched, particularly, all day, and saw no ray whatever.

It is a good thing you did not offer a reward to the one first noticing that fact, because others before me would have likewise been noticing, and, in all probability, would have secured the prize. At any rate, I feel amply repaid for my trouble in learning this one fact, that the sun failed to shine on one Saturday in the year 1882, but whether the maxim holds true or not remains to be proven; and as there has been so little trouble thus far, I will continue to watch the balance of the year, with the hope that I will find one more Saturday like the one just passed. Let others of your readers do likewise.

Your constant reader, J. R. S., Jr.



J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

We are glad to present to our readers this month the accompanying excellent portrait of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, author of many popular books for boys, and of the fine story, “The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill,” now appearing as a serial in this magazine. It is the fourth continued story which Mr. Trowbridge has contributed to ST. NICHOLAS, and we are sure it will prove quite as stirring and entertaining as “Fast Friends,” “The Young Surveyor,” or “His Own Master.” We congratulate our readers, therefore, on the treat that is in store for them during the year, and, also, on being made familiar at the outset with the genial face of their old-time friend.



THE following letter, from two San Francisco girls, came to us before the issue of the December number, which contained Mr. Holder's article on "The Discovery of the Mammoth." Now that they have seen Mr. Beard's interesting picture of "The Mammoth of St. Petersburg," which accompanied that article, perhaps Maud and Ethel will tell us how nearly the big fellow in the drawing resembles the mammoth of San Francisco. If, as they say, the latter was found in the ice in the River Lena, Siberia, there ought to be a family likeness between the two huge creatures, as the Shumarhoff mammoth also was discovered in the ice near the same river.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thought you would like to hear of a mammoth elephant we have here under the Mercantile Library. It is twenty-six feet high, and twelve feet from its tail to the end of its tusks. It is said that it resembles a larger one in the British Museum. It was found frozen in the ice in the River Lena, in Siberia. There are other large animals there, under the Library, but none so great as this one. The people of San Francisco are very much interested in it.

FROM your constant readers,  
MAUD AND ETHEL (aged ten and twelve).

#### A GOOD SUGGESTION.

HERE is an excellent and timely suggestion from F. H. P., concerning a good after-use for Christmas-cards. Used in the manner described, these pretty cards would no doubt form a very decorative screen, and would, at the same time, retain their value as souvenirs, and be kept in sight through a great part of the year as reminders of the joyous Christmas time, and of the friends from whom they came:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As there probably are a great many boys and girls who would like to put their Christmas-cards to a perma-

nent use, I give below a description of a fire-screen that I have just completed, which is very pretty:



#### DESCRIPTION:

Take two sticks, 5 ft. x 3 in. x 1/2 in.; three sticks, 3 ft. x 3 in. x 1/2 in.; make a frame like diagram, cover the frame with strong but light canvas, paste the cards on the canvas, taking care to arrange them in good taste, and your frame is complete.

F. H. P.

## THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-SECOND REPORT.

THE latest number on our register is 4460, showing a gain of 300 during the month of October. To me, the most surprising and gratifying thing about the growth of our "A. A."—for which, by the way, its members are coming to feel a strong affection—is the steadiness of its development. We should have anticipated that, upon the first proposition for such a Society two years ago, hundreds of letters would instantly have deluged our desk, and that thereafter few, if any, new drops would have fallen. Instead of that, the number at first was very small—discouragingly small; but each week continued to bring its quota of new recruits, and, during the whole time, volunteers have sent in their names with such regularity that our mail has rarely exceeded twenty letters per day, and rarely fallen short of six. We can now predict, with some confidence, that three new Chapters will be formed each week. The latest pleasant "turn" is the growing interest taken in our Association by teachers and superintendents of schools, who see in the "A. A." a practical and practicable solution of the question, "How can Natural History be introduced into the Public School?"

The prospects of the Society were never so favorable, and with renewed thanks to the many friends who have given us valuable assistance in answering the questions of our four thousand little questioners, we hopefully begin 1883 with the addition of the following new Chapters:

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
366.	Webster Groves, Mo. (A)	39.	Mary E. Reavis, Box 113.
367.	Boston, Mass. (C)	6.	Annie Darling, 47 Concord Sq.
368.	Baltimore, Md. (D)	6.	Fannie Wyatt, 223 Md. Ave.
369.	St. Paul, Minn. (D)	6.	Fred. Spaulding, Box V.
370.	Georgetown, D. C. (C)	5.	M. H. McPherson, 1623 28th St., N. W.
371.	Granville, O. (A)	5.	Mabel S. Owen.
372.	Beverly, N. J. (A)	12.	Alice T. Carpenter, Box 88.
373.	Beverly, N. J. (B)	5.	Wm. A. Ker.
374.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (D)	6.	Frank E. Cocks, 176 7th St.
375.	Little Rock, Ark. (B)	16.	R. H. Taylor, Room 6, Benj. B'l'k.
376.	Little Rock, Ark. (C)	40.	Clara E. Davis, cor. 20th and Center Sts.
377.	Washington, D. C. (F)	14.	May Sypher, 1509 R. I. Ave.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
378.	Ambler, Pa. (A)	26.	Jessie P. Smith, Upper Dublin P. O.
379.	Andover, Mass. (B)	5.	Albert J. Shaw.
380.	Cedar Rapids, Ia. (C)	10.	Eddie Boynton.
381.	Anderson, Ind. (A)	6.	Frank Sharp.
382.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (F)	8.	Jeannie Van Ingen, 122 Remsen Street.
383.	Chicago, Ill. (L)	6.	Wm. B. Jansen, 1236 Wabash Ave.

#### REPORTS FROM MEMBERS, CHAPTERS, AND FRIENDS.

We have five hundred specimens in our cabinet.

ANNIE B. BOARDMAN, Sec., Augusta, Maine.

Shells from the Azores, agates from Lake Superior, for shells, cotton in the pod, or red coral.

ISABELLA KELLOGG, 56 Davenport St., Detroit, Mich.

I have collected this summer more than two hundred species of insects, besides several salamanders, snakes, and frogs.

W. B. OLNEY.

One evening, I accidentally looked through a pigeon's feather at a gas-flame, and saw the prismatic colors reflected in several smaller flames. In light colored or white feathers the flames were very plainly seen, but in dark or black feathers they were very dim.

MARY RIDGWAY.

Magnetic iron, barytes, iron pyrites, buhr-stone, for crystals, talc, tourmaline, fossils, calc-spar.

L. E. TUTTLE, 5 Kimberly Ave., New Haven, Conn.

#### HOW TO DESCRIBE AN INSECT.

A. If a moth, note: 1st. The form of the antennae, whether pectinated or simply hairy or spindle-shaped. 2d. The form and size of palpi and length of tongue. 3d. Wings: 1st pair, form, shape of costal, apex, outer edge veins. 2d pair same. 4th. Markings on wings. 5th. Feet, spurs.

B. If a caterpillar, note: 1st. Form of head, wider or narrower than segment next. 2d. Dorsal, subdorsal, and lateral stripes. 3d. Position of tubercles, warts, or spines, and spots. 4th. Spiracular

line. 5th. Supra-anal plate; its form and markings. 6th. Number of abdominal legs and form of last pair.

These are the kind of questions that should be answered.

A. S. PACKARD, JR.

[This kind note from Prof. Packard should be attentively considered by the entomologists of the "A. A." They will see that the color and markings of moths are by no means the chief characteristics to be noted.]

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

We have had two field-meetings: one of them on the shores of Lake Monona. This was in charge of Prof. E. A. Birge, who found for us fresh-water sponges. We found leeches, water-fleas, caterpillars, minnows, snails, and frogs. Then we all went into the woods, and on a stump he began to show us a water-flea and a little leech. We could see its heart beating and its blood circulating.

Very respectfully,

ANDREW ALLEN.

But the best of all, and that for which I want sincerely to thank the "A. A." and its projector, is the result of the work in one particular case. As a teacher, you know how difficult it is to do just the best thing with a roguish, careless boy, smart, but caring little for study and with little or no will to work. Geology last year and chemistry this, prepared him for an elementary course in determinative mineralogy. This he has undertaken, under the guise of association work, and to this we largely attribute a most wonderful improvement in the boy. Spare moments are spent in the laboratory instead of in mischief; he has begged to return to Latin, which he had dropped, and bids fair to stand at or near the head of his class in that and other studies. Instead of lawless lounging at recess, he is quiet and gentlemanly.

A FRIEND.

GREENWICH, CONN., Nov. 8, 1882.

One day, as I was taking a walk, I saw something traveling along, and looking more closely I saw it was an ant carrying a heavy load, which proved to be a worm. The worm was very large and the ant very small, so that it could hardly drag the worm. Pretty soon it dropped it and hurried away into a large hole. It came back pretty soon, and following it was a body of ants in a square about an inch wide and long. The first ant was yellow and the rest black. The yellow ant took them to the worm, and they quickly tore it to pieces and carried it to their hole. I am twelve years old.

BESSIE YOUNG.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

One cabinet is full and we could fill another. We have 8 kinds of coral, 10 kinds of minerals, 141 kinds of shells, 7 nests, and an eagle's foot, 9 sea-urchins, 2 Aristotle's lanterns, 2 starfish, 35 petrifications, 5 kinds of crystal, mica, salt from Salt Lake, teeth of a cow and shark, sea-beans, and a sand-dollar, and are soon to have a stuffed bittern on top of our cabinet.

SIDNEY FARWELL, Chap. 139.

WESTTOWN, N. Y.

We have had only one meeting in six weeks, and why? Because those who are not willing to do anything for the good of the Chapter want let us do anything. They talk and laugh boisterously, and that, too, about things altogether out of place. Don't you think the best thing to do is to break up the Chapter and then re-organize?

[It is not so easy to advise you from so great a distance, and having heard but one side. If you can not induce members to preserve order in your meetings by gentle means, you might try the effect of a fine of five or ten cents. If this fails, try suspension; if that wont do, resort to expulsion. If you who love order are in a minority, quietly withdraw from the Chapter and organize another.]

WARREN, MAINE, Nov. 14, 1882.

We have taken up geology, and have had discussions on "The formation of the earth," "Rocks," "Habits and uses of angle-worms." There was a lively discussion on the theories of the interior of the earth, whether it is solid or liquid. Will some one tell us how to distinguish stratified from unstratified rock?

H. V. STARRETT.

BELPRE, OHIO.

We are all the time collecting and reading everything of interest.

FANNIE RATHBONE.

BEAUCLERC, FLA., Nov., 1882.

I have collected some very fine specimens of Indian pottery. [The "A. A." does not take note of other than natural objects.] I observed a mosquito fighting its shadow. It would jump up, and bite at it, and then rest awhile, and go at it again. [Please describe the operation of "biting" more fully!] In last ST. NICHOLAS, some one says mistletoe grows chiefly on apple trees. That is *wrong*. For here you can see it on any water oak, and often on the wild plum and prickly ash.

F. C. SAWYER.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29th.

We have made an excursion to a place called Stony Island, and have brought back any quantity of iron pyrites, calcite, and a few orthoceras; also a kind of fossil shell like the common "scallop," only not having that "hinge." Our president, Graham Davis, 3044 Lake Park Ave., will exchange iron pyrites, copper ore, calcite, and fossils, for rare fossils.

North Brookfield, Mass. (Sec. H. A. Cooke), finds "a pool of water one of the best places for exploration," and wishes to know: 1. What is a "hair-snake"? and 2. What is a goby? Providence, R. I. (Sec. Miss M. W. Packard), means to learn as much as possible. Each member writes compositions on natural objects. They have found the names of all their moths themselves, "without Papa telling us"; and all were acquainted with Prof. Agassiz at Penikese Island. [That is the kind of work the "A. A." delights in—original observation of natural objects.]

OXFORD, N. C., Sept. 24, 1882.

Can any of your young naturalists inform me what this strange, worm-like animal is? The inclosed drawing is just the size of the animal from which it was copied, though I have frequently seen them as long as eight inches. It is bluish-green, with orange-



colored head and tail. There are several jet black spots on its head and a black spot on each segment of the body, with an underlying white one. They fall from the hickory trees in our yard, and I have heard them strike the ground fifty yards away.

I corresponded with the Professor of Natural History in one of our universities concerning it, but he insisted that I was trying to palm off a snake story upon him, and would have nothing to do with it, thinking I was tampering with his credulity. If it is a larva, I am ignorant of the moth it forms. Very truly yours, J. W. HAYS, JR.

[The drawing reproduced above is a picture of the larva of the regal emperor moth (*Citheronia regalis*), figured in Harris, p. 401, also in the first volume of the *American Entomologist*. Dr. A. S. Packard, who takes a very kindly interest in the "A. A.," and to whom I referred this question, writes that this caterpillar is very rare in New England, but that he found a small one in Maine this summer on the pitch-pine.]

Geneva, N. Y. (Sec. Miss N. A. Wilson), challenges the "A. A." to show a larger hornet's nest than one which graces its cabinet. Length, from crown to tip, twenty-six inches; circumference, forty-one and one-half inches. "The children are very anxious to know if there is a larger one." Mr. Fred. F. Richardson writes: "Please tell Mr. Hammond, Sec. 224, that his caterpillar is one of the basket-carriers or sack-bearers, described in Harris, pp. 413-18. Prof. Riley also tells of them in the first of his Missouri reports, and in No. 138 of the *Supplement to the Scientific American*, Mr. W. H. Gibson gives a very interesting account of these curious insects, which he calls a 'fatherless and motherless race.'" The Sec. of Denver, Col., is Mr. Ernest L. (not M.) Roberts. St. Louis (Sec. C. F. Haanel, 1131 N. 20) wishes to exchange minerals, fossils, and coral. One or two Chapters write of raffles, of which we totally disapprove, and which are quite opposed to the spirit of a true naturalist. Miss Jeannie Cowgill, Spearfish, Black Hills, Dakota T., will exchange ores, iron pyrites, velvet rock, and petrifications, for sea-shells, crabs, and sea-weed. Henry L. Mitchell, 115 W. Thirtieth, N. Y. City, will exchange minerals for eggs. Georgetown, D. C. (E. P. Stockbridge), will exchange petrified wood for insects. E. H. Schram finds "on the oak an insect, one-quarter-inch long, slate, with rows of small black dots; some winged, some not. The insects covered the branch for about a yard, and appeared to be depositing eggs. The eggs are cylindrical, one-eighth inch long, brown, shiny, and covered with a sticky substance. The insect is a prey to a little gray worm, with head tapering to a point, which it thrusts into the body of the insect and sucks it dry. Please give us any information." [The insects are probably *Aptodes*, and the "little gray worms" the larvæ of certain flies—perhaps of the genus *Coccinella* or *Syrphus*. Any more definite information will be welcome.] Flint, Mich., A. (Sec. Miss Hattie A. Lovell), is having very interesting meetings. "Even Harry, who is only eight, brings in reports, and tells them like a sage. When I asked him where he had learned so much about spiders, he said: 'Oh! Hatt, there are lots of spiders' webs between the leaves, on the way to pasture.'" [No copying unintelligible words from an encyclopedia for that boy's reports!]



Right glad are we to hear again from Mr. Daniel E. Moran:

"I am just back from a trip to the North Woods—a wilderness of spruce, hemlock, beech, and birch, with an occasional pine towering up into the air. My trip was partly on business, but as I carried my gun on my shoulder for eight days, tramping through the woods, now following an old 'trail' by half-obliterated blazes, now running solely by the needle, scrambling through the underbrush, or following the deer trails, you can imagine I managed to sandwich in a good deal of fun.

"I shot my first deer—the only one I saw; I heard a bear crashing through the brush, and as for tracks and traces, they were everywhere.

"Birds were scarce in the deep woods. A ruffed grouse now and then thundered up ahead, making my fingers ache to fire. The red-eyed vireo was, perhaps, the most common song-bird. I did not see a single robin, but heard two: one, as we were floating for deer, made such a racket in the woods that I do not doubt some owl was committing a bloody deed of murder.

"I shot a young pileated woodpecker (*Hyliotomus pileatus*), a bird new to me and found only in deep forests. Shot, also, an olive-backed thrush; but there is just now such confusion and contention about this and allied forms, that I feel very doubtful what it is. I could not keep either skin, but kept the skull and bill of the woodpecker."

In closing this paper, I will make a suggestion with reference to Reports from Chapters. Those Chapters please us best which do not merely say, "We are doing well—we have so many specimens. We have gained three members. Yours truly"; nor yet those

others, happily few, which send us weary sheets, copied or remembered from previous reading; but those which, after a concise statement of their progress, proceed to tell something of interest which their eyes have seen and their hands handled. They tell us what methods of work they find most profitable. They ask intelligent questions. You will find their reports in ST. NICHOLAS.

In sending reports, kindly write requests for exchange on a separate slip of paper, marked "Exchange," and in giving your address, add always the *number and letter* of your Chapter. The geode question has proved too difficult, and as Agassiz, whose name we bear, used to find his highest delight in tracing in Nature the hand of a Heavenly Father, I propose for our next subject, "Evidences of Design in Nature."

Let each Chapter have competitive papers written on this subject. From these, let each President and Secretary, as a committee, select the one which, in their judgment, is best, and send it to me. A good microscope in a case shall be sent to the Chapter which furnishes the best paper, and the paper, with writer's name, shall be printed in ST. NICHOLAS. This Chapter will then be considered the "Banner Chapter" of the "A. A." until the next competition. Every paper must be strictly original, and not exceed six hundred words.

All communications regarding the "A. A.," including all reports heretofore sent to W. P. Ballard or M. J. Taylor, must be addressed to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### RIDDLE.

ARABI BEY, the wily rebel,  
Tried hard to win his fell designs;  
But brave Sir Garnet stopped him shortly,  
And thus the rebel fain resigns.

Come, bright young friends, I've given a word  
Sir Garnet Wolseley well might name;  
If read first backward, then read forward,  
It forms a motto none will blame.

F. J. M.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-two letters, and am a quotation from Shakespeare's play of Henry IV.

My 24-51-5-32 is part of a sword. My 40-12-27-36-18-8 is a bird similar to the thrush. My 46-59-25-62-14 is aroused. My 43-29-50-33 is an ornament for the lower part of a wall. My 13-1-54-7 is to desire. My 17-55-37-31-58-22 is a clergyman. My 34-60-26-16 is part of the foot. My 56-6-19-23 is a fleet animal. My 35-49-45-4 is to take the rind from. My 47-38-41-28-20 is to examine closely. My 3-42-10-61-48 is watchful. My 2-21-57 is suitable. My 11-39-15-30 is twisted toward one side. My 44-53-52-9 is a float.

CARRIE E. ANDREWS.

### CHARADE.

Do you visit my *first* to-night?  
Then awhile at my *second* tarry;  
That no thought may oppress  
In regard to your dress,  
And my *whole* please remember to carry.

M. C. D.

### TRANSPOSITIONS.

WHEN the following transpositions have been rightly made, place the words one below another in the order here given, and the diagonals (beginning at the first letter of the first word, and ending with the first letter of the last word) will spell what every one is pleased to receive. Each word contains four letters.

1. Transpose gone, and make a small lizard. 2. Transpose an aquatic fowl, and make to lease. 3. Transpose small tumors, and make information. 4. Transpose a city in the State of New York, and make one of the party which opposed the Whigs. 5. Transpose part of a boat, and make a vegetable. 6. Transpose a tropical tree,

and make a contrivance for illuminating. 7. Transpose a very small opening, and make a heavy cord. 8. Transpose prosecuted by legal process, and make utilized. 9. Transpose epochs, and make a learned man. 10. Transpose bad, and make the third son of Jacob and Leah. 11. Transpose adapts, and make to separate by a sieve. 12. Transpose labels, and make a hart. 13. Transpose certain trees, and make to drench.

S. F.

### DIAGONALS.

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THE diagonals, beginning from the top, spell the name of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Always. 2. Part of a prayer. 3. A vegetable growth. 4. At hand. 5. Repose. 6. A military building. 7. A refuge for songsters.

HIGHWOOD.

### FRACTIONS.

TAKE two-fifths of the letters in one of the New England States; one-ninth of a State in which a great river rises; two-elevenths of a State bearing the same name as a river; one-sixth of a mountainous New England State; one-ninth of a State bordering on Lake Superior; and one-seventh of a State that was admitted into the Union in 1819. The letters represented by these fractions, when rightly selected and arranged, spell a name in which all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are interested.

B. L. T.

### DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY firsts are in just, but not in right;  
My seconds in dark, but not in light;  
My thirds are in Naples, but not in Rome;  
My fourths are in country, but not in home;  
My fifths are in rapid, but not in fleet;  
My sixths are in corn, but not in wheat;  
My sevenths in young, but not in old;  
My wholes, they come when the air is cold;  
For a month is my first; my second the boys  
Enjoy with much merriment, frolic, and noise.

DEVIE.

## PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



How many people are represented in this picture?

A. B.

## DOUBLE DIAMOND IN A RHOMBOID.

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RHOMBOID. ACROSS: 1. A woman who is bereaved of a husband. 2. One of a wandering tribe. 3. Having a tide. 4. The higher of the two kinds of male voices. 5. Heavy vapor.

DOWNWARD: 1. In winter. 2. Two-thirds of a tavern. 3. A very small spot. 4. To leave out. 5. Walks through water. 6. A depression caused by a blow. 7. A kind of deer. 8. Two-thirds of a troublesome rodent. 9. One thousand.

INCLUDED DOUBLE DIAMOND. ACROSS: 1. In swords. 2. Enraged. 3. Having a tide. 4. A number. 5. In swords.

DOWNWARD: 1. In debtor. 2. Three-fourths of a minute object. 3. Walks through water. 4. A cave. 5. In debtor. H. H. D.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals name a day of amusement; the finals, a gift.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fibrous plant whose bark is used for cordage. 2. An eloquent public speaker. 3. A narrow way or passage. 4. A bird highly venerated by the ancient Egyptians. 5. A sluggard. 6. A mechanic. 7. A sea-going vessel used only for pleasure trips.

"ALCIBIADES."

## STAR PUZZLE.

1  
5 . . . 2  
4 3

I. FROM 1 to 3, to foment; from 2 to 4, is inanimate; from 3 to 5, to twist out of shape; from 4 to 1, a dull color; from 5 to 2, a name by which the leopard is sometimes called; from 1 to 4, a minstrel; from 2 to 5, a French word meaning cloth.

II. FROM 1 to 3, walked; from 2 to 4, rended; from 3 to 5, portrayed; from 4 to 1, tidy; from 5 to 2, something often seen on a boy's hand.

C. A. M.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE. Some colors for Christmas: 1. Olive. 2. Yellow. 3. Blue. 4. Gray. 5. Crimson. 6. Pink. 7. Cobalt. 8. Brown. 9. Orange. 10. White. 11. Green. 12. Purple. A Greeting: By taking the first letter of the first line, the first letter of the second line, the second letter of the first line, the second letter of the second line, and so on to the end, the following sentence is formed: "To all our young puzzlers we extend a hearty Christmas greeting."

Your friend, ST. NICHOLAS."

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over.

GREEK CROSS: I. 1. Grant. 2. Rigor. 3. Agone. 4. Nones. 5. Tress. II. 1. Trent. 2. Ruder. 3. Educ. 4. Necks. 5. Tress. III. 1. Tress. 2. Ratio. 3. Ethel. 4. Siege. 5. Solec(ism). IV. 1. Solec. 2. Ovule. 3. Lucia. 4. Elias. 5. Cease. V. 1. Solec. 2. Opera. 3. Lemon. 4. Erode. 5. Canes.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Third line, Christmas time; fourth line, Saint Nicholas. — CROSS-WORDS: 1. ToCSin. 2. InHale. 3. DeRide. 4. SPiNet. 5. CaSTor. 6. CaTNip. 7. ReMiss. 8. TrACed. 9. DiSHes. 10. BaTOns. 11. CoLled. 12. DeMand. 13. CrESis.

DIAMOND: 1. P. 2. RAg. 3. RoGue. 4. PagEant. 5. GuArd. 6. ENd. 7. T.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Christmas Cross-words: 1. TrenChers. 2. EtCHing. 3. HaRpy. 4. SIn. 5. S. 6. ATe. 7. LeMon. 8. BreAthe. 9. TranSform.

TWO WORD SQUARES: I. 1. Arabi. 2. Rates. 3. Atoll. 4. Belle. 5. Islet. II. 1. Pacha. 2. Atlas. 3. Clash. 4. Haste. 5. Ashen.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A Christmas frolic oft will cheer

A poor man's heart through half the year.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from R. T. Losee—Bertha L. Townsend—Lizzie C. Fowler—John Pyne—Génie J. Callmeyer—Harry W. Chandler, Jr., and Dexter S. Crosby, Jr.—Lizzie M. Thacher—Helen F. Turner—"Lode Star"—Partners—C. Bruell Sellers—Jeanie Minot Rowell—Anna and Alice—Effie K. Talboys—Wilbur V. Knapp—Marna and Bae—Vin and Henry—Harry L. Reed—Professor and Co.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from John Flohr, 1—"Caesar," 4—Frank Knapp, 1—C. W. Dobler, 2—Will N. and Geo. F. Dudley, 1—Etta M. Taylor, 3—Laura Lilienthal, 2—W. N. S. Hoffman, 2—Florence Pauline Jones, 2—Charley A. Walton, 4—A. M. Nicholas, 1—Salie Seaman, 2—S. M., 7—Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 7—Mamie E. Dyer, 1—Dorothy Leigh, 2—B. C. R., 7—Sarah, 2—V. P. J. S. M. C., 6—Warren, 5—Sidney Vankeuren, 2—Clara L. Northway, 6—John K. Miles, 7—L. M. W. P., 1—Jennie M. McClain, 1—Harry S. Noble, 1—Eric Doolittle, 2—John Cameron, 1—Marion Wing, 4—"Aspasia," 2—Carrie J. Work, 1—Daisy Vail, 4—Lewis E. Carr, Jr., 1—Mary McMath and Eiddie Bunkam, 1—Jack Lawrence, 2—Burt McConn, 3—Gracie and Fannie, 2—Minnie Ingelow Harrison, 5—Florice Baker, 4—"The Triplets," 1—"Alcibiades," 7—M. W. T., 2—J. Webb Parker, 2—Edward F. Caldwell, 1—George V. Curtin, 7—Sunflower, 1—Arabella Ward, 5—Mamie Baker, 1—Charlotte Breakey, 1—"Woodpeckers," 4—Jos. A. Maggini, 1—"Aunt Hopkins," 4—"Jersey Lilies," 3—William F. Haines, Jr., 1—Edward Dana Sabine, 5—"North Star," 2—Emilie and Rosa, 5—T. S. Palmer, 4—"Kittie Knowland, 5—Sydney, 1—Alice Maud Kyte, 7—Edward Goodrich, 7—D. B. Shumway, 7—Clara and her Aunt, 7—Bertha M. Trask, 4—Myrick Rheem, 5—R. P. C., 7—Philip Embury, Jr., 4—Julius W. Hansen, 1—Grif, 2—Bessie W. Walcott, 1—Maggie Tolderlund, 2—Mary W. Nall, 4—Amateur, 7—Maud Pretty, 3—Florence G. Lane, 3—Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 7—Clara J. Child, 7—Immo, 4—Nellie Caldwell, 6—Alice D. Close, 6—Ellie and Ella, 3—Minnie Woodbury, 4—C. A. Smallwood, 7—Mae B. Creighton, 5.







[See "The Story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold."—Page 255.]



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## A QUEER VALENTINE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

IT did n't seem as if anybody in the world would be less likely to receive a valentine than Mrs. Bridget O'Flanigan. It was no wonder that she laughed when 'Nezer asked her if she expected to have one — laughed until her chair threatened to give way under her, and her stand shook so that the apples and oranges began to roll off, and the pea-nuts and chestnuts hopped almost out of their baskets; for Mrs. Bridget O'Flanigan's laughter had the effect of a small earthquake.

"Is it til the loikes av me that annybody would be afther sindin' a foiné bit av paper, wid flowers on it and shmall little b'ys widout a stitch til their backs barrin' wings? Sure, is it a swateheart ye think I have, an' me a dacent widdy tin years agin May? Go 'long wid ye now, ye spalpeen!"

And the "widdy" was again overcome by mirth at the thought, and 'Nezer had to go to work again at picking up the apples and oranges. 'Nezer was sitting at what Ben Mudgett called the "leeward side" of Mrs. O'Flanigan's apple-stand, eating a turnover and drinking a cup of hot coffee.

A thrifty and hard-working woman was Mrs. O'Flanigan, with a trading-bump equal to any Yankee's; but for all that she tolerated some unprofitable customers. "If it was n't for the soft-hairedness in her she'd be rowlin' in gowld be this time," her neighbors said.

It was in vain for her to try to harden her heart against a cold and hungry child, who looked wistfully at her tempting stores; and it was very often indeed that an orange or a stick of striped candy found its way into a penniless little pocket.

But she had to restrain her generous impulses to a considerable extent, or her stand would have become so popular, not only among the children who had no pennies, but among those who wanted to try the extraordinary and delightful experiment of getting their candy and keeping their pennies, that the customers who filled the money-box would have been crowded off. Now she had learned from long experience to attend to her unprofitable customers slyly, exacting from them promises of secrecy.

'Nezer was one of the unprofitable customers. He was thin and hungry-looking, and Mrs. O'Flanigan had invited him to breakfast at her stand whenever he was in town.

In the autumn he came into the city from Scrambleton about once a week, with Ben Mudgett. Ben worked on a large farm, and brought wagon-loads of vegetables and poultry and butter and eggs to market. 'Nezer was an orphan from the poor-house. He had been "bound out" to the Widow Scrimpings, who did n't live on a farm, but who raised poultry and sent it, with a few eggs and some very small pats of butter, to market.

She tried to raise the poultry on the same principles by which she was raising 'Nezer — very short commons and very hard work; but the chickens and geese and turkeys were all so lean and tough that 'Nezer could get for them only about half as much as Ben Mudgett got for his nice plump ones, and they would n't lay half as many eggs as Ben's did. And the Widow Scrimpings thought 'Nezer was to blame. In fact, she thought 'Nezer was to blame for almost everything.

She blamed him because he had a very good appetite, and because he grew fast. And he always had to go hungry, and his legs were almost a quarter of a yard longer than his trousers, and his sleeves came only a little ways below his elbows, and he had to wear the Widow Scrimpings's uncle Plunkett's old hats, and Uncle Plunkett was the biggest man in Scrambleton, and 'Nezer had hard work to keep the hats from completely extinguishing his head. The rest of him grew and grew, but it did seem to 'Nezer as if his head would never grow to fit Uncle Plunkett's hats.

Almost the only good times 'Nezer had were when he went to market with Ben Mudgett, and those good times came very seldom now that it was winter. Ben had saved a few barrels of apples and squashes, to sell when prices were higher than they were in autumn, and he had a few fat chickens and turkeys that had survived the Thanksgiving and Christmas feasting, and the Widow Scrimpings was glad of an opportunity to send 'Nezer along with a few meager fowls that looked as if they must have died of starvation, some eggs that she had saved with care until prices were as high as they were ever likely to be, and some cranberries half spoiled by being kept too long.

It was very cold weather, now, and he had been obliged to set off at four o'clock in the morning, without any breakfast, but there were snug and warm places in Ben's big wagon in which to stow one's self away, and Ben could spin yarns and sing songs that would make you forget all about being cold or hungry or sleepy. Such a big voice as Ben had! He waked all the sleepy farm-houses as they went along. Ben always had his breakfast before he started, and he did n't know that 'Nezer did n't have his; he would have been sure to have brought a lunch with him if he had; but 'Nezer was not the kind of boy to complain. So it happened that 'Nezer, being very faint with hunger, had cast wistful glances at Mrs. O'Flanigan's apple-stand, and that worthy woman, after trying in vain to harden her heart according to the advice of her friends and neighbors, raised her fat and somewhat grimy forefinger and slyly beckoned to him. And every time he came to town after that, 'Nezer found awaiting him a snug seat behind the stand, in the shelter of Mrs. O'Flanigan's capacious person, a doughnut or a turnover, and a cup of hot coffee.

Mrs. O'Flanigan and 'Nezer had become great friends. He had been so little used to kindness in his life that a little seemed a great deal to him, and he thought Mrs. O'Flanigan was like an angel. He was always trying to devise a plan for making some return for her kindness, but beyond doing an errand for her occasionally there seemed to be no way. Now he had been looking admiringly at

the valentines with which the shop windows were filled, and he wanted dreadfully to send her a valentine. He had fifteen cents which a man had given him for holding his horse, and he meditated the bold plan of buying a valentine for Mrs. O'Flanigan with it, instead of giving it to the Widow Scrimpings. But when he delicately sounded Mrs. O'Flanigan on the subject of valentines, he received the discouraging response recorded at the beginning of this story. Mrs. O'Flanigan laughed to scorn the idea of her receiving a valentine.

"Sure it 's the purty young girls that has valentines, an' not the loikes av me, ye gossoon!" said she. "An' is it Micky O'Rourke, the pea-nut man around the corner—and a chatin' ould rashkil he is, bad 'cess til him!—is it him that ye think would be afther sindin' me a valentine? Or is it me first cousin, Barty Macfarland, the ould widdy man that comes ivery wake askin' the loan av a quarther? Och, an' it 's the foine swatehearts I has! It's foolicht enough they are, but not that foolicht to be sindin' bit pictures til the loikes av me! If it was a foine, fat young goose for me dinner-pot, now, or a good shawl wid rid stripes intil it, thim would be valentines that ud suit me, jist!"

'Nezer heaved a deep sigh. That kind of a valentine was altogether beyond his reach.

If she only would have liked one of those at which he had been looking, which could be bought for fifteen cents. There was one that had a red-and-gold heart upon it, two doves and two clasped hands, and some verses, beginning:

"Your eyes are bright, your heart is light;  
You are my darling dear!"

'Nezer thought it was beautiful, and he could not see why it was not very appropriate indeed for Mrs. O'Flanigan. But it was evident that it would not suit her taste at all. He must try to think of something else. "You 'd orter have the very nicest valentine in the world!" he said, gazing at her affectionately, with his mouth full of mince turnover.

"Listen til the blarneyin' tongue av him! Be aff wid ye, now, ye rashkil, and pit thim in your pocket agin ye be hongry go'n' home!"

And Mrs. O'Flanigan thrust two doughnuts into his pocket, and sent him off with a playful push.

'Nezer was silent and sad all the way home. It was queer, but the fact was that he was sad for the first half of the way because he could n't think of anything to send Mrs. O'Flanigan for a valentine, and he was sad the last half because he had thought of something!

It was what she said about a "foine fat goose for her dinner-pot" that made him think of it.

There are very few people so poor that they have n't some one possession that is very precious



to them. 'Nezer, although he was bound out to the Widow Scrimpings, had one, and it was a goose!

Not a "fine, fat young goose," but a lean, old, lame goose, but still, for a dinner-pot, better than no goose at all, and for a valentine—well, 'Nezer had a vague idea that if he should send the most precious thing he had that would be just what a valentine ought to be. It would show his real feeling for Mrs. O'Flanigan.

But he had another feeling that complicated matters, and made him very unhappy. He was so fond of Peg-leg that he could n't bear the thought of her being put into a dinner-pot.

You may think it strange that anybody should be fond of a goose, but 'Nezer was a very affectionate boy, and he had never had much in his life to be fond of. Nobody had ever petted him, and he had never had anything to pet. And so, though Peg-leg was n't, even for a goose, very amiable or interesting, 'Nezer had set his affections upon her.

In appearance she was a most unprepossessing goose. She was not only so lame that she could scarcely waddle, but her neck and head were almost bare of feathers, and she had but one good eye. And she had a queer little drooping and ragged bunch of tail-feathers, that gave her a dejected look. But without the misfortunes that had given her her ungainly appearance she would never have been 'Nezer's goose.

At a very tender age she had fallen into the clutches of a big dog, and been so badly treated that the Widow Scrimpings gave her up as dead, and ordered 'Nezer to give her to the cat. But 'Nezer discovered that the breath of life was still in her, and by careful and tender nursing he had brought her up to comparatively vigorous goosehood. But he had built a little house for her on Ben's farm, and took care to keep her there, and the Widow Scrimpings never knew that her cat had not made a meal off her.

At first, 'Nezer had fed her with food saved from his own scanty meals, and with corn and meal that Ben gave him occasionally, but for a long time now she had supported herself by laying eggs.

I am sorry to say that she had never seemed to return 'Nezer's affection.

She was a very cross goose; she ran her long neck out, and hissed fiercely at everybody; and she hissed only a little less fiercely at 'Nezer than at other people. She always came when he called her, but Ben insisted that it was because he almost always gave her something to eat. 'Nezer thought, however, that it was a proof of affection for him. Ben did n't appreciate her. It was he who had named her Peg-leg.

'Nezer did n't mention to Ben his intention of

sending Peg-leg as a valentine to Mrs. O'Flanigan. Ben would be sure to approve of it heartily, and urge him to do it, and he was not quite ready to decide upon the matter yet.

But as St. Valentine's Day drew near, and no stroke of good fortune had come to him to enable him to buy "a shawl wid rid stripes," which was the only other valentine that Mrs. O'Flanigan regarded as desirable, 'Nezer came to the decision that Peg-leg must be sacrificed.

He made only one concession to his feelings—he would not mention the dinner-pot, and it was just possible that Mrs. O'Flanigan might think Peg-leg too attractive to be boiled and eaten. There was also a chance that she might think her too lean and scraggy, as she was fond of good eating.

Moreover, she might guess from whom the valentine came, as he had told her about Peg-leg, and refrain from boiling her for the sake of the giver.

So it was not without some hope of again beholding Peg-leg in life that 'Nezer boxed her up and sent her, by express, to Mrs. O'Flanigan; the expressman, who was a friend of Ben's, charging but half price, and promising to take the best possible care of her.

In the box with Peg-leg 'Nezer put a card, upon which he had written the verse which he had seen upon the valentine that he especially admired:

"Your eyes are bright, your heart is light;  
You are my darling dear!"

He was afraid she might not understand that Peg-leg was a valentine if there were no verse.

On the outside of the box he wrote: "Take care! it bites."

That made it seem very unlike a valentine, but it was absolutely necessary for Mrs. O'Flanigan's protection, for Peg-leg's disposition would not be improved by six hours' confinement in a box.

It was a little past noon on the 14th of February when the expressman set down before Mrs. O'Flanigan's astonished eyes the box with its warning sign, "Take care! it bites."

"Take care! 'Dade, thin, an' I will. Ye can take it back wid ye, whatever it do be!" she screamed after the expressman, who was already a long ways down the street, and did not manifest the slightest intention of turning back.

"What murtherin' rashkil is afther sindin' me a crathur that bites? An' mesilf a dacint, paceable widdy woman, that nivir did no harum till annybody! Sure an' it do be a livin' crathur, for I hears him a-movin' an' a-rustlin' loike!" And Mrs. O'Flanigan stood at a respectful distance, and gazed with fascinated curiosity at the box.

There were small holes at each side of the box,— 'Nezer had taken care that Peg-leg should be able

to breathe,—and Mrs. O'Flanigan felt a keen desire to peep through these, but she dared not.

"Sure, it might be a crocydile, or a shnake wid rattles til him, ef it don't be annything worse!" And as a very queer noise proceeded from the box, Mrs. O'Flanigan stood still farther off, and crossed herself devoutly.

"The loikes av it! It might be the ould Imp himself!" said she. But just at that moment a loud and angry squawk came from the box.

A look of relief, and gradually a broad grin, overspread the face of Mrs. O'Flanigan.

"Ayther that do be the v'ice av a goose, or it's drammin' I am, intoirely!" she exclaimed. And in a twinkling she pulled off a portion of the top of the box. Peg-leg's long neck was thrust out with a frightful hissing and snapping.

"Och, the oogly crathur, wid but a handful av feathers til her! Sure, it's not a right goose she is at all, at all!"

By this time a crowd had collected around Mrs. O'Flanigan's stand. Trade had been dull to-day; the children had spent all their pennies for valentines, and the stand had been almost deserted. But Peg-leg was more attractive than even valentines. The crowd increased until it threatened to blockade the street.

Mrs. O'Flanigan was very much annoyed. She prided herself upon keeping her "bit place quiet and respectable." She stood waving her apron wildly, and "shooing" the people off, as if they were so many chickens. "Kape off, will ye, now, or the murtherin' baste will bite ye! Sure, an' has n't a dacint widdy woman a right to kape a goose if she plazes?—bad 'cess til the rashkil that sint him til me! But, sure, it's not long I'll be wringin' the oogly neck av him, if ye kape off an' give me the chance!"

The crowd cheered Mrs. O'Flanigan's speech, but showed no signs of dispersing.

Peg-leg kept people at a respectful distance by hissing fiercely and snapping her bill, and now and then uttering a loud and angry squawk; but Mrs. O'Flanigan, with the courage of despair, was about to seize her and wring her neck, when she caught sight of the card. She took it out and looked at it, upside down and all around.

But Mrs. O'Flanigan's education had been neglected. She could not read writing, and the card threw no light upon the goose. She beckoned from the crowd a small boy, who was one of her regular customers, and could be trusted, and requested him to tell her what was written on the card.

As he read the word "valentine," and the tender lines that followed, light burst upon Mrs. O'Flanigan's mind. "It's that b'y 'Nezer! An' sure it's a kind hairt he has, though—the saints be good

til me!—it 's the quarest valentine iver I seen! And now, whativer will I do wid it at all, at all, for he towld me how fond he was av it, an' the hairt av him wud be broke intoirely if I kilt it! An' me not havin' the laste accommydashins for a goose!"

A man with a good-natured face, looking like a sailor, stood near and listened to Mrs. O'Flanigan's lamentation. "If you want to get rid of it, I'll take care of it for you," said he. "I have just bought me a little place, five miles from the city, and I am going to keep poultry."

"Sure, it's an angel ye are to mintion it, but it's a b'y that thinks the wurruld av it is afther sindin' it til me, an' I'm not loikin' to pairt wid it, though sure I'm not seein' how I can kape it, be the same token!"

"Where is the boy?" asked the sailor.

"Sure, it's away off to Scrambleton he lives, wid a lone widdy, that stingy that she picks the bones av him. A sight to bring tears to your eyes, he is, wid the hatchet face av him, and his legs doon beyant his trousis loike two sticks, jist!"

"Scrambleton?" said the man. "I used to have a sister who lived in Scrambleton. But I've been away for years, sailing all around the world, and she is dead, like everybody else that belonged to me—she and her husband, and the child, I suppose, for I can't hear anything of it. You don't happen to know this boy's name, do you?"

"I don't, sir. It's 'Nezer he says they calls him, but sure that's no name for a Christian!"

"Ebenezer, perhaps," said the man. "That's my name. Perhaps I'll go out to Scrambleton—I might hear something about my sister there. And I'll go to see this boy, and tell him what's become of his goose—that is, if you let me take it."

"Sein' it's only kapin' it ye 'll be, in a friendly way, perhaps I'd betther lave it go," said Mrs. O'Flanigan. "For it's kilt wid it I 'll be, if I kapes it, sure. But if ye see 'Nezer ye 'll be afther tellin' him that I thinks the wurruld av me valentine, but be rayson av havin' no accommydashins I'm afther lindin' it for a bit, its dispersition not bein' that raysonable it wud be continted in a box!"

The man nailed the cover of the box once more over Peg-leg and her hissing, and carried her off. Mrs. O'Flanigan heaved a sigh of relief as she saw her valentine disappearing in the distance and the crowd dispersing.

But as the days went by and no tidings came of either man or goose, Mrs. O'Flanigan began to feel a pang at the sight of a hungry-looking boy, fearing he might prove to be 'Nezer, and dreading to tell 'Nezer what had become of the goose.

But when, about two weeks after St. Valentine's Day, 'Nezer did appear, she had to take two or three good long looks at him before she recognized



him. For his legs were no longer "down beyant his trousis." He had on a brand-new suit from top to toe, and his cheeks were almost fat! He held his head up, and his eyes were bright, and he did not look like the same boy. And the man who had carried off the goose was with him!

"He is my nephew, my only sister's son," said the man to Mrs. O'Flanigan. "And if I had n't stopped to see the goose, and you had n't told me his name was 'Nezer, and he lived in Scrambleton, I should, perhaps, never have found him, for I thought he was dead. And I've got him away from the Widow Scrimplings, and as I have a snug bit of property, and nobody but him belonging to me, we're pretty comfortable together."

'Nezer's face fully confirmed his uncle's story.

"And I'm hoping to make some return to you for your kindness to my nephew," said 'Nezer's uncle. And 'Nezer could with great difficulty refrain

from telling her of the plans they had formed for supplying her next summer with the finest fruits from their garden.

But Mrs. O'Flanigan protested that the "bit and the sup" she had given him would make her "niver a bit the poorer"; and he was "that daint and perlite" that it more than paid her, to say nothing of the "foine valentine" he had sent her.

"Peg-leg has lots more feathers growing out on her!" said 'Nezer, proudly.

"It's a foine fowl she do be, annyhow!" said Mrs. O'Flanigan, politely.

"And I think her temper is improving," said 'Nezer's uncle.

"She have but the laste bit in life av a timper," said Mrs. O'Flanigan; "and sure what would anny av us be widout it?" By which you will see that Mrs. O'Flanigan understood fashionable manners, if she was only an apple-woman.



## IN THE LAND OF CLOUDS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.



ASCENDING MOUNT HOOD.—ABOVE THE CLOUDS. [SEE PAGE 250.]

MOUNT HOOD stands about sixty miles from the great Pacific, as the crow flies, and about two hundred miles up the Columbia River, as it is navigated. The Columbia is tranquil here—mild and calm and dreamy as Lake Como. But twenty miles higher, past the awful overhanging snow-peak that looks as if it might blow over on us as we sail up under it, the grand old river is all torrent and foam and fearful cataract.

Mount Hood stands utterly alone. And yet he is not at all alone. He is only a brother, a bigger and taller brother, of a well-raised family of seven snow-peaks.

At any season of the year, you can stand on almost any little eminence within two hundred miles of Mount Hood and count seven snow-cones, clad in eternal winter, piercing the clouds. There is no scene so sublime as this in all the world.

The mountains of Europe are only hills in comparison. Although some of them are quite as high as those of Oregon and Washington Territory, yet they lie far inland, and are so set on the top of other hills that they lose much of their majesty. Those of Oregon start up sudden and solitary, and almost out of the sea, as it were. So that while they are really not much higher than the mountain peaks of the Alps, they seem to be about twice as

high. And being all in the form of pyramids or cones, they are much more imposing and beautiful than those of either Asia or Europe.

But that which adds most of all to the beauty and sublimity of the mountain scenery of Mount Hood and his environs is the marvelous cloud effects that encompass him.

In the first place, you must understand that all this region here is one dense black mass of matchless and magnificent forests. From the water's edge up to the snow-line clamber and cling the dark green fir, pine, cedar, tamarack, yew, and juniper. Some of the pines are heavy with great cones as long as your arms; some of the yew trees are scarlet with berries; and now and then you see a burly juniper bending under a load of blue and bitter fruit. And nearly all of these trees are mantled in garments of moss. This moss trails and swings lazily in the wind, and sometimes droops to the length of a hundred feet.

In these great dark forests is a dense undergrowth of vine-maple, hazel, mountain ash, marsh ash, willow, and brier bushes. Tangled in with all this is the rank and ever-present and imperishable fern. This fern, which is the terror of the Oregon farmer, stands so rank and so thick on the ground in the forests that oftentimes you can not see two yards



before you, and your feet can hardly touch the ground. Through this jungle, with the great dark trees towering hundreds of feet above, prowl the black bear, the panther, the catamount, and the California lion.

Up and through and over all this darkness of forests, drift and drag and lazily creep the most weird and wonderful clouds in all this world. They move in great caravans. They seem literally to be alive. They rise with the morning sun, like the countless millions of snow-white geese, swans, and other water-fowl that frequent the rivers of Oregon, and slowly ascend the mountain sides, dragging themselves through and over the tops of the trees, heading straight for the sea, or hovering about the mountain peaks, as if they were mighty white-winged birds, weary of flight and wanting to rest.

They are white as snow, these clouds of Oregon, fleecy, and rarely, if ever, still; constantly moving in contrast with the black forests, these clouds are strangely, sadly sympathetic to one who worships nature.

Of course, in the rainy season, which is nearly half the year here, these cloud effects are absent. At such times the whole land is one vast rain-cloud, dark and dreary and full of thunder.

To see a snow-peak in all its sublimity, you must see it above the clouds. It is not necessary that you should climb the peak to do this, but ascend some neighboring hill and have the white clouds creep up or down the valley, through and over the black forest, between you and the snowy summit that pricks the blue home of stars. What color! Movement! Miraculous life!

A few months ago, I met a party of English travelers who were completing the circuit of the world by way of San Francisco. I was on my way to Oregon, and this party decided to sail up the coast with me, and, if possible, ascend Mount Hood.

The party consisted of a gentleman and his wife, his wife's sister and brother, besides their little child of about ten years, a pale little cripple on crutches. The journey around the world had been undertaken, I was told, in the hope of restoring her to health. So she was humored in every way, and everything possible done to please and amuse her.

We sailed pleasantly up the barren, rocky, and mountainous coast of Oregon for two days, and all the way we watched the long, moving lines of white clouds clinging about the mountain tops, creeping through the mountain passes in long,

unbroken lines, or hovering wearily around some snowy summit; and the English travelers counted it all strangely beautiful.

Not a sail in sight all these two days. And the waters of this, the vastest of all seas, as still and as blue as the blue skies above us.

Whales kept spouting about us, and dolphins tumbled like circus men before us; and the pale little cripple, sitting on the deck on a soft chair made of shreds of cane or rattan by the cunning Chinamen, seemed very happy. She had a lap-dog, of which she was amazingly fond. The dog, however, did not seem so fond of her. He was a very active fellow, full of battle, and much pre-



"FLUTTER! FLAP! SNAP! PHEW! AWAY WENT THE FLAGS!"  
[SEE PAGE 251.]

ferred to lying in her lap the more active amusement of running and barking at the sailors and passengers.

After some ugly bumps on the sand-bars at the mouth of the Columbia,—a place strewn with

skeletons of ships,—we at length entered this noble river. It is nearly ten miles wide here, and many little islands, covered with tangled woods from water's edge to summit, dot the wide and tranquil harbor.

Half a day's hard steaming up the river, with here and there a little village nestling in the dense wood on the water's edge at the base of the mighty mountains on either side, and we were in Portland and preparing to ascend Mount Hood.

It seems incredible, but, unlike all other mountains of importance, this one has no regular guides. We had to hunt up and make an entire outfit of our own.

Of course the little cripple was left behind, with her nurse and dog, when we five gayly mounted and rode down to the ferry to cross the Willamette River, which lies at the edge of the town and between our hotel and Mount Hood.

As the boat pushed off, the little cripple's frolicsome dog, Vixey, leaped in with us from the shore, barking and bounding with delight, to think he was to escape being nursed and was to make one of the expedition.

We rode hard through the tangled woods, with rank ferns and brier bushes and thimbleberry bushes in our faces. We climbed up almost entirely unfrequented roads and trails for half a day. Then we dismounted by a dark, treacherous, sandy stream, and lunched.

Mounting again, we pushed on in single file, following our guides as fast as we could up steep banks, over stones and fallen logs, and through almost impenetrable tangles of fern and vine-maple. There were three guides. One, an Indian, kept far ahead on foot, blazing out the way with a tomahawk, and shouting back and yelling to the other guides till he made the solemn forest ring.

The two ladies kept the saddle and clung to the horses' manes. But the men often dismounted and led their tired horses by the bridle.

The yelping dog had gone astray a dozen times, chasing squirrels, deer, and even birds, and I heartily hoped he would get lost entirely, for I abhor poodles. But the parents of the little cripple, when he would get lost, would not go on without him. So this kept us back, and we did not reach the snow-line till dusk.

The guides had shot a deer, two grouse, and many gray squirrels; so that, when we had made a roaring fire of pine-knots, and had fed and rubbed down our worn-out horses, we sat there in the light of our great fire by the snow border, and feasted famously. For oh, we were hungry!

Then we laid down. But it seemed to me we were hardly well asleep before the guides were again boiling coffee, and shouting to each other

about the work of the new day. How tired we all were still! All but that dog. That noisy and nervous little poodle seemed to be as eager as the guides to get us up and on before the sun had softened the snow.

In the gray dawn, after a solid breakfast, each with a pike in hand and hob-nailed shoes on the feet, we were in line, lifting our faces in the sharp, frosty air for the summit of Mount Hood.

The snow was full of holes. Now and then a man would sink to his waist. We strangers would laugh at this. But observing that the guides took such mishaps seriously, we inquired the reason. When they told us that some of these holes were bottomless, we too became serious, and took hold of the long rope which they carried, and never let go. The ladies brought up the rear, and, like all English ladies, endured the fatigue wonderfully. That tireless little dog yelped and bounded, now in the face of this man, now in the face of that, and seemed by his omnipresence to belong to flank and rear and van.

Before noon we came to a great crack, or chasm, or cleft, in the mountain side, for which the guides could give no reason. Their only idea of it appeared to be one of terror—their only object to escape it. They all fastened the rope to their belts, so that, in the event of one falling in, the others could draw him back.

As we advanced we found the mountain precipitous, but in no wise perilous, if we except these treacherous cracks and holes referred to.

Now and then we would lean on our pikes and turn our heads to the world below. Beautiful! Beautiful! Rivers of silver! Cities, like birds' nests, dotted down in the wilderness beneath. But no one spoke, when speaking could be avoided. The air was so rare that we were all the time out of breath.

As we neared the summit, one of the guides fell down, bleeding at the mouth and senseless. One of the gentlemen forced some brandy down his throat, when he sat up and feebly beckoned us to go on.

Ten minutes more of hard climbing, and five Saxons stuck their pikes in the summit and stood there together, five or six feet higher than the highest mountain in all that mountainous region of North America.

The wind blew hard, and the little woolly dog lay down and curled up in a knot, for fear lest he should be blown away. He did not bark or take any kind of delight now. The fact is, he did not like it at all, and was pretty badly frightened. It is safe to say that he was quietly making up his mind that, if he ever got back to that little basket with its blue ribbons about the borders and the



cozy little bed inside, he would be willing to take a nap and stay with the lonesome little cripple.

The ladies' lips and noses were blue with the cold, and their hair was making all kinds of banners and streamers in the biting wind. The guides seemed dull and indifferent to everything. They lay flat down a few feet from the summit, pointing out the highest place to us, and took no interest in anything further, not even in their companion, whom we could see doubled up a little way below on the steep side of the snow.

We men moved on down over the summit on the Columbia side a few yards, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the great river which we knew rolled almost under us. But the whole world seemed to be one mass of clouds on that side; and we hastened back to the ladies, resolved to now descend as soon as possible.

One of the ladies, meantime, had gone down to the guides and got a little bundle, consisting of a British and an American flag and a Bible, with all our names in it. And the two were now trying to fasten the flags on a small iron pipe. But the wind, which had been getting stronger every minute since we came, was now so furious that we felt it was perilous to keep the ladies longer on the summit. So one of our party started with them down the mountain, while we other two took charge of the tokens of our achievement, which we hoped to leave here to tell others who might come that we had been before them.

Flutter! flutter! flap! snap! phew! Away went the British and American flags together. And before we knew it, the Bible, now lying on the snow, blew open and started after them. The gallant Briton at my side threw out his long leg and tried to stop its flight with his foot. But it bounded over the snow like a rabbit, and was gone.

The little dog lying there on his breast was terribly tempted to start after it, and if he had, there would have been no further interest in this sketch. But he seemed to have lots of sense, and lay perfectly still till the last one of us started down the mountain. Then he bounded up and on down after us, and his joy seemed without limit.

As we hastily descended, we found the stricken guide already on his feet and ready to lead in the descent. The ladies, too, had thawed out a little, and did not look so blue.

We began to talk too, now, and to congratulate ourselves and each other on the success of our enterprise. We were in splendid spirits, and the matchless scenery before us filled us with exultation.

The guides, however, cautioned us at every step as we neared the holes, and all held stoutly on

to the rope. The little dog leaped ahead over the hard snow, and seemed the happiest of all the happy party. He advanced down the mountain backward. That is, he would somehow leap downward tail first, looking all the time in our faces—looking up with his red mouth open, and his white, fat little body bounding like a rubber ball over the snow. Suddenly the head guide cried out in terror. The dog had disappeared!

We all looked at each other, horror on every face. We were on the edge of a fissure, and the dog had been swallowed up. Whose turn next?

The wind did not blow here, for we had descended very fast and were now not far from the timber line. We had all driven our pikes hard in the snow and fallen on our knees, so as to be more certain of our hold, and were silent as the dead. Hark!

Away down, deep in the chasm, almost under us somewhere, we heard the poor dog calling for help. After a while, one of the guides answered him. The dog called back, so far off, so pitiful! This was repeated two or three times. But as the little brute seemed swallowed up forever, and as we lay there shivering on the brink and could not help him out, we obeyed the first law of nature, and cautiously crept back and around the ugly gorge. Soon we were once more safe with our horses, and drinking coffee by the warm fire as before.

We reached the city without further accident. But the very first thing the little cripple did on our return was to lift her pale face from her crutch and eagerly inquire for her dog. No one could answer. The parents exchanged glances. Then, for the first time, as the child still entreated for her pet, they seemed to realize their loss. They refused to tell her what had become of the dog at first. But, little by little, as we sat at dinner together, she got the whole truth. Then she left the table, crying as though her heart would break.

There was no dinner that day for any of us, after that. The father had strong, fresh horses brought, and on the next day we men, with the guides, set out to find the dog. At the last moment, as we mounted and were riding away, the child brought her little dog's basket, with its blue ribbons and its soft bed. For, as we assured her the dog would be found, she said he would be cold and sleepy, and so we should take his bed along.

On the first day we came to the chasm in the snow from the lower side. But had the dog not been drowned? Had he not perished from cold and hunger? We had brought a sort of trap—in fact, it was a large kind of rat-trap. This we baited with a piece of roasted meat on the trigger. Would not the hungry little fellow enter the trap, tug at the bait, throw the trap, get caught, and

so be drawn up to the light, if still alive? We all heartily hoped so, at least.

Some of the shelving snow broke off and fell as we let the rope slide down with the trap. Then for the first time we heard the little rascal yelp.

I never saw a man so delighted as was that usually stolid and impassive Englishman. He could not stand still, but, handing the rope to his friend, he danced about, and shouted, and whistled, and sang to the dog away down there in his dark, ugly pit.

The dog answered back feebly. It was evident he was not in the best of spirits. Perhaps he was too feeble to even enter the trap. Anyway, he did not enter it.

We drew it up time and again, but no sign of the dog. The stout Englishman prepared himself to descend the pit. But when the guide explained the danger of the whole side shelving off, and imperiling the lives of others, as well as his own life, that last hope was abandoned.

The father of the little cripple, after all was packed up and ready for the return, picked up the basket with the blue ribbons and soft bed inside. He looked at it sadly. Tears were in his eyes. Should he take the basket back? The sight of it would only make the little cripple more sad. I could read all this in his face as he stood there irresolute, with the basket in his hand and tears streaming down his face. He at length made a motion as if to throw the little basket, with its blue

ribbons and soft bed inside, down into the pit with the dog.

"No, we will let him have his little bed to die in in good shape. Here, fasten this on a rope, and lower it down there where you last heard him cry," said the kind-hearted Englishman.

In a few moments one of the guides had unloosened a rope which he had packed up to take back; and the basket was soon being lowered into the dark pit, over the hanging wall of snow.

The dog began to whimper, to whine, then to bark as he had not barked that day.

As the basket struck the bottom it was caught as a fish-line is caught, and the rope almost jerked out of the hands of the guide.

The father of the little cripple clutched the rope from the guide, and drew it up hand over hand as fast as possible. Then the bright black eyes of the dog danced and laughed at him as he jerked the basket up over the treacherous wall of snow.

The poor shivering little fellow would not leave the basket. There he lay all the time as we hurried on down and mounted horse. The happy Englishman carried it back to the city on his arm. And he carried it carefully, too, as if it had been a basket of eggs and he on his way to market.

And the little girl? Well, now, it was worth all the work and bother we had to see her happy face as she came hobbling out on her crutch to take the little basket, with its blue border and the dog curled up in his bed inside.

## MY VALENTINE.

By J. M. ANDERSON.



HER eyes are just as blue a hue  
As ever painter's palette knew;  
Why, look! She's pretty as a picture-book!  
Her hair,—oh yes, her hair, her hair,  
Is gold as any anywhere;  
Her lips eclipse the rose; I think  
She's sweeter than a pink!

And though she only stares and wears  
The most aristocratic airs,  
I guess it's owing to her style of dress!  
For I am but a Jockey-Jack,  
With tons of trouble on my back,  
And she, ah me! is grand and tall!  
She's Alice's best doll!



## THE STORY OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

## III.

## HOW MARGERY CAREW GOT HER GLITTERING CHAIN.

"AND as I thrust the presse among,  
By froward chaynce mine hoode was gone,  
Yet for alle that I stayde not long  
Till to the Kynge's lystes I was come,"—

trolled out Sommers, the King's jester, adapting one of Master Lydgate's ballads to suit the case, as, with Rauf and Roger, the archer, he pressed through the crowd of guards, retainers, and sightseers on a visit to the field set apart for the tournament. Great preparation had been made for this occasion. The lists were pitched on English ground, on a fairly level ridge midway between the two camps. Rauf had already received some schooling in jousting, and had even "run at the tilt" in a mild way with Parker, the armorer at Verney Hall. He found, therefore, much to interest him in the progress of the work which was to make this trial of strength,—almost the last of the tourneys,—the magnificent pageant that so well became the lavish and chivalric princes under whose orders it was arranged.

"*Forasmuch as God has given the cherished treasure of peace to France and England,*"—so ran the "*Ordonnance de Tourney,*"—"to prevent idleness and sedition, sixteen gentlemen of name and blood—eight French and eight English—for the honor of God and the love of their ladies, intend to maintain these articles"—and then follow the elaborate rules of the combat.

"Why this fosse, Master Sommers?" asked Rauf, as the three crossed a drawbridge and passed within the field. "Surely none here would force the lists."

"Why, then, except to keep back those who most desire to see," replied the jester. "Are you so young in state-craft, good page, that you have not yet learned that whoso wishes the loaf gets the crust, and that he who works the hardest and waits the most patiently to see a triumph, can only view it across a ditch or through a rampart of halberds?"

Nine hundred feet in length and three hundred and twenty feet across, on ground well and properly prepared, stretched the great lists. The field was an open space, after the English fashion, and not a counter or double list, as were many French

tilts. Around the inclosure ranged high galleries, hung with choicest tapestries, for the privileged spectators, and to the right, in the place of honor, were glazed chambers, bright with colored hangings and cloth of gold, for the two Queens. At the foot of the lists Rauf stopped in wonder before a mass of gold and color, grouped under a great triumphal arch of velvet and damask and cloth of gold.

"What can this be?" he asked in amazement.

"This," said the jester, learned in all heraldic matters, "is the forest of fallacy, the vegetation of rank—and rank enough has it oft proved, when planted by unkingly kings, or fostered by unknighly knights. This, young Master Inexperience, is the knightly 'perron'—the 'tree of nobility.'"

"Oh, yes, yes—I know it now," broke in Rauf. "'Tis the tree on which will hang the shields of challengers and answerers."

"Softly, softly, Sir Page," said the jester; "crowd not so rudely on this tree of name and blood. See, here twine the royal branches, high above those of baser birth; here is the hawthorn of our King's highness of England, there the raspberry of him of France."

And a curious combination indeed was this "tree of nobility," covering a space of near one hundred and thirty feet—its trunk a mass of cloth of gold, its foliage of green silk, its flowers and fruit of silver and Venetian gold, while the mock earth in which it was imbedded was a great mound of green damask.

Late on that Saturday afternoon came the rival trumpet peals, and there streamed into the lists the royal challengers, and their attendant trains of heralds and pursuivants and guards, to attach the kingly shields to the hawthorn and the raspberry in challenge to the field. With much excess of courteous language, but with much dispute nevertheless as to which shield should have the higher position, now France's herald and now England's argued and contested. "But finally," says the chronicle, "the King of England caused the French King's arms to be placed on the right, and his own on the left equally high," and so the momentous question was settled.

On the next morning, a fair Sunday of the early June, as Rauf and Margery knelt at mass in the gorgeous chapel attached to the English palace, were they at all different from our boys and girls

of this more practical age if their thoughts left the stately service, and wandered, awed and wondering, in accompaniment to their eyes around that marvelously magnificent apartment? For this royal chapel was the great Cardinal's peculiar pride. To fitly decorate it he had sent over sea "the best hangings, travers, jewels, images, altars, cloths, etc., that the King has." Thirty-five priests, in robes of cloth of gold, powdered with rich red roses and strewn with gold and jewels, assisted by many singing boys and acolytes, conducted the services, while everywhere the glitter of gold and jewels, the flash of costliest hangings and rarest decorations more than regally adorned this royal chapel of a king.

And now Margery's share in the festivities began, for there came that fair Sunday afternoon, "gloriously appareled" and brilliantly attended, the courtly King Francis to dine with the Queen of England.

"And oh, Rauf," reported the excited little dame, "he knelt beautifully on the ground, bonnet in hand, and saluted the Queen and her ladies. Yes!— and he even kissed poor little me, and called me a 'fayre damoysele,' sir, and praised my bloom and color, and wished he could transplant so sweet an English flower to the gardens of good Queen Claude!"

"All of which you believed, I suppose. Oh, Margery, Margery! take the advisement of one who has mingled much with kings, and ——"

"Have done, have done, Master Impudence," cried Margery, "and tell us what you saw at Arde."

And then our young sight-seers tried to outvie each other in tales of what they had seen, for Rauf had attended King Henry on his visit to the French Queen at Arde. He told of Queen Claude's diamond-sprinkled robes; of the great golden dinner services, of the feast, and of the wonderful side-dishes, which were leopards, and salamanders, and other beasts bearing the French arms; of the entrance of Mountjoy, the French herald, with his great golden goblet, and his cry of "Largess to the most high, mighty, and excellent Henry, King of England; largess, largess!" and of the room where they went after the feast, "adorned with tapestry of cloth of gold, and carpeted with crimson velvet." All of which Margery capped with equally wonderful tales of English ceremony and French courtliness. And so they supped full of wonders.

The next morning Rauf was up betimes, eager and anxious for the hour to arrive that should open the tournament.

"Give you good day, Master Rauf," said a cheery voice, and looking over against the great

statue of the English archer which, with bended bow, fronted the castled entrance, Rauf saw his old friend Roger, the archer of the guard. "A fair and rare day for the tilts, if but this wind will down."

"And will it not die off, think you, Roger?" asked Rauf, anxiously.

The archer eyed the flying scud of clouds rather dubiously.

"Blaw the wind never so fast,  
It will lower at last,"

he said, repeating an old English couplet, "which is about all the comfort I can give you, Master Rauf; so we must e'en make the best of it. But they say the King's highnesses will both run at the tilt to-day. Heard you aught of this, Master Rauf?"

"Ay," said Rauf, proud to be able to disclose state secrets, "'t is even so; as challengers both, they hold the lists against all comers. And whom, think you, will run the course most valiantly, good Roger?"

The archer pointed to the significant legend that streamed from the more gigantic archer above him—"He whom I back, wins." "Could I make that legend sure," he said, "I know full well who would come off victor; but

"Where all are well mounted and matched,  
None knoweth whose pate will be patched."

"'T will be a rare sight though, will it not?" said Rauf.

"Ay, and a brave one, too," said the archer, "though I may not see all the sport. Twelve fellows of our guard, with twelve of the French King's archers, guard the entrance to the lists."

Dinner over, Rauf's and Margery's restless longings changed to active realization, as, with banners fluttering and music "sounding most melodiously," on chargers gorgeously trapped, in litters or in chariots covered with cloths of gold and silver, and emblazoned with the royal arms, the King and Queen of England passed, with a gallant company, out of the palace gates and on to the waiting lists. Soon after came the French retinue, "equally glorious"; the galleries quickly filled with a great company of richly dressed lords and ladies from both the camps, while all the hills around were black with the crowds that had flocked from all quarters to the great spectacle. Rauf and Margery both sat in Queen Katherine's gallery, absorbed in watching the glittering trains of knights passing and repassing in the lists beneath them, or in picking out from the throng the great personages with whose faces they were familiar.

"That is the Constable of Bourbon, Margery—



greatest in France next the King," said Rauf. "And who is that with him? 'Tis one of our English knights, but his face is turned away from us."

"*Auctor pretiosa facit*,"\* read Margery, spelling out the legend that was blazoned on the shield of the unknown.

"Why sure, then, 'tis the Duke of Buckingham," said Rauf, learned in the knight's emblazonments; "and see, now, as he turns his face this way, it is the Duke indeed." And then they both looked with admiration at these two knights as they passed: both princes of the blood, both young, chivalrous, haughty, and brave; both destined soon to be adjudged traitors to the kings in whose trains they now glittered; both soon to die—the one by the headsman's ax on Tower Hill, by the command of Henry of England; the other, while gallantly scaling the walls of Rome in open revolt against Francis of France.

"And that, Margery, is madame, the Queen Mother of France," said Rauf, pointing to a royal lady who, in a diamond-circled robe of black velvet, leaned over the gallery-front to return the courteous salutations of the lords of Buckingham and Bourbon. Margery looked with awe at this great lady, Louise of Savoy, whose wish was law to her son, the King of France; the royal lady to whom, years after, the captive King was to send that famous message from the bloody fight of Pavia—the field of his defeat: "Madam, there is nothing in this world left to me but my honor and my life."

Many other notable persons did the children study, in youthful criticism or admiration. Queen Katherine's plain but not unlovely Spanish face, "not handsome, but very beautiful in complexion," as wrote the cautious Venetian ambassador, lighted up with something of a smile as she talked with the young Queen Claude of France, the daughter of the stately house of Valois. Near the Queens, too, stood the gay-faced and sprightly maid of sixteen, the Lady Anne Boleyn, before many years to be raised to the dangerous and, to her, fatal eminence of Queen of England.

And while in broken French, or through interpreters, the ladies in the galleries courteously talked together, down in the lists was the bustle and excitement of preparation. Soon the trumpets sounded, and the heralds proclaimed the tournament opened. With volt and demivolt, with charge and thrust, with clash of swords and splintering of lances, the royal challengers, Henry of England and Francis of France, with their supporters, held the lists in friendly combat against the bravest knights of England and of France. For twelve days, save when the wind, as Roger the archer feared, blew too boisterously for the lances

to be couched, the jousts continued, intermingled with other sports, and feats of strength or skill. In all such contests as they bore a part the Kings of France and England, so says the royal chronicler, "did marvels; breaking spears eagerly, and well acting their challenge of jousts." Between the times of tourney came other frolics, lavish in display and royal in profusion. Wrestling matches and archery contests, dancing, and music, and song, "maskalynes and mummeries,"† at either camp, helped on these joy-filled days. How greatly Rauf and Margery delighted in all this pleasure and pageantry, let any boy or girl of to-day who passes two blissful hours at some great show, some "gigantic aggregation of wonders," determine; let them consider how much enjoyment is crowded into *their* two hours of spectacle, and then think, calmly if they can, of two weeks of such excitement and display!

Into the lists one bright afternoon thronged the "venans" or "comers," to run a tilt with the "tenans" or "holders." Riding down the field to the "tree of nobility," each knight rang his lance upon the black-and-gray shield, thus signifying his readiness to joust with the challengers. One English knight, more aspiring than the rest, —Sir Richard Jerningham, knight of the King's chamber,—reaching to the top of the "perron," struck with his lance's tip the white-and-silver shield of the King of France. Then "holders" and "comers" rode the one general course of lance to lance, and, this shock over, they fell back while the single champions rode before the barriers.

"For whom fight you, Sir Richard Jerningham, good knight and true?" demanded Mont St. Michel, the herald of France.

"For the honor of God, the glory of England, and the love of the little lady, Mistress Anne Boleyn—our rose of England blooming at the court of France," and the gallant Sir Richard bent to his saddle-bow in salute to the fair young maiden whom he thus championed.

"And for whom fight you, Francis, King of France?" demanded the English herald, garter king-at-arms.

And the kingly knight, not to be outdone in courtesy to the bright young girlhood of England, glanced toward Queen Katherine's gallery, and made instant answer:

"For the honor of God, the glory of France, and the love of the sweet little Mistress Margery Carew—the tenderest blossom in the train of our sister of England."

Margery's beaming face, which had been stretched eagerly forward in the excitement of seeing and listening, flushed furiously as she drew

\* "The giver makes the gift more precious."

† Much the same as the masquerades and theatricals of to-day.

back in sudden confusion, while the "Oh!" of surprise broke from her parted lips. Then she looked quickly to the lists again, as the shouts of the heralds:

"St. George for England!"

"St. Denis for France!"

rang out and the trumpets sounded the charge.

With visors closed and lances fully couched the knights spurred across the field, but, just as they approached the shock, Sir Richard's horse stumbled slightly and threw his rider's lance out of aim. With knightly courtesy King Francis broke his own couch, raised his lance upright, and then, with friendly salutations, both knights passed each other without closing. Turning in the course once more, they galloped across the lists, and with equal speed and with steady aim, "full tilt" they spurred to the shock. Tang, tang! the lances struck and splintered fairly. Sir Richard's stroke met the guard of King Francis's silver shield, while the lance of the King rang full against Sir Richard's pass-guard or shoulder-front. But, though Sir Richard struck "like a sturdy and skillful cavalier," the shock of his antagonist was even more effective. For, as the record states, "the French King on his part ran valiantly." Sir Richard's horse fell back with the shock, his rider reeled in the saddle, and, so says the chronicle, "Jerningham was nearly unhorsed." The broken lance-shafts were dropped from the hands of the knights, and the heralds declared Francis, King of France, victor in the tilt.

An hour later, Sir Richard came to Queen Katherine's gallery, King Francis accompanying him. Then, in accordance with the rules of the tourney, Sir Richard, as the knight "who was worsted in the combat," with due courtesy and a deep salute, presented to the blushing Margery a beautiful chain of gold, large and glittering, as "the token to the lady in whose service the victor fights," and King Francis, smiling, said:

"And I, too, must claim my guerdon from this lady mine. Will the fair Margery be our guest at Arde to-night?"

Margery looked to Lady Gray, who said:

"With pleasure, if so it please your Highness."

"And here shall be your trusty squire, our old friend,—and yours, too, I'll wager,—Master Rauf Bulney," and the King placed his hand pleasantly on the boy's shoulder.

So to the French camp at Arde went Rauf and Margery, and there they were feasted "right royally"; and that night, too, as they were preparing for a "maskalyne," there came up a fierce gale of wind, and the great central pole of the royal pavilion swayed and shivered, bent and broke before the blast; and the mass of painted canvas and cloth of gold, of gilded ornaments and quaint devices, together with the great statue of St. Michael, came down to the ground in a mighty and utter wreck. And the King rejoiced greatly over the safety of all his train, but mostly over his little English guests, who, with the Lady Anne Boleyn, had luckily escaped all harm.

(To be continued.)



## CHIVALRIE.

BY WILBUR LARREMORE.

WHAT, little Mabel! reading old romance?  
Come here, and leave that dusty chimney-nook,  
And do put by that antiquated book,—  
I'll show you all you've read at one swift glance.  
The sunlight gilds earth's carpet of soft snow,  
Behold without The Field of Cloth of Gold!  
The trees are knights so valiant, tall, and bold,  
Steel-clad in icicle-mail from top to toe;  
And see the evergreens upon the lawn—  
Fair ladies who will never lose their charms;  
Soon will the wind sound loud the battle-horn—  
There'll be a tournament with clash of arms!



## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER XI.

## REASON VERSUS CROW-BARS.

RUSH and his bean-pole had startled the Argonauts into paying very respectful attention to what the oldest brother had to say.

"We're peaceable folks here," said Mart, "or at least we try to be. It's Sunday, and we don't want a row. But, my friend," addressing Buzrow, "if you must be swinging that piece of iron, I'd rather you would n't swing it in the direction of our dam."

Buzrow held the bar, looking rather foolishly from the array of Tinkham boys to his own companions, while Mart proceeded:

"Whoever fancies we are going to stand quietly by and see our property destroyed has very erroneous ideas of human nature. It may as well be understood first as last that we can't have that."

As Buzrow had desisted from belligerent action, he seemed to think it necessary to make some defiant remark instead.

"The dam is a nuisance, and it's got to go."

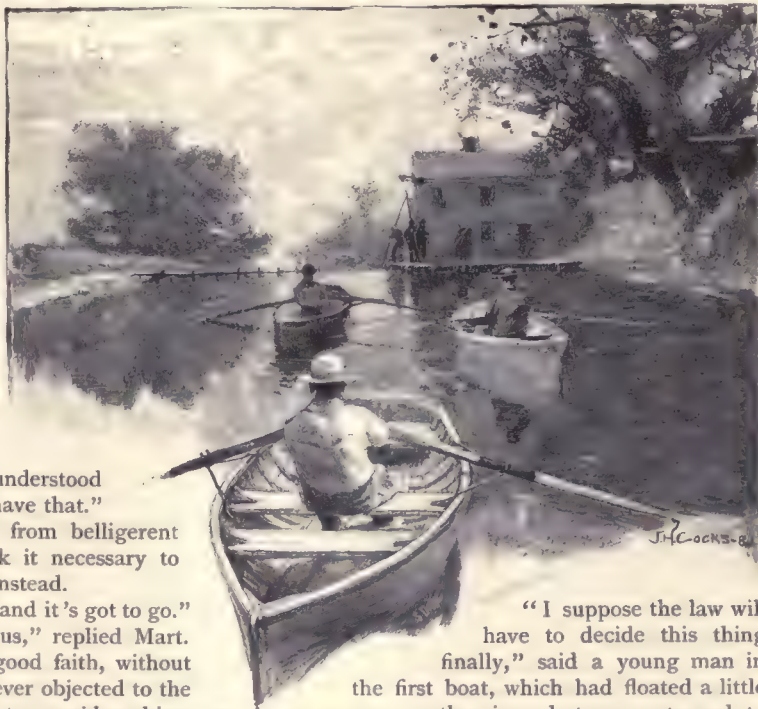
"It is n't a nuisance to us," replied Mart. "We bought the mill in good faith, without knowing that anybody had ever objected to the dam. Now we are willing to consider objections in a liberal spirit; and we ask you, on your part, to consider our position, our honest intentions in coming here, and our wish to do the fair and square thing by everybody."

"It's easy to talk," replied Buzrow, who had, however, laid down his bar. "Dushee could do that. But we've had enough of it. All is, our boats must n't be hindered by this dam."

"The flash-boards are out. You have a free passage: And we'll take 'em out for you any time when they happen to be in. What more do you want? Whatever your rights may be," Mart continued, "you're not going just the right way to work to secure them. When you come up here in your boat,

and find an opening in the dam ten feet wide to let you through, and, instead of taking advantage of it, turn out of your course and stop to batter down the dam, any man with half a teacupful of brains could tell you that you're laying yourself liable to a prosecution."

"You can prosecute," muttered Buzrow. "The law aint all on your side, you'll find out. Other folks have taken counsel on this subject."



HIS BOAT  
LED THE WAY  
UP THE RIVER.

"I suppose the law will have to decide this thing finally," said a young man in the first boat, which had floated a little way up the river, but now returned to the scene of the encounter. "Come along, boys! Don't do anything more."

"I don't intend to do anything more to-day," said Buzrow, glad of an excuse to withdraw from an undertaking which was becoming formidable. "I've done all I set out to. But," he added, shaking his fist at the dam,—a fist, by the way, which looked as if it might be a good copy of the one that had knocked down a cow,—“before another Sunday, that will all be ripped out! Jest you remember that!”

Mart gave no heed to this menace, but said calmly, addressing the young man in the first boat, who appeared to be a person of influence:

"You will always find the flash-boards up on Sunday—a day on which I should think any disturbance of this kind might be avoided by decent people."

"I don't belong to the decent sort, I suppose," said Buzrow, in a coarse, jeering way.

"For the rest," Mart went on, still addressing the young man and ignoring Buzrow, "come to us on a week day, as one man should go to another when there's a conflict of interest between them, and we'll meet you more than half-way in making any necessary arrangements to accommodate both parties."

"That's fair," said the young man, who seemed to have entered unwillingly into the controversy, and to find it very disagreeable. He had good manners and a fine face, from which no conduct that was not handsome and honorable could well be expected. "I'm as sorry as you can be that there's any trouble about the dam; but I'm afraid it has gone so far now that the law will have to settle it."

"Very well; the law let it be," said Mart. "It's a miserable weapon for people of sense and right intentions to resort to; but it's better than crow-bars and bean-poles."

"I am sorry our fellows have disturbed you to-day," said the young man, appearing himself very much disturbed.

"I am sure you are," said Mart, cordially. "Whether you could have prevented them in the first place, I won't inquire."

"Perhaps I might," the young man admitted, "but I did n't. The truth is, we all feel that we have a natural right to go up and down the river in our boats, whether the law allows you to dam it or not. We were greatly annoyed by Dushee's shabby treatment of us last year, and you must n't be surprised at any violence of feeling in opposition to the dam."

"I see how the matter stands," replied Mart. "You may be sure that, if we had had any suspicion of it before we came here, we never should have come. But now that we are here, does n't it seem as if well-meaning fellows, such as you seem to be, and as my brothers and I certainly are,—does n't it seem as if we might settle our differences without lawyers or crow-bars?"

"It does seem so," the young man replied. "Our club meets to-morrow evening, and I shall then lay the subject before them and report what you propose."

"I hope you will not only report it," said Mart, "but advocate it, as I am sure you can. A word in season from the right person may save a world of trouble, to your side as well as ours."

"That's a fact," said the young man, his brow

clearing of its cloud. "I'll do my best, but I can't promise that will be much."

His boat then led the way up the river, followed by the two others, Buzrow still muttering vengeance against the dam as his boat passed through.

"Who is that young fellow in the farther boat—the one I talked with?" Mart then inquired of Dick Dushee, who had come down to the Dempford side of the river to see the fun.

"That," said Dick, who was evidently disappointed that the two parties had separated without affording him more sport,—“that's Lew Bartland. He's commodore of the club."

"I like him!" said Mart, turning to his brothers. "If we've got the Commodore on our side—and I believe we have—we are all right."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE COMMODORE'S COURTESY.

AGAIN, the next morning, the Tinkham boys went about their business as if there had been no cloud of trouble in their sky. The two oldest set to work on the dolls' carriages, for which the spring weather was sure to bring a brisk demand. The two youngest were happy with their new garden tools and a quart of peas Mart had given them to plant. Rush had also a pleasant task, well suited to his hands. To him was assigned the making of the rocket-sticks and pin-wheels for Cole & Company's fire-works. The stuff had been brought by express, and enough got ready so that he could set the jig-saw running early in the forenoon.

Soon after, two young girls drove into the yard, in a handsome top-buggy, and looked about them with lively curiosity, as the sleek and well-groomed horse fell into a slow walk along the gravelled path.

"I wonder if I had better leave it at the door," said one, who held the slack reins.

"My, Syl Bartland!" said the other; "what do you want to leave it there for? Only women folks are in the house, and I want to see some of the boys."

"There are two at work over there in the corner of the garden," said Syl. "We might call one of them, and give it to him. Would you, Mollie?"

"Those little fellows! No, indeed!" cried Mollie. "I want to see the big ones the boys told about. There are six or eight of them in all, they say, and it must have been splendid when one of them was going to knock Milt Buzrow on the head with a bean-pole!"

"I almost wish he had," said Syl. "I hate that great, coarse Buzrow."

"So do I. But they've no business to keep a



dam here for all that. Do you remember? Kate Medway and I came up in our boat last summer, and when we were going back we could n't pass the dam, and that miserable old Dushee kept us an hour before he would come and pull up his flash-boards. It was awfully mean!"

Mollie lowered her voice as she spoke the last words, for the horse had turned up to the mill and stopped.

"They are in there at work," Syl Bartland whispered, with a mischievous laugh. "Now, if you really want to see them, you can take it in to them."

"What are you talking about?" giggled the other. "I am not going into that old mill, where there are half a dozen young men I never saw before!"

"But you said you wanted to see them. I never saw such a girl as you are, Mollie Kent! Well, hold the horse, and I'll beard the lions in their den."

The weather was warm, and Rush, in his shirt-sleeves, with a paper cap on his head, looking very workman-like, was running his jig-saw, when a rustling of the shavings on the floor caused him to glance around.

He was surprised to see a young girl coming toward him; her rosy face in a cavalier hat, and a billet in the gloved hand which she held out to him.

"Are you the Tinkham Brothers?" she asked, archly, the rosebud of a mouth looking very much as if it wanted to blossom into a smile.

"I am one of them," he answered, awkwardly conscious of his paper cap and shirt-sleeves.

"Here is a note from my brother. He asked me to bring it over, so that he might be sure you received it before evening."

He took the billet, and was thanking her with a blush, which well became his fresh and pleasant face, when she interrupted him with, "Oh, there's no occasion for that!" tripped out of the shop, stepped lightly into the buggy on the bank, and, taking the reins from her companion's hand, drove away.

As soon as they were out of hearing, her suppressed laughter broke forth.

"It was just fun," she said. "They are the tamest lions ever you saw! I gave it to the one that shook the bean-pole over Milt's cranium; I know it was he, from Lew's description."

"What did he look like?" Mollie inquired, enviously.

"Handsome as a picture! Clear red-and-white! And did n't he blush beautifully, in his paper cap," giggled Syl, "when I gave him the letter!"

"Why did n't you make him come out and help you into the buggy, so I could see him?"

Mollie demanded. "Syl Bartland, you're as mean as you can be!"

Rush, meanwhile, having seen the surprising little vision disappear, opened the unsealed note and glanced his eye over it as he carried it to his brothers.

"It's from the Commodore," he said, handing it to Mart—"Lewis Bartland."

"The C-c-commodore!" said Lute. "Who was that g-g-girl?"

"His sister, I suppose."

"By G-g-george, she's a p-p-pretty one! Why did n't she hand the note to me?"

"Because you are not good-looking enough," laughed Rush. "What is it all about, Mart?"

"Now, this is what I call doing the handsome thing," said Mart, with a smile of satisfaction. "I knew there was a gentleman in the Commodore's suit of clothes, and this proves it."

"Let's have the p-p-proof!" said Lute.

"He writes that a number of boats will be going up the river this evening to the new club-house, where the members are to meet; and he suggests that it will have a good effect if we give them free way."

"Certainly," cried Rush; "though he need n't have taken the trouble to ask it. They will be going up with the tide, and returning later in the evening, when the flash-boards will be up."

"But it's kind in him to make the suggestion," said Lute, reading over the letter in his turn. "It shows his g-g-good-will."

"If the Argonauts were all like him," said Mart, "there would be nobody for us to have any row with. I'd accommodate their boats, if I had to stand at the dam whenever one appeared, and carry it over on my shoulders. Though the law is with us, they've got a side, and I respect it."

"So do I, when they respect our side," replied Rush. "But I can't hold my hands in my pockets and see them battering the dam with a crow-bar, as long as any of Dushee's old bean-poles are lying about."

"I'm glad you did n't strike the fellow," observed Mart.

"So am I," added Lute. "As Father used to say, an ounce of p-p-persuasion is worth a p-p-pound of opposition."

The reception of the Commodore's courteous note was a cheering incident to the boys in their present state of suspense. And it was evident that they thought no worse of him for the glimpse they had had of his sister.

With the flood-tide that evening, the boats of the Dempford Argonauts passed the mill on their way to the new club-house on the lake. The Tinkham boys kept out of sight, but they were

nevertheless near at hand, and on the watch for any demonstration against the dam.

There was loud talk in one of the boats, and the Buzrow voice was heard repeating the threat of yesterday, that it (the dam, of course) was "a nuisance," and had "got to go." But no crow-bar was used, and no harm done.

Then the Tinkhams awaited with some anxiety the return of the boats.

The Argonauts, meanwhile, from down the river and about the lake, as well as from more inland parts of the two towns, assembled at the new club-room. This comprised the upper story of the "odd-looking summer-house," the lower story being designed for boats—the lighter ones, like the canoes and wherries, to be placed on racks and brackets, the heavier ones to be floated under the floor and made fast to rods and rings.

At one end of the room, young Commodore Lewis Bartland sat at a table with the secretary of the club, while the other members, to the number of about thirty, occupied chairs and benches or stood leaning against the wall.

At the end of the building, beyond the table, was a balcony overhanging the starlit lake; and there, outside, at the open door and window, were also two small groups of Argonauts, enjoying their cigars and the night air, and, when they chose, listening to the debates.

Other business having been first transacted, the Commodore rose, rapped for silence, and addressed the club. He looked very handsome, with the light from the lamp on the table before him shining full upon his white forehead and finely cut features; and his speech was calm and persuasive. He gave a concise history of the mill-dam troubles, stating the side of the Argonauts quite to their satisfaction. "But," he went on, after the applause which greeted that portion of his remarks had ceased, "we must n't forget that there is another side to this controversy. The new mill-owners have a side, and we are bound to respect it."

Dead silence followed this announcement. The youthful commodore felt at once that the club was no longer with him, and that the position he had determined to take would be unpopular.

But he stood up to it manfully.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE ARGONAUTS IN COUNCIL.

"WE have no longer the party to deal with that we had last year. They did not put the dam there; and if they had known anything of its history, they would never have bought the mill. So they say, and I believe them."

There was a murmur of assent.

"Dushee deceived and imposed upon them," the speaker continued, "as he so often deceived and imposed upon us. So, I say, instead of regarding them as enemies, we should look upon them as fellow-victims, and do what we can for them in their difficulty."

"That's so!" cried somebody in a far-off corner. There was also a vigorous hand-clapping in the same direction, but it was limited to one or two persons, and was not taken up by the club. Lew Bartland went on, warming more and more.

"They have come here for the water-power which the dam gives them, and have probably paid a good deal more for the place than it would be worth to anybody if the water-power was taken away. As I understand, they are sons of a poor widow—mere boys, like the most of us here. That ought to enlist our sympathies in their behalf. They are struggling to get a living for her and for themselves, in a perfectly honest, upright, legitimate way. Is n't that something for us to consider?"

"That was Dushee's claim. We did n't consider that," said a voice at the window, where several heads were looking in from the balcony.

"But we would—or, at least, we should—have considered it," said the Commodore, "if Dushee had treated us fairly, as I believe these young men are ready to do. He never kept his word with us—promising one thing and then doing another that suited his convenience better. We lost patience with him, and I was as ready as any of you to sweep the dam away and then let the law settle the matter."

"That's what we've got to do now," said the voice at the window.

"Possibly," replied the Commodore, turning in that direction and showing his fine profile to the benches. "But what I insist upon is, that we ought first to talk with these young men, see what they propose to do, and give them such a chance as we should wish anybody to give us, if we were in their place."

As he sat down, a little fellow from one of the benches jumped up. I say little fellow, because in stature he was hardly more than five feet. But he was one of the oldest members of the club, and he carried himself as if he had been fully seven feet tall.

"Mr. Webster Foote," said the Commodore, recognizing him.

Tremendous applause. Mr. Webster Foote, of Dempford,—or Web Foote, as the boys called him, because he was so fond of the water,—was evidently popular, and very well aware of the pleasing fact. He had been a rival candidate for the



office of commodore at the time of Lew Bartland's election, and had been defeated by only three votes. He was not, personally, so well liked as Lew, but he had been all along one of the most active and outspoken enemies of the dam, and had gained favor by encouraging the prejudice against it.

It was generally thought that he still aspired to Lew's place. Certain it was that, whenever any plan of the Commodore's could be opposed with any show of reason or hope of success, he was sure to lead an opposition. And now the good-natured Bartland had laid himself open to attack.

Mr. Webster Foote tossed off the black hair from his forehead, and stood waiting for the applause to subside, looking about him with a smile of lofty conceit.

"Straight as a cob!" whispered a Tammoset boy in the far-off corner.

"So straight he leans over backward," remarked another Tammoset boy in reply.

"He 's little, but oh, jimminy!" said a third, with an ironical chuckle.

Some of the Tammoset Argonauts, it may be said, were lukewarm on the subject of the dam, which they rarely had occasion to pass, and they were inclined to make fun of Mr. Web Foote, of Dempford.

"Our worthy Commodore," the speaker began in high-keyed, oratorical tones of voice, "has made a novel suggestion. He has enlightened us on one point. I thank him for it."

This complimentary form of phrase would have surprised his followers but for the sarcastic emphasis with which the short, sharp sentences were uttered.

"I am sure," he went on, his oratory increasing in shrillness and vehemence, "it never would have occurred to one of us humble members of the club that we owe sympathy and friendship to the owners of the dam, instead of opposition. We have no right to go up and down the river in our boats; or, if we have, we ought to give it away to these honest, upright, dearly beloved strangers."

There was a laugh of approval, while a cloud of impatience darkened the Commodore's face.

"They have come here to carry on a business of vast importance. I hear they make dolls' carriages, for one thing. The world can't do without dolls' carriages. The world is suffering for the want of dolls' carriages. Europe stretches out its arms to America,"—Mr. Web Foote tossed back his hair and extended his own small members to illustrate the attitude of Europe in that dramatic particular,—"*and beseeches us for dolls' carriages. And, of course, only the Tinkham Brothers' dolls' carriages will do.*"

Shouts of laughter greeted this part of the speech, but no smile broke through the cloud on Lew Bartland's face.

"We have been laboring under a great mistake, gentlemen of the club. The river was n't made for us common folks. It is not a natural highway. No boat has any right upon it; but the fresh water comes down, and the tides ebb and flow, solely for the benefit of the mill and its precious proprietors."

Cries of "Good! good!" with a noisy stamping of feet on the new floor.

"Of course, there 's no other place in the world where they can get a living. But if we want to boat up and down a river, why don't we go to some other river? There are plenty of rivers in the world! What are we dallying around here for?"

Amidst the general laughter, even the Commodore had to smile, Web's mock argument was so amusingly absurd.

"There are five or six boys of them, I hear, and a widow. Think of that! A widow! There are only about forty members of this club; and what are forty miserable Argonauts, with their sisters and sweethearts, who sometimes go boating with them—what are we, with our paltry interests and pleasures, compared with those five or six makers of dolls' carriages and a widow thrown in? Of course, we are of no importance. We may as well give up our boats. And, perhaps, it would be a handsome thing to offer this boat-house, which would then be of no more use to us, to the Tinkham Brothers, as a store-house for dolls' carriages. How would you like that?"

Web Foote tossed back his hair and sat down, amidst an uproar of merriment. That having subsided a little, all eyes turned upon the Commodore, who was expected to reply.

He rose slowly to his feet, and said with simple dignity:

"The remarks we have just listened to would be highly diverting if this did not happen to be a serious subject. I am not aware that I have proposed anything so very unreasonable. Can't we imagine ourselves in the place of those young men, and then ask soberly how *we* would wish to be treated? Would *we* like to have gentlemen to deal with, or a mob? I don't propose to abandon our right to the river, by any means, and the last speaker knows as well as anybody that I do not. Is the mere question of a compromise so very absurd?"

"Yes, sir!" bellowed the voice at the window from which had come the interruptions to the Commodore's opening speech. "Yes, sir! and I'll tell you why!"

Thereupon, in through the window, from the

balcony, came the shoulders and one leg,—his head was in already,—and finally the whole burly form of the speaker, who proved to be no other than our valiant acquaintance, Milt Buzrow, of the crow-bar—the Buzrow whose father had knocked down a cow with his unarmed fist.

"There can't be no compromise!" He was a little careless with his negatives in times of excitement. "I don't care what the mill-owners 'll be willing to do, they can't do but one thing to suit us. As long as the dam, or any part of the dam, remains, it 's in our way, and it 's got to go!"

This was uttered with a gesture of the clenched fist,—which, as we have before intimated, appeared to be a very creditable copy of the cow-smiter's,—and was loudly cheered.

"Was the river made for everybody, or for only one or two, I 'd like to know?" Buzrow went on, advancing toward the middle of the floor. "If it 's only for the mill-owners, why then we 'll throw up our hand, as Web Foote says. But if the public has rights there, the public has got to stand up for its rights, and I go in for standing up for 'em with a good, stiff iron bar."

This allusion to yesterday's adventure produced a lively sensation.

"I broke the dam, and I 'll break it again!" Buzrow cried in a big voice, with a braggart laugh.

"Look out for bean-poles!" said one of the Tammosets.

"I don't care for their bean-poles. Lawyer Snow says we 've jest as much right to tear away that dam as we would have to break a gate put across the highway. I s'pose you know that."

As the speaker appealed to the Commodore, the Commodore quietly replied:

"I 've heard of his saying so; but I 've no doubt there are better lawyers than Snow, who would tell the other side exactly the contrary."

"Then, law or no law," cried Buzrow, "the dam has got to go. S'pose they do take up their flash-boards for us, or make other arrangements for letting our boats through, what a trouble it 's going to be, every time we get to the dam, to wait till some gate is opened, which very likely we should have to open ourselves; and then we all know how it is when water is low. Last summer Dushee shut his flash-boards after I had got through, going down, and kept back the water so my boat got aground and could n't be got off till I went and smashed 'em."

"That 's so! that 's so!" cried several voices at once.

"What I claim is," Buzrow said in conclusion, "we've got a right to the whole width of the river at all times. If the mill-owners will agree to

that, all right. It's the only compromise I will make, as long as I own a crow-bar."

Two or three violent speeches followed on the same side. Then the secretary rose. This was Charley Kent, brother of Mollie, whom we have seen. "I don't think the Commodore's position is fully understood," he said, in a modest, conciliatory way, leaning with one hand on the table. "He does n't propose to give up everything to the mill-owners, as some of the speakers assume. But the question is, shall we treat them in a gentlemanly way or in a ruffianly way? Are we a club or a mob?"

"This is the second time I 've heard that word *mob!*" cried Web Foote, springing to his diminutive legs, and wildly flinging back the hair from his brow. He threw his chest forward and his head back, much in the style of a fighting cockerel.

"When such epithets come from officers of the club,"—his voice rose to a shriek,—"*applied* to members of the club,"—he sprang forward about three feet, as if he had been going to strike his spurs into somebody,—"*I, for one, hurl them back with contempt!*"

He illustrated the hurling with his right arm thrust straight out—that is to say, diagonally upward—at the said officers, with little fist clenched, in comical contrast with that of the cow-smiter's burly son. At the same time, his left arm, also with little fist clenched, was thrust down diagonally behind, as if to balance his person—which, by the way, was now fully eight feet tall, in his own estimation, if it was an inch.

"We feel the gentleman's contempt, and are withered by it," said the Commodore, once more on his feet, and looking calmly over Web Foote's head at the back benches, until Web subsided into his seat. "Nevertheless, I stand to what I have said. Shall we appoint a committee to confer with the mill-owners, and reserve further action on the subject until our next meeting? That seems to me the only fair and honorable thing to do."

"And leave the dam there meanwhile? No, sir!" roared Milt Buzrow.

"I want a vote of the club," the Commodore insisted. "If, as a club, we are not prepared to act honorably in this and every other matter, I wish to know it, in order that I may take care of my own personal character in time."

His bearing was so manly, and his quietly earnest words carried such weight, that he now had a large majority of the Argonauts with him, as was shown by the subsequent vote. Even Web Foote, seeing how the current of popular opinion was turning, stood and was counted in favor of a committee.

Then Milt Buzrow said, "I move that Web Foote be appointed a member of that committee."



That was not what the Commodore wanted, by any means. But the motion being seconded, he put it to the vote, and it was carried.

Then the secretary moved that Commodore Lew Bartland be also appointed a member.

"Gentlemen of the club," said the Commodore, hardly trying to conceal his dissatisfaction, "I see no use at all in my serving on this committee with the member already chosen."

But as his friends insisted on voting for him, he yielded, and was chosen without a dissenting voice.

In order that both towns might be represented, a Tammoset member was then selected, and the committee was full.

After some further business was transacted, the meeting broke up harmoniously; and the cause of peace and good order seemed, for the time being, to have prevailed.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE BROWNIES' RIDE.

BY PALMER COX.



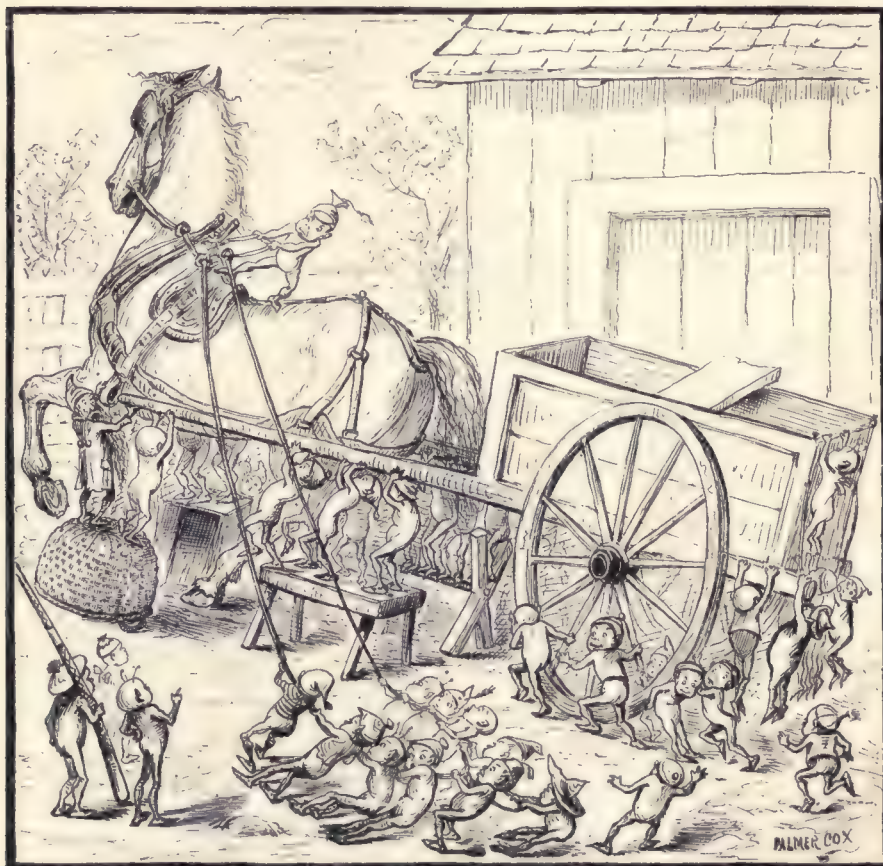
ONE night a cunning brownie band  
Was roaming through a farmer's land,  
And while the rogues went prying round,  
The farmer's mare at rest they found;

And peeping through the stable-door,  
They saw the harness that she wore:  
The whip was hanging on the wall,  
Old Mag was grinding in the stall;

The sight was tempting to the eye,  
For there the cart was standing nigh  
That Mag around the meadows hauled,  
Or to the town, as business called.

"That mare," said one, "deserves her feed—  
Believe me, she's no common breed;

So plans were laid without delay:  
The mare was dragged from oats and hay,  
The harness from the peg they drew,  
And every one to action flew.  
It was a sight one should behold  
To see them working, young and old;  
Two wrinkled elves, like leather browned,



Her grit is good: I've seen her dash  
Up yonder slope without the lash,  
Until her load—a ton of hay—  
Went bouncing in beside the bay.  
That cart," said he, "would hold the crowd—  
We're neither stuck-up, vain, nor proud.  
In that concern, old Farmer Gill  
Takes all his corn and wheat to mill;  
It must be strong, though rude and rough;  
It runs on wheels, and that's enough."

Now, brownies seldom idle stand  
When there's a chance for fun on hand.

Whose beards descended near the ground,  
Along with youngsters did their best,  
With all the ardor of the rest.

While some prepared a rein or trace,  
Another slid the bit in place;  
More buckled bands with all their might,  
Or drew the crupper good and tight.  
When every strap a buckle found,  
And every part was safe and sound,  
Then round the cart the brownies flew—  
The hardest task was yet to do.  
It often puzzles bearded men,  
Though o'er and o'er performed again.



Some held the shafts to steer them straight,  
More did their best to balance weight,  
While others showed both strength and art  
In backing Mag into the cart.  
At length the heavy job was done,  
And horse and cart moved off as one.

Now down the road the gentle steed  
Was forced to trot at greatest speed.  
A merrier crowd than journey there  
Was never seen at Dublin Fair.  
Some found a seat, while others stood,  
Or hung behind as best they could ;  
While many, strung along, astride,  
Upon the mare enjoyed the ride.

Across the flat and up the hill  
And through the woods to Warren's mill,—  
A lengthy ride, ten miles at least,—  
Without a rest they drove the beast,  
And then were loath enough to rein  
Old Mag around for home again.

Nor was the speed, returning, slow :  
The mare was more inclined to go,  
Because the feed of oats and hay  
Unfinished in her manger lay.  
So through the yard she wheeled her load  
As briskly as she took the road.  
No time remained to then undo  
The many straps so tight they drew,



The night was dark, the lucky elves  
Had all the turnpike to themselves.  
No surly keeper barred the way,  
For use of road demanding pay,  
Nor were they startled by the cry  
Of robbers shouting, "Stand or die!"

For in the east the reddening sky  
Gave warning that the sun was nigh.  
The halter rope was quickly wound  
About the nearest post they found,  
Then off they scampered, left and right,  
And disappeared at once from sight.—

When Farmer Gill that morning fair  
 Came out and viewed his jaded mare,  
 I may not here in verse repeat  
 His exclamations all complete.  
 He gnashed his teeth, and glared around,  
 And struck his fists, and stamped the ground,  
 And kicked the dog across the farm,  
 Because it failed to give alarm.  
 "I 'd give a stack of hay," he cried,  
 "To catch the rogue who stole the ride!

I have some neighbors, kind and true,  
 Who may be trusted through and through,  
 But as an offset there are some  
 Whose conscience is both deaf and dumb.  
 In all the lot who can it be  
 That had the nerve to make so free?"  
 Then mentally he called the roll  
 To pick the culprit from the whole,  
 But still awry suspicion flew—  
 Who stole the ride he never knew.

## PRISCILLA PRUE'S UMBRELLA.

BY GEORGE ADDORUS.

It was brand new, that umbrella, and a present at that. Its cover was of brown silk, and its handle of ivory, ornamented with an owl's head; and you might naturally have expected, just as Priscilla did, that it would be a very well-behaved and genteel object.

Who gave it is a secret. It was a secret even from Priscilla and Mrs. Prue; for it came by express, in a neat case of leather, inscribed in beautiful gilt letters two inches long with the name of the little girl for whom it was intended. So there could be no mistake about the matter.

But who ever heard of an umbrella in a leather case? It was very remarkable, but not the most remarkable thing about it, as you will see.

Priscilla had just politely refused to go to the bakery when the expressman arrived. I say politely, because this little girl was very proper: she never screamed ugly words in a loud tone; she never said "aint" for "is n't," nor "ketch" for "catch," as do some pretty big little girls I know of; her answer to her mother had been—nothing whatever. And after she had said it, she walked quickly away, not caring to prolong a conversation in which she might forget her good manners if she said more. Then the express arrived. About fifteen minutes later she walked into her mother's presence, arrayed in a clean white dress and her best blue sash, pulling on her gloves. Mrs. Prue never knew that a half-hour ago Priscilla had no idea of going on her errand. She was a very absent-minded, good-natured lady, and never disturbed as long as her daughter was quite attentive to her behavior and showed no temper.

You and I know there is no use in having a fine, new umbrella, nor anything else fine and new, if other people can't see and admire it

too; and Priscilla, like a well-bred and generous little girl, took her present in hand, and started off to gratify all her friends and acquaintances by the sight of it. She stepped daintily along the main street of the town, holding it above her head as a sunshade; her little breast was throbbing with pleasure at the glances of evident surprise and admiration she saw every passer give her (but of which, between you and me, she was more conscious than any one else), when a hoarse, mocking voice cried out over her head: "Ha, ha, ha! Oh, my! what a fine miss!"

This insult was too much for any one to bear without a flush of anger, but what followed was worse, and not to be borne without an indignant and haughty look darted straight at the offender.

"Does it rain to-day, my dear? Does it, *does it*, DOES IT? Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha! *What* a sell!"

Pris, in spite of herself, did hastily what was natural to do, as I said above; the glance, dreadful as it was, fell harmlessly on bricked walls and bowed window-blinds. But that umbrella had its own affairs, not quite so harmless, to attend to at just that moment. The neat little japanned end, so suddenly lowered and righted, nimbly lifted, and carried with it the hat of a stout, elderly gentleman who was puffing by in great haste. With a bewildered and terrified countenance, he clapped his hands to his head and stopped, staring wildly.

Down the street, at this very moment, came jauntily a frolicksome high wind, and as Priscilla's grasp, in her consternation and dismay, was uncertain, it just picked up, as it went by, the umbrella and the elderly gentleman's hat together, and on they went in company, rollicking, rolling, jumping, in the best humor imaginable. For a



moment the elderly gentleman stood holding his head, persuaded, no doubt, that that would go next; then, with great determination, he gave chase. He made sudden darts into the street, stooped cautiously to pick up what was no longer under his hand, but, by this time, careering madly in the gutter, with little hops and skips, as if it had legs, too, and pretty nimble ones at that. Now he tried another tactic. By hard running, the elderly gentleman got before the hat, the umbrella, and the wind, and laid in ambush at the corner. He looked so very wise and triumphant, this dear old fellow, who had not given one unkind glance to Pris, as he set his feet firmly apart, bent a little, and held his arms out, ready for a plunge and a grasp.

I dare say he would have caught it had it not been for that wicked umbrella. It took the opportunity, just as the hat came along, bowling smoothly on its rim, to fly above the elderly gentleman's head, settle on it, and shut up. It is true you could see nothing but his legs, now that this, big extinguisher topped him, but those were very mad legs, as they quivered convulsively together, and the hat serenely bowled away on the other side.

And all this time what was poor little Pris doing? She could not join in the roar of laughter that went up from the street. It was her umbrella which had done all the mischief. She had been running wildly in pursuit, but how dare she claim it now? She was afraid the elderly gentleman would hand her over to M. P. No. 3,—who had brought him out of the brown silk flaps with a prompt and efficient hand,—and M. P. No. 3 would consign her to jail forthwith. She stood trembling and eying her possession, afraid to go away, afraid to stand still, when this blue-coated official turned about, with the umbrella in his hand.

"Is this yours, little girl?" he asked. And Priscilla was astonished to hear such a terrible person use such ordinary words with such a kind voice. Indeed, when he gave it to her, he patted her on the head with the very hand that he used for collaring thieves and pickpockets, and she walked away in such a hurry and tremor that she forgot to stop and see whether the elderly gentleman got his hat, or whether he went on chasing it to the end of time and the edge of the world.

Now, such a trial as this could not befall Priscilla Prue without raising some searching questions and shamefaced answers in her breast. She was suddenly conscious that, as she had walked along the broad street a while ago, she had indulged in many comparisons between herself and other little girls: how much prettier she was

than Jennie Flatface; how much better behaved than Tillie Tomboy; how much more polite than Molly Stuckup; how much better dressed than Theresa Nopurse. She had passed over in her mind little gossiping stories about them all, thinking, with great satisfaction, no one could say such things of her—as if every one in this wide world of ours is not at the mercy of the kind or unkind judgment of his slightest acquaintance!

What humbling, mortifying thoughts crowded now on Miss Priscilla's mind I shall not take upon myself to state, but one of these, that rose straight from out the others, must be written down to complete this tale. This mysterious gift which she held in her hand had brought her nothing but sorrow and shame; such great misfortunes had never happened to her in her life before; and she believed—yes, she believed, as the wise old owl's eyes stared at her with a dull grin—as long as it staid by her these misfortunes would never cease. At least, it would remind her forever of this day's shame and bitter thoughts.

She turned off into a narrow street that by and by became a lane, and wandered down to the river, which babbled loudly here, but ran slowly and silently beyond by the factories.

"You need n't stare with your awful round eyes at me," whispered Pris angrily to the owl's head, though she trembled when she said it, lest it should open its cross-looking beak and reply, "Nothing is going to save you, no, nothing!"

And saying this, and seeing no one around, she threw the umbrella far out on the stream. I am sorry to say her little feet, unsteadied by her violent action, slipped on the treacherous bank where she stood, and slipped and slipped, faster and faster, as she clutched at the yielding grass and weeds on her way. The cold water was at hand, and a sobbing, frightened cry had gone from out her lips, when a great arm—it seemed the length of the factory chimney to Pris—came out of the tanglewood, clutched her shoulder, and drew her up to dry land and safety.

"Why did n't you holler?" asked her preserver, a long-limbed youth, whose fishing-rod and basket on the ground told plainly what he was about by the river. "I'd have stopped you sooner. I just turned my head about a second, after you gave that plucky fling, and I did n't know what you were up to when your hat went sliding out of sight."

He might have added that he had considered her entire conduct as altogether erratic and mystifying, for there was a jolly twinkle in his eye, but he listened, instead, with great gravity to Priscilla's proper if agitated thanks.

"Why, you need n't thank me," he returned.

"I could n't see you drown, you know. Hello! you are not running away?" for Priscilla was beginning to edge off with her head down. "There is the umbrella yet; don't you see it sticking in the bushes across stream? Just wait a second—there is a ford a couple of yards above. I'll go over and rescue your gallant companion."

So, very kindly—for he was a great, big young man of eighteen—encouraging the little girl, who he saw was struggling to keep back her tears, he sprang through the bushes. Priscilla peered across the water, oh, that horrid owl! She was sure, as it stuck its pert head between the green leaves, it ogled her with a worse stare than ever. Take that dreadful thing back again? Pris turned at the thought and fled, and, I dare say, was half-way home before the astonished and good-natured fellow had made his way back to where he had left her.

Priscilla did not feel very comfortable when she saw her mother, but, however vain and foolish she might be, she was never untruthful, and told her story from beginning to end very faithfully.

"You naughty, naughty child!" said Mrs. Prue, pathetically aghast. "Of all things, to throw that elegant present away! You are so queer, Priscilla. If I thought there was the least use, I'd

send you back. But you will never have such another."

"I hope not!" said Pris. "I hate owls, and it was a particelyer awful owl, as wise as Somolon, and kept saying 'Vanity of vanities,' like the text, in my head. Did I have a fairy godmother, Mamma?" she continued, reflectively.

"Did you have a fairy godmother!" cried Mrs. Prue, and then she laughed. "Well, well, perhaps you did, you funny child."

"Then," said Pris to herself, "I believe that was an enchanted umbrella."

And she, therefore, was properly afraid of it.

The next morning, as, with a heart much lightened, Priscilla came down the stairs, that unimpressible expressman solemnly handed in a package at Mrs. Prue's front door. He said not a word, but immediately departed.

"Another umbrella!" cried Pris with a tremble, but it was n't. It was n't another—it *was the same one*. And who but the fairy godmother could have sent it back, or what mysterious change had taken place in its nature so that Miss Pris had never a vainglorious thought peeping into her mind while that sheltered her head but it suddenly shut up and quenched it, is more than Mrs. Prue, or Priscilla, or I could ever make out.

## STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS—ELEVENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

### FLEMISH ARTISTS.

AFTER the Italian painters, the Flemish artists were next in importance. Perhaps they might as well have been called Belgian artists,—for Flanders was a part of Belgium,—but as the chief schools of the early Belgian painters were in the Flemish provinces of Belgium, the terms "Flemish art" and "Flemish painters" were adopted, and the last was applied to Belgian artists even when they were not natives of Flanders.

The chief interest connected with the beginning of the Flemish school is in the fact that one of its earliest masters introduced the use of oil colors. On account of this great advance in the mechanical part of painting, there went out from this school an influence the benefits of which can not be overestimated. This influence affected the schools of the world, and though painting had reached a high point in Italy before the first steps in it were taken

in Flanders, yet this discovery of the benefit of oil colors laid the broadest foundation for the fame and greatness of the Venetian and other Italian painters who profited by it.

### HUBERT VAN EYCK.

THIS artist was the eldest of a family of painters. He was born in the small market town of Maaseyck about 1366, after which time his family removed to Ghent. He was not made a member of the Guild of Painters in Ghent until 1412, and we can give no satisfactory account of his life previous to that event, which occurred when he was forty-six years old.

From general facts which have been brought together from one source and another, it is believed that he attended to the education of his brother Jan, his sister Margaret, and his younger brother



Lambert, all of whom were painters. He devoted his best care to Jan, who was twenty years younger than himself. The elder brother instructed the younger in drawing, painting, and chemistry, for in the early days of painting this last study was thought to be necessary for an artist who used colors.

There has been much learned discussion as to which of the Van Eycks really introduced the use

But three works still exist which are attributed to Hubert van Eyck. The most important of these, and that upon which his fame rests, is a large altar-piece, which consisted of twelve separate panels. This great work was done for Judocus Vydt, and the portraits of himself and his wife make a part of the altar-piece. As it was originally arranged, it had a center-piece and double folding-doors on



PETER PAUL RUBENS—FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF. [SEE PAGE 271.]

of colors mixed with oil. The most reasonable conclusion is that Hubert used these colors, and gave his thought and study to the subject of finding better tints than had been used before; but it naturally remained for Jan to carry his brother's work to greater perfection, and he thus came to be generally known as the inventor or discoverer of the improved method.

each side of it; and when it was open, all the twelve panels could be seen.

This great collection of pictures, which was intended for the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent, was not finished when Hubert died, in 1426, and was completed by Jan, in 1432. It was so much valued that it was shown only on festival days, but after a time it was divided, and but two central panels

now remain in St. Bavon; other portions of it are in the museums of Brussels and Berlin.

Philip II., of Spain, was anxious to buy this altar-piece, and when that could not be done, he had a copy made by Michael Coxcien. That painter devoted two years to the task, and was paid four thousand florins for his work. This copy is also in separate galleries, three large figures being in the Pinakothek at Munich.

It seems very strange that so few pictures can be said to have been painted by Hubert van Eyck, for he lived to old age and must have finished many works; but such troublous times came to Belgium, and so many towns were sacked, that vast numbers of art treasures were lost and destroyed, and no doubt the pictures of Hubert van Eyck perished in this way.

No work of its time was better than the Ghent altar-piece: its composition and color were of the best then known; the figures were painted in a broad, grand style; the landscapes were admirable, and the whole was finished with the careful delicacy of a master in painting.

#### JAN VAN EYCK.

THIS artist brought the discoveries of his brother to greater perfection, and became a very famous man. It appears that the use of oils had been known to painters for a long time, in one way and another, and a dark, resinous varnish had been in use. But the Van Eycks found a way to purify the varnish and make it clear and colorless; they also mixed their colors with oil, instead of the gums and other substances which had been employed. By these means they made their pictures much richer and clearer in color than those of other painters.

Antonello da Messina, an Italian painter, happened to see a picture by Jan van Eyck, which had been sent to Naples. He immediately determined to go to Flanders to try to learn the secret of the color used in this painting. He became the pupil of Jan van Eyck, and remained near him as long as he lived. On his master's death, Antonello went to Messina, but shortly after settled in Venice, where he became very popular as a portrait-painter. The nobility flocked to him for their portraits, and everywhere his beautiful color was praised. At first, his whole manner showed the effect of his association with Jan van Eyck; but soon his Italian nature wrought a change in his style of painting, though his color remained the same.

It is said that Antonello told his secret to no one except Domenico Veneziano, his favorite pupil, who went to Florence to live, and thus made the

fame of the new mode of color known in that city. It is also said that Giovanni Bellini went to Antonello in disguise and sat for his portrait, and thus had the opportunity to watch his process and learn how he prepared his paints. But a far more reasonable story is told by the art-writer Lanzi, who says that the rulers of Venice gave Antonello a pension, in consideration of which he made his process known to all artists.

Thus you see that I had good reason for saying that the Van Eycks laid a broad foundation for the great fame of those Italians who excelled in color. These early Flemish masters first used the oil colors. Antonello learned their use from Jan van Eyck; then going to Venice, Antonello influenced the Bellini, and from them the next step brought out the perfect coloring of Giorgione and Titian, for the latter was a young man at the time of Antonello's death. It is curiously interesting thus to trace the effect of the study of Hubert van Eyck upon an art of which he knew almost nothing, and which differed so much from his own.

Let us now return to Jan van Eyck. He had a more prosperous life than his brother Hubert, for he became the favorite of royal patrons, and was rapidly advanced in fame and riches. He was not only a court artist, but an ambassador; on several occasions he executed secret missions to the satisfaction of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in whose service he was thus employed. In 1428, his patron sent him to Portugal to paint the portrait of the Princess Isabella, whom the Duke proposed to marry for his third wife. After the portrait was completed, the painter made a pleasure trip through Portugal and a part of Spain; he visited the Alhambra, and received flattering attentions wherever he paused in his journey.

Meantime, the portrait had been sent to Bruges for the inspection of the Duke; the messengers returned with an assent to the marriage, which took place by proxy, in July, and was followed by gayeties and feastings until September, when the bride, with her brothers, embarked for Belgium. A fearful storm tossed the fourteen vessels of the fleet here and there, and finally the Princess was landed in England, and did not reach Bruges until Christmas Day. Then the marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and Jan van Eyck was paid a handsome sum for his services in bringing about this happy result.

Duke Philip was fond of Jan van Eyck, and was in the habit of visiting his studio and treating him as an equal; he was also very liberal in his gifts to the painter.

The works of Jan van Eyck are to be seen in the museums of Europe. His portraits are admirable,



and his fondness for this kind of painting caused him, almost unconsciously, to give the figures in his subject-pictures the appearance of portraits. He painted well draperies and all sorts of stuffs; he loved to introduce landscapes as the background of historical pictures, and he is known to have painted one landscape with no other subject introduced. One picture by Jan van Eyck, which is in the National Gallery, London, is said to have been bought by the Princess Mary, sister of Charles V., and Governess of the Netherlands. She gave to the barber who had owned it, as the price of this work, a position worth one hundred gulden\* a year.

However, I must tell you that, important as these early Flemish pictures are in the history of Art, I do not think that they would please your taste as well as the works of the Italian masters of whom I have already written in this series of papers. The Flemish artists were far more realistic than the early Italian painters; they tried to paint objects just as they saw them, without throwing the grace of beautiful imaginations about their subjects; they lacked ideality, which is a necessity to an artist, as it is to a poet, and for this reason there was a stiffness and hardness in their pictures which we do not find in the works of Raphael or Titian.

#### QUINTIN MASSYS, OR MATSYS.

IN time the Flemish painters grew more individual, and there was a greater variety in their works. Some of them traveled in foreign countries, and thus learned to modify their manner in a measure, though their nationality was always shown in their pictures. At length a powerful artist appeared in Quintin Massys, or Matsys, who may be called the founder of the Antwerp school of painters; he was the greatest Belgian master of his time.

Quintin was born at Antwerp about 1460, and was descended from a family of painters. However, in youth he chose the trade of a blacksmith, and works in wrought-iron are shown, in Antwerp and Louvain, which are said to have been made by him. When about twenty years old, he fell in love with the young daughter of an artist. He asked her father's permission to marry her, but was refused on account of his trade, the father declaring that the daughter should marry no one but a painter.

Quintin forthwith forsook the anvil, and devoted himself to the palette and brush. We can not trace all his course, nor tell exactly by what method he proceeded; but it is certain that he became a great painter. He died, in 1529, in the Carthusian Convent at Antwerp, and was buried in the convent cemetery. A century later, Cornelius van der Gust

removed his remains, and reburied them in front of the Cathedral. One part of the inscription which commemorates his life and work declares that "Love converted the Smith into an Apelles."

Massy's greatest work was an altar-piece in three parts, which is now in the Museum of Antwerp. His manner of representing sacred subjects shows a tender earnestness which recalls the deep religious feeling of earlier painters. In his representations of the common occurrences of life he was very happy: lovers, frightful old women, misers, and money-changers grew under his brush with great truthfulness. His own portrait and that of his second wife are in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. One of his most celebrated pictures is "The Miser," at Windsor Castle. The works of Massys are seen in all the principal galleries of Europe, and those that are well worthy of notice number about seventy.

This painter may be said to have been the last artist of the period which preceded him and the first of that which followed; for from his time the Antwerp school rapidly grew in importance. Massys was followed by the Breughels, who painted scenes from every-day life with startling reality; by the Pourbuses, whose portraits, after the lapse of three centuries, are still famous; by Paul Bril and his charming landscapes; by many other important painters, whose pictures are among the art treasures of the world, and, at last, by

#### PETER PAUL RUBENS.

THIS man, who was a learned scholar and an accomplished diplomat, as well as a great painter, was born at Siegen in 1577. His father was one of the two principal magistrates of the city of Antwerp, and his mother, whose name was Mary Pypeling, belonged to a distinguished family. When the artist was born, his family had been forced to leave Antwerp on account of a civil war which was then raging; his birthday, the 29th of June, was the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, and from this circumstance he was christened with the names of the two great Apostles.

Rubens was a scholar from his early days, and his talent for drawing soon decided him to be a painter. He studied his art first in the school of Adam van Noort, where he was thoroughly trained in the first rudiments of painting; later he was four years in the studio of Otho Vænius, whose cultivated mind and taste were of great advantage to the young man.

After the death of his father, Rubens's mother returned to Antwerp, and in 1598 he was admitted a member of the Guild of Painters of that city. In

\* About forty dollars.

1600, he went to Italy, and after studying the masterpieces of Titian, and other Venetian painters, he proceeded to Mantua; here he was appointed Gentleman of the Bed-chamber by the Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga, to whom the Archduke Albert, the Governor of the Netherlands, had given him letters of recommendation.

Rubens remained two years at the court of Mantua. He then visited Venice a second time, and after his return to Mantua executed some pictures which so pleased the Duke that he sent him to Rome, to make copies of some of the most famous works in the Eternal City.

In 1605, the Duke of Mantua recalled Rubens from Rome, and soon sent him to Spain on an important political mission. Here the young artist showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him, and proved himself a skillful diplomatist; his unusual personal charms predisposed all whom he met in his favor.

After his return from Spain, Rubens went again to Rome, where he had a commission to decorate the tribune of the Church of Santa Maria, in Valicella. From Rome he proceeded to Genoa, and there found more occupation, for his fame had already reached that city. It seems a wonder that a Flemish artist should have been thus honored in Italy, and even in Rome, where so many grand and matchless works of art existed.

When Rubens had been absent from Antwerp seven years, he heard of the illness of his mother and hastened home, but too late to find her living. Soon after, in 1609, he married Isabella Brant, and built himself a house and studio; it was here that he made a large and valuable collection of objects of art of various kinds; a portion of it only was sold after his death, at private sale, for more than £20,000 sterling (\$100,000). His wife lived but seventeen years, and during this period Rubens executed a large part of the masterpieces which have made his fame world-wide, and which now hold honorable places in the finest galleries of Europe.

During the years spoken of above, Rubens had many pupils, and his studio was a hive of industry; in order to keep up his mental training, and not allow his constant occupation to lessen his intellectual vigor, he was accustomed to have some one read aloud to him while he painted. Books of poetry and history were the most pleasing to his taste, and as he could read and speak seven languages, he was acquainted with both ancient and modern authors. Doubtless these readings, and the knowledge of the affairs of the world which he gained from them, had much to do with making Rubens the accomplished ambassador which he came to be.

In 1620, Marie de Medicis sent for Rubens to

come to her in Paris; she there commissioned him to represent the history of her life in a series of twenty-one pictures. The pictures which, with the aid of his pupils, he made for the Queen of Henry IV. are now in the gallery of the Louvre. They may be described as mythological portraiture, since many of the faces in them are portraits, while the subjects represented are mythological.

In 1628, Rubens was sent to Spain on a second political mission, and while there he executed many important works. Upon his return to Flanders he was made special ambassador to England, with the object of effecting a peace between that country and his own. This he was successful in accomplishing, and became the friend of Charles I., who knighted him, as did also the King of Spain.

In 1630, Rubens was married to his second wife, Helen Fourment, a niece of his first wife, who had died four years before. Helen was but sixteen years old at the time of her marriage, and the artist was fifty-three; she bore him five children, and after his death was again married. Rubens made so many portraits of both his wives, and so often introduced them into his religious and historical pictures, that their forms and faces are familiar to all the world.

After his successful mission to England, Rubens was treated with great consideration in Flanders. Indeed, his position had been all that he could desire for many years; his society was courted by scholars, nobles, and sovereigns, even — by beautiful women and brave men. He lived in luxury, and constantly added to his collection of art objects, of which we have spoken. He now suffered much from gout, and was obliged to confine his labors to easel pictures.

Rubens died in 1640, and was buried in his private chapel in the Church of St. James. This chapel contains one of his most famous pictures, in which he is represented as St. George, his wives being Saints Martha and Magdalen; on one side is his niece, and in the midst his father, as St. Jerome, while the figure representing Time is a portrait of his grandfather. Rubens painted this picture especially for the family chapel. Above the altar there is a statue of the Virgin Mary, which the painter himself brought from Italy.

As a painter there seems to be but one adjective descriptive of Rubens: magnificent alone expresses the effect of his color. His system of leveling his subject to his style was unapproachable, though it must be confessed that he sometimes condescended to be gross or vulgar. In painting, his genius was certainly universal. The works ascribed to him number about eighteen hundred, and include historical, scriptural, and mythological subjects, portraits, animals, landscapes, and every-day life. Of





RUBENS' CHILDREN. [FROM A PAINTING BY HIMSELF.]

course, in the execution of such a number of pictures he must have been aided by his pupils, but there is something characteristic of himself in all of them.

In his style he is a strange and delightful combination of northern and southern art. His manner of painting and his arrangement of his subject are Italian; his figures, even when they represent Christ and the most holy men, are in reality German peasants, Spanish kings, or somebody else whom he has seen. He mingles in odd combination earthly princes, antique mythical personages, ancient gods, and the members of the family of Marie de Medicis, and dresses them all in the latest fashion of his time, and in the most becoming colors! And is not this very mixture magnificently strange?

However, if one would enjoy to the utmost many of the works of Rubens, he should forget the names by which they are called, and regard each figure as a separate portrait. Then his power is felt. Above all, in the picture which hangs above his tomb, forget that it represents any subject and look only for the portraits of his two wives. How charming they are! the one so brilliant and energetic, the other so shy and thoughtful—each magnificent in her own way. But if you regard it as an "Adoration of the Virgin," as it is called, it will seem as if the spirits of Fra Angelico and other holy painters stood around you, helping you to remember how the brush that is guided by faith and prayer can depict spiritual and holy subjects, and aiding you to distinguish between the work of Rubens and that of a purer type.

When one begins to speak of this artist, there is much that may be said, but I have suggested his chief characteristics and have space for no more.

His "Descent from the Cross," in the Antwerp Cathedral, is considered as his greatest work. The Company of Archers gave the order for this picture in 1611, and it was completed and put in its place three years later. The masterly composition and the elevated expression of the heads, joined to its breadth of execution and excellence of finish, make it a wonderful work.

Perhaps his most charming pictures are his representations of children; it must be that he painted them because he loved to do it. Many people regard his portraits as his best works; certainly they are beyond praise, and very numerous. A portrait of Helen Fourment walking with a page,—the famous "Chapeau de Paille,"—the two sons of Rubens, and the so-called "Four Philosophers," in the Pitti Gallery, are among the most celebrated.

His landscapes were fine, even when intended only for backgrounds, and his representations of animals were by no means less excellent than

those of many fine artists who devoted all their talent and study to those subjects alone. Thus it will be seen that it is not too much to say that his genius in painting was universal, and when we remember his other attainments and accomplishments, we can but admire this great Flemish artist, and feel that of him, as of Goldsmith's famous Schoolmaster, it might be said:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew."



THE BOY RUBENS AT HIS WORK.





## PUSSY WILLOW

OH, you pussy willow! Pretty little thing,  
Coming with the sunshine of the early spring!  
Tell me, tell me, pussy, for I want to know,  
Where it is you come from, how it is you grow?

Now, my little girlie, if you 'll look at me  
And my little sisters, I am sure you 'll see  
Tiny, tiny houses, out of which we peep  
When we first are waking from our winter's sleep.

This is where we come from. How it is we grow,

I will try, my girlie, now to let you know:  
As the days grow milder, out we put our heads,  
And we lightly move us in our little beds—  
Find the world so lovely, as we look about,  
That we each day move a little farther out;  
And when warmer breezes of the spring-time blow,

Then we little pussies all to catkins grow,

## JERRY.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

"BUY a paper, plaze! She is frozen, a'most.  
Here 's *Commercial* and *News*, and *Mail*,  
And here 's the *Express* and the *Evening Post*!  
And ivery one has a tirrible tale,—  
A shipwrick,—a murther,—a fire-alarm,—  
Whichiver ye loike;—have a paper, marm?  
Thin buy it, plaze, av this bit av a gurrul—  
She's new in the business and all av a whirrul;

We must lind her a hand," said little Jerry:  
"There's a plinty av thrade at the Fulton Ferry.

"She's wakely for nade av the tay and the toast—  
The price uv a paper—plaze, sir, buy a *Post*?  
Thru as me name it is Jeremiah,  
There 's a foine report av a dridful fire,—

And a child that 's lost,—and a smash av a train;—

Indade, sir, the paper 's just groanin' wid pain!  
Spake up, little gurrul, and don't be afraid!

I 'm schraichin' for two till I start yez in thrade.

While I yell, you can sell," said little Jerry,  
Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry.

The night was bleak, and the wind was high,  
And a hurrying crowd went shivering by;  
And some bought papers, and some bought none,  
But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on:

"Buy a *Post*, or a *News*, or a *Mail*, as you choose,  
For my arm just aches wid the weight av the news.

*Express?* Not a single one left for to-night,—  
But buy one av this little gurrul, sir,—all right.

She 's a reg'lar seller here at the ferry,  
And *I* rickomind her high," said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man.  
"The bell is ringing—I can not wait;  
Here, girl, a *Commercial* as quick as you can!  
The boat is starting—don't make me late!"  
And on through the hurrying crowd he ran,  
The wee girl following close behind,  
After the penny he could not find;  
While, with a spring through the closing gate,  
After her money bounded Jerry,  
Ragged and panting, at Fulton Ferry.

"One cent from the man in the big fur coat!  
Give me the change, or I'll stop the boat."  
Up from the deck a laugh and a cheer.  
It changed to a shuddering cry of fear  
As he bent his head for the fearful spring,  
And then,—like a wild bird on the wing,—  
Over the whirling waters swung,  
Touched the boat with his hands, and clung,  
Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried:  
"Where is that mean old man, who tried  
To steal one cent from a girl at the ferry—  
A poor little girl, with no friend but Jerry?"

Over the side went a hundred hands,  
From a hundred mouths rang forth commands:  
"Pull him in!" "Stop the boat!" "Take his  
stock!" "Let us buy  
All the papers he has!" "Send him home to  
get dry!"  
"No, indade," said the boy—"that's not w'at  
I meant;  
I doant want yer money: I want that *one cent*  
From the man in the warr'm fur coat an' hat,  
Who could shteel a cent from a gurrul like that!

Af iver he thries that game agin,  
He 'd betther take *me*, and not Margery Flynn!"  
Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry  
Rang across the Fulton Ferry.

Long ago, my youthful readers,  
Happened this that I have told;  
Long ago that sturdy newsboy  
All his daily papers sold.  
And the pluck that dared a ducking  
To set right a weak one's wrong,  
Served him well in every struggle;  
And his life, both kind and strong,



Is a blessing and a comfort  
To a world of needy boys  
Who, like him, must work in play-time  
With boot-brushes for their toys.  
But around the Fulton Ferry,  
Still the newsboys talk of Jerry.

## DORIS LEE'S FEATHER FAN.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

"AND what shall I bring you home, Dorry?" said Ned Blair, who, with Clarence Jackson, his ship-mate that was to be, was making a good-bye call on Doris Lee, their mutual girl-friend and school-fellow.

"Just what *I* was going to ask," eagerly put in Clarence, though, to tell the truth, Ned's question had but that moment suggested his own. There

had always been the least suspicion of rivalry between the two boys, and I think each secretly desired the uppermost place in pretty Doris's friendship. Both boys were to sail on the following morning, for their initial voyage, in the ship "City of New York," Blokstop, master; hence the farewell call, and the mutual inward disgust of each at finding the other present.



Now, Doris, who was a bit imaginative, had been reading, for the first time, Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"; and it suddenly occurred to her that a fan made of albatross feathers would be too sweet for anything, and charmingly appropriate for the hot days, when she might swing in her hammock under the veranda, with "Ye Rime of ye Ancient Mariner" for light reading.

I need hardly say that, as she thus expressed herself, both boys simultaneously declared their intention of doing their utmost that her wish might be gratified.

"I shall surely bring you an albatross's wing, Doris," Ned had said at parting.

"I'll bring you a pair of albatrosses in a cage," enthusiastically exclaimed Clarence, who was not quite familiar with natural history. And then Doris had said good-bye, with a kindly wish for each.

Well, at the time when my story really begins, the ship was in the latitude of Cape Horn. Neither boy had said "albatross" to the other since the voyage began; yet each had kept a sharp lookout astern, as day after day the good ship went speeding southward. "Gonies" there were, dusky "mole-mokes," Mother Cary's chickens, cape hens, and cape pigeons—most beautiful of sea-birds—in screaming abundance; but, as yet, the lone albatross for which they so anxiously watched was nowhere visible.

Ned and Clarence, as is customary in the better class of American ships, occupied the "boys' room"—a little, closet-like den in the after-end of the forward house.

It was the afternoon dog-watch, and Clarence lay in his berth, listlessly watching through the open door how the western sky was torn into strange shreds of wonderful greens and golds, the whole tinged with a dull red glow from the setting sun.

Suddenly, Ned entered rather abruptly. Throwing back his chest-lid, he began tossing his sea-clothes aside, in evident search of some missing article.

"Have you seen anything of my fishing-line, Clarence?" he asked eagerly, after a second hasty overhauling—and Clarence knew in a moment that fishing-line signified albatross.

"I have n't got it," he answered hastily, and at the same time springing from his berth, Clarence made a dive into his own sea-chest, and, fishing-line in hand, rushed to the galley for a bit of salt pork to use as bait for the beautiful bird which a hurried glance showed him was following in the ship's wake.

Further search on Ned's part proved vain. He had seen the line in his chest only the day before, and felt a vague suspicion that Clarence could, if

he chose, tell something about its sudden disappearance. But of this, of course, he had no proof, and, rather moodily, Ned returned on deck.

Clarence, in a high state of excitement, was leaning over the lee side, at the break of the quarter.

"I've got him!" he shouted. "Lend me a hand, some of you fellows!" But the sailors—with whom Clarence was not a favorite—seemed to have no hands to lend, just then. Ned thrust his deep in his trousers' pockets, and turned away. Two or three others looked grimly on, but offered no aid, even when it seemed a little uncertain which was pulling the harder—Clarence or his captive. But, by catching a turn around a pin as he shortened in the line, fathom by fathom, Clarence succeeded in drawing the bird nearer and nearer. Vainly it struggled and shrieked, and beat the water with its powerful white wings; its capture seemed certain.

It was at this moment that Captain Blokstop, having finished his supper, came on deck. One comprehensive glance, which took in the ship's course, the set of her sails, and the cloud-streaked horizon, also took in the uncomfortable situation of the albatross.

Now, Captain Blokstop, who was one of the old-time ship-masters, had a tinge of the sailor superstition which looks upon the wanton destruction of a Mother Cary's chicken or an albatross as a portent of evil. Furthermore, Clarence was no favorite with him, by reason of what the captain called his "shif'less, so'gering ways," for Clarence Jackson had not come to sea with the idea of becoming a sailor, but only to "have a good time and see life generally," as he expressed it.

"A fowl at one end and a fool at the other," muttered Captain Blokstop, in unconscious paraphrase. Walking softly to the lee rail as he spoke, he reached quietly over, and with opened knife cut the tautened line just as Clarence was bracing himself for a desperate pull! Well, the natural consequence ensued. The bird went one way, Clarence another! His head struck the deck with a thump, while the soles of his sea-boots were turned upward toward the darkening sky. The sailors laughed under their breath, Ned could not repress a smile, and something like a subdued chuckle was heard by the man at the wheel to issue from Captain Blokstop's throat, as he went below to look at the barometer.

That night, in the middle watch, it began to blow. And when it sets out to do anything of the kind around Cape Horn, it goes at it in good earnest. But though a gale, it was directly astern, and the "City of New York" was new, her sails and rigging strong. So, after the good ship had been put under proper canvas for "scudding,"

Captain Blokstrop, in a bright red Havre shirt, eruptive with large pearl buttons, stood hanging to the weather mizzen-shrouds, nodding his approval of the way his ship and things generally were going, while the organ peal of the gale thundered and shrieked through the straining rigging, and a lone albatross, with a few yards of line hanging from his beak, followed on in the ship's wake. Now, when the wind is doing its best to make sixty miles an hour, and the sea to run fifty odd feet high, there *are* more comfortable places than the main deck of a long, sharp-nosed, narrow-beam ship, particularly when she is logging something like thirteen knots.

The "City of New York" was scooping in tons upon tons of water, first over one rail, then the other, as she swept on over the tempest-tossed sea, the surges of which were dimly visible by the glimmer of a waning moon through the drifting scud overhead. The forecastle was afloat, the boys' room knee-deep in water, while the after-cabin was being "bailed out" by Wan Lung, the Chinese steward, who staggered to and fro with a mop and bucket, muttering to himself in broken Chinese.

Four bells rang out through the din of the storm, conveying to Ned the cheerful prospect of a two hours' lookout in the slings of the fore-yard, for no one could live on the top-gallant forecastle. Both boys were clinging to the weather pin-rail, and, at the summons, Ned attempted to swing himself by Clarence, who had not spoken to him since his downfall. How it really happened Ned is not sure, but, as the ship gave a roll to the leeward, Clarence was thrown heavily against him, and a great sea, boarding the vessel just under the main-yard, swept poor Ned far out, over the rail, into the seething water. Providentially, he had, shortly before, thrown aside his drenched oil-clothes and water-soaked sea-boots as uncomfortable superfluities. He got his head above water, dimly conscious of seeing the ship disappear in a cloud of darkness, and felt himself flung like a cork to the summits of great waves. He had no time to think,—fear swallowed up every other sensation,—for lo, as he struck out mechanically, something swooped down at him like a great white sea wraith! And let me tell you that a bird whose wings measure ten feet from tip to tip, whose bill is about six inches long, and whose red-rimmed eyes give it the appearance of an intoxicated demon of the marine species, is not a cheerful sight under the unpleasant circumstances in which Ned was placed.

The albatross struck at the swimming boy with clashing beak. Ned involuntarily ducked his head, and then, with perhaps a suggestion of the instinct leading drowning men to clutch at a straw, grasped wildly at the great bird's leg at the same moment.

Ned has since told me that he thinks he was a little crazed from the blows dealt him by the great pinions of the struggling bird. He dimly remembers grappling with it, after that, with a vague fancy that somehow he was Christian struggling with Apollyon, which changed to a sudden remembrance of a tussle that he once had in extreme youth with a vicious old turkey-gobbler!

But he clung to the albatross, and when, half an hour later, the "City of New York's" life-boat, steered by the second mate, reached him, boy and bird were pulled on board together, for Ned's arm was not only thrown over and about the albatross's neck, but his fingers were fairly stiffened about its windpipe. He knew nothing of the awful pull back to the ship, which lay hove to, burning a blue light, a mile to the windward—not he. Poor Ned lay face down in the boat's bottom, insensible, the salt water running from his mouth in a small stream. However, the albatross, which had undoubtedly saved his life, was more than insensible—it was dead; and when Ned staggered rather feebly on deck next morning, if you will believe me, Clarence was in the act of cutting off one of the wings for his very own!

"My line is in his mouth yet," remarked the ingenuous youth, with an agreeable smile, "and so you see, old fellow, that gives me a sort of claim to him, like a ship's iron does to a whale!"

"Your line, eh?" replied Ned, quietly; and, to Clarence's manifest confusion, Ned composedly pointed out to his room-mate a fine white thread running through its strands. They had both been bought from the same lot, and Ned had said at the time that this was the only difference between them. It is not unnatural to presume that Clarence had abstracted Ned's from his chest and placed it in his own, and in his hurry taken the wrong one. Indeed, he afterward hinted that it was done only "in fun."

But Ned was *not* magnanimous enough to share the wings with him—and I am not sure that I blame him either, under all the circumstances. And as they took no other albatross, Miss Doris is indebted to Ned for the feather fan which he had made from the wings, and which he sent to her from Melbourne, together with an account of his adventure, cut from the *Melbourne Herald*. And so, when I see her with it, I wonder if its cooling breath has not in it, not only suggestions of the salt sea, but also of the modern as well as the ancient mariner; for her boy friend is advancing rapidly in his chosen profession, and will no doubt some day be master of as fine a ship as the "City of New York."

But Clarence has left the sea in disgust. "It does n't agree with him," he says.



## THE ALBATROSS.\*

BY CELIA THAXTER.



HE spreads his wings like banners to the breeze,  
 He cleaves the air, afloat on pinions wide;  
 Leagues upon leagues, across the lonely seas,  
 He sweeps above the vast, uneasy tide.

For days together through the trackless skies,  
 Steadfast, without a quiver of his plumes,  
 Without a moment's pause for rest, he flies  
 Through dazzling sunshine and through cloudy  
 glooms.

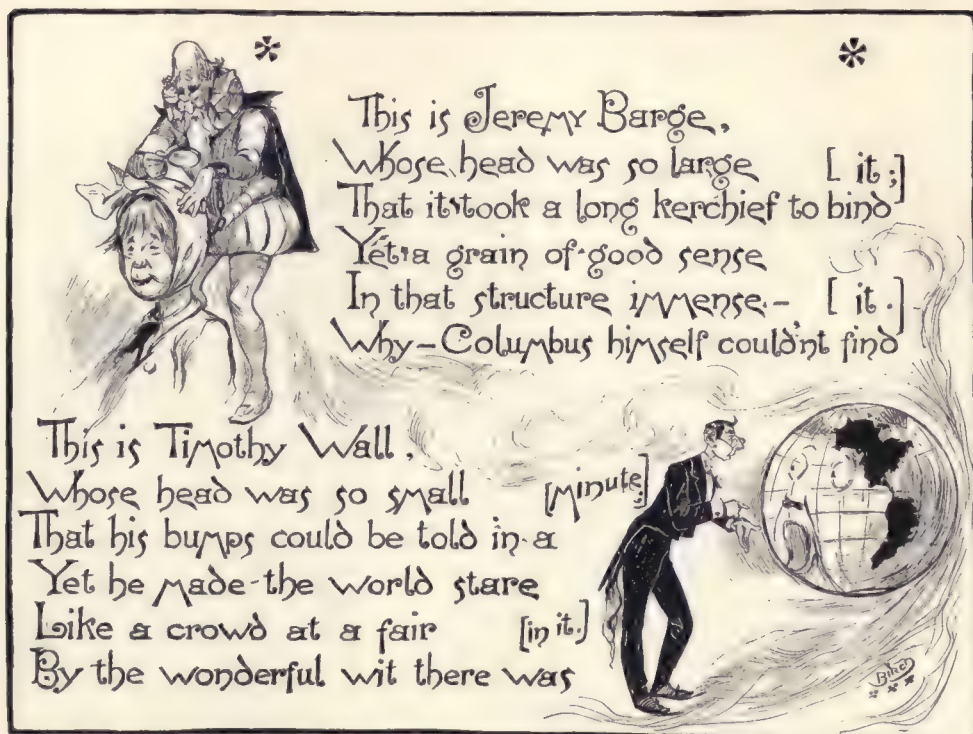
Down the green gulfs he glides, or skims the  
 foam,

Searching for booty with an eager eye,  
 Hovering aloft where the long breakers comb  
 O'er wrecks forlorn, that topple helplessly.

He loves the tempest; he is glad to see  
 The roaring gale to heaven the billows toss,  
 For strong to battle with the storm is he,  
 The mystic bird, the wandering albatross!

\* "This fine bird is possessed of wondrous powers of wing, sailing along for days together without requiring rest, hardly ever flapping its wings, merely swaying itself leisurely from side to side with extended pinions."—*Wood's Natural History*.

"How they propel themselves in the air is difficult to understand; for they scarcely ever flap their wings, but sail gracefully along, swaying from side to side, sometimes skimming the water so closely that the point of one wing dips into it, then rising up like a boomerang into the air, then descending again and flying with the wind or against it with equal facility."—*Rambles of a Naturalist*. (Cuthbert Collingwood.)



## THE TALE OF THE SUPPOSING FAMILY.

AS TOLD ME BY MY GRANDFATHER.

I AM half a Dutch boy. Grandfather is all Dutch, for he was born away over the sea in Hamburg; and so, though my name is Thomas Jefferson Adams, after Papa, I am considerably Dutch, for I look just like Grandfather Kayser. He lives with us, and I can't bear to think of his ever moving back to Hamburg. He makes me all sorts of things, tells me stories, and takes my part when the rest of the folks are down on me.

One rainy Saturday, Mamma said I must stay in the house, because my throat was sore, and as I do not take to any quiet work, and she does not like noise, I had a lonely time. In the afternoon my throat grew worse, and I got bluer and bluer, till I suppose I looked very doleful.

"What is the matter?" said Grandfather, as he came in.

"I was thinking," said I, "that if I'm not well by Monday, I shall get behind the rest of the boys,

and that, if my throat gets much worse, I may die," and then I looked very serious.

"You have an inflooinza." (Grandfather meant influenza, but you see he is Dutch.) "By to-morrow you will be much better," he added; "but it seems to me, my boy, you are threatened by a much worse disease."

"What, Grandfather?" said I, so scared I was still, and then I saw the look in his eyes that is always in them when he is down on me, and I was frightened.

He did not answer, but folded up his newspaper and invited me to go up to his room, which is a perfectly splendid place, full of books and pictures he brought from Hamburg. There is a big carved chest, in which he keeps his clothes, that is very curious, and a little sofa, as hard as a brick, on which he loves to lie. As soon as we got upstairs he took down a large, red book, with silver clasps,



which is full of writing. I do believe Grandfather made up everything in it out of his own head—he is 'cute enough to do anything. And after he had fixed me on that little sofa, he read to me the following story. Afterward, he let me copy it, word for word, out of the red book, because I never could have remembered it all as nice and smooth as it was written, and because—well, you will find out the second reason later.

Once upon a time, in the land of Somewhere, in a great castle, there lived a family by the name of Supposing. There was Sir Timothy Supposing, and his wife, Lady Supposing, and their only son, Tobias Eliakim Supposing.

The day after Sir Timothy was twenty-one,—his birthday was also his wedding-day,—he went to bed, and refused ever to get up. "I have contemplated this step a long time," he said. "The floors in the castle are draughty, and if I go out-of-doors I may be caught in the rain or get my feet wet; so that, wherever I may be, I am in constant danger of catching cold. Then, too, if I go out in the carriage, the horses may run away, or an axle may break, and if I go on Jeremiah's back, he may plunge or rear or kick, or lie down and roll over. I don't care if he is fifteen years old: an old horse is up to all sorts of tricks a colt does not think of. Life is uncertain enough in bed. With oleomargarine in the butter, and glucose in the sugar, and willow leaves and copperas in the tea, and bad ventilation, and gas from the furnace, I am in great danger even here."

His big bed was provided with all sorts of foot-warmers, and clampers to hold the clothes down, and every day his valet, January, rubbed Sir Timothy with his soft, fat hands, to stimulate his circulation and keep his liver from growing torpid. As Sir Timothy was very much afraid of being poisoned by bad air, and also of catching cold, men with all sorts of patent ventilators and furnaces to sell came to the castle every day, the procession often reaching as far as the eye could see, and Sir Timothy had every one tried, so anxious was he to secure one to his mind.

Lady Supposing was naturally of a happy disposition. Sometimes, when there had been an unusual number of patent things to try, she felt low-spirited, and thought what if Sir Timothy should not find the right sort of heating apparatus after all, and what if, with all the pains and care we take, he should die right there in his bed, and what if something should befall Tobias Eliakim? But a nap dispelled these forebodings, and then Lady Supposing would go about the castle singing—"as if," said her husband, "she never thought that anything might happen."

Tobias Eliakim was a fine-looking boy, with blue eyes and waving brown hair like his mamma. He had two tutors, an old one named Socrates Quidquodibus, who taught him Latin, Greek, mathematics, and every sort of ology, and a young one, named Apollo Bangs, who taught him music and painting. But Tobias Eliakim was always saying to himself while he studied: "What if—oh! what if I get to be just like Professor Quidquodibus, and instead of having to put spectacles over my poor, tired eyes, as he does, what if I become stone-blind from studying so many books? And what if a hump grows on my back, as there has upon his? January once told me of a man who died of consumption brought on by excessive reading. What if I should have consumption?" The only way the good professor could make him study enough to learn anything was by asking him the still more terrible question: "What if you grow up a dunce, Tobias Eliakim? and you certainly will if you do not study."

Professor Bangs, in giving him some finger exercises, unluckily told him that the composer Schumann broke one of his third fingers in his effort to make it do his will. Tobias Eliakim was off the stool in a minute. "I'll never touch the piano again!" he cried. "I should not be surprised if my fingers were injured now. They frequently feel as if they were coming off." And no amount of coaxing or scolding could make him change his mind.

One day while he was painting, the professor, who was inclined to be a philosopher, began giving him a lecture on the pigments he was using. "Everything in the world, my dear boy, has some beneficent qualities. Arsenic, now, which is such a virulent poison that it causes the most intense suffering if taken into the stomach, furnishes us this brilliant green with which I shall touch up those beech trees in the foreground of your picture," and as he spoke he squeezed some of the color on his pallet and set to work. But this ended Tobias Eliakim's painting. "I will not handle poisons," he said; "what if I should accidentally swallow a tube of that paint?" And thereafter he would study nothing but drawing.

Besides his tutors he had a dancing-master, and a fencing-master, who had also to teach him to shoot at a mark, to manage a horse, to swim, to skate, and to slide down-hill.

He did very well with the dancing, but when he attempted to fence, he was so afraid that the buttons would come off from the tips of the foils that the lessons had to be continued as best they could be with wooden swords. The first time he fired a gun, the recoil of the weapon nearly knocked him down. "What if that gun had shot off backward,—

who knows that it will always shoot off frontward,—and if I lose my head, how am I to get another?" he said. "No, Master Middlebury, I shall not use that gun again." Sir Timothy regretted his son's decision—"Because," he said, "a gentleman's education is not complete without a knowledge of fire-arms"; but Lady Supposing, who had opposed these lessons from the first, was delighted.

When Tobias Eliakim saw his teacher swim into the clear waters of the lake that lay at one side of the castle, he was eager to follow him, and ran as fast as he could to don his bathing-suit; but when Master Middlebury had led him a few steps into the water he halted. "What if I should drown?" said he. "You can't with me," laughed his teacher. "You might lose hold of me." "But I won't lose hold of you," cried vexed Master Middlebury. "But you might have the cramp, or an attack of heart disease, or paralysis, or something," persisted Tobias Eliakim, now thoroughly determined not to swim. "Take me back to the shore directly, and I will sit down and watch you."

Sir Timothy was anxious that his son should be a good swimmer. "What if, when he grows up, the King should make him an admiral, and what if, in a storm or a naval engagement, something should happen to the flag-ship? What would Tobias Eliakim do then if he could not swim?" he said to Master Middlebury, when giving him instructions as to what he wanted him to do. The poor teacher knew that Sir Timothy would blame him, and, completely out of patience, he went splashing into the lake and dived down to the bottom of it to cool his anger. He staid so long that Tobias Eliakim thought he was drowned, and ran off to the castle to get some one to rescue Master Middlebury.

The cook took a wash-boiler, the chamber-maid took the clothes-line, and the men-servants dragged along one of the brass cannon that stood by the front steps. "We'll shoot it off," said they, "and that will fetch him to the surface in a few minutes, when we can scoop him in shore by means of the wash-boiler and the rope."

When they reached the lake, they found that the cannon was not only empty, but spiked. "I remember now," said one, "Sir Timothy would never allow them to be loaded for fear they might burst, and after Tobias Eliakim was old enough to walk, he happened to think one day that the child might find a cannon-ball and some powder somewhere, and might load a cannon, and undertake to fire it off, so he ordered that they should be spiked."

Being kind-hearted men, they ran back to the castle in the hope of finding a cannon they could use, while the cook and the chamber-maid tied the

clothes-line to the wash-boiler, so as to be all ready. But they found the cannon were all spiked, and were sadly returning to the lake, when who should they see but Master Middlebury, dressed in plaid clothes and wearing a long, red neck-tie, cantering up the drive-way on old Jeremiah.

Sir Timothy was desirous that Tobias Eliakim should be an expert horseman. "If there should be a war when he grows up," he said, "the King would undoubtedly want him to command an army, and there would be times when he would have to ride; but as there is no telling what a horse may do, in giving my son lessons, I want you to always ride the horse with him, and hold the reins, so as to be near in case of accident."

Tobias Eliakim at first rode in front of Master Middlebury, but one day Jeremiah stumbled. "What if this horse should take a notion to kick his hind legs straight up?" said Tobias. "I should, no doubt, pitch over his head and break my neck." After that he rode behind, till one day, when they were going up a small hill, he noticed that under some circumstances he could slide off over the horse's tail only too easily, and then he would not ride at all.

[Note by me, T. J. A. "I think Tobias Eliakim was a perfect baby. I have been on our horse, Black Hawk, bare-back, and he rares around like a wild-cat, sometimes."]

In the winter, the lake in which Master Middlebury tried to teach Tobias Eliakim to swim was covered with firm, blue ice, which made first-rate skating, and at the back of the castle was a long hill, just the place to slide.

Tobias Eliakim had a handsome sled, the gift of his maternal grandfather, and one New Year's day, when the hill was white with snow, on which glittered a hard crust, Master Middlebury thought he would give his pupil a lesson in coasting.

Tobias Eliakim put on his fur-lined coat, his fur-lined boots, his fur cap with ear-lappits, his fur mittens, and his red muffler, which went six times about his neck. As for trousers—well, he had on three pairs. "Really, Master Middlebury, I'm going to catch cold," he said, when they had reached the hill. "I feel very creepy in my back."

"Nonsense!" cried his teacher. "Hop on that sled, and I will have you warm in two minutes." Tobias Eliakim obeyed, and Master Middlebury had stretched out one of his long legs to steer, when Tobias Eliakim cried, "What if——" But the sled was already darting down the hill, swift as an arrow flashing through the air.

"Never," he gasped when they stopped,—“never will I get on that dreadful thing again! I might have been dashed in pieces if you had failed to



steer straight, or if we had struck something." Then he did not know how to get up the hill, as he did not dare to walk up, nor to sit on the sled and let his teacher drag him up, and he was quite sure he would freeze to death if Master Middlebury left him to obtain help. So there was no alternative for Master Middlebury but to take the big fellow on his back and carry him up the hill as best he could.

The skating lessons failed, for when Tobias Eliakim felt his feet flying out from under him, he almost fainted in his teacher's arms. But, as he liked to see his teacher skate, his mamma had a small glass house built by the lake, and in it, wrapped in furs, with his feet on the stove-hearth, he watched Master Middlebury skate by the hour.

[Note by me, T. J. A. "This is the worst thing I ever heard of any boy. It does seem too tough to believe."]

Once the teachers complained to Lady Supposing. They said they felt that their efforts were almost thrown away, their pupil progressed so slowly. Lady Supposing was very much distressed, and sent for the family doctor.

As soon as he received the message, the doctor packed his saddle-bags full of his biggest pills and powders, which he kept prepared for his titled customers, put up his blisters and lancets, clambered into his chaise, and drove off to the castle without delay.

He examined Tobias Eliakim thoroughly, and asked him and his mother and teachers questions for two hours, and then gravely shook his head. "My dear madam," he said, "your son is suffering from one of the gravest maladies known to science, and one quite beyond the reach of medicine. All I can tell you about it is that it is known to the profession as 'Congenital Whatif';" and putting up his medicines and blisters and lancets, the doctor drove away.

"And what is this dreadful and incurable disease?" cried poor Lady Supposing; but though Professor Quidquodibus looked in all of his dictionaries, and studied at it with all his might, even he could not tell her. "I guess, madam," he said, moved by her distress and chagrined at his failure,—"I guess it is an affection of the mind."

Life in the castle went on very much as I have described, till Tobias Eliakim was sixteen years old. Sir Timothy continued to try all sorts of patent ventilators and furnaces, and at last a man came all the way from the shore of the straits of

Sunda, and showed him a model which he thought so perfect that he ordered a furnace and ventilator like it to be put in the castle as soon as possible. The first night it was used, the north wind was blowing at a fearful rate, and the fire in the new furnace burned so fiercely that all the great heat-pipes grew so hot, that they set on fire the wood-work of the partitions they traversed. The hall into which the family rooms opened connected with the castle by one small door, Sir Timothy having ordered the rest of the doors to be walled up. And this small door was always closed at night, and locked by six patent locks, lest the servants, or somebody, or something, should attack the family in the night. All the windows and doors in the family rooms were, for the same reason, fastened by patent locks, so, though the servants tried hard to save them, the poor Supposing family perished miserably in the flames.

Grandfather's story ends here, but when he read it to me, I asked him if that was all of the family. "Oh, no," said he. "It is a large family, having kinsfolk in all parts of the world. A second cousin succeeded to Sir Timothy's estate and rebuilt the castle."

"Is the story true, Grandfather?" said I, very anxiously.

"Yes, my boy," said Grandfather, in a queer, solemn tone.

I lay on that hard sofa a few minutes thinking, for you see I had my own notion of the way Grandfather used that word true, and why he thought a story about a boy that had the "what-if" would be good for me to hear. And after a little I said, "Grandfather, if I'll be very very good till my next birthday, and not catch any incurable disease, will you let me copy that story into my diary?"

Grandfather dreads to have me take any of his things where I use ink—I am so apt to spill it; but he said, "yes," like the dear old Grandfather that he is.

I will not say how good I was, but my birthday has passed and here is the story, and if you publish it, as I hope you will, maybe you'd better leave out that note about Black Hawk, which is confidential to you. You see I had been forbidden to enter the stable, and if he knew I had tried to ride that vicious beast, Grandfather would be down on me the worst way. Besides, I did it a good while ago. I am thirteen—going on fourteen since my last birthday.

## THE STORY OF VITEAU.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



"A SMALL WINDOW WAS OPENED."

## CHAPTER X.

A FEW days after the arrival of Louis and Jasto at the castle of Barran, the Countess found it necessary to send to Viteau for some clothing and other things which were needed by herself and her ladies, for they had brought very little with them in their hasty flight from the château.

A trusty squire—not Bernard, for he would not leave his mistress for so long a time as a day and night—was sent, with a small, but well-armed body of men, to convey to the castle the property desired by the Countess, and to give some orders to the seneschal in charge. When the party reached the château, early in the evening, the squire was greatly surprised to find that he could not enter. The gates were all closed and barred securely, and no answer came to his calls and shouts to the inmates.

At length, a small window in the principal gate was opened, and a man's head, wearing a helmet with the visor down, appeared in the square aperture.

"Which of the varlets that we left here are you?" cried the angry squire. "And what are you doing with the armor of the Countess on your rascally head? Did you not know me when I called to you, and when are you going to open this gate for us?"

"I am not any man's varlet," said the person in the helmet, "and you did not leave me here. I wear this helmet because I thought that some of your impatient men might thrust at me with a spear, or shoot an arrow at me when I should show my head. I did not know you when you called, for I never heard your voice before, and I am not going to open the gate for you at all."

The squire sat upon his horse, utterly astounded

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at this speech, while his men gathered around him, wondering what strange thing they next would hear.

"Who, then, are you?" cried the squire, when he had found his voice, "and what are you doing here?"

"I have no objection," said the other, "to make the acquaintance of any man who wants to know me, and to tell him what I do, if it be, in any way, his business. I am Michol, the captain of the good and true band of *cotereaux* who for some time past have lived in this forest, near by; and what I am doing here is this: I am dwelling in this goodly château, in peace and comfort, with my men."

The squire turned and looked at his followers.

"What think you," he said, "does all this mean? Is this a man gone crazed?"

"Not so," said the man with the helmet; "not so, my good fellow. I may have done crazy deeds in by-gone days, but this is the most sane thing I ever did in all my life. If you should care to hear the whole story, straight and true,—and I should like much to tell it to you, that you may take it to your mistress,—come closer and listen."

The squire, anxious enough to hear, rode close to the gate; the men crowded near him, and Michol, for it was really the captain of the *cotereaux*, told his story.

"I am going to make this tale a short one," he said, "so that you can remember it, and tell it clearly, all of you. When the boy, son of the Countess of Viteau, was stolen from us —"

"Stolen!" ejaculated the squire.

"Yes," said the other, "that is the word. We captured the youngster fairly on the road, and held him for fitting and suitable ransom; and before we had opportunity to acquaint his friends with his whereabouts, and with the sum demanded for him, he was basely stolen by a traitor of our company, and carried away from us, thus cheating us of what was our fair and just reward."

"Reward!" exclaimed the squire. "Reward for what?"

"For treating him well and not killing him," said Michol, coolly. "When I found out the base deed that had been done to us," he continued, "I gathered all my men, together with another band of brave fellows, who gladly joined us, and I came boldly here to demand the ransom for the boy, and the body of the wretched villain who stole him away. And when I found no boy, and no traitor, and no Countess, and no one in the whole château but an old man and some stupid varlets, I blessed my happy stars, and took possession of the whole domain.

And this I shall hold, occupy, and defend, until the Countess, its former mistress, shall send to me one hundred silver marks, together with the person of the traitor Jasto. When these shall have been fairly delivered to me, I shall surrender the château, and honorably depart, with all my men."

"You need expect nothing of that kind," cried the squire. "Count de Barran and the good knights with him, when they hear this story, will come down upon you and drive you out with all your men; and never a piece of money, gold or silver, will you gain by this deed—unless, indeed, it shall be such as you shall find here."

"I shall have my money," replied Michol; "but until I hear that my just demands are denied, I shall break no bars or locks to look for it. My men and I will live merrily on the good stores of the Countess; but while we hold this place as warranty for her son's ransom, we shall not sack or pillage. But if your lord and his knights should come to drive me out, they would find more good soldiers here than they can bring, for in times of peace we are strong, and the lords of the land are weak, unless, indeed, they keep retainers and men-at-arms for mere show and ostentation. My men are well armed, too, for the Count of Viteau kept his armory well furnished, as became a valiant knight and a leader of fighting men. So, therefore, if Barran shall come to give us foul blows, instead of fair words and just deeds, he will get blow for blow, and harder blows, methinks, than he can strike; and if it should be, by strange fortune, that he drive us out, he would drive us only from the blazing ruins of this château.\* All this I tell you, my good squire, that you may tell it to Barran and the Countess. Think you you will remember it?"

"Indeed will I," said the squire. "Such words can not easily be forgotten. But then I truly think——"

"No more of that!" interrupted Michol. "I do not care what you think. Hear, remember, and tell. That is enough for you in this matter. And, now, what brought you here? You did not come to bring word, good or bad, to me?"

"Indeed I did not," said the other, "for I knew not you were here. I came, at the command of the Countess of Viteau, to get for her certain garments and needful goods belonging to herself and ladies, which she could not, with convenience, take with her to the castle, but which, I suppose, if your tale be true, I shall go back without."

"Not so," said Michol. "I war not on fair ladies, until they themselves declare the war. You shall come in, and take away what your lady needs. That is, if you fear not to enter alone."

\* Such was the lawlessness of the times, when people had to rely on themselves for protection and defense, that a deed like the taking of this château would probably meet with no immediate punishment, unless it were inflicted by the injured owner or his friends.

These words made the squire turn pale. He was afraid to trust himself, alone, inside the walls of the château court-yard, but he was ashamed to own it—ashamed that his own men should see his fear, or that Michol should see it. And so, out of very cowardice and fear of mockery, he did a thing which was exceedingly brave, and entered by the wicket in the gate, which Michol opened for him.

Inside the court and in the château, the squire saw, as Michol was very glad to have him see, hundreds of *cotereaux*, well armed, and in a good state of discipline, and he felt sure, at last, that the tale he had been told was true.

The articles he had been sent for were all delivered to him, and properly packed by Michol's men for conveyance on the baggage-horses that had been brought for the purpose. Then the goods were carried out, and the squire was allowed to depart, without hurt or hindrance.

Provisions were sent outside the gates for the squire and his men and horses, and that night they bivouacked by the roadside.

The next morning they rode back to Barran's castle, and the squire delivered to the Countess the property he had been sent for, and told the wonderful tale that the captain of the *cotereaux* had instructed him to tell.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE news of the occupation of Viteau by a band of robbers occasioned, as well might be supposed, the greatest astonishment at the castle of Barran. At first, every one, from the lord of the castle to the lowest varlet, was loud in favor of an immediate march upon the scoundrels, with all the force that could be gathered together on the domain. But after Barran had held a consultation with the Countess, Hugo de Lannes, and the very sensible and prudent Bernard, he determined not to be too hasty in this important matter. If the story of the squire who had been sent to Viteau was true,—and there was no reason to doubt it,—it would require every fighting man on the estates of the Count de Barran to make up a force sufficiently strong to compel the *cotereaux* to leave the château; and if this force should not be large enough to completely surround and invest the place, the captain of the robbers might make good his threat of burning the château and retreating to the forest, which he could probably reach in safety, if the retreat should be made in the night.

But, even if the Count had been able to raise men enough to make a successful attack upon the *cotereaux* at Viteau, he did not wish, at this time,

to strip his castle of all its defenders. If it should be concluded that the Countess should endeavor to escape to England, a tolerably strong party might be necessary to conduct her to the coast; and if the officers of the Inquisition should appear at his gates, he would like to be there with enough men to compel at least parley and delay.

It would, also, be difficult to hold the château, after it should be taken, during this serious quarrel with the *cotereaux*. If the lady of Viteau had been at home, she might have summoned many of her vassals to her aid, but it was not to be supposed that these people would willingly risk their lives, and expose their families to the vengeance of the robbers, to defend a dwelling which its owner had deserted.

It was, therefore, determined not to attempt, at present, to disturb the *cotereaux* at Viteau, who, as long as their demand for a ransom for young Louis was not positively denied, would probably refrain from doing any serious injury to the property. When the Countess should be in safety, a force could be raised from some of the estates, and from villages in the surrounding country, to thoroughly defeat the *cotereaux* and to break up their band. Suitable arrangements then could be made to hold and defend the château until the Countess or her heirs should come back to take possession.

What was to be done for the unfortunate mother of Raymond and Louis, now became again the great question. Flight to England, which, though a Catholic country, was not under the power of the Inquisition, as were France and some of the neighboring countries, would have been immediately determined upon, had it not been for the great unwillingness of the Countess to consent to separate herself from her sons.

If she should leave France and take her children with her, her property would probably be taken possession of by the Church or the Crown; whereas, if her sons, under a proper guardian, should remain in France, the estate would be considered to belong to them, for they had done nothing to make them forfeit it; and everything could go on as usual, until the friends of the Countess should have opportunity to represent the matter to some of the high authorities of the Church. Then, if she could be released from the prosecution by the Inquisition, she could return in peace to her home.

On the day after the squire's return from Viteau, and after it had been decided to leave the *cotereaux* in possession for the present, Raymond and Louis, with Agnes, were sitting together at a window in one of the great towers of the castle, talking of the proposed journey of the Countess;



Louis had been told the reason of her flight from Viteau, and, of course, Agnes knew all about it.

"If I were the Count de Barran," said Louis, very much in earnest, "I should never make a lady, like our mother, run away to England, nor to any other savage country, to get rid of her enemies. I should fill this castle with soldiers and knights, and I'd defend her against everybody, to the last drop of my blood. Was n't Barran the brother-in-arms of our father? And is n't he bound, by all his vows, to protect our mother, when her husband is n't here on earth to do it himself?"

"You don't look at things in the right way, Louis," said Raymond. "Of course, the Count would defend our mother against all enemies, for he is a brave and true knight; but we can not say that the priests and officers of the Church are our enemies. Now, if Barran fights the people of the Inquisition, he is fighting the Church, and no Christian knight wants to do that."

"I'd like to know what an enemy is," said Louis, "if he is n't a person who wants to do you an injury; and that, it seems to me, is exactly what these Inquisition people are trying to do to our mother. I should n't care whether they belonged to the Church or not."

"Oh, yes, you would," said Raymond, "if you had taken the vows of a Christian knight. The Count will do everything he can to save our mother from these people, but he will not want to fight and slay Church officers, and his men-at-arms would not help him,—I heard Count de Lannes say that,—for whoever should do such a thing would be excommunicated by the Pope of Rome, and would be cast out from all Christian fellowship and all hope of salvation. Our mother would not let any one fight for her, when she should know that such things would happen to him."

"Bernard would fight for her," said Louis; "and so would I."

"And so would I, as well you know," said his brother, "and so would the Count and many another knight, if things came to the worst. They would not stop to think what would happen afterward. But it would be a sad thing to do. It would be much better for our mother to go away, than to put her friends in such jeopardy of their souls. I have heard all this talked about, and I know how hard a thing it is for the Count to send our mother away. But one thing is certain: when she goes, I go with her. I care not for the domain."

"And I go, too!" cried Louis. "Let the robbers and the priests divide Viteau between them. I will not let my mother go among the barbarians without me."

"The English are not barbarians," said Raymond. "There are plenty of good knights and

noble ladies at the court of King Henry, and all over the land, too, as I have read."

"I thought they must be savages," said Louis, "because they have no Inquisition. Surely, if England were a Christian land like France, there would be an Inquisition there."

Up to this time Agnes had been silent, eagerly listening to the conversation of the boys. But now she spoke:

"Louis and Raymond!" she cried. "I think it will be an awful, dreadful thing for your poor mother to go to England; I don't care what sort of a country it is, or who goes with her. Is n't there somebody who can make these people stop their wicked doings without fighting them? Can't the King do it?"

"Of course he can," cried Louis. "The King can do anything."

"Perhaps he can," said Raymond. "I spoke to my mother about that this morning, and asked her why Count de Barran did not go to the King and beseech him to inquire into this matter, and to see why one of his subjects—as good a Christian as any in the land—should be so persecuted. She said I spoke too highly of her——"

"Which you did not," cried Louis.

"Indeed, I did not," continued Raymond. "And then she told me that the mother of our King, Queen Blanche, who has more to do with the affairs of France than her son himself, does not like Barran, who, with our father, opposed her long with voice and sword, in the disputes between Burgundy and the Crown. So it is that he could not go to ask a favor of her son, for fear that it would do us more harm than good."

"But is he the only person in the world?" cried Agnes. "Why can't somebody else go? Why don't you go, Raymond, with Louis—and with me? Let us all three go! We can tell the King what has happened, as well as any one, and the Queen-Mother can not bear a grudge against any of us. Let us go! My father will not say me nay."

Louis agreed instantly to this glorious plan, and Raymond, after a moment's thought, gave it a hearty assent.

"We'll start by the dawn of day to-morrow," cried Agnes; and away she ran to ask her father if she might mount a horse, and go with Louis and Raymond to Paris, to see the King.

Strange as it may seem, this wild plan of the children was received with favor by their elders. Something must be done immediately, and the Countess must either leave France, or some powerful aid must be asked for. Measures had been taken to put the matter before some of the high officials of the Church, but it was believed that

they would first send for Brother Anselmo and the priests, and would hear their story, before interfering for the Countess; and, therefore, whatever help might be expected in this direction, would probably be much delayed and come too late.

But if the King should desire it, the matter would be instantly investigated, and that was all that the Countess and her friends intended to ask. They felt sure that if some one, more competent and less prejudiced than the two or three monks who had been incensed by their failure to answer her arguments, should examine the charges against her, it would be found that she believed nothing but what was taught by the fathers of the Church, and believed in by all good people who had read what the authors had written.

And who could go with better grace to ask the help of the King—himself young—than these three young people: two boys who would speak in behalf of their mother, and the young girl, their friend, who might be able to talk with the Queen-Mother, if there should be need of it?

Count Hugo de Lannes readily agreed to take charge of the young ambassadors, if his daughter should be one of them. He was well known in Paris, and could give them proper introduction, and guarantee their statements. Thus his assistance would be very great.

It was agreed that by dawn the next morning, just as Agnes had said, the party should start for Paris, and that, until its return, the Countess should postpone her flight from France.

And many earnest prayers were said that night, that nothing evil might happen to the Countess while her two boys should be absent from her.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE cavalcade, which started from the castle early the next morning, was a gay and lively one, for everybody seemed to think that it would soon return, with happy news.

At the head rode Count de Lannes, and, at his side, Sir Charles de Villars, a younger knight, vis-



AGNES TELLS RAYMOND AND LOUIS OF HER PLAN.



iting at the castle, who had volunteered his services to help defend the party, should it be attacked on the way.

Next came the three young people, each mounted on a small Arabian horse, from the castle stables. After them came two women, in attendance on Agnes; and then followed quite a long line of squires, pages, and men-at-arms, with servants carrying the heavy armor of the two knights, all mounted and armed.

It was calculated that the journey to Paris would take about four days, if they pressed on as fast as the strength of the horses and that of the young riders would permit; and as it was desirable to be back as soon as possible, they rode away at a good pace.

Some distance in advance of the whole party were two men-at-arms, whose duty it was, when passing through forests, or among rocks and hills, where an enemy might be concealed, to give timely notice of any signs of danger. The Count de Lannes did not expect any attack from robbers, for he felt quite sure that the *cotereaux* who had been in the neighborhood were all engaged in the occupation of Viteau.

But he did not know as much about the robber bands of Burgundy as he thought. A short time before, there had come into the country, between Barran's castle and Viteau, a company of *brabançois*—freebooters of somewhat higher order than the *cotereaux*, who generally preferred to be soldiers rather than thieves, but who, in times of peace, when no one would hire them as soldiers, banded together, stopped travelers on the highway, and robbed and stole whenever they had a chance. They were generally better armed and disciplined, and therefore more formidable, than the *cotereaux*, or the *routiers*, who were robbers of a lower order than either of the other two.

These *brabançois*, when Michol was making up his force with which to seize and hold the château of Viteau, offered to join him, but he declined their proposition, believing that he had men enough for his purpose, and not wishing, in any case, to bring into the château a body of fellows who might, at any time, refuse to obey his rule, and endeavor to take matters into their own hands.

The captain of the band of *brabançois*, when he found that he would not be allowed to take part in the ransom speculation at Viteau, moved up nearer the castle of Barran, and sent one of his men, dressed like a common varlet or servant, to take service with the Count, as an assistant in the stables and among the horses. In this occupation he would learn of the intended departure of any party from the castle, and could give his leader such information as he could manage to pick up

about the road to be taken, and the strength and richness of the company.

So it was that, on the night of the day on which the expedition to Paris was determined upon, and after orders had been given to have the necessary horses ready early the next morning, this fellow got away from the castle, and told his captain all he knew about the party—who were to go and which way they were going.

It was not likely that the company under the charge of Count de Lannes would carry much money, or valuable baggage of any sort, and, therefore, the enterprise of waylaying these people on the road did not appear very attractive to the leader of the robbers, until he heard that Louis, and Jasto, who was to go with the boy as servant, were to be of the party. Then he took a great interest in the matter. If he could capture Louis, he could interfere with Michol in getting the ransom he demanded, and so force himself, in this way, into partnership with the prudent captain of the *cotereaux*; and if he could take Jasto, of whose exploits he had heard, he felt sure that Michol would pay a moderate ransom to get possession of that traitor to his cause and his companions.

Therefore, principally to capture, if possible, these two important and perhaps profitable personages, the band of robbers set out before daylight, and took a good position for their purpose on the road to Paris.

It was nearly noon when the cavalcade of our friends entered a wide and lonely forest, where the road was thickly overgrown, on each side, with bushes and clambering vines. It was an excellent place for an ambushade, and here the *brabançois* were ambuscaded.

Count Hugo de Lannes was a prudent man, and he proceeded slowly, on entering the forest, giving orders to his scouts to be very careful in looking out for signs of concealed marauders.

He also called up the men who carried the heavy armor, and he and Sir Charles proceeded to put on their helmets and their coats of mail, so as to be ready for anything which might happen during their passage through the forest.

They were prepared none too soon, for the scouts came riding back, just as Count Hugo had exchanged his comfortable cap, or bonnet, for his iron head-covering, with the news that men were certainly concealed in the woods some hundred yards ahead.

Quickly the two knights, with the assistance of their squires, finished putting on their armor, and each hung his battle-ax at his saddle-bow. Their long swords they wore at all times when riding. Then Count Hugo, turning, gave rapid orders for the disposition of his force.

Part of the men-at-arms, all ready for battle, drew up before the young travelers, and part took their place in their rear. On either side of each of the boys, and of Agnes and her women, rode a soldier in mail, holding his shield partly over the head of his charge. Thus each of these non-combatants was protected by two shields, and by the bodies of two mail-clad men, from the arrows which might be showered upon them should a fight take place.

All these arrangements were rapidly made, for the men of the party were well-trained soldiers, and then Count Hugo and Sir Charles rode forward to see what they could see.

They saw a good deal more than they expected. As they went around a slight bend in the road, they perceived, a short distance ahead, three mounted men in armor, drawn up across the road. Behind them were a number of other men, with spears and pikes. And in the woods, on either side, were a number of archers, who, though they could not be seen, made their presence known by a flight of arrows, which rattled briskly on the armor of our two horsemen, and then fell harmlessly to the ground.

If this volley and this brave show of force were intended to intimidate the travelers, and to cause them to fall back in confusion, it did not have the desired effect.

Turning to their squires, who followed close behind them, the two knights called for their lances, and when, almost at the same instant, these trusty weapons were put into their hands, they set them in rest, and, without a moment's hesitation, charged down upon the three horsemen.

Count Hugo was an old soldier, and had been in many a battle, where, fighting on the side of the Crown, he had met in combat some of the bravest soldiers of France and many of the finest knights of England, whom King Henry III. had sent over to aid the provinces which were resisting Queen Blanche; and Sir Charles, although a younger man, had met and conquered many a stout knight in battle and in tournament.

Therefore, although the *brabançons* horsemen were good, strong soldiers, and well armed, and although all three of them put themselves in readiness to receive the charge of the knights, they could not withstand or turn aside the well-directed lances of these veteran warriors, and two of them went down at the first shock, unhorsed and helpless.

The other man, reining back his horse a little way, charged furiously on Count Hugo, who was nearest him; but the latter caught the end of his lance on his shield, and then, dropping his own lance, he seized his battle-ax, rose in his stirrups, and brought the ponderous weapon down upon

the iron-clad head of his assailant with such a tremendous whang that he rolled him off his horse at the first crack.

Upon this, both knights were attacked at once by the spearsmen and other men on foot, but so completely and strongly were the Count and Sir Charles clad in their steel mail that their opponents found no crevice or unguarded spot through which their rapidly wielded weapons could penetrate.

But the knights gave them little time to try the strength of their armor, for whirling their battle-axes over their heads, and followed by their squires, they charged through the whole body of the foot-soldiers, and then, turning, charged back again, driving the *brabançons* right and left into the woods.

Meantime, all had not been quiet in the rear. The captain of the robbers, as soon as he had seen the knights engaged with his picked men, had come out of the woods, with a strong force of his followers on foot, and had made a vigorous attack on our young travelers and their attendants.

Here the fighting was general and very lively. Arrows flew; swords, spears, and shields rattled and banged against each other; horses reared and plunged; the women screamed, the men shouted, and Raymond and Louis drew the small swords they wore, and struggled hard to throw themselves into the middle of the fight.

But this was of no use. Their mailed and mounted guardians pressed them closely on either side, and protected them from every blow and missile.

Little Agnes was as pale as marble. Every arrow, as it struck against the shields and armor about her, made her wink and start, but she sat her horse like a brave girl, and made no outcry, though her women filled the air with their screams.

There were so many of the *brabançons*, and they directed their attacks with such energy on the one point, that it seemed for a time as if they certainly must get possession of one or all of the children. Three men had pulled aside the horse of Louis's protector on the left, and others were forcing themselves between the soldier and the boy, with the evident intention of dragging the latter from his horse.

But the fight at the head of the line was over sooner than the captain of the robbers expected it would be. His men had scarcely reached Louis's side when Count Hugo and Sir Charles came charging back.

Straight down each side of the road they came. Their own men, seeing them come, drew up in a



close column along the middle of the road, and before the *brabançois* knew what was going to happen, the two knights were upon them. Standing up in their stirrups, and dealing tremendous blows with their battle-axes as they dashed along, they rode into the robbers on each side of the road, cutting them down, or making them wildly scatter into the woods. As the knights passed, some of the men-at-arms left their line and, rushing into the woods, drove their enemies completely off the field.

At least, they supposed that this was the case; but, when Count Hugo and Sir Charles had turned and had ridden back to the young people and the women, and were anxiously inquiring if any of them had been injured during the affray, a cry from Louis directed everybody's attention to a new fight, which was going on at the rear of the line.

"Jasto!" cried Louis. "They are taking Jasto!"

The boy had happened to look back, and saw his friend of the robber-camp, whose horse had been

"Help him!" cried Louis. "Don't let them take Jasto away!"

Count Hugo turned, as he heard the boy's cry, but little Agnes was close by his side, trying to get her arms around his iron neck, and several horsemen were crowded up near him, so that he could not clearly see what was going on in the rear. A few of the men-at-arms saw the affair, and rode toward the scene of the unequal contest, but Jasto would certainly have been dragged into the thicket before they could have reached him.

Sir Charles, however, was sitting on his horse, on the outside of the group around the children, and when he heard the alarm and saw the struggle, he immediately galloped to the rear. He did not know who Jasto was, but he saw that one man was contending with four others, whom he perceived, by their appearance and arms, to be members of the robber band. As he rode, he put his hand on his long sword to draw it, but he instantly saw that, if he struck at any one in that twisting and writhing knot of men,



SIR HUGO AND SIR CHARLES CHARGE THE ROBBERS.

killed, struggling on foot with four men, one of whom was the captain of the *brabançois*. They were, apparently, endeavoring to drag him into the bushes; Jasto, who was a very stout fellow, was holding back manfully, but the others were too strong for him, and were forcing him along. No one of the Count's party was near, except a few men who had charge of the baggage horses, and these were too busy with their frightened animals to take any notice of the re-appearance of some of the robbers.

he would be as likely to kill the Count's follower as one of the robbers; and so he dashed up, and seized Jasto by the collar with his mailed hand. Then, reining in his horse vigorously, he suddenly backed. The jerk he gave in this way was so powerful that it almost pulled Jasto out of the hands of his captors. He was so far released, indeed, that, had the right hand of Sir Charles been free, he would have been able to cut down the robbers.

But as he still held Jasto in his iron grasp, and

prepared to back again, the robber captain, seeing that, in a moment, his captive would be torn from him, and infuriated by the idea that he would lose everything, even the chance of some ransom money from the captain of the *cotereaux*, drew from his belt a great, heavy knife, almost as long as a sword and very broad, and with this terrible weapon aimed a blow at Jasto's head.

"Traitor!" he cried. "If I can't take you, you can take that!"

But Jasto did not take anything of the kind; for, at the instant that the robber made the blow, two arrows from the archers, who were coming up, and who saw that the only chance of saving Jasto was a quick shot, struck the robber captain in the side of the head, and the knife dropped harmlessly by Jasto's side, while the robber fell back dead. Instantly the other *brabançons* took to their heels, and Sir Charles released the red and panting Jasto.

"Heigho!" cried the knight. "Surely I can not mistake that round face and those stout legs! This must be Jasto, my old follower and man of learning! Why, good letter-writer, I knew not what had become of you, and I have often missed you sorely."

Jasto recognized his old master, and, indeed, he had recognized him as soon as he had seen him in Barran's castle, but he had not wished to make himself known, fearing that Sir Charles might interfere in some way with his plan of demanding a reward for the return of Louis. Now, he would have spoken, but he was too much exhausted and out of breath to say a word. He merely panted and bobbed his head, and tried to look grateful for his deliverance.

"No need of speaking now," said the knight, laughing. "When the breath comes back into your body, I will see you again, and hear your story. And, I doubt not, I shall soon have need to call on you to use your pen and ink for me. If we stay long in Paris, I surely shall so need you."

But now orders were given to form into line and move onward, and Sir Charles galloped up to his place by Count Hugo. The order of marching was taken up as before, and the party, leaving the dead and wounded *brabançons* to be cared for by their companions, who were doubtless hiding in the forest near by, rode cautiously on until they cleared the woods, and then they proceeded on their way as rapidly and comfortably as possible. But few of the men-at-arms had been wounded, and none seriously.

The two boys and Agnes were in high good spirits as they galloped along. Agnes was proud of her father's bravery and warlike deeds, and Ray-

mond and his brother were as excited and exultant as if they had won a victory themselves. Louis would have ridden back to see if his friend Jasto had been injured, but this was not allowed. He was told that the man was safe and sound, and had to be satisfied with that assurance.

As for Jasto himself, he rode silently among the baggage men, having been given a horse captured from the *brabançons*.

For once in his life, he was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and two things weighed upon his mind. In the midst of his struggle with the robbers, and when he had felt certain that they would overpower him and take him back to Michol, by whom he would be cruelly punished and perhaps slain, he had heard that shrill young voice calling for help for Jasto.

"And yet," he said to himself, "I am following that boy about, and keeping in his company, solely that I may, some day, have the chance of claiming pay for freeing him from the *cotereaux*, to which bad company I should have gone back this day if it had not been for him. For had he not called for help, none would have come to me. I owe him my freedom now, and as he is worth surely twice as much as I am, I will charge his friends but half the sum I had intended. And I shall think about the other half. But a poor man must not let his gratitude hinder his fortune. I shall think of that too."

"But as for Sir Charles, who has saved my life to-day, and who was ever of old a good master to me, I shall never deceive him more. I shall either tell him boldly that I can not write a letter any more than he can himself, or I shall learn to read and write. And that last is what I shall surely do, if I can find monk or clerk to teach me and he ask not more pay than I have money."

With these comforting resolutions Jasto's face brightened up, and raising his head, as if he felt like a man again, he left the company of the baggage, and rode forward among the men-at-arms.

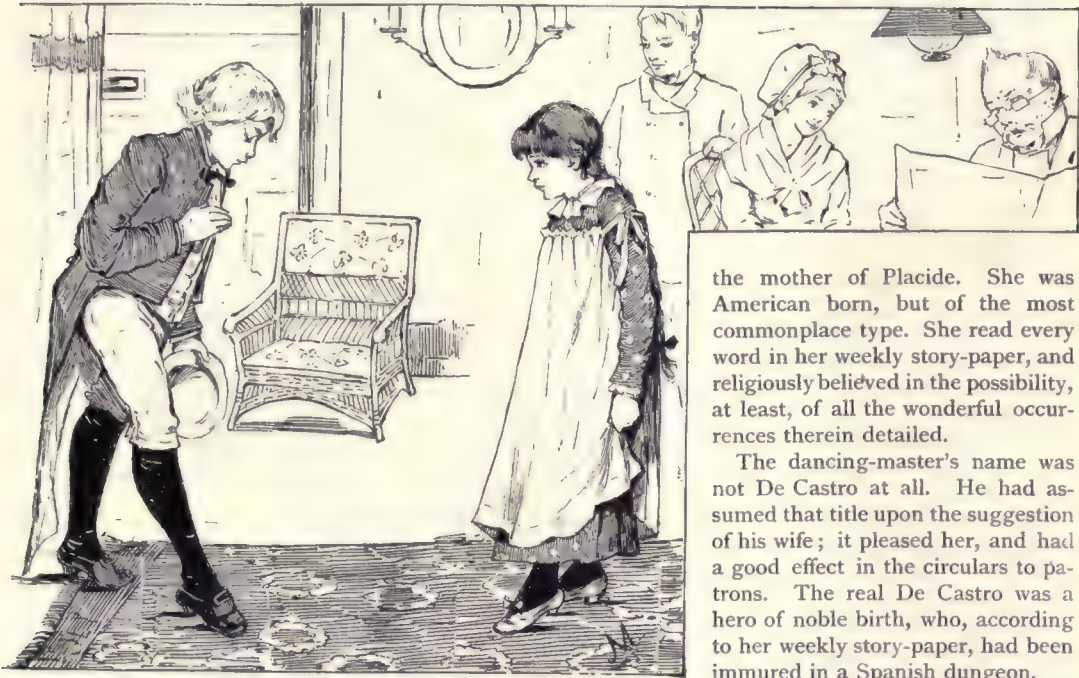
That night our travelers rested in a village, and the next day they came to the river Yonne, along the banks of which their road lay for a great part of the rest of their journey.

They passed through Sens, a large town, in which there lived a bishop, to whom their errand might have been made known, had not there been reason to fear that such an application might injure the cause of the Countess more than it would benefit it, and then they crossed the Seine and passed through Melun and several small towns and villages; and, late in the afternoon of the fourth day, they rode into Paris, with dusty clothes and tired horses, but with hearts full of hope.



## THE MISSION OF MABEL'S VALENTINE.

BY ANNA NORTH.



"PLACIDE EXECUTED HIS BOW WITH GREAT ELEGANCE." [SEE PAGE 295.]

MRS. DE CASTRO said Placide was "sure to make a rise in the world." Placide was tall for a boy of twelve, and all arms and legs. His eyes looked large in his thin, fallow face, and his thatch of light hair stood out all around like a door-mat.

The whole school made fun of the poor boy; but he took it all with a pitiful kind of smile. Nobody knew how cruelly it hurt him, nor how he longed to be friendly with his school-mates.

On entering the school-room he invariably saluted Miss Rose, the teacher, with an elaborate bow, in which he turned out his right foot, drew the other far back, and made a very deep inclination.

Though scarcely able to repress a smile while she rapped fiercely to quell the sensation this performance always excited, such a very unusual show of respect gained him rather a warm place in Miss Rose's heart, and resulted in a good deal of compensation for his social failures. Placide's father had been a little, broken-down French dancing-master, and the bow was about all he bequeathed his son, excepting a fine sense of honor and a sensitive social nature.

There was nothing French about Mrs. De Castro,

the mother of Placide. She was American born, but of the most commonplace type. She read every word in her weekly story-paper, and religiously believed in the possibility, at least, of all the wonderful occurrences therein detailed.

The dancing-master's name was not De Castro at all. He had assumed that title upon the suggestion of his wife; it pleased her, and had a good effect in the circulars to patrons. The real De Castro was a hero of noble birth, who, according to her weekly story-paper, had been immured in a Spanish dungeon.

The dancing-master was a sorrowful little man when she married him; but she took great care of him, and earned his deepest gratitude by making comfortable his declining years.

In her own fancy she made him out to have been of ancient lineage, and used to prophesy darkly over her ironing-board that there would be a "*denouement*" some of these days.

"The king was coming to his own again," she said, nowadays, in allusion to Placide's expected "rise in the world." And when it really came, it chanced that the lad owed his elevation to St. Valentine.

The shop-windows were gay with reminders of the approach of the great February holiday. The hideous caricatures styled comic valentines were considered very funny by the children; Mabel Lawrence and some of her school-mates were examining an assortment of them one morning in the bookstore. Every trade, occupation, or accomplishment, and every defect of body or mind was illustrated by uncouth figures and doggerel verse. There was something to hurt almost anybody's feelings.

"Oh, look!" cried one of the girls—"here 's 'Plaster Caster'!"

"Plaster Caster" was the popular nickname for Placide De Castro. And there *was* something suggestive of Placide in the ungainly figure, while the accompanying rhyme was to the effect that it would appear more becoming in him to assist his mother, instead of being ashamed of her, at her wash-tub earning money to pay for his fine clothes.

How the girls laughed! "We *must* send it!" they said. Mabel was the only one who had a penny, so she paid it and took the valentine. It was handed around slyly in school, and caused great merriment; the boys and girls thought it the best joke they had ever heard of.

Mabel was carried along at first by the fun of the thing, but gradually she grew more and more doubtful as to such a proceeding being quite up to the Lawrence standard. In the spelling-class, she noted the variety of fabrics represented in Placide's "fine clothes"; and on her way home, she saw him bravely putting out a line-full of clothes, apparently unmindful of the boys throwing snow-balls and inquiring the price of soap and bluing.

Mabel walked on slowly, and when she reached home, threw the cruel valentine into the kitchen fire.

She had no idea of the agony she spared Placide.

The boys and girls said it was "real mean" of her to spoil the fun. But Mabel was very lofty, and there threatened to be a quarrel.

Mabel had been looking wise ever since valentines began to be mentioned; she was planning a surprise. On the table in her room was a pile of them, very small but very pretty, in fancy envelopes, addressed to all her boy and girl friends and associates. It had occupied all her leisure time for a week to write, in a very slow and painstaking manner, on the blank pages: "Miss Mabel Lawrence presents her compliments, and will be pleased to have you spend the evening of February 14th at her home." Upon consultation with her mother, she now added another pretty valentine to the pile. It was addressed to Master Placide De Castro.

They were all sent out on the 13th. The boys judged it to be some kind of a "sell," but the girls were soon in possession of the facts, and it became generally understood that it was to be a fine affair, with scalloped oysters, frosted cakes, and many other enjoyable features.

But it was nearly a week after the party when the postmaster hailed Placide, as he was passing by, and handed him his invitation. It seemed a pity on the face of it, but no valentine ever imparted a greater degree of pure felicity than this belated one. It was a beautiful thing to happen to the sensitive, slighted, ridiculed boy, to be so remembered. He went singing and whistling about his work, the weight lifted off his heart, the

sorrowful look gone from his face, his eyes bright with hope and pleasure.

Besides, had it not been for the delay, the "rise in the world" might never have been effected.

Mrs. De Castro accounted herself strong in the usages of polite society. "Now, Placide," she said, "you must acknowledge this compliment by actin' accordin' to ettiquetty."

"Yes, ma'am," said Placide, more than willing.



PLACIDE RECEIVES THE DELAYED VALENTINE.

"Seein' you could n't attend, nor send your regrets, you must make a party call. Your best trousers are pretty good," she continued, "but I don't know about your going in that jacket. Let's see, Placide, your pa was a small man. I should n't wonder if you'd most growed into his swaller-tail coat by this time. This was your pa's dress-coat that he always wore when he went into society," she said, as she laid it out on the bed and unpinned the sheet in which it was folded.

"Now, slip in your arms and let's see how it will do." (The tails came within six inches of the floor.)

"Taint so dreadful long if it is a little loose," she said. "Coats is worn long now—gentlemen's



overcoats come clear down to their heels. It's an awful nice piece of broadcloth, Placide, and you must n't let anything happen to it!"

The white vest did pretty well by pinning up a broad plait in the back, his mother's black kid-gloves did n't wrinkle *very* much, and the shine on his shoes could n't have been improved. After being thoroughly instructed on various points, he set out to make his "party call," thinking his costume just about the thing. Fortunately, darkness protected him. Smiles strove for the mastery in Dolly's face as she ushered him into the sitting-room, announcing, "This young gentleman wants to see Miss Mabel." They were all ladies and gentlemen at Dr. Lawrence's, however. Mabel reddened, as he entered, but she arose as grave as a judge, and offered him a chair.

"This is Placide De Castro, Papa," she said to the Doctor, who eyed him through his glasses in some amazement.

Placide executed his bow with great elegance and precision, saluting in turn the Doctor, Mrs. Lawrence, and Mabel, ending up with a comprehensive *salâm* for the rest of the family.

"Please accept my respectful thanks, Miss Lawrence, for the kind invitation to your party," was his opening remark.

"I am sorry you did n't come; we had a very nice time," answered Mabel, politely.

This opened the way for his second speech.

"I should, doubtless, have enjoyed the occasion extremely, but my attendance was prevented by circumstances over which I had no control." (This sentence he had memorized from a "Complete Letter-writer.")

"Would n't your mother let you come?" asked Mabel.

Not being exactly prepared for this, he answered naturally enough. "Oh, yes, ma'am! The reason is, that I did not get the valentine till to-day."

"That was too bad!" said Mabel.

"Otherwise, I should have been present or sent my regrets," recited Placide, seeing his opportunity. When the Doctor asked him, "Are you attending school this winter?" he replied, "Yes, sir, I am pursuing my studies under the direction of Miss Rose Mayfield," and he was prepared with several other elegant replies to possible queries; but after this the conversation ran in channels unfavorable to their introduction. He particularly regretted the omission of one he had learned about rude Boreas, but no allusion whatever was made to the weather.

The Doctor was regularly captivated; the quaintness of the whole proceeding took his fancy. Politeness in "young America" was a phenomenon worth studying. Once clear of the

points of "etiquetty," he found the boy quite simple and child-like, while the thoughtfulness and intelligence of his replies pleased his questioner very much.

Not to outstay the proper limits of a call, Placide presently arose to make his adieux.

"Permit me," he said, "to apologize for trespassing upon your kind attention, and allow me to bid you good-evening."

"Come again, my boy, come again!" said the Doctor, heartily.

"Next time Mabel and the boys will teach you some of their games," said Mrs. Lawrence. Placide's eyes sparkled.

"I should like to come very much indeed!" he said. He *was* to say, "I shall be happy to do myself the honor on some future occasion," but forgot all about it in the pleasure of being actually invited; however, he recovered himself in time to bow twice in his very best manner.

There would have been a good deal of teasing about "Mabel's beau" from the boys, and the Doctor, too, if she had not run and hid her face in his arms. Then he shook his head at them.

"Really, I think it was pretty well done," said Mrs. Lawrence, joining in the general merriment.

"That must have been poor De Castro's professional coat," said the Doctor. "There is certainly something in that costume which gives an air of gentility to the wearer."

"Why—did n't you think he looked ridiculous, Papa?" asked Mabel.

"Not exactly, my dear; it looked as though he might be masquerading. There are some unusual elements of character in that boy," he went on. "I like his nerve. I doubt if another boy in the place could be induced to perform that little act of courtesy."

"Is that the style you would like Hal and me to go in for, Father?" asked Archy, demurely.

"The manifestation is a little peculiar," answered the Doctor, smiling, "but I would like to see the spirit of it in every boy in America."

One day, while his interest was still fresh, Rose Mayfield praised Placide, in his hearing, as her most ambitious pupil. "It is a pity," she said, "that he must leave school when spring opens: they are so poor it is necessary for him to earn something."

The Doctor determined to be of service to him. He really needed an office-boy,—an errand-boy,—a generally useful boy. Placide, he felt confident, was exactly the kind of boy he wanted, and so the lad was presently lifted to the topmost pinnacle of human bliss by the offer of the situation, with the privilege of pursuing his studies under direction of the tutor employed to prepare Hal

and Archie for college. And that was the "rise in the world."

Some of his boy-persecutors now took to calling him "Castor Oil," but he could look down upon them from the heights of prosperity in calm disdain. His perfect faithfulness made him a treasure to his employer from the day he entered his service. He soon began to share the Doctor's professional zeal, and became skillful in practical surgery for the benefit of all the unfortunate cats and dogs of the neighborhood.

Already his mother predicted that he would be-

come the foremost physician of the country. Nor was her prophetic fancy very wide of the mark. Certainly no one else foresaw so clearly the "denooment" of the coming years—the "denooment" that really happened, when she herself grew to live in ease and comfort, with plenty of time to read three story-papers instead of one, and Placide, grown graceful and grave and handsome, became the trusted associate of Doctor Lawrence, who had been a kind helper to him through all the years of faithful study and hard work which lay between his friendless boyhood and his well-earned reward.

## THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

BY CHARLES H. CRANDALL.



I HAVE met her many mornings  
With her basket on her arm,  
And a certain subtle charm,  
Coming not from her adornings,  
But the modest light that lies  
Deep within her shaded eyes.

And she carries naught but blessing,  
As she journeys up and down  
Through the never-heeding town,  
With her looks the ground caressing:  
Yet I know her steps are bent  
On some task of good intent.

Maiden, though you do not ask it,  
And your modest eyes may wink,  
I will tell you what I think:  
Queens might gladly bear your basket,  
If they could appear as true  
And as good and sweet as you.



# PUCK'S PRANKS; OR, GOOD FOR EVIL.

(A Juvenile Drama in One Act.)

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

Author of "The Concordance to Shakespeare," "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," etc., etc.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OBERON, King of Fairyland (*disguised as a poor man*).  
 TITANIA, Queen of Fairyland (*disguised as a poor woman*).  
 MAT, the miller.  
 JOAN, his wife.  
 PEGGY, their little girl.  
 WATTY, their baby (*a very large doll, with real curly hair*).  
 PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW, a mischievous sprite (*afterward disguised as HOB, a loutish lad*).

The scene is at MAT'S cottage, in a wood near his mill.

SCENE.—The inside of MAT'S cottage. On one side is a bed, in a recess, with coarse, checked curtains drawn before it. On the other side, the door of entrance. At the back of the stage is a lattice window strongly made. Near the window is a range of shelves, with pewter platters placed in rows along them. A wooden dresser under the shelves; on the dresser is a loaf of bread, a brown earthenware pan, a few drinking vessels, wooden spoons, and one or two wooden bowls, in one of which there is milk; beneath the dresser are various saucepans, a frying-pan, a gridiron, a kettle, etc., all very neat and bright. A fire-place toward the front of the stage, on one side, with a wood-basket, full of wood, standing near the hearth. In the center, a table with stools; and, in the corner nearest the audience, a child's arm-chair.

MAT, JOAN, PEGGY, and WATTY are seen in the room when the curtain rises.

JOAN (*seated on one of the stools, with WATTY on her lap*). Well, it's the truth, and *it is* the truth. I'll repeat it. There never was such a beautiful baby as mine! He's the finest boy, of his age, that ever was seen!

MAT (*laughing*). Of course he is! When was there ever a mother who did n't think her babby the finest ever born?

JOAN. Nonsense, Mat! But this one really is, you know.

MAT. Ah! so you said when Peggy was born; and now you've got another babby, *he's* the finest.

JOAN. Well, *he is*; he's much finer and fatter than she was. Why, he's twice as big as she ever was; that you must allow.

MAT. Yes, yes, he's bigger; but as to being rosier, or more bright-eyed, or more curly-pated, or more golden-haired, than my little Peggy here (*he pats PEGGY'S head—she is leaning against his knee as he sits*), that I can't allow.

JOAN. You never allow the plain truth in anything that's reasonable. I seldom talk reason, goodness knows; but, when I do, I think you might allow it to be true. Come, Mat, be a reasonable man, and confess that our Watty is as big a beauty as ever you set eyes on.

MAT. Well, yes, certainly; as *big* a beauty—I own he's *that*! He's a bonny, bouncing boy, as I've good reason to know, when I toss him in my arms. He is a weight, I can tell you. Here, mother, hand him over to me, that I may give him a good toss before I go to the mill, and see that everything there is safely fastened up afore night-fall.

JOAN. Nay, Mat, he does n't want a toss now—he's going off to sleep soon, I think; so I'll put him down on our bed for an evening nap, while I just go and see to the milk-pans and the churn in the dairy, before I come in and undress him ready for last thing at night.

MAT. Ay, do, wife. How comes it you had such bad luck with the churn yesterday? No butter at all, had you?

JOAN. No; I can't think how 't was. For a good hour and more I churned away, but something surely ailed the cream—it would n't yield a scrap o' butter.

MAT. Well, better luck this evening, I hope, Joan. I'm off to the mill. [He goes out.

JOAN (*rocking her baby in her arms, and lulling him off to sleep*). Hush-a-by, baby! Mother's own darling! Hush-a-by, Watty! Sleep, my beauty! I do think now he's fast as a church. (*She places him on the bed, and draws-to the checked curtains.*) Now, Peggy, Mother's other darling, behave like a lady, and sit in your little arm-chair like a queen upon her throne, and don't stir or get into harm while Mother's away (*she kisses Peggy, and places her in the child's-chair, giving her a toy-horse to play with*)—I'll soon be back again.

[JOAN goes out, shutting the cottage door after her. In a few moments the lattice-casement opens, and discovers PUCK perched on the window-sill. He is clothed in a close-fitting suit of dark brown merino, decked with moss, fern, and ivy-leaves; he has pointed, stick-up ears, and dusky, bat-like wings. He pops his head in, and looks about.

PUCK. What have we here? No one at home?  
At happy moment have I come.  
The cottage empty? No one here?  
I look, and peep, and slyly peer;  
But not a soul I see—that's clear!

[Sees PEGGY.

Ah, yes! that child—a little lass!  
She's playing with a horse, or ass!  
No matter; she's a tiny puss—  
Wont notice Puck, or make a fuss,  
Whate'er he do: so, in I jump!

[He leaps down from the sill into the room.

The child sits there, a silent lump:  
'T is all the better. Here I go!  
I laugh my merry Ho! ho! ho!  
The laugh of Robin Goodfellow.

[He snatches the pewter plates from the shelves, and flings them about among the bowls and other articles on the dresser, while he says the following:

Down, down I dash the pewter platters!  
Hark, how the metal clinks and clatters!  
The horn against the pewter batters,  
And splits itself to rents and tatters!  
The crockery against 'em shatters,  
The bowl of milk upsets and spatters!  
If spilt, the better—naught it matters:  
I love the mess; the more it scatters,  
The more my mirth: for turmoil, din,  
Are joy to PUCK; they make him grin  
Like grinning ape, that moes and chatters.  
See, see! the white milk—down it patters!

PEGGY (*watching* PUCK). Ugly boy! Bad boy!

PUCK (*seizing the utensils from beneath the dresser, and strewing them about the floor, with as much noise as possible*).

Now pots and kettles, pans, look out!  
I'm going to put you to the rout!  
Pots, pans, and kettles, fly about!  
As you clang, I'll loudly shout!  
I love to hear the merry dash,  
To see the litter and the splash,  
The smutty vessels tumble, dash  
Together in a heap, and crash.  
Oho! the housewife needs must clean  
The things that Puck has soiled, I ween;  
And Robin Goodfellow enjoys  
Whatever lazy wife annoys:  
For frolic, mischief, fun, and strife  
Are Robin's very life of life.

PEGGY (*watching* PUCK). Ugly boy! Noisy boy! Bad boy!

PUCK (*going to the wood-basket, emptying out the wood, log by log, and hurling the sticks about the floor near the hearth*).

And now to scatter all the wood—  
They'll have to make it neat and good!  
A clean-swept hearth I dearly love;  
And peasants should n't be above  
Their work of keeping tidy, all  
Around them, be it large or small.  
A sloven I can *not* abide:  
I like to see things set aside,  
And put in place, and order kept;  
The well-scrubbed floor all neatly swept,  
The boards as white as snowy sheet,  
Fit for a fairy's dainty feet.  
Therefore I strew the floor with clumps,  
That goody Joan may stir her stumps  
And pile the logs all up again,  
And strive with all her might and main  
To tidy up the twigs and sticks  
Here strewn about by Robin's tricks.  
Oh, ho! ho, ho! he laughs outright  
To see this goodly, merry sight—  
To know the vexed and wondering plight  
These good folks will be in to-night!

PEGGY. Bad boy! Bad boy! Go away!

PUCK (*snatching the toy-horse away from PEGGY, and darting off with it to the opposite side of the stage, he holds it out to her, imitating the neigh of a horse*).

Like filly foal I shrilly neigh;  
Come hither! Fetch your horse, I say!  
Come! if you're for a game of play,  
It is not Puck will say you nay.

[PEGGY shakes her head.

You wont? then you're a silly gaby.  
It is n't often that a baby  
Has chance of such a playfellow  
As mad-cap Robin Goodfellow.

[She still shakes her head, rising from her chair.  
But if you wont, you wont: your nag  
'T is true, is hardly worth the fag  
Of fetching. Let it go! I'll chuck  
It in the wood-basket, for Puck  
Avers 't is good for naught: a steed?  
Why, 't is n't even worth its feed.  
Here goes! A good-for-nothing block,  
Fit only to increase the stock  
Of logs for burning! In it goes!  
Look out, my lassy, mind your toes!

[He flings the toy-horse into the basket.

PEGGY. Oh, my horse! Bad boy! go away, go away!

[She cries.

PUCK. Oho! oho! you wish me gone?

[He beckons her back to her little arm-chair.  
Come hither; sit upon your throne,  
My pretty little red-checked maid;  
Forget the gamesome pranks I've played—



Come, sit ye down, and be at ease.  
 You 're like a cluster of sweet peas—  
 Those perking butterflies of flowers,  
 That lift their wings amid the bowers;  
 Or speedwell, with its eyes of blue  
 So shyly gazing, just like you;  
 Or opening rose, that floral queen—  
 Pink flush, with pinker flush between;  
 So fresh and fair you are, I 've seen  
 No sweeter blossom than yourself—  
 You might, for beauty, be an elf.  
 Come, sit ye down, my winsome maid;  
 Be seated, pray; be not afraid.

[She approaches; and, as she is about to sit down, he draws back the small chair suddenly.]

PEGGY (*saving herself from falling*). Bad boy! nearly had me down! go away! go away!

PUCK (*tripping on tiptoe toward the bed*).

Between these curtains I will peep.

[He peers in.]

What 's here? an infant fast asleep!  
 Bright golden curls, a cherry cheek,  
 Long, fringed lashes—all bespeak  
 A loveliness complete! What if  
 I make him source of elfin tiff  
 'Twixt King and Queen of Fairy-land,  
 And bring contention 'mid our band?  
 'T would be good sport; dull peace I hate;  
 They 've been good friends too much of  
 late.

As long ago the Indian boy  
 Was Queen Titania's favorite toy,  
 Till ta'en from her by Oberon,  
 Who set his kingly heart thereon—  
 His little henchman page to be  
 And tend upon him faithfully,—  
 So now this buxom baby-boy  
 Shall be my royal lady's joy,  
 Unless again she be beguiled  
 And forced to yield her changeling child.  
 At any rate, I 'll steal the lad—  
 'T will drive his foolish parents mad.  
 Oh, Puck loves mischief, frolic, fun!  
 One trick 's no sooner deftly done,  
 Than he another has begun;  
 And Robin Goodfellow's delight  
 Is working mortal louts despite.  
 Come, Master Baby: by your leave,  
 Out of your bed I 'll you upheave!

[He lifts WATTY up.]

These humans are a goodly weight;  
 And *this* is heavy, sure as fate!  
 But here comes some one—off I go!  
 And laugh my mocking Ho! ho! ho!

[Exit, bearing WATTY away with him.]

PEGGY. He 's gone! Bad boy 's gone! Taken Watty away!

[After a pause—Reënter JOAN.]

JOAN (*looking around her*). Why, here 's a pretty mess! What in the name of wonder 's come to the things? Platters knocked off the shelves! Bowls upset! Brown pan cracked! Pots and kettles topsy-turvey! Wood all strewed about! Why, Peggy, what in the world has been doing here? Is this the way you have behaved like a queen, and sat still, and been as good as I told you?

PEGGY. Me did n't do it. Did sit still.

JOAN. Don't tell me; you must have done it. And yet, no—you *could n't* do it; you 're not strong enough! Who did it? Tell Mother. Who 's been here?

PEGGY. Bad boy; bad, ugly boy!

JOAN. Boy! what boy?

PEGGY. Bad boy; ugly boy; made noise; took Watty away.

JOAN. What *is* the child saying? What are you talking about, Peggy?

PEGGY. 'Bout bad boy. Ugly; noisy; took away Watty.

JOAN. Bless the child! What can she mean? (*Runs to the bed; looks between the curtains, and screams.*) Watty! Watty! Oh, my beautiful baby! Watty! Watty! Oh, where is he! He 's gone! He 's gone!

PEGGY. Yes; bad boy took him.

JOAN. But, what boy?

PEGGY. Ugly boy; noisy boy; bad boy.

JOAN (*flinging herself in the seat, throwing her apron over her face, and crying bitterly*). Oh, my Watty, my Watty! my baby, my baby, my beautiful, my dear baby-boy!

[Reënter MAT; he is spattered with mud up to his knees.]

MAT. Why, Joan-woman, what 's the matter? How come you to be taking on like that? What 's gone wrong with *you*? I thought it was only me that had gone wrong, and that things had gone wrong with. I 've been lost in the fog, got in the bog, and up to my knees in mire and muck. See what a pickle I 'm in, and what a dance I 've been led! And all through a sudden mist that came on, and a wicked Will o' the Wisp that lured me by his false light all across the marsh, instead of the nighest way home. It 's well I did n't stick fast in the quagmire. But what 's the matter with *you*, my woman?

JOAN. Oh, Mat! Watty, our Watty! He 's gone! He 's lost! He 's taken away!

MAT. Taken away! Who 's taken him away?

JOAN. I don't know! I can't think! Oh, he's gone! he's lost!

MAT. It must be some mistake, wife; who should have taken him away? Are you sure he's gone?

JOAN. Too sure, too sure! He's not in the bed where I left him safe tucked up.

MAT. Are you quite sure? (*He goes to the bed, and pulls aside the curtain.*) Why, what's this? (*He lifts up a little, imp-like child,\* with green horns on its head, and dusky wings on its back.*) Look here, Joan! What on earth's this?

JOAN (*taking her apron from before her face, and giving a scream as she looks*). That! That is a monster! An imp! A fright! Ugh! Oh, how unlike my Watty! My beauty! my own baby!

MAT. I'll tell you what, Joan-woman; your going on so about the beauty of our baby-boy has put it into the fairies' heads to steal him away, and send this changeling creature instead. I've heard of such things; and mayhap it's chanced to us.

JOAN. A fairy-changeling! Oh, take it away! Put it out o' doors! I can't bear the sight of it.

MAT. Turn it out o' doors! And night soon a-coming on! No, wife, that I wont. Nor you wont, neither, I know, once you come to think of it. Here, take it in your arms, poor little object; it looks a queer little oddity enough, but it does n't look wicked, though. Look at it, mother; it's a-looking at you, as if it wanted you to cuddle it.

JOAN. Is it, Mat? (*She starts toward him; but turns away.*) But oh, my Watty! (*Sobs and cries again.*)

MAT. Well, if we've lost Watty, mother, we sha n't get him back by crying; and we sha n't get him back by being cruel to this one; and even this thing's better than no baby to love. So, come, Joan-woman, take it in your arms.

JOAN (*shudders, but puts out her arms. MAT puts the child into them, and she closes them around it, as it clings to her*). Poor little fright! It seems to like being cuddled, though it is so hideous.

MAT. Oh, you'll get used to it, and then it wont seem so hideous. Once women hug babies to 'em, they're sure to think 'em pretty.

PUCK (*outside the cottage door, and giving a heavy thump against it*). Open the door!

MAT. What's that? Who's there? Who spoke?

PUCK (*outside*). It's I—Hob.

MAT. Hob? Who's Hob?

PUCK (*outside*). I.

MAT. You? Why, you said that before. But it does n't tell me who you are.

PUCK (*thumps again*). Come and see.

MAT (*opening the door, Puck is seen standing there, with a coarse jacket and trousers over his own elfin dress, and a rough cap, with a shock of red hair, covering his impish head and stick-up ears*). Well, now I see you, you're not anything much to see, I must say.

PUCK. Aint I, though? I should n't wonder a bit. I'm only a poor lad; never been taught noth'n'.

MAT. What d'ye want here?

PUCK (*coming in*). I want a night's lodg'n', and summut to eat and drink.

MAT. You do, do you? And what makes you think you'll get 'em here?

PUCK. Don't know. Thought I'd try.

MAT. What are you?

PUCK. A ragamuffin.

MAT. So you seem. Are you a gypsy?

PUCK. P'rhaps. A tramp; a scamp. They sometimes call me a scamp. I'm starving.

MAT. Are you?

PUCK. Not a doubt about it. Give me summut good to eat.

MAT. One'd think you would n't be over-nice, if you're so hard up for feed as you say. What do you like best?

PUCK. Curds and cream; or a bowl o' milk'll do, with some good wheaten bread in it.

MAT. You are n't partic'lar, you are n't. Joan-woman, have we got anything to give this young shaver? He can't be left to starve, you know.

JOAN. As for "curds and cream," there is n't a drop o' cream to be had. When I went into the dairy, I found the milk-pans all skimmed clear—nothing to put in the churn. As for curds, there may be some of them, for I put some to set, and at all rates there's some skim-milk. I've a good mind to go and see; for this impsy here'll be glad o' some bread and milk, and there's none left in the bowl on the dresser. All upset!

MAT. No cream! All the milk skimmed! No getting any butter from the churn yesterday! Why, wife, we seem bewitched!

PUCK (*aside*). No witch, good people. Ho! ho! ho! 'T was merry Robin Goodfellow! (*Aloud.*) No cream? Well, then, a bowl o' curds, or a good mess o' bread and milk. I'm sharp-set; I'm famished!

MAT. He sha n't starve, the wretched urchin. I'll go myself to the dairy, and see for a bowl o' curds and some milk. [Exit.

\*This is to be personated by the same big baby-doll that represents Watty—its curly hair covered over by a close skull-cap of light brown merino, having green horns on it, and its body clothed in a close-fitting dress of the same merino stuff.



PUCK (*aside*). Sweet curds and whey! Sweet milk! The food that most to merry Puck seems good. (*Aloud.*) Got any nut-brown ale in the house? I should n't mind a horn-full. Or cowslip wine? A cup o' cowslip wine 's not bad, when one 's got a spark in one's throat.

JOAN. Ill-mannered brat! Who taught you such off-hand ways?

PUCK. Never was taught at all.

JOAN. Why, who was your father and mother?

PUCK. Never had any.

JOAN. Who 's taken care of you?

PUCK. Never was taken care of. Tim Tinker took me about with him; but he never took care o' me. He licked me well-nigh all day.

JOAN. Licked you?

PUCK. Ay, beat me black and blue; starved me within an inch o' my life; so at last I ran away, with the inch I had left. And here I am!

JOAN. Oh, you 're here, are you?

PUCK. Yes, I'm here.

[Reënter MAT, with a pan of curds and a bowl of milk.

MAT. I've brought you the milk and curds, wife; but a new misfortune 's happened. I found all the beer I set to work gone wrong! No harm to be seen on it yet, though it 's a good bit since I set it a-work. We 're sure bewitched, Joan!

PUCK (*aside*). No witch, good people. Ho! ho! ho! 'T was merry Robin Goodfellow. (*Aloud.*) Give us hold o' the bowl, master.

MAT. Wait a bit; the little 'un must be served first. Give it some bread and milk, mother; sop some curds in for it. I'll hand you over some bread.

[He gets some from the dresser.

JOAN (*crumbling some bread in a smaller bowl, into which MAT pours some of the milk, and she, with signs of mingled sorrow and disgust, feeds the elfin baby on her lap*). How the poppet enjoys it! Look at the little creature, Mat! How it eats!

MAT. Ay, I'll warrant it! (*Turning to PUCK.*) Now for you, youngster. Here 's the remainder o' the bowl o' milk, and a good slice o' bread to munch; and after that you can finish off with some o' the curds.

PUCK (*taking the milk, and supping it up noisily*). Ah! it 's good, though! (*He reaches over to the pan of curds, into which he dashes the wooden spoon that MAT has given him to feed himself with.*) Now for some o' the curds!

MAT. I say, young chap! That 's rather a rough way of helping yourself, that is! Where did you learn manners?

PUCK. Never learnt any. Nobody never taught me noth'n'. (*He continues to dash the spoon into the curds, and gulp down spoonful after spoonful.*)

MAT. You 're splashing over as much as you eat. Be still, you young urchin, and wait till I help you.

PUCK. Be quick, then; make haste! (*As MAT helps him to the curds, PUCK jogs his elbow, and makes him spill half.*)

MAT. I say! Mind what you 're about, you blundering chap!

JOAN. Give me some o' the curds, Mat, for little impsy here. He 'd p'raps like some as well as the bread and milk; he seems still hungry.

MAT (*giving her some of the curds*). I warrant him! Here, mother.

JOAN (*continuing to feed the child*). It sucks it in as if it thought it rare and nice! (*While she is watching the child, PUCK gets off his seat, and, passing round her, nudges her arm so that she bobs the spoon, with which she is feeding the child, against its lips.*) Drat the boy! What an awkward, rough lout it is!

MAT. Clumsy urchin! What did you do that for?

PUCK. I did n't go for to do it. She stuck out her elbow, and I knocked against it.

JOAN. P'raps he did n't mean it, Mat. He seems not to know how to do anything decently.

PUCK. No; nobody never taught me noth'n'. I told you so.

MAT. Can you do any work? What did you do to get your bread?

PUCK. Noth'n'.

JOAN. No? Poor wretch! He says the traveling tinker that took him about with him beat him and starved him, but never took any care of him, or taught him anything. Well, impsy here seems getting sleepy. I'll just lay him down on the bed and tuck him up snug. (*She puts the child on the bed, and draws the curtains.*)

PUCK (*going to the window, and looking out, he—or some concealed person in his stead—imitates the grunting of a hog, the squeaking of pigs, and the barking of a dog*). Hello! there 's the pig-sty door open, and the swine all getting out, and the dog barking after 'em like mad!

MAT. Who could have unfastened the pig-sty door?

[He runs out.

JOAN. Mat may well say we are bewitched! I do think we are!

PUCK (*aside*). No witch, good woman. Ho! ho! ho! 'T was merry Robin Goodfellow. (*Aloud, and looking from the window.*) How Master Mat is pelting away! He runs like a cockroach! (*Laughing.*)

JOAN. Why don't you run after him and try to help him?

PUCK. I help him! How am I to help? I was never taught to help. (*Still laughing.*)

JOAN. Wretched cub! What do you stick there, grinning, for? I've no patience with you. And yet I ought to, for you've never been taught better. Here! do try and learn to do something; you may help me to put by some of these things. Come here, and let's see if I can't teach you to be a little handy and helpful. *(She gives him the brown pan, that has held the curds, to put away; but he pretends to trip his foot, and lets the pan fall smash on the floor.)* Oh, you clumsy lad! You're fit for nothing! You're good for nothing!

PUCK. To be sure I aint.

JOAN. You're enough to tire the patience of Grizel herself! *(She is going to sit down on one of the stools, when PUCK draws it back suddenly, and she falls down.)* Mercy me! I've nearly broke my back!

PUCK. Oh, ho! ho! ho! See how she stumbles!

The stool pulled back, and down she tumbles!

By sun and stars, an awkward slip!

'Tis ten to one she hurts her hip!

And what care I if so it be?

To plague mankind is Robin's glee.

PEGGY. Talks sing-song! Like bad boy.

PUCK. 'Tis now high time I skip away—

I've had my fill of pranks and play.

And so I'm off, with Ho! ho! ho!

Good-bye, says Robin Goodfellow!

[He jumps through the window and exit. Reënter MAT.]

MAT. No hog! no pigs! no dog! nothing to be seen! The pig-sty shut, the kennel quiet! What can it all mean?

JOAN *(getting up from the ground)*. I've had such a fall! That clumsy vagabond of a Hob—*(Looking around, and not seeing him.)* Why, where is he?

PEGGY. Flew out o' the window.

MAT. Oh, it's too sure; we're bewitched!—that's what it is.

[A knock is heard at the cottage door.]

JOAN. Who's there? Pull the latch and come in.

[Enter OBERON and TITANIA, in patched and ragged clothes, worn over their fairy dresses.]

OBERON. Can you give a poor couple leave to rest here? We're way-worn and foot-weary, and my good wife can't hobble any farther.

JOAN *(aside to her husband)*. Oh, Mat! perhaps it's the witch, come to see the mischief she's done.

MAT *(aside to JOAN)*. No, no, wife; don't you be timorsome or fanciful. It is only a poor, tired-out couple; let's give 'em rest and food. *(Aloud, to them.)* Come along, good folk; sit ye down, and

welcome. Make yourselves at home, and rest as you like. *(He sets stools for them.)* And I'll go and get you a comfortable horn of beer, and some bread and cheese; that'll cheer you up, and help you on your way, wont it?

OBERON. Ay, ay, master. Thank ye kindly, thank ye kindly, more for my wife than myself—she's fairly tired out, poor soul!

JOAN. You find us all at sixes and sevens; nothing neat and clean as it ought to be, to sit ye down in, and make you welcome in. Our cottage has been turned topsy-turvey, as you see; and, worst of all, my pretty baby, Watty, has been stolen away; and I have n't heart to do a hand's turn at tidying up the place or anything. Oh, my Watty! my Watty! *(Flings her apron over her head and bursts out crying.)*

MAT *(going to her)*. Don't fret, don't fret, Joan-woman! I can't bear to see thee fret.

TITANIA. *(Aside to OBERON.)*

Poor folk! their grief doth touch me to the heart;

Let's comfort them, and act our oyal part  
Of gentleness and mercy: let's restore

The changeling boy, and bid them grieve no more.

OBERON. Agreed: we fairies pride ourselves on deeds

As fair and fragrant as the flowery meads.

[The tattered clothes fall from around the Fairy King and Queen, showing them in dainty robes of white, garlanded with ivy wreaths; chaplets of daisies on their heads; and wands, each tipped with a star, in their hands. MAT and JOAN turn and see them thus.]

TITANIA. Good woman, see! Within the cur-tained bed

Lies nestled safe the pretty curly head

Of your own baby, Watty. He's restored—

[JOAN rushes to the bed and brings forth WATTY, as he was at first; she covers him with kisses.]

Since good for evil, of your own accord,  
You have returned.

OBERON. Not all the mischief done  
By Puck could move you, worthy folk, to one  
Unkindness or forgetfulness of due  
Forbearance. 'Tis but fair, my friends, that  
you  
Should have your turn of goodness shown; we  
elves

Disdain to be outdone by gods themselves

In generosity. Take back your son!—

And now, our fairy interlude is done.

Remains but this, that Master Puck be made  
To render back the Good for Evil paid.



What ho! Thou knavish sprite, thou roguish  
fay!

Appear! Fly hither in a twink, I say.

[The casement opens, and PUCK is seen, dressed as at first, just alighted on the sill.

Repair the foul disorder and ill luck  
Thou hast occasioned here, thou villain Puck!  
Make cleanly all the cottage homestead space,  
Or dare not hope to have my future grace.  
Be quick, and ply thy fairy besom well,  
And shed upon the house a happy spell.

PUCK. 'T is fit my royal master be obeyed,  
And Robin's part shall faithfully be played.

[He flits hither and thither, dusting and sweeping with a brush of feathers in one hand, and in the other a broom of green twigs that he snatches up from the side scene.

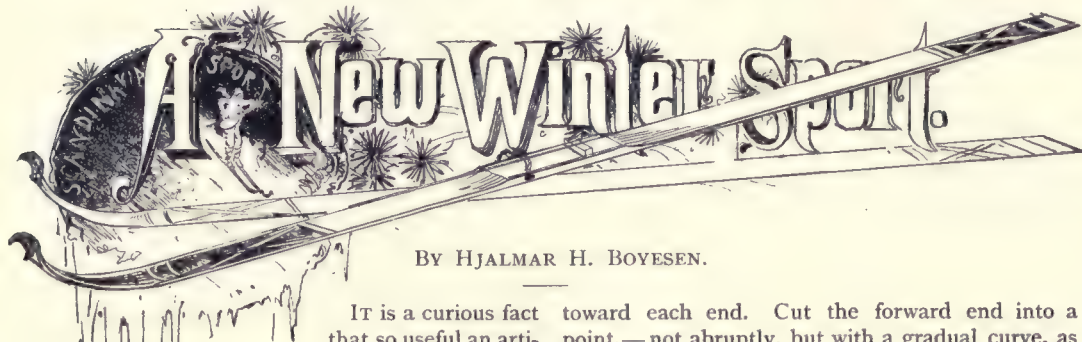
A blessing rest upon this lowly roof,  
For it has kindly been in elves' behoof.  
Since Good for Evil best of virtues ranks,  
[Comes forward.

'T is surely right, when shown to Robin's  
pranks.

[ The curtain falls. ]



## WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. II.



BY HJALMAR H. BOYSEN.

IT is a curious fact that so useful an article as the Norwegian *skees* has not been more generally introduced in the United States. In some of the Western States, notably in Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the Scandinavian population is large, the immigrants of Norse blood are beginning to teach Americans the use of their national snowshoes, and in Canada there has been an attempt made (with what success we do not know) to make skee-running popular. But the subject has by no means received the consideration which it deserves, and I am confident that I shall earn the gratitude of the great army of boys if I can teach them how to enjoy this fascinating sport.

Let me first, then, describe a *skee* and tell you how to have it made. You take a piece of tough, straight-grained pine, from five to ten feet long, and cut it down until it is about the breadth of your foot, or, at most, an inch broader. There must be no knots in the wood, and the grain must run with tolerable regularity lengthwise from end to end.

If you can not find a piece without a knot, then

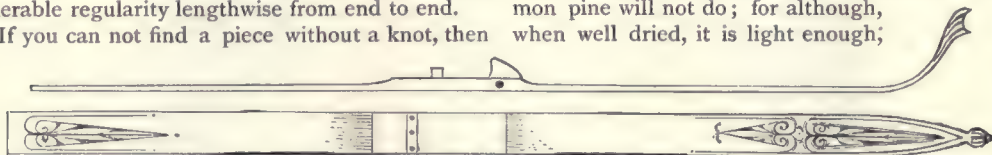
toward each end. Cut the forward end into a point,—not abruptly, but with a gradual curve, as shown in the drawings below. Pierce the middle latitudinally with a hole, about half an inch in height and an inch or (if required) more in width; then bend the forward pointed end by means of five sticks, placed as the drawing indicates, and let the *skee* remain in this position for four or five days, until its bend has become permanent, and it will no longer, on the removal of the sticks, resume the

straight line. Before doing this, however, it would be well to plane the under side of the *skee* carefully and then polish and sand-paper it, until it is as smooth as a mirror. It is, of course, of prime importance to diminish as much as possible the friction in running, and to make the *skee*



BENDING THE SKEE.

glide easily over the surface of the snow, and the Norwegians use for this purpose soft-soap, which they rub upon the under side of the *skee*, and which, I am told, has also a tendency to make the wood tougher. In fact, too much care can not be exercised in this respect, as the excellence of the *skees*, when finished, depends primarily upon the combined toughness and lightness of the wood. Common pine will not do; for although, when well dried, it is light enough;



SIDE AND FACE VIEW OF SKEES, SHOWING CAP AND KNOB.

let the knot be as near the hind end as possible; but such a *skee* is not perfect, as it is apt to break if subjected to the strain of a "jump" or a "hollow" in a swift run. The thickness of the *skee* should be about an inch or an inch and one-half in the middle, and it should gradually grow thinner

it is rarely strong enough to bear the required strain. The tree known to Norwegians as the fir (*Sylvestris pinus*), which has long, flexible needles, hanging in tassels (not evenly distributed along the branch, as in the spruce), is most commonly used, as it is tough and pitchy, but becomes light



in weight, without losing its strength, when it is well seasoned and dried. Any other strong and straight-grained wood might, perhaps, be used,

serve a similar purpose. Leather, or any other substance which is apt to stretch when getting wet, will not do for bands, although, undoubtedly, something might be contrived which might be even preferable to withes. I am only describing the *skees* as they are used in Norway — not as they might be improved in America. In the West, I am told, a good substitute for the withe-band has been found in a kind of leather cap resembling the toe of a boot. As I have never myself tried this, I dare not express an opinion about its practicability; but as it is of the utmost importance that the runner should be able to free his foot easily, I would advise every boy who tries this cap to make perfectly sure that it does not prevent him from ridding himself of the *skee* at a moment's no-



but would, I think, be liable to the objection of being too heavy.

When the *skee* has been prepared as above described, there only remains to put a double band through the middle; the Norwegians make it of twisted withes, and fit its size to the toe of the boot. If the band is too wide, so as to reach up on the instep, it is impossible to steer the *skee*, while, if it is too narrow, the foot is apt to slip out. Of these two withe-bands, one should stand up and the other lie down horizontally, so as to steady the foot and prevent it from sliding. A little knob, just in front of the heel, might

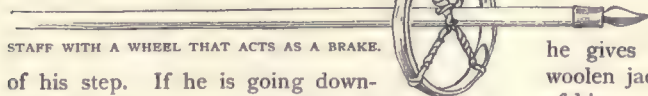
tice. The chief difficulty that the beginner has to encounter is the tendency of the *skees* to "spread,"

A SKEE-RACE. [SEE PAGE 310.]

and the only thing for him to do in such a case, provided he is running too fast to trust to his ability to get them parallel again, is to jump out of the bands and let the *skees* go. Let him take care to throw himself backward, breaking his fall by means of the staff, and in the soft snow he will sustain no injury. Whenever an accident occurs in skee-running, it can usually be traced to undue tightness of the band, which may make it difficult to withdraw the feet instantly. A pair of *skees* kept at the rooms of the American Geographical Society, New York, are provided with a safeguard against "spreading" in the shape of a slight groove running longitudinally along the under side of each *skee*. I have seen *skees* provided with two such grooves, each about an inch from the edge and meeting near the forward point.

There has, of course, to be one *skee* for each foot, and the second is an exact duplicate of the first. The upper sides of both are usually decorated, either in colors or with rude carvings; the forward ends are usually painted for about a foot, either in black or red.

Now, the reader will ask: "What advantage does this kind of snow-shoes offer over the ordinary Indian ones, which are in common use in the Western and Northern States?" Having tried both, I think I may confidently answer that the *skees* are superior, both in speed and convenience; and, moreover, they effect a great saving of strength. The force which, with the American snow-shoes, is expended in lifting the feet, is with the *skees* applied only as a propeller, for the *skee* glides, and is never lifted; and on level ground the resistance of the body in motion impels the skee-runner with each forward stride several feet beyond the length



STAFF WITH A WHEEL THAT ACTS AS A BRAKE.

of his step. If he is going downhill, his effort will naturally be to diminish rather than to increase his speed, and he carries for this purpose a strong but light staff about six feet long, upon which he may lean more or less heavily, and thereby retard the rapidity of his progress. The best skee-runners, however, take great pride in dispensing with the staff, and one often sees them in Norway rushing down the steepest hill-sides with incredible speed, with a whirling eddy of snow following in their track. Although this may be a very fine and inspiring sight, I should not recommend beginners to be too hasty in throwing away the staff, as it is only by means of it that they are able to guide their course down over the snowy slope, just as a ship is steered by its rudder. If you wish to steer

toward the right, you press your staff down into the snow on your right side, while a similar maneuver on your left side will bend your course in that direction. If you wish to test your *skees* when they are finished, put your feet into the bands, and let some one take hold of the two front ends and slowly raise them while you are standing in the bands. If they bear your weight, they are regarded as safe, and will not be likely to break in



SIDE VIEW, SHOWING FOOT IN POSITION.

critical moments. In conclusion, let me add that the length and thickness of the *skees*, as here described, are not invariable, but must vary in accordance with the size of the boy who wishes to use them. Five feet is regarded as the minimum length, and would suit a boy from twelve to fourteen years old, while a grown-up man might safely make them twice that length.

In Norway, where the woods are pathless in winter, and where heavy snows continually fall from the middle of October until the middle of April, it is easily seen how essential, nay indispensable, the *skees* must be to hunters, trappers, and lumber-men, who have to depend upon the forests for their livelihood. Therefore, one of the first accomplishments which the Norwegian boy learns, as soon as he is old enough to find his way through the parish alone, is the use of these national snow-shoes. If he wakes up one fine winter morning and sees the huge snow-banks blockading doors and windows, and a white, glittering surface extending for miles as far as his eye can reach, he gives a shout of delight, buttons his thick woolen jacket up to his chin, pulls the fur borders of his cap down over his ears, and then, having cleared a narrow path between the dwelling-house and the cow-stables, makes haste to jump into his *skees*. If it is cold (as it usually is) and the snow ac-



cordingly



UNDER SIDE AND CROSS SECTION OF SKEE, SHOWING GROOVE.

dry and crisp, he knows that it will be a splendid day for skee-running. If, on the contrary, the snow is wet and heavy, it is apt to stick in clots to the *skees*, and then the sport is attended with difficulties which are apt to spoil the amusement. We will take it for granted, however, that there



are no indications of a thaw, and we will accompany the Norse boy on his excursions over the snowy fields and through the dense pine-woods, in which he and his father spend their days in toil, not untempered with pleasure.

"Now, quick, Ola, my lad!" cries his father to him; "fetch the ax from the wood-shed and bring me my gun from the corner behind the clock, and we will see what luck we had with the fox-traps and the snares up in the birch-glen."

And Ola has no need of being asked twice to attend to such duties. His mother, in the meanwhile, has put up a luncheon, consisting of cold smoked ham and bread and butter, in a gayly painted wooden box, which Ola slings across his shoulder, while Nils, his father, sticks the ax into his girdle, and with his gun in one hand and his skee-staff in the other, emerges into the bright winter morning. They then climb up the steep snow-banks, place their *skees* upon the level surface, and put their feet into the bands. Nils gives a tremendous push with his staff and away he flies down the steep hill-side, while his little son, following close behind him, gives an Indian war-whoop, and swings his staff about his head to show how little he needs it. Whew, how fast he goes! How the cold wind sings in his ears; how the snow whirls about him, filling his eyes and ears and silvering the loose locks about his temples, until he looks like a hoary little gnome who has just stepped out from the mountain-side! But he is well used to snow and cold, and he does not mind it a bit.

In a few seconds father and son have reached the bottom of the valley, and before them is a steep incline, overgrown with leafless birch and elder forests. It is there where they have their snares, made of braided horse-hair; and, as bait, they use the red berries of the mountain ash, of which ptarmigan and thrushes are very fond. Now comes the test of their strength; but the snow is too deep and loose to wade through, and to climb a declivity on *skees* is by no means as easy as it is to slide down a smooth hill-side. They now have to plod along slowly, ascending in long zig-zag lines, pausing often to rest on their staves, and to wipe the perspiration from their foreheads. Half an hour's climb brings them to the trapping-grounds. But there, indeed, their efforts are well rewarded.

"Oh, look, look Father!" cries the boy, ecstatically. "Oh, what a lot we have caught! Why, there are three dozen birds, as sure as there is one."

His father smiles contentedly, but says nothing. He is too old a trapper to give way to his delight.

"There is enough to buy you a new coat for Christmas, lad," he says, chuckling; "and if we make many more such hauls, we may get enough

to buy Mother a silver brooch, too, to wear at church on Sundays."

"No, buy Mother's brooch first, Father," protests the lad, a little hesitatingly (for it costs many boys an effort to be generous); "my coat will come along soon enough. Although, to be sure, my old one is pretty shabby," he adds, with a regretful glance at his patched sleeves.

"Well, we will see, we will see," responds Nils, pulling off his bear-skin mittens and gliding in among the trees in which the traps are set. "The good Lord, who looks after the poor man as well as the rich, may send us enough to attend to the wants of us all."

He had opened his hunting-bag, and was loosening the snare from the neck of a poor strangled ptarmigan, when all of a sudden he heard a great flapping of wings, and, glancing down through the long colonnade of frost-silvered trees, saw a bird which had been caught by the leg, and was struggling desperately to escape from the snare.

"Poor silly thing!" he said, half-pityingly; "it is not worth a shot. Run down and dispatch it, Ola."

"Oh, I don't like to kill things, Father," cried the lad, who with a fascinated gaze was regarding the struggling ptarmigan. "When they hang themselves I don't mind it so much; but it seems too wicked to wring the neck of that white, harmless bird. No, let me cut the snare with my knife and let it go."

"All right; do as you like, lad," answered the father, with gruff kindness.

And with a delight which did his heart more honor than his head, Ola slid away on his *skees* toward the struggling bird, which, the moment he touched it, hung perfectly still, with its tongue stuck out, as if waiting for its death-blow.

"Kill me," it seemed to say. "I am quite ready."

But, instead of killing it, Ola took it gently in his hand, and stroked it caressingly while cutting the snare and disentangling its feet. How wildly its little heart beat with fright! And the moment his hold was relaxed, down it tumbled into the snow, ran a few steps, then took to its wings, dashed against a tree in sheer bewilderment, and shook down a shower of fine snow on its deliverer's head. Ola felt quite heroic when he saw the bird's delight, and thought how, perhaps, next summer (when it had changed its coat to brown) it would tell its little ones nestling under its wings of its hair-breadth escape from death, and of the kind-hearted youngster who had set it free instead of killing it.

While Ola was absorbed in these pleasant reflections, Nils, his father, had filled his hunting-bag with game and was counting his spoils.

"Now, quick, laddie," he called out, cheerily. "Stir your stumps and bring me your bag of bait. Get the snares to rights and fix the berries, as you have seen me doing."

Ola was very fond of this kind of work, and he

and, looking up, saw a fox making a great leap, then plunging headlong into the snow.

"Hello, Mr. Reynard," remarked Nils, as he slid over toward the dead animal. "You overslept yourself this morning. You have stolen my



NORWEGIAN SKEE-RUNNERS.

pushed himself with his staff from tree to tree, and hung the tempting red berries in the little hoops and arches which were attached to the bark of the trees. He was in the midst of this labor, when suddenly he heard the report of his father's gun,

game so long, now, that it was time I should get even with you. And yet, if the wind had been the other way, you would have caught the scent of me sooner than I should have caught yours. Now, sir, we are quits."



"What a great, big, sleek fellow!" ejaculated Ola, stroking the fox's fur and opening his mouth to examine his sharp, needle-pointed teeth.

"Yes," replied Nils; "I have saved the rascal the trouble of hunting until he has grown fat and secure, and fond of his ease. I had a long score to settle with that old miscreant, who has been robbing my snares ever since last season. His skin is worth about three dollars."

When the task of setting the snares in order had been completed, father and son glided lightly away under the huge, snow-laden trees to visit their traps, which were set further up the mountain. The sun was just peeping above the mountain-ridge, and the trees and the great snow-fields flashed and shone, as if oversown with numberless diamonds. Round about were the tracks of birds and beasts; the record of their little lives was traced there in the soft, downy snow, and could be read by every one who had the eyes to read. Here were the tracks telling of the quiet pottering of the leman and the field-mouse, going in search of their stored provisions for breakfast, but rising to take a peep at the sun on the way. You could trace their long, translucent tunnels under the snow-crust, crossing each other in labyrinthine entanglements. Here Mr. Reynard's graceful tail had lightly brushed over the snow, as he leaped to catch young Mrs. Partridge, who had just come out to scratch up her breakfast of frozen huckleberries, and here Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel (a very estimable couple) had partaken of their frugal repast of pine-cone seeds, the remains of which were still scattered on the snow. But far prettier were the imprints of their tiny feet, showing how they sat on their haunches, chattering amicably about the high cost of living, and of that grasping monopolist, Mr. Reynard, who had it all his own way in the woods, and had no more regard for life than a railroad president. This and much more, which I have not the time to tell you, did Ola and his father observe on their skee-excursion through the woods. And when, late in the afternoon, they turned their faces homeward, they had, besides the ptarmigan and the fox, a big capercailzie (or grouse) cock and two hares. The twilight was already falling, for in the Norway winter it grows dark early in the afternoon.

"Now, let us see, lad," said Ola's father, regarding his son with a strange, dubious glance, "if you have got Norse blood in your veins. We don't want to go home the way we came, or we should scarcely reach the house before midnight. But if you dare risk your neck with your father, we will take the western track down the bare mountain-side. It takes brisk and stout legs to stand in that track, my lad, and I wont urge you, if you are afraid."

"I guess I can go where you can, Father," retorted the boy, proudly. "Anyway, my neck is n't half so valuable as yours."

"Spoken like a man!" said the father, in a voice of deep satisfaction. "Now for it, lad! Make yourself ready. Strap the hunting-bag close under your girdle, or you will lose it. Test your staff to make sure that it will hold, for if it breaks you are gone. Be sure you don't take my track. You are a fine chap and a brave one."

Ola followed his father's directions closely, and stood with loudly palpitating heart ready for the start. Before him lay the long, smooth slope of the mountain, showing only here and there soft undulations of surface, where a log or a fence lay deeply buried under the snow. On both sides the black pine-forest stood, tall and grave. If he should miss his footing, or his *skees* be crossed or run apart, very likely he might just as well order his epitaph. If it had not been his father who had challenged him, he would have much preferred to take the circuitous route down into the valley. But now he was in for it, and there was no time for retreating.

"Ready!" shouted Nils, advancing toward the edge of the slope: "One, two, three!"

And like an arrow he shot down over the steep track, guiding his course steadily with his staff; but it was scarcely five seconds before he was lost to sight, looking more like a whirling snow-drift than a man. With strained eyes and bated breath, Ola stood looking after him. Then, nerving himself for the feat, he glanced at his *skees* to see that they were parallel, and glided out over the terrible declivity. His first feeling was that he had slid right out into the air—that he was rushing with seven-league boots over forests and mountain-tops. For all that, he did not lose hold of his staff, which he pressed with all his might into the snow behind him, thus slightly retarding his furious speed. Now the pine-trees seemed to be running past him in a mad race up the mountain-side, and the snowy slope seemed to be rising to meet him, or moving in billowy lines under his feet. Gradually he gathered confidence in himself, a sort of fierce courage awoke within him, and a wild exultation surged through his veins and swept him on. The wind whistled about him and stung his face like little sharp needles. Now he darted away over a snowed-up fence or wood-pile, shooting out into the air, but always coming down firmly on his feet, and keeping his mind on his *skees*, so as to prevent them from diverging or crossing. He had a feeling of grandeur and triumphant achievement, which he had never experienced before. The world lay at his feet, and he seemed to be striding over it in a march of conquest. It was glorious! But

all such sensations are unhappily brief. Ola soon knew by his slackening speed that he had reached the level ground; yet so great was the impetus he

arms flung about his neck and he sank, half laughing, half crying, into his mother's embrace.

"Cheer up, laddie," he heard some one saying.

"Ye are a fine chap and a brave one!"

He knew his father's voice; but he did not look up; he was yet child enough to feel happiest in his mother's arms.

One of the most popular winter sports in Norway is skee-racing. A steep hill is selected by the committee which is to have charge of the race, and all the best skee-runners in the district enter their names, eager to engage in the contest. The track is cleared of all accidental obstructions, but if there happens to be a stone or wooden fence crossing it, the snow is dug away on the lower side of it and piled up above it. The object is to obtain what is called a "jump." The skee-runner, of course, coming at full speed down the slope will slide out over this "jump," shooting right out into the air and coming down either on his feet or any other convenient portion of his anatomy, as the case may be. To keep one's footing, and particularly to prevent the *skees* from becoming crossed while in the air, are the most difficult feats connected with skee-racing; and it is no unusual thing to see even an excellent skee-runner plunging headlong into the snow,



OLA'S STEEP RUN.

had received that he flew up the opposite slope toward his father's farm, and only stopped some fifty feet below the barn. He then rubbed his face and pinched his nose, just to see whether it was frozen. The muscles in his limbs ached, and the arm which had held the staff was so stiff and cramped that the slightest movement gave him pain. Nevertheless, he could not make up his mind to rest; he saw the light put in the north window to guide him, and he caught a glimpse of a pale, anxious face behind the window-pane, and knew that it was his mother who was waiting for him. And yet those last fifty feet seemed miles to his tired and aching legs. When he reached the front door, his dog Yutul jumped up on him in his joy and knocked him flat down in the snow; and oh, what an effort it took to rise! But no sooner had he regained his feet, than he felt a pair of

while his *skees* pursue an independent race down the track and tell the spectators of his failure. Properly speaking, a skee-race is not a race—not a test of speed, but a test of skill; for two runners rarely start simultaneously, as, in case one of them should fall, the other could not possibly stop, and might not even have the time to change his course. He would thus be in danger of running into his competitor, and could hardly avoid maiming him seriously. If there were several parallel tracks, at a distance of twenty to thirty feet from each other, there would, of course, be less risk in having the runners start together. Usually, a number fall in the first run, and those who have not fallen then continue the contest until one gains the palm. If, as occasionally happens, the competition is narrowed down to two, who are about evenly matched, a proposal to run without staves



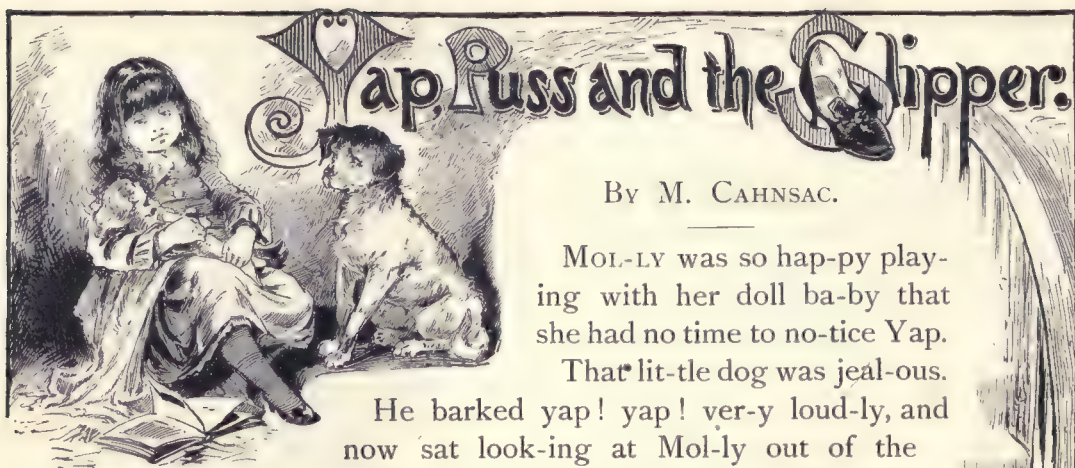
is apt to result in a decisive victory for one or the other.

It can hardly be conceived how exciting these contests are, not only to the skee-runners themselves, but, also, to the spectators, male and female, who gather in groups along the track and cheer their friends as they pass, waving their handkerchiefs, and greeting with derisive cries the mishaps which are inseparable from the sport. Prizes are offered, such as rifles, watches, fine shooting equipments, etc., and in almost every valley in the interior of Norway there are skee-runners who, in consequence of this constant competition, have attained a skill which would seem almost incredible. As there are but two things essential to a

skee-race, viz. : a hill and snow, I can see no reason why the sport should not in time become as popular in the United States as it is in Norway. We have snow enough, certainly, in the New England and Western States; neither are hills rare phenomena. If I should succeed in interesting any large number of boys in these States in skee-running, I should feel that I had conferred a benefit upon them, and added much to their enjoyment of winter. But before taking leave of them, let me give them two pieces of parting advice: 1. Be sure your staff is strong, and do not be hasty in throwing it away. 2. Never slide down a hill on a highway, or any hard, icy surface. It is only in the open fields and woods and in dry snow that *skees* are useful.



A ROMAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL. [FROM THE PAINTING BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON.]



By M. CAHNSAC.

MOL-LY was so hap-py play-ing with her doll ba-by that she had no time to no-tice Yap.

That lit-tle dog was jeal-ous.

He barked yap! yap! ver-y loud-ly, and now 'sat look-ing at Mol-ly out of the cor-ners of his eyes, won-der-ing what mis-chief he could get in-to, and so wor-ry her in-to play-ing with him. Sud-den-ly he trot-ted off, his mind quite made up as to what to do.

"Mol-ly! Mol-ly!" called Mam-ma.

"Mam-ma, don't call so loud," whis-pered Mol-ly. "My lit-tle doll ba-by is sleep-ing."

"Mol-ly," called Mam-ma a-gain, "make haste and see what Yap is aft-er. I am sure he is in my room."

"Oh! what a bad dog-gie," sighed Mol-ly, with her face in a puck-er, but she put her ba-by down, and went to see aft-er the dog.

There he was on the stair-case, with Mam-ma's slip-per in his mouth. When he saw Mol-ly he dropped the slip-per, and ran past her, look-ing very much as if he was laugh-ing.

Mol-ly shook her fin-ger at him, and, laugh-ing, too, picked up the slip-per, and car-ried it to Mam-ma.

But Yap was too smart to be cheat-ed out of his fun in that way. So he ran in-to the yard and be-gan to bark fu-ri-ous-ly at Puss. Mrs. Puss cared lit-tle for his bark-ing, and soon he stopped. Then Mol-ly looked out of the win-dow and said: "Yap and Puss look as if they were talk-ing to each oth-er, Mam-ma." And so they were.

"Oh, you beau-ti-ful lit-tle dar-ling!" said Mol-ly,





tak-ing her ba-by a-gain, and hug-ging jt tight; "come and let us take a walk." Then she sat down to put on the doll's best clothes, and while she was ver-y bus-y and al-most read-y for the walk, she thought she heard a sound, "tip, tip," on the stair-case, and ran to see what was the mat-ter.

"Mam-ma," she screamed, "come here—oh, do come!" and Mam-ma hurried out to see Pus-sie bring-ing the slip-per down to Yap, who was wait-ing at the foot of the stairs.

How they laughed when Pus-sie dropped the slip-per un-der Yap's nose, and he trot-ted off with it in a grand way!

Mol-ly ran aft-er him, and found him read-y to bur-y it with some oth-er treas-ures at the end of the yard.

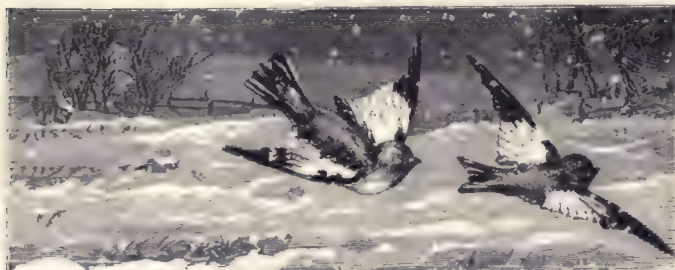
"Mam-ma," said Mol-ly, when she re-turned to the house with the second slip-per, "do you think dogs and cats can talk? I do."

And Mol-ly thinks so to this day.



---

OH, birds that fly in the sum-mer,  
And birds that fly in the snow!  
The chil-dren will nev-er for-get you,  
But love you wher-ev-er you go.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Ho, my merry young folk, salute with all your courtesy the stately Lady February, who now steps into the year between two stalwart fellows, January and March. The one casts a beautiful white mantle around her and cheers her with stories of happy firesides and glowing faces. The other, tugging at the mantle, hints to her in odd, blustering fashion of coming leaf and bird-song, and of hidden flowers longing to spring up at her feet. She likes well his martial tread and melting glances, admires the other's frosty beard and clanging mail, and calls them both her brothers. But it is not at them she smiles. She is thinking of the pretty festival she brings into the year, her play-time, so to speak, when she may see

Merry Cupids, with tiny darts,  
Aiming straight at the children's hearts.

Welcome, welcome, then, good Lady February—thou and thy dainty Valentines!

#### BOMBAST.

A BIRD that travels every winter to the Southern States has told me about a plant which grows there, and which, he insists, enriches the whole civilized world. Its white, fluffy, bursting, beautiful product furnishes one of the most important materials found in America to-day.

Now, it's very strange that such an excellent thing as this should be connected in Deacon Green's mind with an ugly quality known as *bombast*. The Deacon has n't a bit of this quality himself, but he is a dictionary hunter, always searching for the inner meaning of words, and from what I've heard him say I know he associates bombast with fluffy things, especially with this beautiful plant of which my bird has told me.

Who among you, my learned chicks, can explain it to me? *Why* is bombast called bombast? And if it *must* be called bombast, what in the name of bombast has this valuable white material to do with it?

#### THE RABBIT IDENTIFIED.

LOWELL, MASS., DEC. 11, 1882.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am a little girl, and only fourteen years old, but as I have been brought up in the West, it is not hard for me to answer what kind of a rabbit that is. I have seen many of them, and I have heard them called Jack-Rabbits or Jack-ass-Rabbits, on account of their very long ears. This rabbit does not live in the woods, but only in the prairies.

Mark Twain, in his book entitled "Roughing It," gives a description of it. It is the largest, longest-eared rabbit in the world. Mr. Twain says it goes like a streak of lightning. Still it is very easy to kill it, because I am told that, when it has run for a few hundred steps, it will stop, and sit up, just as in your picture, and will allow any one to come very near, if you do not go straight to it. All you have to do is to circle around it and pretend you do not see it. But you must not stop a moment. If you stop, off it goes. It lives in the sage-brush, and is often caught by the prairie-wolves or coyotes. That's all I know about it.

Yours truly, MINNIE VINCELETTE.

Jack thanks you, Minnie, and all the boys and girls who have answered the rabbit's question.

#### WALKING UNDER WATER.

AN athlete who exhibited in New York not long ago was considered a wonder, they say, because he could stay under water long enough to walk about a few steps on the bottom. But there are some Indians in Northern California, I am told, who think nothing of such a performance. They do it every little while as a matter of convenience. These Indians live among the mountains, where heavy rains at their sources will sometimes make boiling torrents out of streams that were narrow rills an hour before. When these Indians find such a stream across their road, and know that it is too swift to be swum, each one gets a heavy stone, places it upon the top of his head, and walks across on the bottom, weighted down by the stone. They can stay under water for two minutes in this way; and, by choosing smooth and gravelly places, cross streams several rods in width.

#### "OLD WILDEY."

H. E. S. sends your Jack this true story, which is well worth the telling:

You must know that Old Wildey was a wild duck that, four years ago, came one fine day in December to the mill-pond, among the other ducks, and swam with them until they got almost to the place where Grandfather fed them; then it was afraid to come any nearer, and would fly away again. Grandfather told us children not to frighten it, and perhaps after a while it would come and be fed with the others. And he told the workmen in the iron-mill not to shoot at Old Wildey or frighten her, and thus it happened that every night, when he called the tame ducks to the shore to feed them, Old Wildey came a little nearer and a little nearer, till one night she came to the grassy bank and looked at the other ducks eating up the grains of Indian corn that Grandfather fed to them.

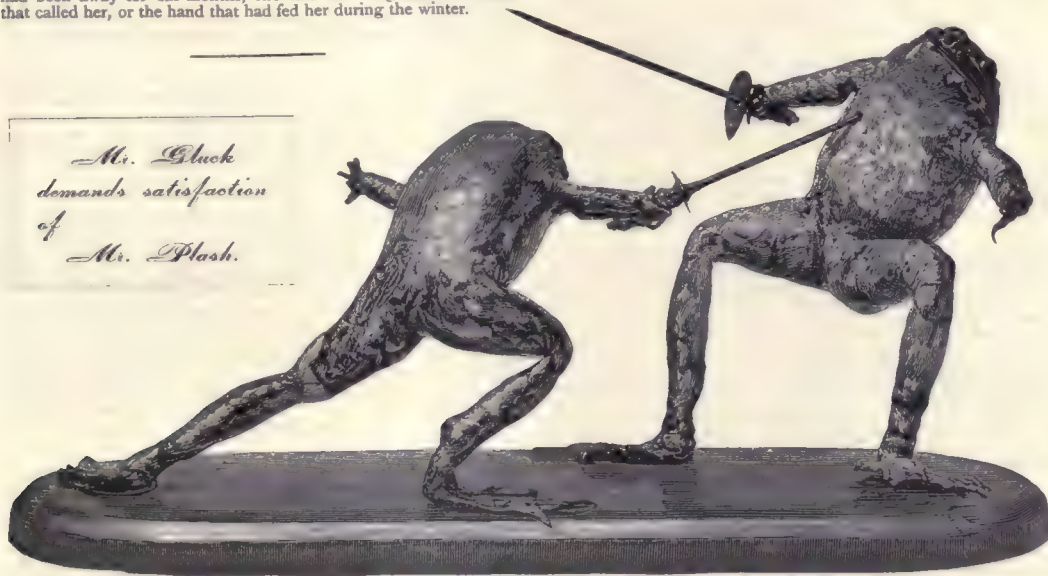
But as she was a wild duck, and did not know that Indian corn was fit to eat, she just stood looking at them eating it. Well, one night she walked up among the other ducks, and turned her head to one side, and looked at the grains of corn with one eye; then she turned her head to the other side and looked at the corn with the other eye; then she took a single grain up in her bill, and held it a moment, and then swallowed it; then she carefully picked up two or three more grains, and ate them and flew away. This delighted us grandchildren very much. The next night she seemed to have found out that corn was as good for wild ducks as it was for tame ones, so she walked up among the other ducks, and when Grandfather threw them down the corn she ate it up as fast as ever she



could. In the course of a few weeks, when Grandfather called the ducks, she would fly out of the water, and would be the first one that would come to be fed, and before spring came she would eat out of his hand. So it went on until the early part of May, when the leaves were out and the meadows were dotted over with the golden dandelion, and blue in spots with tufts of violets. Then we all noticed that Old Wildey would occasionally leave the other flock and fly away out of sight, and after a while return again, until one day, about the middle of May, she disappeared and we saw her no more. However, about the first of November, a flock of seven wild ducks were seen on the lake, and when the tame ducks came home to be fed, one of the wild ducks left the flock and came up and ate corn with them. It was Old Wildey! And so it has been every year since. About the middle of May, when the ice begins to break up in the Northern lakes, Old Wildey leaves her winter home to go north and make her nest and raise her brood of young ones. As she is a black duck, we suppose she must go up to the lakes in Canada, or perhaps to Labrador; and every autumn, about the first of November, she returns to her old home in Pennsylvania. Each year, Grandfather and Grandmother and the aunts and grandchildren, when they come to Laurel, as the old place is called, wonder if Old Wildey will come back. This time, when Auntie Hannah came in and told Grandfather that Old Wildey had come, he put aside his newspaper, and went to the feed-room for some corn, and called out, "Come along home, my duckie," when Wildey just flew out of the water and came up to him and ate the corn out of his hand. Although she had been away for six months, she had not forgotten the voice that called her, or the hand that had fed her during the winter.

and them what the Deacon said when he first read your letter and saw the photograph: "They *are* funny," said he, with a queer smile, "but I can't understand what Bessie means by 'you would almost take them for men, they look so natural.' Because, to my mind," he remarked, slowly, "men never seem more *unnatural* than when fighting duels. But," he continued, "the next thing she says—that 'they look too ridiculous for anything'—is as true of men duellists as of these frogs. Yes, *unnatural* and ridiculous!—those two words, in my opinion, describe dueling to a T," concluded the good Deacon, with a thump of his cane, as he turned to consult the Little School-ma'am about one of her dictionary conundrums that had been too much for him.

I never saw a duel of any sort in my life, and am no authority in such matters, but the Deacon



A FROG-DUEL.

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: A friend of mine has on one of the shelves of his cabinet a funny group of two stuffed frogs fighting with swords. I send you a photograph of it, and hope you will show it to your ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls. The figures are made of real frogs' skins stuffed with cotton, stood up on their hind legs, and fastened in the attitude of fencers. Each has a tiny iron sword fixed to his right "hand" or fore-foot, but the smaller frog is the best swordsman, as he has just succeeded in making a dangerous thrust that pierces his adversary's breast. When you look at them, you would almost take them for two little men fighting a duel, they look so natural, but when you pick them up and see that they are only frogs, they look too ridiculous for anything. They seem to be fighting in dead earnest, and yet their big frog-mouths make them look as if they were laughing. Even the fellow that is wounded looks as if he were grinning. I am sure all your boy-and-girl friends, dear Jack, would be amused if they could see this frog-duel, and I hope you will show them a copy of the photograph I send you.

With much love to the Little School-ma'am and yourself,

Your friend, BESSIE L. G.

The frog-duel shall be shown to the boys and girls, with pleasure, Bessie. But I must tell you

is generally right, and was so emphatic with that last sentence that I resolved to report it verbatim—as the Little School-ma'am says—to my boy-friends. If you find that the Deacon was in the wrong, young cavaliers, just let me know.

#### THE "JABBERWOCKY" ONCE MORE.

GALENA, ILL., Dec. 10, 1882.

DEAR JACK: I thought every one had read the "Jabberwocky." I have read the book about one hundred times; "Through the Looking-glass," it is called.

The poem is on page 27, and the explanation on page 126. "English-speaking children" can understand it as well as anybody can, but no one can understand it very well, though it sounds sensible enough. It was written by a Mr. Lewis Carroll, and Mamma told me that he was an English clergyman.

He wrote "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," too; but I think that "Through the Looking-glass" is the nicer of the two. I am sure that Rose Barrows would "chortle in her joy" to read it.

Your "frabjous" reader,

LOUIE McCLELLAN.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

READERS of the interesting paper concerning Mrs. Butler in last month's ST. NICHOLAS will remember that "A Roman Sunday-school" was mentioned as the title of one of Elizabeth Thompson's early paintings. An engraving of this picture was prepared for our use, and was intended to accompany Mrs. Meynell's article; but at the last moment it was unavoidably crowded out. We take pleasure, therefore, in presenting it to our readers on page 311 of the present number.

## THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD FUND.

We stated last month that the sum of \$63.77 had lately been received by us for "The Children's Garfield Fund"—in addition to the \$416.02 acknowledged last June; and we are glad to print here, for the benefit of those who have generously aided in this latest subscription, the following letter from the Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, acknowledging the receipt of the money:

Children's Aid Society, 19 East Fourth Street,  
New York, Dec. 4, 1882.

TO THE CHILDREN: The poor children who have had so happy a time this summer in the Summer Home at Bath, Long Island, send their grateful thanks to the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS who have subscribed \$63.77 to "The Garfield Memorial Fund," which will give them many comforts and pleasures next summer.

C. L. BRACE, Secretary.

To this we add the following touching letter, also forwarded by Mr. Brace. It was written by a poor little humpbacked girl, and shows how dearly she enjoyed her stay at the Summer Home:

New York, July 5, 1882.

DEAR MRS. FRY: I was very much pleased with your asking me to write to you. I liked all the teachers very much. They treated me very kindly. I liked the meals; the best dinner I thought was when we had the pea-soup, meat, potatoes, bread, and pudding. I always had enough to eat. I loved to go in bathing and play in the water. The swings and pin-wheel I enjoyed too. I liked to sit on the grass, or near the water, and read a story book or paper, and I think it's very pleasant to sleep in the little bed, and ask our Heavenly Father to keep us from harm during the day. I liked everything that I saw. Little brother and sister were so happy, and are always talking about going again. I thank you, Mrs. Fry, for asking us to come again. I will stop now, because I am not very big, so I must not write a very long letter.

Yours truly,

LENA MOHRMAN.

## FOUR COMPOSITION SUBJECTS.

In accordance with our promise, we offer four composition subjects for this month. (See ST. NICHOLAS for October and January.)

THE MAGNA CHARTA.

HOW MY ELEPHANT SWAM.

THE SKATING-RACE.—A STORY.

WAS CASABIANCA TRULY WISE?

THE story of "Doris Lee's Feather Fan" is not altogether a flight of fancy, as is proved by the following item from the Sydney, Australia, *Telegraph*—on which Mr. Converse's interesting narrative is founded:

## SAVED BY AN ALBATROSS.

A singular story has been related to us by the master of the bark "Gladstone," which arrived from London last Saturday. On the 22d of last month, while the vessel was in latitude 42 degrees south and longitude 90 degrees east, a seaman fell overboard from the star-board gangway. The bark was scudding along with a rough sea and moderate wind, but on the alarm of "man overboard" being given she was rounded to, and the starboard life-boat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea he could not be discovered; but the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating, but exhausted, clinging for bare life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird

had swooped down on the man while the latter was struggling with the waves and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice the bird attacked its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the desperate sailor, battling with two enemies,—the water and the albatross,—both greedy and insatiable. For the third time the huge white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, preparatory to a final swoop. The bird, eager for its meal, fanned its victim with its wide-spread wings. Suddenly a thought occurred to him that the huge form so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer. Quick as thought he reached up and seized the bird, which he proceeded to strangle with all his might. The huge creature struggled with wings and paddles to free itself. In the contest the sailor was beaten black and blue, and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own, and slowly the bird quivered and died. The carcass floated lightly on the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support for the exhausted man, who had so narrowly escaped a lingering death. But another danger awaited him. He was not much of a swimmer, and the excitement of the extraordinary conflict began to tell upon him. He was faint and grew giddy. But with one arm around the albatross's body, under the wing, and one hand clutching the bird's feet, the sailor awaited his chance of rescue. Presently he heard his comrades shout from the boat, and in a few minutes more was safe on board the bark, though a good deal shaken and exhausted.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was walking down Broadway one day, and saw such a funny sign over the entrance to a little basement-shop. It read, "Shoes Blacked Inside." Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I for one can't imagine why anybody should wish to have the inside of his shoes blacked. Can you? Yours truly, JOHN R. F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never taken the ST. NICHOLAS by the month until this month. I have always taken it at the end of the year bound. I live in Washington, and go to play in the park every afternoon. When I say the park, I mean Farragut Park, which is in front of our house. The people here are making a great fuss about the Garfield Fair; it is in the rotunda of the Capitol; but it is a failure, because it is for his monument instead of a hospital, and who could wish for a better or more beautiful monument than a hospital? A friend of mine went to it and said it was very close, and my mamma, who went with the President, said that the crowd was immense, and advised me not to go; but now I must close, as I think you must be tired of reading my long letter. Please print this, as it is my first.

Your faithful reader,

CAROLINE S. S.

ORCHARD FARM, Nov. 5, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The story of Tad Lincoln reminded me of an anecdote of him, told me by a friend, whose father was intimate with President Lincoln, and I think present at the scene. It was at a Cabinet meeting, of rather exceptional gravity, even in those grave times. The gentlemen were all standing around the table, Mr. Lincoln with his back to the door, when it was suddenly burst open, and with a "whoop!" in dashed Tad; diving between his father's long legs, he popped his grinning face over the edge of the table, and looked gleefully around to see the result of his startling entry. Needless to say, those grave gentlemen, one and all, burst into a hearty laugh.

With many thanks for the great enjoyment that the ST. NICHOLAS affords to my children, and to their father and mother, I remain your friend,  
A. E. S.

In connection with the "Art and Artists" installment for this month, we give a list of the most celebrated works of the artists therein mentioned:

The following are the principal works of Hubert van Eyck still in existence: In the church of St. Bavon at Ghent, two central panels of the great altar-piece painted for Judocus Vydt; in the Brussels Museum, "Adam and Eve"—two panels from same altar-piece; in the Berlin Museum, six panels from same altar-piece.

The principal works of Jan van Eyck still in existence are: In the Antwerp Museum, "St. Barbara," "The Virgin Mary," "The Virgin," "St. George," and "St. Donatus"; Academy of Bruges, "Virgin and Child with Saints," and a portrait of his wife; Brussels Museum, "The Adoration of the Magi"; Berlin Museum, "A Head of Christ," another head, almost life-size, and "The Virgin and Child, with Trees and a Fountain"; Dresden



Gallery, triptych, "Madonna and Child with Saints"; Städel Gallery, Frankfurt, "The Madonna 'del Luca'"; Belvedere Gallery, Vienna, two portraits; Museum at Madrid, "The Triumph of Christianity"; Museum at Lille, "The Crucifixion"; Louvre, Paris, "The Virgin and Donator"; National Gallery, London, portraits of Arnolfini and his Wife, portrait of a Man in a Green Hood, and portrait of a Man in a Red Head-dress; Hermitage, St. Petersburg, "The Annunciation."

The chief works of Quintin Massys in European galleries are: In the Museum at Antwerp, a triptych, "Entombment of Christ"; Museum at Berlin, "Madonna and Child," nearly life-size, and a Cardinal reading; Dresden Gallery, "A Banker and Clients"; Pinakothek, Munich, "The Money Changers"; Louvre, Paris, "Banker and his Wife"; National Gallery, London, "The Money Changers"; Hermitage, St. Petersburg, "Madonna in Glory."

The chief works of Rubens in the galleries of Europe are: Pitti Gallery, Florence, portraits of himself and his brother with Lipsius and Grotius, called "The Four Philosophers"; Uffizi Gallery, Florence, "Battle of Ivry," "Entry of Henry IV. into Paris," portrait of his wife, and two mythological pictures; Palazzo Brignoli, Genoa, "Mars, Venus, and Cupid"; Brera, Milan, "The Last Supper"; Capitol Gallery, Rome, "Finding of Romulus and Remus"; Colonna Palace, Rome, "Assumption of the Virgin"—six different works, two of which are triptychs; Museum of Brussels, four sacred subjects, several portraits, and a picture of "Venus and Vulcan"; Van der Hoop Museum at Amsterdam, portrait of Helen Fourment, and one of Marie de Medici; Museum at the Hague, portraits of his two wives, a Family Group, and other portraits; Berlin Museum, six pictures; one is a beautiful Group of Children with fruit; Gallery at Cassel, "Flight into Egypt," and a "Holy Family"; Dresden Gallery, a fine collection of twenty subjects; Städel Gallery, Frankfurt, "King David and the Harp," and "Diogenes"; Pinakothek, Munich, sixteen different pictures, among which are portraits of himself and his two wives; Belvedere, Vienna, eighteen pictures; Lichtenstein Gallery, Vienna, the famous picture of "The Sons of Rubens," and three others; Madrid Museum, twenty-one pictures, among which is the famous "Brazen Serpent"; and other fine works; Louvre, Paris, thirty-four pictures, among which are those of the life of Marie de Medici and several important portraits; Dulwich Gallery, portrait of his mother, and "Venus, Mars, and Cupid"; National Gallery, London, twelve pictures; Hermitage, St. Petersburg, thirty-five pictures.

[These are but a small portion of Rubens' works, but are those most easily seen by travelers.]

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 5, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We all like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. It is almost fought for here. We all want to read it *first*. Several years ago we used to "take turns" looking at the pictures, and then I would read the stories aloud. We found that was the only way to keep from fighting for it.

But sometimes, when I got to the *most interesting* places, I would be so interested that I would *forget* to read aloud, and read on to myself. My brothers did n't like that very much. Just the other day, when the September number came, I was reading ST. NICHOLAS, and Ma called me to supper, and I put the book on my chair, and sat on it while I ate my supper. When my brother finished his supper he (as he says) "made a sneak" over to the window where I had been sitting, and grabbed the ST. NICHOLAS he saw there. I was "laughing in my sleeve," for I knew it was an old one. Imagine his chagrin when he found it was one he had read!

We were much interested in "Donald and Dorothy," and sorry to have it end. I always feel as if I had lost a friend when the story ends.

Yours respectfully, DAISY M. BROWN.

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brothers Mason and Charlie commenced to take ST. NICHOLAS eight years ago, when I was only one year old. "If nothing happens" I expect we will take it a long time, for I have three little sisters younger than myself, and a baby brother just six months old. We have had five volumes bound, and Father is going to have the other three bound. I am very sorry our books are so abused, but there are so many little folks to handle them. Mother cut out some of the pictures to frame. I think the picture of Raphael is beautiful. Our father has given us a beautiful little pony; we call her Gypsy.

I hope you will not think I have written too long a letter.

Your little friend, MARY MILLER MATHEWS.

## THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-THIRD REPORT.

Now the snows have gone, and the earth is warm again; the birds are singing, and the violets are blossoming in the borders of the wood. What is it? "Lost our reckoning," have we? "Two months too early?" "Mercury below zero?" Ah—but, my dear little friends in fur-lined dolmans and warm pea-jackets, you forget that *you* live only on one edge of the A. A. We are talking about the other—the Californian edge. Everything can't be true everywhere, you know, at the same time. This month we give you a few questions to answer, and, by the way, can't you all sharpen your eyes a bit and find questions tucked in here and there all through the little letters which make up our monthly reports? A good many boys and girls write and ask us to give more questions, just as if questions were n't questions unless arranged in a column and labeled! You will find a large number in the back numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS for the past six months, not answered yet, either. And now, before we give you the list of new Chapters, we wish to thank our many kind friends who *have* helped us answer puzzling queries.

Professors in several of our leading colleges, Yale and Harvard, Williams and Cornell; University of Michigan and Maine State College; Amherst and Lafayette; Boston Institute of Technology, and School of Natural History, besides many teachers of academies and high schools and several distinguished specialists, have most generously volunteered their aid in the determination of minerals, the analysis of plants, and the classification of insects and other animals. [Oh, yes; insects are animals—did n't you know that?]

To all these gentlemen we return infinite thanks, and now we want still more assistance. A great many shells are sent to us for identification, and if some one who loves conchology, and has books and labeled specimens and check-lists, and all that, would kindly signify his willingness to help us out now and then with the name of some refractory *Unio* or *Lelux*; and if some one wise in fossils would allow us to send him an occasional relic of the distant past for identification, it would be a cause for still further gratitude.

The Association is working earnestly, growing steadily, and the latest number on our register is 4550.

### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
384.	Ann Arbor, Mich. (A)...	6.	J. H. Browne, Box 1342.
385.	Philadelphia, Pa. (L)...	10.	Clinton R. Woodruff, 1723 N. 20th St.
386.	Pine City, Minn. (A)...	6.	Miss Lillie M. Stephen.
387.	Baltimore, Md. (E)...	6.	Edward McDowell.
388.	Galesburg, Iowa (A)...	12.	C. F. Getlemy.
389.	Auburn, N. Y. (C)...	7.	H. N. Goodrich.
390.	Chester, Mass. (A)...	24.	Edwin O. Hapgood.
391.	Meredith, N. H. (A)...	12.	C. F. Robinson, North Sanbornton, N. H.

### NOTES.

In September, my little brother Hoza caught a black cricket, and pulled off one of its legs, when a hair-snake commenced to crawl out of the cricket's body. Directly after, another crawled out also. We put them into a bowl of water and kept them about two weeks, when they had increased in size, and to double their former length.

Has any one else ever found them in crickets or other insects?  
ZOA GOODWIN.

[Professor Agassiz, in his "Methods of Study," tells of finding "hair-snakes" in the legs of grasshoppers. He says that they are born in water, work their way thence into the legs of grasshoppers, thence into their stomachs, where they grow until they burst the insect, when they again seek the water. We must confess to an elevation of the eyebrows on first reading this remarkable statement in Prof. A's book—but this little girl's letter is a strong corroboration. If a less distinguished authority had written the book, we should still conjecture that the hair-snakes are born as parasites in the body of the insect. If not, how can they "work their way into the legs of grasshoppers"? We don't think much of a grasshopper that would patiently endure the working-in process.]

One of our members found, in a quarry in Maine, a very curious kind of granite. The minerals which compose granite, instead of being mixed as usual, were in layers—first feldspar, then quartz, and mica on top.

MATTIE PACKARD.

I think I can give Mr. Tucker, of Galveston, the name of the fish he mentions. The *Torpedo oculata*, or Eyed Torpedo. It belongs

to the Ray family, and has wonderful electrical powers. It has a regular series of galvanic batteries in its body, arranged like a number of voltaic piles. A full description is given in Rev. J. G. Wood's "Natural History." W. C. PHILLIPS.

#### QUESTIONS FROM CHESTER, PA.

1. When did the comet of 1858 pass Arcturus?
2. In what part of the sky should we look for most meteors?
3. Can science conquer rust?
4. How are waves of light measured?
5. Is there gold under Philadelphia?
6. Is there coal under London?
7. How are icebergs formed?
8. Can not other members send questions? [Yes, but these should be written on a separate slip of paper from the main letter; as also should requests for exchange.]
9. May persons send questions to the A. A., if they themselves know the answers? [Yes, and in that case the answers must accompany the questions.]

#### REQUESTS.

Correspondence with view to exchanges.—Robt. G. Leavitt, Sec., Webster, Mass.

The Stroud, England, Chapter desire to thank their American friends for many kind letters and offers of exchange. They are very sorry that they can not, on account of the number, reply to them all.

Agatized and petrified wood from the Rocky Mountains.—H. L. Wadsworth, Box 2772, Denver, Col.

We wish to know whether mackerel have scales.—A. A., Drifton, Pa.

Labeled insects, for butterflies.—C. C. Beale, Faulkner, Mass.

Please have the address of East Pittsburgh changed to "J. F. McCune, Broad street, East Pittsburgh, Pa."

#### REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

Would n't it be delightful to make a visiting tour among our four hundred Chapters, shake hands with our five thousand earnest workers, inspect the growing cabinets, and ask and answer the many questions which start to the lip? Well, suppose we start! and here we are at Bryan, Ohio. Miss Ethel Gillis, the Secretary of Chapter 323, meets us and tells us that the Chapter is prospering finely, and shows us a new scrap-book, which it is proposed to fill with choice clippings. She does not say much about Bryan—not as much as we would like to hear—but we shall have time for that by and by. Her Chapter has been grappling with the geode question, and concludes that "water deposited small particles of sand in hollow cavities, which in time became hardened," but there was a minority report from one who thinks that they were the homes of some species of insect, and formed of mud, which has become petrified.

But Bryan is far behind us, and we are in State College, Pennsylvania. By the way, how much geography we can learn by finding on the map the home of each Chapter! We might take a map of the United States and make a red dot on each town represented. The map would look as if it had been sprinkled with red pepper. But to report: Mr. George C. McKee thinks it is "bad news" that four brave, persevering members are keeping up their interest in the A. A., when "seven of twelve have resigned, and one gone away on a long visit." By no means! Four zealous workers are better than a hundred half-hearted ones. A Chapter never loses anything by pruning.

What a leap! A sniff of salt air, a long ocean voyage in a second of imagination, and we stand in Yokohama, Japan. "I have read with great interest," says H. Loomis, "in regard to the A. A. I have made a collection of butterflies. This is a wonderful country for the study of nature. To visit the fish-market is like going to a museum. I got here a fish of a very odd shape. It is about an inch and a half long, and covered with a hard scaly or bony substance. I should be glad to correspond with any who desire to obtain specimens of wood, fishes, butterflies, etc."

Home again, and in Newport, R. I. F. J. Cotton kindly shows us the fine cabinet of his Chapter. We notice especially the large collection of insects, and the skulls of a sheep, a cat, a rat, and a turtle. They have found that homeblende is in nearly every stone wall in the vicinity, and have discovered poison ivy hanging its green flowers as high as seven feet from the ground. We are much pleased by a little salt-water aquarium, which seems to be prospering well, and are quite astonished to see a yellow warbler's nest of four stories. Every boy knows that when the mischievous cow-bunting lays her cumbrous eggs among the dainty treasures of the yellow warbler, that resolute bird sacrifices her own, and seals them and the intruder in a common tomb by building a second nest right on top of the old one. But who else ever found a case like this, where the patient warbler had built her nest four times over?

From Rhode Island to Kansas without a jar or a jolt! Willie Plank says this is the town of Independence, and that the Chapter is progressing. At every meeting essays are read, and he has collected individually nearly one hundred plants.

While stopping at Independence, we get a letter from Boston,

Mass., in which Miss Edith Buffum tells us that Chapter 261 has increased its membership to twenty-two, and that it is known among its members as the "Wood, Field, and Shore" Chapter.

Now for a pleasant little visit at Ottumwa, Iowa, where is one of the most ancient and honorable of our Chapters, No. 15, nearly two years old! The enthusiastic Secretary, Will R. Lighton, says: "Our society is doing splendidly. Thirty-three active and as many honorary members." "How about those geodes?" we ask. "We have been debating that question. Some of us think one way and some another. Some say, agates are formed by water which holds silica, opal, and the coloring matter of the different layers in solution. This water filters into cavities and deposits its minerals there, and as opal does not crystallize, the silica also is prevented from forming its crystals. Now, agate geodes must be formed in the same way, the only difference being that in the geode there is no opal, and consequently the quartz crystals develop perfectly. What seems to be a proof of the non-intervention of animal or vegetable life is the formation of a cave. Mammoth Cave, for instance, is nothing but a monstrous lime-stone geode. Another proof is that geodes are found in trap-rocks, which were formed before life appeared on the earth."

While we are in Iowa, and thinking of geodes, we must step over to Waverly without fail, and have a chat with Mr. L. L. Goodwin, who has sent so many fine specimens to different members of the A. A. "My first acquaintance with geodes," he says, "was about seven years ago. Finding them closely associated with other forms of animal life, I jumped to the conclusion that they were of animal origin. Since the question was first asked in St. Nicholas, I have given the subject more careful attention, and am fully convinced that my first impression was correct. I find in their immediate vicinity, above, below, and around them, shells, bivalve and univalve, fishes, and other sorts of animal remains. The geodes are nearly all of the same general form, as much so as any class of animals, and of all sizes from peas to pumpkins, showing growth. The small ones vastly preponderate, as the young always outnumber the old in all sorts of animals. I conclude, therefore, that when these limestone bluffs were first formed from soft mud, the sediment retained the animals whose remains we now find in the rocks, and among others, doubtless some animal of a fleshy or cartilaginous body, perhaps having a thin, frail shell like a sea-urchin, of solidity sufficient to hold the sediment in place until it hardened. Then the whole body wasted away, a concretionary shell having formed around it, and during the succeeding ages this shell became lined with beautiful crystals."

On our way home, we look in upon a Chapter very recently organized in Galesburg, Ill., Charles F. Gelsemy, Secretary. Their cabinet already contains a number of insects. The boys are making new cabinets, and "preparing for a busy, delightful time in the near future." They are also collecting cocoons, and intend to watch the moths and butterflies "hatch out." Coming back to Lenox, we are just in time to take from the post-office the following condensed reports from Chapters assigned to John F. Glosser, Berwyn, Pa.: The members of Chapter 126, East Philadelphia, now wear their new solid silver badges.—Chapter 109 (C), Washington, D. C., has a new constitution and by-laws. From the editor's book, which is read at each meeting, we make the following extracts: "Sapphires include the ruby, topaz, and amethyst." "The distinction between rocks and minerals was first noted by Cronstedt in 1758." "Silver can be hammered into sheets 1-1000,000 of an inch thick." [One millionth of an inch *thin*, we should say.] "The ash tree puts on its leaves earlier and sheds them later than any other tree."

While, as will be readily judged from the foregoing reports, the A. A. is highly prosperous, it, of course, has happened in regard to a comparatively few Chapters that the reverse is true. The following have been discontinued: Nos. 3, 4, 61, 84, 88, 94, 112, 122, 136, 158, 162, 244, and 341. Various causes have been assigned; removal from town, graduation from school, dying out of enthusiasm, internal dissension. The law of the "survival of the fittest" holds good with our society, whether it does in nature or not. The years are an excellent filter, and through them come the boys and girls of real earnestness of purpose, and strength of perseverance. It must needs happen that times of dullness come to every Chapter. Then is the time for hardest work and most faithful endeavor. Let the drones drop out, let the disaffected go their way, but let the *workers* stick to it, even if, as in one or two cases we could name, only one member remains in a Chapter. By and by, others will again catch his inspiration, and the Chapter will grow larger and more prosperous than ever. You may ask the Secretary of Albany "A" if this is not so! By the way, if any Chapter *does* feel that it can not longer hold together, it will do us a great favor, and save the whole association confusion, if it will kindly notify the President promptly of its own decease.

All communications are to be sent to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## THREE ANAGRAMS.



TRANSPOSE the letters on each plate in such a way as to form the name of the material out of which the plate is made. Find also, in the illustration, thirty-five words explaining the puzzle. G. F.

## DIAMOND.

1. In flutter. 2. A metal. 3. A New York daily paper. 4. An ancient musical instrument. 5. Muscular power and control. 6. A diocese. 7. In flutter. W. H.

## DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE.



- HALF-SQUARE. ACROSS: 1. Venerated. 2. Eaten away. 3. Balloted. 4. A delightful region. 5. A color. 6. Two-thirds of a color. 7. In diamond.

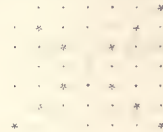
- INCLUDED DIAMOND. 1. In advertisement. 2. A wand. 3. Balloted. 4. A cave. 5. In advertisement. FRANK S.

## NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains five letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the second line of letters will spell the name of a celebrated commander, and the fifth line the name of a famous poet. Both were born in February.

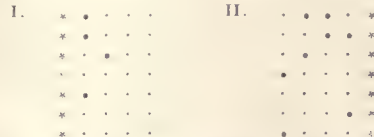
- CROSS-WORDS: 1. To weave so as to produce diagonal lines or ribs. 2. Work. 3. Employing. 4. Green cormorants. 5. Slight quarrels. 6. Wrath. 7. Nimble. 8. Quiet. 9. A mark in punctuation. 10. Eats away. GILBERT F.

## COMBINATION PUZZLE.



THE diagonals, from left to right (reading downward), name a country that is said to be oppressed by a country formed by the diagonals reading from right to left.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Tiresome. 2. Supplicating earnestly. 3. Vehicles on runners. 4. Ardent in behalf of an object. 5. Bellowing as a calf. 6. A moment. 7. To break up a military organization.



- I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Angry; behead and leave proportion. 2. A truant; behead, and leave above. 3. Black; behead, and leave gaunt. 4. To acquire knowledge; behead, and leave to merit by labor. 5. Separated; behead, and leave a portion. 6. For this occasion; behead, and leave at one time. 7. A sleeping vision; behead and leave twenty quires.

The beheaded letters name the country formed by the diagonals, which read from left to right; and the four letters represented by the heavier dots, when rightly placed, spell a characteristic of that country.

- II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A feather; curtail, and leave a raisin. 2. A wading bird; curtail, and leave the principal personage of a story. 3. Moved like a pendulum; curtail, and leave a graceful, web-footed bird. 4. An elongated picture; curtail, and leave a plate of glass. 5. The animals of any given area; curtail, and leave one of a class of mythological deities, similar to the satyrs. 6. An enchantress; curtail, and leave a father. 7. Released from captivity; curtail, and leave unfettered.

The curtailed letters name the country formed by the diagonals, which read from right to left; and the eight letters represented by the heavier dots, when rightly placed, spell a characteristic of that country. L. W. D.

## PROVERB REBUS.



THE answer is a familiar proverb.

## WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. THE capital city of a western State. 2. A reward of merit.  
3. A maxim. 4. The mother of Ishmael. 5. Active.  
II. 1. A fissure. 2. Swift. 3. Pertaining to a kind of popular. 4. A horse. 5. Improves.  
III. 1. A sweet vegetable product. 2. Custom. 3. High winds.  
4. A deputy. 5. Pauses.

ALLIE B.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals, read in connection, form three words which name an astronomical event.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A beginner in learning. 2. A chain of rocks

near the surface of the water. 3. A subdivision of the Black Sea. 4. Absurdity. 5. A strong man. 6. A small river of Brazil. 7. Part of an elephant.

"KATY-DID."

## PREFIX PUZZLE.

A LETTER far down in the alphabet, I  
May be found in comply, but never in sigh.

Prefix but a letter and plainly you'll see  
That a ready assent is implied by me.

Now prefix another, through darkness I pierce,  
In summer I fall on the earth hot and fierce.

If preceded by three, 't is really quite plain  
That I mean to entreat e'en again and again.

To all of these letters now prefix one more,  
I am dashed far aloft 'mid the breakers' dull roar.

"NUTSHELL."

## A FEBRUARY PUZZLE.

TAKE one word from another, and leave a complete word. Example: Take a marsh from a yellowish paint, and leave a sport. Answer: Gam-bog-e.

1. Take to utter from houses occupied by communities of religious recluses, and leave studies attentively. 2. Take to declare from a flatterer, and leave more destitute of color. 3. Take to praise from acclamations, and leave cavities. 4. Take always from a young hare, and leave to allow. 5. Take a refuge for songsters from uprightness, and leave a cry of the chase. 6. Take an aquatic fowl from harshly, and leave cunning. 7. Take a small measure of length from winced, and leave ran away. 8. Take to denominate from denominated anew, and leave a color. 9. Take level from a number, and leave a kind of pen.

All of the syncopated words contain four letters, and their initials form the answer to the following:

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In Steve, not in Fred;  
In Sam, not in Ed;  
In Will, not in Nick;  
In Joe, not in Dick;  
In Nate, not in Bill;  
In Tom, not in Will;  
In Ike, not in Ed;  
In Lon, not in Fred;  
In James, not in Paul;  
Whole, a missive prized by all.

G. F.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

RIDDLE. I bar Arabi. CHARADE. Opera-glass.  
NUMERICAL ENIGMA. If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work.

TRANSPPOSITIONS, DIAGONALS, NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, CROSS-WORDS.  
1. Went-newt. 2. Tern-rent 3. Wens-news. 4. Troy-Tory. 5. Keel-leek. 6. Palm-lamp. 7. Pore-rope. 8. Sued-used. 6. Ages-sage. 10. Evil-levi. 11. Fits-sift. 12. Tags-stag. 13. Oaks-soak.

DIAGONALS. Emerson. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Ever. 2. Amen. 3. Tree. 4. Near. 5. Rest. 6. Foot. 7. Nest.

FRACTIONS. Christmas. 1. M-A-I-ne. 2. Minneso-T-a. 3. Mississippi. 4. New Hampshire. 5. Wisconsin. 6. Alabama.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from "Mama and Bae"—H. W. Faulkner and L. V. Rirsson—Alice A. Poor—"Doctor and Co."—"Arabi Bey"—R. T. Losee—"Bub and Sis"—K. M. B.—"Marmion"—C. Buell Sellers—Eissel Sregor—"Paul and Virginia"—Sallie Viles—Minnie B. Murray—Effie K. Talboys—Two High School Girls—"Beyrl, Pearl, and Ruby"—"Partners"—"Queen Bess"—F. L. Atbush—Appleton H.—D. W. Crosby, Jr., and H. W. Chandler, Jr.—Charles J. Durbrow—John C. and Wm. V. Moses—"Two Industrious Children"—H. E. W.—Vin and Henry—Professor & Co.—Helen E. Mahan—Alice D. Close—Papa, Mama, and Lillie C. Lippert—Lizzie Owen—Clara and her Aunt—Clara J. Child.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from Mary Alice Granger, 2—M. A. Granger, 1—Charles T. Hawley, Jr., 2—"Caesar," 1—C. W. Woodward, 1—Little Minnie and Emma, 2—Charles B. Bartlett, 2—Blanche W. Bantz, 2—P. S. Van Rensselaer, 1—M. V. R., 2—Mabel E. Southworth, 2—W. R. Amerman, 2—Walter H. Clark, 3—Josie Hamilton, 6—Grace Lineburgh, 3—Theo. G. White, 3—Philip Embury, Jr., 7—G. P. Deacon, 2—B. T. Hyrison, 1—B. Reen, 1—Willie B. Chase, 3—Paul Reese, 8—E. M. T., 2—Arthur Ford and Patchie Clark, 2—Edith Brown, 1—Keyes Becker, 3—"Oliver Twist," 2—"Alcibiades," 7—Miriam Osler, 2—Walter W. and John T. Bush, 2—Olga G., 1—"Twilight," 4—Percy Merrell Nash, 1—"Polly, Pegs, and Poppety," 1—Frank B. Howard, 3—Edith Howland and L. Smith, 2—Maud I. B., 1—J. A. Nowland, 1—J. Stuart Bell, 1—Waldo Merriam, 1—J. B. Whitehead, 1—"Kaytie and Mayrie," 1—Effie Hadwen, 5—Don, 4—Florence G. Lane, 8—Annie, Mabel, and Florence Knight, 8—Florence Jones, 2—Christopher Noss, 1—Eliza C. Bell, 1—M., and G. S. Brown, 3—Hattie Weisel, 2—Eleanor B. Farley, 3—Warren G. Waterman, 2—Maggie P. White, 1—"Epaninondas," 3—Walter Hancock, 1—May Irving Jones, 3—Alice C. Nysard, 1—Jennie K., 5—H. D. N. and R. S., 1—Frank Holland, 3—Raymond W. Carr, 1—Edith K. Ross, 1—D. B. A., 4—Tommy and Jack, 7—Augustus Fitzmortimer, 5—Margie K. S., 1—"Amateur," 7—Carleton V. Woodruff, 7—Nellie Caldwell, 7—D. B. Shumway, 6—Fred S. Elliot, 2—Louise Gilman, 7—E. Heller, 1—Theodore and Maria, 1—Immo, 8—Charles, 7—Estelle Riley, 4—Ned and Loe, 8—Geraldine, 7—Mother and Son, 6—Erasmus, 1—Jack Selim, 3—"Phil. I. Pine," 8—Elizabeth, 7—Chas. Belden, 2—Tom, Dick, and Harry, 2—Bessie Saunders, 1—"Mamma and I," 6—G. Lansing and J. Wallace, 5—"Pernie," 7—H. K. Reynolds, 3—Amy B. C., 3.







THE BROKEN PITCHER.

[After the painting by Greuze.]



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 5.

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## THE BROKEN PITCHER.

BY MRS. J. W. DAVIS.

IN the saloon devoted to French artists in the gallery of the Louvre there is one picture which it is often difficult to approach, so surrounded is it by copying artists and admiring visitors.

When you do get near enough to see it, you find that it represents a charming young girl, with a sweetness and a dewy freshness about her only equaled by the handful of delicate loose flowers which she holds gathered up in her white dress. On her arm hangs a broken pitcher, and it is from this that the picture is called "La Cruche Cassée" (The Broken Pitcher).

It was painted by Jean Baptiste Greuze, a French artist, born in Tournus, in 1726. In his early youth his great ambition was to produce large historical works; but having failed in this, he began to paint domestic scenes, generally from the life of the poor, and in these he greatly excelled.

He became widely known for his portraits, also. At that time, a very artificial style of painting prevailed. Every one who intended to have a portrait wished to be represented in the character of some god or goddess, Apollo or Venus or Diana. And so long as their cheeks were very rosy, and their eyes very large and very beautiful, and there were plenty of cupids about, sitters did not particularly care whether the pictures looked like them or not.

But when Greuze began to paint, he thrust aside all this affectation and painted people as he found them, making his portraits life-like and yet endowed with a freshness and charm which he alone could impart.

There are many pictures of his extant, but of

them all none is so popular as "The Broken Pitcher"; and I am sure you would not wonder at this if you could see the charming simplicity and grace and the tender, harmonious coloring of the "dainty little maiden" in the original painting.

Greuze, although successful as an artist, was very unfortunate in his private affairs. During his long life his pictures had brought him a moderate fortune, but this seemed to slip away from him in one way and another. Then came the terrible French Revolution, which put an end to any hopes he might have had of retrieving his fortunes by his pencil. It banished the Court and the wealthy nobles, who were the artist's chief patrons, and the people who were left were far too busy with public affairs to care for pictures.

So it happened that his paintings sold for almost nothing, and were often to be found among the rubbish of a coppersmith or exposed for sale in the street stalls.

This must have been very hard for an artist to bear; but Greuze was a brave man, and took his misfortunes cheerfully. Nothing seemed to have power to break down his courage.

He carried his brightness in his face and showed it in his briskness when, as an old man of seventy, he took his daily walk, leaning on the arm of his servant. A curious figure he must have been, too—a quaint little old man, with his eyes still full of fire, his white hair powdered and dressed fantastically in pigeon-wings, which stood out stiffly on either side of his smiling face.

At length, the Government of France decreed

that apartments in the Palace of the Louvre should be placed at the disposal of artists and literary men, and one was assigned to Greuze. Here he died in 1805, with only his daughter and one friend near him.

On the day of his death the sun shone brightly into his room, whereupon the cheery old man remarked: "I shall have fine weather for my journey."

When Napoleon heard that Greuze had died in great destitution and neglect, he cried: "Why was I not told of it? I would have given him a

Sèvres pitcher full of gold to pay him for all his broken pitchers."

Greuze spent his last days in painting his own portrait and that of his daughter. His was considered the best in the *Salon*\* of 1805.

"You can sell it for a hundred francs, Caroline," he said to his daughter. It was the only fortune he could leave her. But his daughter sold her own portrait and kept her father's.

In 1868, a marble statue was erected to Greuze in the public square of Tournus, his native place.

## THE WRONG COAT.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"FIRE! Fire!"

Jack Parry rubbed his eyes, as he sprang out of his cot-bed in the loft, and instinctively hurried on his trousers. His father's head rose above the ladder, just as he shuffled on his shoes, shouting: "Hurry up, I tell ye! woods afire! Comin' this way quicker 'n scat!"

Jack scrambled down the ladder without stopping for his jacket. He knew what that news meant—he had heard about forest fires before. His father had always thought that the creek which ran in front of their house would guard them, but now the air was dark with smoke, and he could hear the roar and crash of the forest falling before its mighty foe, while sharp gusts of wind swept ashes far and wide over the grain-fields of the farm. But the fire was still on the other side of that slow, narrow stream: could it, would it keep the enemy from their house and barns?

It would not do to run the risk. Jack, at a word, went off to harness the horses, and put them to the big wagon, while his father helped his mother to gather a few wraps and valuables together, and dress the frightened, screaming baby.

When the Parrys moved to Michigan, Grandpa Dibble, who always objected to everything, said to his son-in-law:

"But how 'll ye edicate the childern, John?"

"I don't know, Father," said John Parry. "Sary 'll teach 'm to read an' write, prob'ly, and I 'll insure they 'll learn to mind an' be honest. I take it that these two things will have to underlay any education that 's good for shucks: we must risk the rest."

Obedience and honesty Jack had indeed been thoroughly taught. He had never harnessed the

horses alone before, but at his father's order he went to work manfully, and was all ready when the others came to the house-door.

"Oh, Jack! no coat on?" said the delicate, trembling little mother.

"Can't stop for it now," said John Parry. "It's life or death, Sary! There goes a big white-wood smash across the crick! Run the critters, Jack—the fire 's after us!"

In another moment they were beyond the house, but not an instant too soon, for a burning branch, whirled on by the fierce wind, swept through the air and lit on the roof, which blazed like paper beneath it.

Jack lashed the terrified horses into a run, while his father, on the back seat, held the sick baby in one arm, and put the other about his wife to steady her.

The air grew heavier and hotter; the roads were rough, the wagon-springs hard. Blinded with smoke and frightened at the nearing roar of storm and flame, the horses flew on beyond the power of any guiding hand. There was a sudden lurch, the wheels tilted on a log by the wayside, and the back seat pitched out behind, with all its occupants! Jack clung to the reins instinctively, but he could no more stop the horses than he could arrest the whirlwind and fire behind him. Father, mother, sister, all were tossed into the track of the fire like dry leaves, and never again did he see one of them. Their fate was certain: he could only hope it had been sudden and sure death.

Carried on by a force he could not control or resist, Jack whirled along, the flames nearing him every moment, till, just as he felt their hot breath on his neck, the maddened horses reached the lake-

\* Annual Art Exhibition.



shore, and plunged headlong into its waters. But he, at least, was safe, for the shock threw him out on the sand.

Poor Jack! In the morning he was a hearty, happy boy, asleep in a good home; at night a homeless, penniless orphan, with scarce clothes to cover him. Days passed over his head in a sort of blank misery. A few others, escaped also from the devouring flames, shared with him their scanty food; a kindly woman gave him an old woolen sack she ill knew how to spare to cover his ragged shirt, and he found a pair of India-rubbers lying on the shore, which concealed his worn shoes; but a more desolate, helpless creature than the poor boy can hardly be imagined.

After a week or two, he begged his way to Pompo,—a settlement farther up the lake, which had not been touched by the great fire,—and heard there that good people at the East had sent on clothes to be distributed among those who had lost theirs. He soon got a chance to ride over on a lumber-wagon to the nearest place where these things were given out,—a town ten miles beyond Pompo,—and there the agent gave him a couple of shirts, a warm vest, a pair of half-worn black trousers, and a very good coat of mixed cloth, that until then had proved too small for the men who had applied for clothes. But as Jack was fifteen, and large for his age, it just fitted him, and once more clothed, neat, and clean, he went back to Pompo, where he had found a place to work on a farm, happier than he had been for a long time.

It was night when he returned to the farm, and quite bed-time; so he ate some bread and milk Mrs. Smith had saved for him, and went up to his garret chamber. As he took off his new coat to hang it up, with a boy's curiosity he explored all its pockets. In one he found a half-soiled handkerchief, just as if the owner had taken the coat down from the closet peg and sent it off without a thought, for the garment was almost new. But underneath the handkerchief, lying loose in the bottom of the pocket, were two twenty-dollar bills!

Jack's heart gave a great bound; here was a windfall indeed, and he began to think what he should do with this small fortune. But perhaps there was something else in the other pocket—yes, here was a letter directed, sealed, and stamped, all ready to mail; and in a small inner breast-pocket he found three horse-car tickets, a cigarette, and a three-cent piece. In the other breast-pocket were a gray kid glove, and a card with the name, "James Agard, Jr." He looked at the letter again; on one corner was printed: "Return to James Agard & Co., Deerford, Conn.,

if not delivered in ten days." Jack was not a dull boy, and it flashed across him at once that this coat had been put into the box by mistake; it must have belonged to James Agard, Jr. He looked again at the handkerchief, and found that name on the corner.

What should he do? The coat had been given to him—why not keep it? He sat down on his bed to think. His short end of tallow candle had gone out, but the late-risen moon poured a flood of mellow light through his window and seemed to look him in the face. While he thinks the thing out at the West, let us take up the Eastern end of the story.

Just three days after the great fires, certain prompt young people in a New England church congregation came together in the parlors of that church to receive and pack clothing for the burnt-out sufferers; and for a week contributions poured in upon them, and gave them work for both head and hands. Into this busy crowd one day hurried a slight, active young man, dressed in a gray business suit.

"Hallo!" he called out, cheerily. "I've come to help the old-clo' boxes along. Give me work at once, Mrs. Brooks—anything but sewing."

Mrs. Brooks laughed.

"Can you pack a barrel, Mr. Agard?"

"Yes, indeed; just pile on the things," and he went to work with an alacrity that showed he knew how to do his work. This energetic little man packed more than one barrel before night, and, in order to work better, threw his coat aside, as the rooms were warm. When evening came, he drew himself up with a laugh, exclaiming:

"There! I can 'go West, young man,' and earn my living as a pork-packer, if you'll only recommend me, Mrs. Brooks."

"That I will," said she, "and others, too. We have sent off ten barrels since you came in, Mr. Agard; we had to hurry, for the freight train left at four o'clock."

Just then he turned to look for his coat. It was not where he left it. He searched the room in vain, and at last called out:

"Has anybody seen my coat?"

"Where did you leave it?" asked George Bruce, a young man who had also been packing very busily.

"On the back of that chair."

"Was it a gray mixed sack?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, it's gone off to the sufferers, then. I saw it on the chair, thought it was a contribution, packed it, headed up the barrel, and sent it to the train."

"What! You're a nice fellow, Bruce—sent my coat off! How am I to get home?"

"It is too bad," said Mrs. Brooks. "I'll take you home in the carriage, Mr. Agard."

"Thank you, kindly; but that is n't all. I had forty dollars in one pocket, and a letter to be mailed with a thousand-dollar check in it. I must hurry home and have that check stopped; the bills will go for an involuntary contribution, I suppose. Bruce, I feel like choking you!"

"And I'm willing to let you, Jim, if it'll relieve your mind. It was outrageously careless of me. I don't suppose there's the slightest chance of tracing it."

"No more than a dropped penny in Broadway. Miss Van Ness won't have her Jacqueminot roses for the german, though, and I'll tell her it was your fault—I can't throw away any more dollars on nonsense. But I'm not sure the money is lost as much as it might have been, old fellow. Mrs. Brooks, I'm ready."

And so James Agard went home, stopped payment of the check by a telegram, and sent an excuse to Miss Van Ness for not attending her german. The roses were to have been a surprise to her, so she did not miss them.

We left Jack sitting in the moonlight, doubting and distressed. But he did not sit there long, for suddenly there came to him a recollection of what his father had said concerning his education to Grandpa Dibble; his mother had repeated it to him so often that it was fixed in his memory. He hid his face in his hands, for it grew hot with shame, to think he had not seen at once that he must send the coat back to its owner. Jack did not hesitate—the right thing must be done quickly. He folded the coat as well as he knew how, replacing everything in the pockets, except the three-cent piece, for which he had a use. Then, quite sure that Mr. Smith, who had hired him, was not the man to understand or approve his action, he made up his mind not to wait till the morning, but to go directly back to Dayton, where he had received his clothes, and where the nearest express office was stationed. He could not return the coat to the agent, for he had distributed all the clothes destined for that point, Jack being one of the last applicants, and had gone on farther with the rest; so he rolled it in a newspaper and slipped downstairs with his shoes in his hand, putting on over his vest the old red sack he had worn before, and set out for Dayton.

He had to beg his breakfast when he reached the town; then he bought a sheet of brown paper, a string, and a postal card with the three-cent piece, and, sitting down on the sunny side of a

lumber pile, made the coat into a neat bundle, firmly tied.

He asked the use of pen and ink at the express office, directed his package and wrote his postal as follows, for he could write well, though a little uncertain as to his spelling:

"DAYTON, ———  
 "DEAR SIR: I send you by express to Day a coat which i got in the close sent to burnd out fokes here, i doant believe it ought to hev come, so i send it to the name onto the leter, all things Within except 3 sents used for paper, string, and kard.

"JACK PARRY."

Jack felt a great weight off his mind when the bundle was fairly out of his hands. It was hard to send away help he needed so much—harder for a homeless, penniless boy than you know, dear Tom and Harry—you who have never been hungry, ragged, and orphaned.

And he not only lost his coat, but his place, for he knew very well, when he left the farm-house, that Mr. Smith, who was a hard and mean man, would never take back a boy who ran away the first night of his service, especially if he knew it was to return a good coat with money in the pocket.

Still he felt that his father and mother would have thought it was dishonest to keep it, and, with the courage of a resolute boy, he felt sure he could find work in Dayton. But he did not. There were plenty of boys, and men, too, already asking for work, and nobody knew him, nor had he any recommendations. For several nights he slept in an empty freight-car near the railway station, doing a little porter's work to pay for this shelter; then he did some things about the tavern stable for his board, sleeping in the shed, or on the hay-mow; and once in a while he caught himself wishing he had that forty dollars to get back to Connecticut, where he had distant relatives. But the quick thought "What would Mother say?" repressed the wish at once.

At last he found steady work on a farm out of town, with small wages. But he had a loft and a bed to himself, and his chief work was to drive a team into Dayton and back with produce, or to fetch lumber, coal, and feed for his employer and the neighbors.

One day, about a month after he went to this place, as he was driving a load of coal past the express office, walking his horses, for the load was heavy and the mud deep, the clerk saw him, and, running to the door, called out:

"Say, young fellow! D' you know anybody name of Jack Parry?"

"I guess so," said Jack, with a smile; "that's my name. What's to pay?"

"Nothin'—it's prepaid. I had a faint rek-  
 lektion that a fellow about your size left a package



here a while ago directed to James Agard. I was n't real sure 't was you, for you are n't rigged out so fancy as you was. What have you done with that red jacket, sonny? Haw! haw! haw!"

Jack colored; he had on an old overcoat of the farmer's, but the red sack was under it, for he had no other coat.

"Well, anyhow, here 's a bundle for Jack Parry, and I reckon that 's for you, since nobody else has called for it; and it's got a kind of a label on to the tag, same as letters have: 'Return to James Agard & Co., Deerford, Conn., if not called for in one month.' And the month 's a'most up, too,—it's a nigh thing for you."

Jack did not know what to think or say. He signed a receipt for the bundle, put it up on the coal, and hastily went on his way.

He did not get home till after dark, and when supper was over and all his work done he could only go to bed and wait for morning, as he never was allowed a light in his loft, and he did not want to open the package till he was alone. But

with the first dawning light he sprang up eagerly and untied the string. There lay the gray coat, and with it the rest of the suit, a set of warm underclothing, and, on top of all, a letter running thus:

"DEERFORD, CONN.

"JACK PARRY: I am glad there is such an honest boy in Dayton. I wish there were more here, but we want you for another, anyway. If you are out of work, and I think perhaps you are, for I know how it is round the burnt districts, you will find money in the breast-pocket of your coat to buy a ticket for this place. James Agard & Co. want a boy in their store, and want an honest one. Come promptly, and bring this letter to identify yourself.

JAMES AGARD, JR."

"Oh, if Mother only knew it!" was the quick thought that glistened in Jack's happy eyes, and choked him for a moment, as he laid down the letter.

Perhaps she did.

He is in Agard & Co.'s great wholesale store on the Deerford wharves now, and does credit to James Agard, Jr.'s, recommendation.

And it all came of sending the wrong coat!



A little old man named M<sup>c</sup>Caw.

Oh, he was well read up in law!

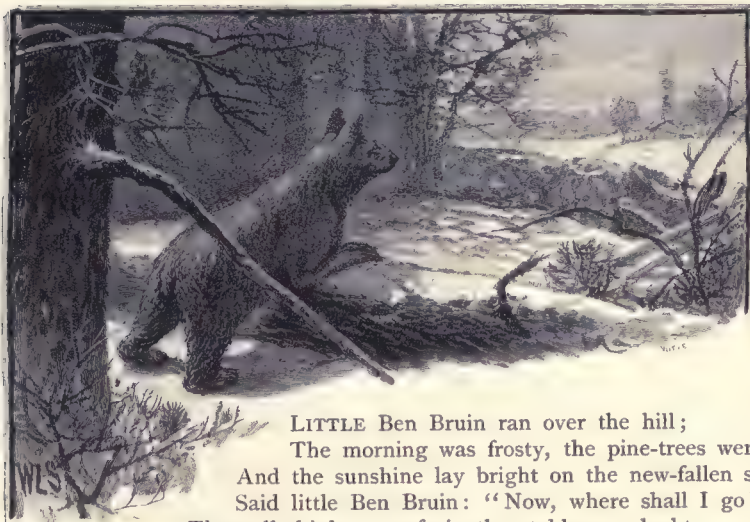
With a very wise look

He'd take down a great book,

And, turning its leaves say "Phaw!"

## BEN BRUIN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



LITTLE Ben Bruin ran over the hill;  
 The morning was frosty, the pine-trees were still,  
 And the sunshine lay bright on the new-fallen snow.  
 Said little Ben Bruin: "Now, where shall I go?  
 They all think me safe in the stable, no doubt;  
 But what are my paws for, if not to get out?  
 Must I live with the horses and donkeys? Not I!  
 The world is before me—my luck I will try."

Ben Bruin trudged on till an hour before noon;  
 Then he said to himself: "I shall starve to death soon!  
 Not an acorn or nut have I found in this wood;  
 There is plenty of nothing but snow. If I could,  
 For a taste of the dinner at home, I'd run back;  
 But, somehow or other, I've lost my own track!  
 Ho! ho! there's a sight I have not seen before—  
 A little red house, with a half-open door!"

"I think I'll step in, for I'm weary and lame."  
 Ben Bruin was little, you see, and quite tame;  
 He feared neither children, nor women, nor men,  
 Though he did like a free forest-stroll now and then.  
 Harry Hunter had petted the young orphan bear,  
 Since his father the old ones had shot in their lair;  
 And to school he had not been forbidden to go—  
 That he would not be welcome, pray, how could he know?

Ben Bruin stepped into the entry, and there  
 Little cloaks, hoods, and tippets were hung up with care,  
 And small luncheon-baskets beneath, in a row.  
 "Something good in those baskets, I smell and I know,"  
 Said little Ben Bruin, and on his hind paws  
 He balanced himself, while his nose and his jaws  
 Found business enough. Hark! a step! pit-a-pat!  
 Little Rose White came in, and saw what he was at.



Pretty Rose of a school-mate so rough had not dreamed;  
She turned pale, and then red; then she laughed, then she screamed.  
Then the door of the school-room she threw open wide,  
And little Ben Bruin walked in at her side,  
Straight up to the school-master's desk. What a rush  
For the door and the windows! The teacher called, "Hush!"  
In vain, through that tempest of terrified squeals;  
And he, with the children, soon took to his heels.

Ben Bruin looked blank at the stir he had made;  
As a bear-baby might, he felt rather afraid,  
Like the rest of the babies, and after them ran.  
Then over again the wild hubbub began,  
And Ben, seeing now that all this was no play,  
From the rout he had raised in disgust turned away,  
While he said to himself: "If I ever get home,  
In another direction hereafter I 'll roam."

Alas! for Ben Bruin's brief morning of fun!  
Behind him a click—and the bang of a gun!  
And when Harry Hunter went seeking his pet,  
The snow by the school-house with red drops was wet;  
And pretty Rose White felt so sad that she cried  
To see the boy mourn for the bear that had died.  
And this is the story of little Ben Bruin,  
Who found through a school-house the door-way to ruin.



## THAT SLY OLD WOODCHUCK.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



"DEAH me! Dey's jes' one moah row ob taters. I's hoein' de bes' I know."

Julius leaned on his hoe for a moment. His bright black face was turned a little anxiously toward the front fence. Over in the road beyond that there

stood a white boy, of about his own size, and he was calling:

"Quib! Quib! Come here!"

"Dar he goes!" said Julius. "Dey've got him agin. He's de bes' dog for woodchucks, he is! An' I can't go 'long. Tell you wot, dough, if I'd ha' t'ought he'd run away 'fore I'd hoed dese taters, I'd nebber hab gibben him dat big bone. De rascal! He's jes' hid it away, somewhar, down 'mong de cabbages."

That was what Quib had done with his precious bone; but now his little, lean, yellow legs were carrying him rapidly down the road, with half a dozen very noisy boys behind him.

"Pete! Pete Corry! Where was it you saw that woodchuck?"

"Finest woodchuck you ever saw in all your life!" was Pete's reply.

"He 'll get away from us!"

"No, he wont. Abe Selover is watching for him. That woodchuck is in the stone-heap at the corner of old Hamburger's pasture-lot."

Quib must have understood what Mart Penniman said, for he did not halt for one second till he reached the bars that led into that very field. It was more than a quarter of a mile from the potato-patch, but Quib had barked all the way—probably out of respect for the size and importance of the coming woodchuck.

Mart Penniman and Abe Selover had started their great "game" on the way home from driving their cows. They had raced him across the pasture and along the fence, into the stone-heap, and then Abe had staid to keep watch while Mart went after Julius Davis's dog. That meant also, of course, as large a crowd of boys as he could pick up in going and coming.

It was a sad thing for Julius that his mother had

set him at the potato-patch, and that Quib had broken his contract with the bone.

Quib was not usually so treacherous, but he happened to be on friendly terms with every boy of that hunting-party.

They had all helped him chase woodchucks at one time or another, and he had great confidence in them, but that was nothing at all to their confidence in him.

The pasture bars did not stop a single one of the woodchuck-hunters. All the boys went over while Quib was wriggling under, through a hole he knew, and there, almost right before them, was the stone-heap. It was quite a large one, and it was thickly overgrown with wild raspberry vines.

"Abe—is he there?"

"He did n't get away, did he?"

"Are you sure he is in there?"

"Quib! Quib!" shouted Abe. "Woodchucks! Quib, woodchucks! Right in here. Find 'em!"

Quib was dancing around in a quiver of noisy excitement, for he had caught a sniff of something under the first bush he sprang into.

How he did bark and yelp and scratch, for about a minute!

"Poys! Poys! Vat is all dis? Vat you vant vis mein stone-heap, eh?"

It was old Hamburger himself climbing the fence, and he looked longer and leaner just then, and had more pipe in his mouth, than the boys thought they had ever seen before.

"The finest woodchuck you ever saw, Mr. Hamburger," began Cole Thomas, by way of an apology.

"Vootshuck! Dat's it! Ant so you puts a tog into mein stone-heap, and you steps onto mein grass, ant you knock ober all mein beautiful mullein-stalks and mein thistles and mein scoke-veeds!"

Puff! puff! came the great clouds of smoke from the grim lips of the old German, but it struck Cole Thomas that Mr. Hamburger himself was on the watch for that woodchuck.

Bow—wow—yow—yelp! and Mart shouted:

"There he goes!"

"Hi! We'll get him!" screamed Abe.

"Take him, Quib! Take him!"

Quib had started the woodchuck.



There was never a stone-heap piled up that had room in it for both a dog and a woodchuck.

Mr. Hamburger took the pipe out of his mouth, which was a thing nobody could remember ever having seen him do.

"Dose poys! Dat vootshuck! De tog is a goot von. Dey vill preak dare little necks. Joost see how dey run! But de tog is de pest runner of dem poys, egsept de vootshuck."

Mr. Hamburger did not run. Nobody had ever seen him do any such thing as that.

But he walked on across the pasture-lot, toward the deep ravine that cut through the side of the hill to the valley.

All that time poor Julius had been hoeing away desperately upon the last row of his mother's potatoes, and she had been smiling at him from the window. She was anxious he should get through, for she meant to send him to the village for a quarter of a pound of tea.

It was just as Julius reached the last hill that the baby cried, and when Mrs. Davis returned to the window to say something about the store and the kind of tea she wanted, all she could see of Julius was the hoe lying beside that last hill.

"Ef he has n't finished dem taters and run away!"

She would have been proud of him if she could have seen how wonderfully fast he did run away, down the road he had seen Quib and the other hunters take.

"Dey's into de lot!" he exclaimed, when he came to the bars. "Dar's Pete Corry's ole straw hat lyin' by de stone-heap. Mus' hab been somefin' won'erful, or he'd nebber forgot his hat."

That was an old woodchuck, of course, or he would not have been so large, and it may be he knew those boys as well as Quib did. If not, it was his own fault, for every one of them had chased him before, and so had Quib. He knew every inch of that pasture-lot, and he knew the shortest way to the head of the deep ravine.

"Boys!" shouted Abe Selover, with all the breath he had. "Boys! He's going for the glen! Now we've got him!"

The ravine was a rocky and wonderful place, and all the boys were perfectly familiar with it, and considered it the grandest play-house in the world, or, at least, in the vicinity of the village. If Quib once got the woodchuck penned up among those rocks, they could play hide-and-seek for him till they should find him.

Some city people that had a picnic there once had called it a "glen," and the name had stuck to it, mainly because it was shorter than any other the boys could think of; and, besides that, the school-master of the district two years before (who

did n't suit the trustees) had been named Glenn, and so the word must have been all right.

Some of the boys were near enough to see the woodchuck make for the two maples at the head of the ravine, and Bob Hicks tumbled over Andy Thompson while he was shouting:

"Catch him, Quib!"

After they got past those two maple trees there was no more fast running to be done.

Down, down, deeper and rockier and rougher every rod of it, the rugged chasm opened ahead of them, and it was necessary for the boys to mind their steps. It was a place where a woodchuck or a small dog could get around a good deal faster than any boy, but they all followed Quib in a way that would have scared their mothers if they had been there.

"It's grand fun!" said Mart Penniman. "Finest woodchuck you ever saw!"

"Come on, boys!" shouted Abe Selover, away ahead. "We'll get him, this time."

Abe had a way of being just the next boy behind the dog in any kind of chase, and they all clambered after him, in hot haste.

On went Quib, and even Abe Selover could not see him more than half the time, for he had an immense deal of dodging to do, in and out among the rocks and trees, and it was dreadfully shady at the bottom of that ravine.

The walls of rock, where Abe was, rose more than sixty feet high on either side, and the glen was only a few rods wide at the widest place.

"He's holed him! He's holed him! Come on! we've got him, now!"

Quib was scratching and yelping like an insane dog at the bottom of what looked like a great crack between two rocks, in the left-hand side of the glen as you went down. The crack was only an inch or so wide at the bottom, and twisted a good deal as it went up, for the rock was of the kind known as "pudding-stone." There was a hole, just there, large enough for a woodchuck, but too small for a dog.

"Dig, boys! Dig!"

"Dig yourself," said Pete Corry. "Who's going to dig a rock, I'd like to know?"

"Let Quib in, anyhow. He'll drive him out."

Abe was prying at that hole with a dead branch of a tree, and, almost while he was speaking, a great piece of the loose pudding-stone fell off and came thumping down at his feet.

"A cave, boys! a cave! Just look in!"

Quib did not wait for anybody to look in, but bounded through the opening with a shrill yelp, and Abe Selover squeezed after him.

Pete Corry felt a little nervous when he saw how dark it was, but he followed Abe; and the other

boys came on as fast as the width of the hole would let them.

That is, they crept through, one boy at a time.

What surprised them was, that the moment they had crawled through that hole they could stand up straight.

"Where's the woodchuck?" asked Bob Hicks.

"Woodchuck? Why, boys this is a regular cave," replied Abe.

"Quib's in there, somewhere," said Mart Penniman. "Just hear him yelp!"

"Hold on," said Cole Thomas—"there's more light coming in. We shall be able to see, in a minute."

The fact was that it took a little time for their eyes to get accustomed to the small amount of light there was in that cave.

The cave itself was not very large.

It grew wider for about twenty feet from the hole they came in by, and the floor, which was covered with bits of rock, sloped upward like the roof of a house, only not quite so abruptly.

In the middle it was more than a rod wide. Then it grew narrower, and steeper, and darker with every step. But they knew about where the upper end must be, for they could hear Quib barking there.

"It's dark enough," said Andy.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Abe Selover. "We'll have that woodchuck this time. He's in this cave, somewhere."

They were not very much afraid to keep a little way behind Abe Selover, and in a few minutes they heard him say:

"Quib! Is he there? Have you got him?"

Quib barked and whined, and the sound seemed to come from away above them.

"Come on, boys! I can see a streak of light. It's like climbing up an old chimney. Quib's almost on him."

All that time, while they were groping through that cave, Julius Davis was looking around the pasture-lot after them.

He would have been glad of a small glimpse of Quib, but all he had found as yet was Mr. Hamburger, who was standing under an old butternut-tree and looking down at a round, hollow place in the ground.

He was smoking very hard.

"Hab you seen my dog?" asked Julius.

"Hold shtill, poy! Joost you wait. Hi! Dere goes dose vootshuck!"

"Dat's so. He's come right up out ob de hole, and dar aint no dog to foller him!"

Away went the woodchuck, and Julius gave him up for lost; but Mr. Hamburger smoked harder than ever and looked down at the hole.

"Hark! Hear dem? It is de tog! Pless mein eyes, if dey did n't chase dose vootshuck right oonder mein pasture-lot!"

Julius could hear Quib bark now, away down there in the ground, and he could not stand still on any one side of that hollow. So he danced up and down on every side of it.

One minute,—two, three minutes,—it was a dreadfully long time,—and then it was the voice of Abe Selover, mixed with a long yelp from Quib.

"Come on, boys! I've shoved him through. I'm going right up after him. Nothing to pull away but some sods."

"Dat's de tog!" exclaimed Mr. Hamburger. "Keep shtill, black poy! De rest of dose vootshucks is coming. Keep shtill."

Nothing but some sods to pull away, to make that hole large enough, and then Abe Selover's curly head popped out, and the rest of him followed, grimy and dirty, but in a great fever of excitement and fun.

After him climbed the other boys, one by one.

"Mr. Hamburger, did you see where that woodchuck went to?"

"De vootshuck? I don't know him. But de black poy haf run after de tog, ant he vas run so fast as nefer you saw. Vare you leetle vootshucks coom from, eh? You climb oonder mein pasture?"

"No use, Abe," said Mart Penniman. "We've missed that woodchuck this time."

"We've found the cave, though," said Pete Corry. "It's through that he got away from us so many times."

"I dell you vat," said Mr. Hamburger; "de nex' time you leetle vootshucks vant to chase dat oder vootshuck, you put a pag ofer dese hole Den you shace him round among de rocks, and you vill catch de tog ant de vootshuck into de same pag."

"That's what we'll do," said Abe Selover. "But not to-day, boys. He was the finest woodchuck I ever saw, but we've missed him this time."





SHE does n't live in Egypt,—  
Not in these later years;  
She sits in a cane-seat rocker,  
And this is what she hears:

"Mamma, where's my pencil?"  
"Mamma, where's my hat?"  
"Mamma, what does this mean?"  
"Mamma, what is that?"  
"Who was General Taylor?"  
"Where's this horrid town?"  
"Have I got to do it?"  
"Say, is 'rest' a noun?"  
"Can I have a cornet?"  
    Don't I wish I had!  
"Ma, if I got rich some day,  
    Would n't you be glad?"  
"This book says the dew-drops  
    Climb the morning sky;  
Oh, what makes them do so?  
    Tell the reason why."

Hear the gentle answers,  
Making matters plain;  
Should she speak in riddles,  
They will ask again.

"Something ails this slipper,—  
    Does n't it look queer?"  
"Must I do it over?"  
    Fix it, Mother dear."  
"We must write an essay  
    On 'a piece of chalk';  
Mother, what would you say?"  
"Ma, why don't you talk?"

Children, come to Auntie!  
Let Mamma alone!  
(I sometimes think the patient sphinx  
Will really turn to stone.)



## THE STORY OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

## CHAPTER IV.

## HOW ROYALTY DINED WITHOUT EATING.

EARLY next morning, Rauf, who lodged in the *Sieur de Montmorency's* tent, was awakened by a touch upon his shoulder, and, opening his eyes, was startled to see the King bending over him.

"Arise, Sir Page," said Francis, with a reassuring smile. "I am mightily vexed with all this suspicion and ceremony that, it seems, must needs attend all our interviews with your King, and I am minded to give our brother of England a surprise this morning. None save the Count of Saint Pol and the *Sieur de Montmorency* accompany me, and you shall help us force the camp."

Dressing in much wonderment, and snatching a hasty bite at a cold pasty, Rauf joined the King and his two companions. With neither guards nor heralds, they rode across the valley and up the slopes to Guisnes, through the bright beauty of that early June morning, and "mightily astonished" the English wardens gathered on the castle bridge.

"Surrender ye, surrender ye, my brothers, to the might and power of France!" said the King, gayly, as he rode among them. "Lead us straight to the chamber of our cousin of England."

"Sire, he has not yet awakened," said the bewildered Marland, the provost. "Pray, your majesty, rest awhile, until I summon his grace the Earl of Essex to conduct you to the King's highness."

"Earl me no earl, and king me no kings," protested Francis, laughingly. "I seek to awaken, not a king's highness, but mine own good brother and comrade, Henry of England; so, then, on to the chamber, Master Bulney." And following Rauf, with the bewildered English officials still in the rear and "sore perplexed," Francis walked rapidly to the door of the King's chamber, knocked, and, without further ceremony, walked in.

"Never," says the chronicler, "was man more dumbfounded than King Henry."

"Brother," he said, "you have done me a better turn than ever man did to another, and you show me the great trust I ought to have in you. I yield myself your prisoner from this moment, and I proffer you my parole. Sir Page, my jeweled collar!"

Rauf brought from the open casket near the

bed a magnificent collar of gold and jewels, worth, it is said, some fifteen thousand angels, or nearly forty thousand dollars of our money.

"Take this, my brother," said the King; "take it and wear it this very day for the love of your prisoner, Henry of England."

"Honor for honor, ransom for ransom," said Francis, and detaching from his own dress a bracelet, said to be worth thirty thousand angels (nearly eighty thousand dollars)—"wear this," he said, "for me, and with it wear close to your heart the dear love of your brother, Francis of France."

"Now will I rise and attend you," said Henry; and to Rauf he said, "Sir Page, let our gentlemen of the chamber be called."

"Not so," said Francis; "'t is brother and brother, and peer to peer. You shall have none other chamberer than your loving Francis, and as I thus warm your shirt and help you to your dress, may the warmth of our brotherly love melt down all the barriers of suspicion and ceremony that our lords would fain rear between us."

And so, with jovial talk and many a merry jest, was this memorable and most novel kingly visit prolonged and enjoyed, to the dismay and bewilderment of the ceremonious courtiers of both the camps.

Next day, after the jousts were ended, there was tried a bout between the English wrestlers, and then a match between the archers, in which latter the King of England took a part. "For," says the French chronicler, "he was a marvelous good archer and a strong, and it was very pleasant to see him." These sports over, the two Kings entered the pavilion to rest and refresh themselves. Here Francis, admiring the splendid physique of King Henry, said to him:

"You are mightily well built, brother. Truth to say, the Chevalier Giustinian made no unfair report of you to his master, the Doge of Venice."

"And what said the wordy chevalier?" queried Henry.

"He said," replied Francis, "that my lord the King of England was much handsomer than any monarch in Christendom; very fair and well-proportioned; a good musician; a capital horseman; a fine jousting; a hearty hunter; a tireless gamester; a mighty archer, and a royal hand at tennis."

"Ay, tennis is a royal game," was Henry's only comment.

"The chevalier protested," went on the French



King, "that it was the prettiest thing in the world to see you at tennis, with your fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture."

"Ha! well," said the flattered Henry, "the Chevalier Giustinian was a courtier-like and wily ambassador, and you, too, my brother, are, I fear me, a sweet-tongued flatterer."

"Not so, not so," responded Francis. "I am leal and true comrade to the man, be he king or courser-man, who is as tightly built and as strong in heart as is Henry of England."

Then it was that Rauf in astonishment saw his gracious sovereign seize with a practiced hand the collar of my lord the King of France.

"Come, my brother," said Henry, "let us try a fall."

With arms entwined around each other's body in a grip of iron, with feet planted, and with every muscle strained, the royal wrestlers swayed now this way and now that in their trial of strength. There came one or two well-made feints at throwing, and then suddenly, so the record says, "the King of France, who was an expert wrestler, tripped up the heels of his brother of England and gave him a marvelous somerset."

"Revenge, revenge! I am not yet beaten!" cried the fallen prince, springing to his feet, but then came the summons to supper, and the wrestle of the Kings was over.

The fortnight of pageantry ended all too quickly for Rauf and Margery, and for many an older participant, but the end came at last, as come it must to all good times. And now it is Saturday, the 23d of June, the feast of the vigil of St. John—commemorating that early Pope of Rome, imprisoned and martyred by the Arian King of Italy, Theodoric the Ostragoth. As fitted both a high feast-day of the Roman Church and the last hours of an occasion in which that Church had played so prominent a part, the Lord Cardinal announced a solemn mass to be sung by both the French and English priests. So, in the great lists, which for twelve days had rung with the clash of sword and lance, the shouts of contestants, and the cheer of victory, a gorgeous chapel was erected, on a great platform, hung with cloth of gold and splendid draperies, while altars and reliquaries shone with gold and gems. The oratories of the Kings and Queens were royally furnished, and chairs of state, under canopies of cloth of gold, stood on the platform for the cardinals, bishops, and prelates of France and England. Dressed in soft camlet robes, blood-red, from head to foot, the cardinals and their trains of priests and dignitaries moved in slow procession from the chapel to the chairs. Then, amid a solemn silence, in the presence of a vast multitude that thronged the galleries and stood

without the lists, the great Cardinal Wolsey, changing his red robes for his richest vestments of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, opened the service, in which the English and French priests and chanters took alternate parts. The Kings and Queens knelt at the altars, and all the curious forms of service that were the usages of that age of form, in religion as in arms, were carefully observed.

Right in the midst of it all, as the rich strains of the "Gloria in Excelsis" filled the air, there rose a great noise of roaring and hissing, and lo! high above the French camp at Arde, appeared the figure of "a great salamander or dragon, four fathoms long and full of fire."

Margery started up in alarm, and clutched the sleeve of Rauf, himself not all unmoved at the strange apparition.

"Oh, look, look, Rauf!" she said, beneath her breath. "What is it? What is it?"

But even Rauf's cup of wonders was filled to overflowing, and he simply gazed, speechless.

"See, see; it comes this way!" he said, involuntarily ducking his head, as the fiery monster, cleaving the air, headed toward them and then "passed over the chapel to Guisnes as fast as a footman can go, and as high as a bolt shot from a cross-bow."

Surprise, indecision, dismay, and fear were seen on many faces, and a sigh of relief broke from countless watchers as the last vestige of the fiery trail vanished from the sky.

"Oh, what a monster!" said Margery. "What could it have been, Rauf?"

The boy plunged down into the very depths of his boyish wisdom, but found no fitting explanation, and both the children turned questioning faces to Sir Rauf Verney, who, with Lady Gray, was watching their astonishment with evident amusement.

"Rest easy, my little ones," he said. "'T is no portent nor omen, but only one of those conceits in fire, brought from Italy for the French lords, and can harm no one. Even now it lies all dead and blackened on our camping-ground at Guisnes."

And so Rauf and Margery saw their first fireworks, then an almost unheard-of wonder in Europe.

Below in the lists, but little disturbed by the fiery dragon,—of which they had probably had warning,—the royal worshipers went on with the service, and a Latin sermon on the blessings of peace closed the mass. Then came the great state dinner, served in the lists, the Kings sitting in one chamber beneath a golden canopy, the Queens in another, the cardinals and prelates in another, and the lords and ladies in still other apartments. Rauf and Margery, with the robust appetites of

healthy children, dipped like young epicures into all the dainties, and richly enjoyed the feast, pitying, meanwhile, the enforced courtesies of royal ceremonial, which would not permit the Kings and Queens to take a mouthful, but forced them to pass the time in polite conversation while the inviting courses came and went untasted.

"'T is glorious to see the Queens' highnesses and be so near to them, is it not, Rauf?" asked happy Margery.

—with many regrets and courteous phrases; with flatteries and promises innumerable; with the music



THE TWO KINGS TRY A WRESTLING MATCH.

"Ay, that it is," he answered, glancing toward the Queens' table, where stately conversation was the only thing indulged in, "but—," here he paused with a huge piece of pasty half-way toward his mouth, "think how much more glorious to be as we are, and —," speaking with his mouth full of the pasty—, "to talk and eat both."

"Heaven protect and keep our fair young demoiselle!" said King Francis, as he bent over Margery in farewell, with as courteous a salute even as he gave to the lady Queen of England.

The closing hours of the great interview had come. It was the afternoon of Sunday, the 24th of June, 1520. The final exchange of state visits and dinners had been made, and now the French and English retinues, with the sovereigns and cardinals, met in the lists to say farewell. With the interchange of many rare and costly gifts,—horses of blood, litters, and chariots, hounds and hawks, bracelets and necklaces, chains, and robes of gold and silver tissue, of velvet and of damask,

of trumpets and clarions, hautboys and sackbuts and flutes; with the solemn covenant of the Kings to build in the golden valley a memorial chapel, to be called "the Chapel of Our Lady of the Peace"; amid the boom of artillery, the waving of banners, and the echoing shouts of farewell, the courts of France and England took leave of each other, and the "meeting of the Kings" was a thing of the past.

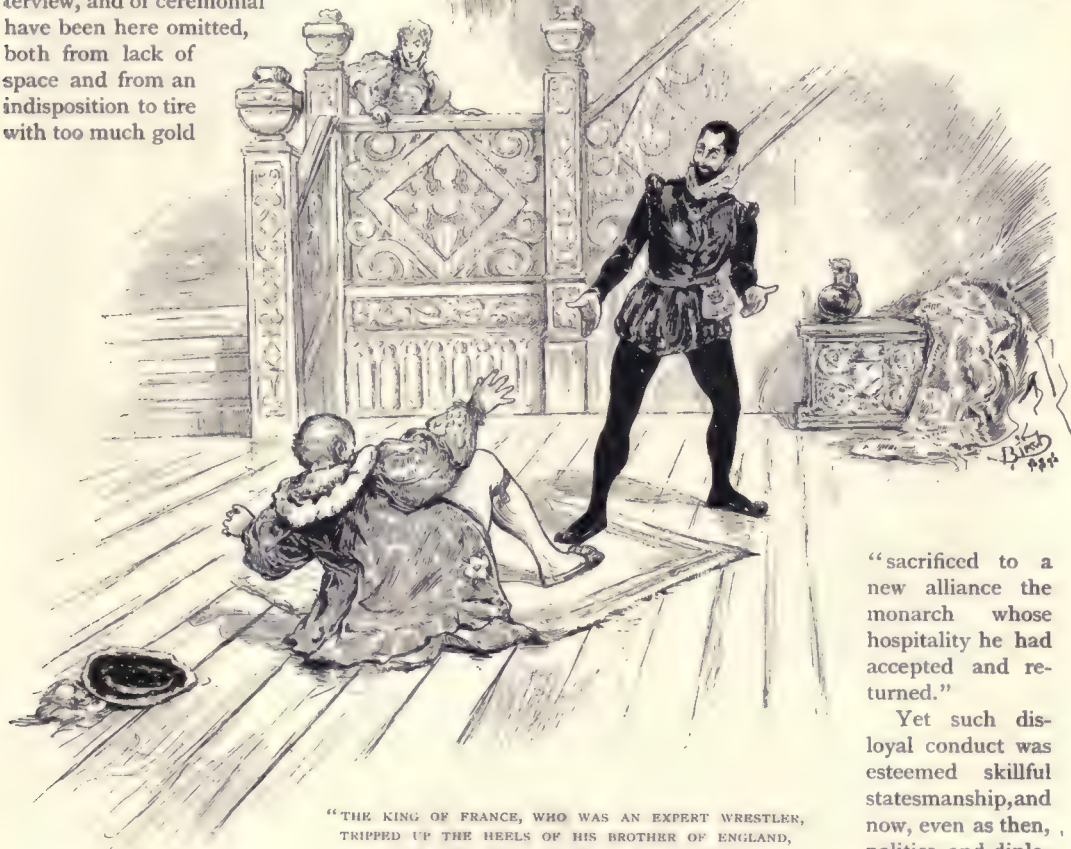
And so, back to Calais, and, after a week's delay, over the sea to England, went Rauf and Margery, full of regret that the splendid life of pleasure and excitement that they had lived for two royal weeks had come to an end. The intimacy between them never weakened, but developed and strengthened into a lasting friendship. Visits to Verney Hall and to the manor-house of Carew were frequent, and whether climbing the Chiltern hills, or exploring the woods of Aylesbury, or scouring with horse and hawk and hound the verdant vales of Surrey, one topic for conver-



sation never lacked. As they grew older they learned to see beneath the glitter of pageantry and the sound of courtly phrases the deeper designs of policy and statecraft; but still the memories of that youthful journey to France remained ever radiant and glorious with the halo of romance, and to their latest days they could tell again and again, to open-mouthed audiences of children and grandchildren, the never-failing story of the wonders and the glories of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Such, in brief detail, dear reader, is the story of that royal interview between the Kings of France and England to which reference is so often made, which stands in history as one of the most sumptuous, most imposing, and most useless of all the ceremonials on record, and upon which illuminator and artist, poet, historian, and novelist have drawn for subject and for theme. Many of the descriptions of dress, of interview, and of ceremonial have been here omitted, both from lack of space and from an indisposition to tire with too much gold

that hung upon the skirts of the pageant, kept back only by the pikes and bows of the guards; of the poverty and suffering of the people, who were squeezed and taxed for the money expended in this gorgeous show. No; nor of the utter fruitlessness of the whole affair as a matter of statesmanship. For the great King Henry of England and his shrewd adviser, the Lord Cardinal, by an act of double-dealing almost unparalleled in history, went direct from the treaties, the promises, the presents, and the pretended affections of that stately farewell in the golden valley, to the town of Gravelines, near Dunkirk, where waited the crafty young Emperor, Charles the Fifth. With him in three days Henry arranged a treaty that broke all the promises that had been made to Francis, and, as the record shows,



"sacrificed to a new alliance the monarch whose hospitality he had accepted and returned."

Yet such disloyal conduct was esteemed skillful statesmanship, and now, even as then, politics and diplomacy, in the hands

"THE KING OF FRANCE, WHO WAS AN EXPERT WRESTLER, TRIPPED UP THE HEELS OF HIS BROTHER OF ENGLAND, AND GAVE HIM A MARVELOUS SOMERSET."

and glitter. Nor has mention been made of the other side of the picture—of the motley crowds

of men who disregard truth and faith and honor, may be as full of deceit and hypocrisy. But, as

you read history thoughtfully, you will learn also that true manliness and true womanliness pay best in the long run, and that he who tries to walk in the line of duty or of honest faith, be he prince or peer, youth or yeoman, statesman or student, helps on, in some degree, the progress and betterment of the world in which he lives.

But it was during the reigns of the three princes we have here met—Henry, Francis, and Charles

—that the more practical light of modern endeavor began to change the thought, the customs, and the manners of Christendom. And as almost the last flush of that glory of chivalry and ceremonial that marked the times which we now call the Middle Ages, there is to be found much of interest, much of gorgeous coloring, and much of picturesque magnificence in the wonder-filled story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

## A TOWN WITH A SAINT.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THERE is not another place in the world just like it. It has houses and streets and woods and school-houses and a post-office, and all that, like many another New England town; but, for all these, there is a difference. If you take the Old Colony Railroad from Boston, you soon get away from the city and the pretty villages round about, and come to the wild woods. It seems wonderful that there are so many glorious fishing-places, miles of grand camping-ground, and great stretches of lovely wilderness in such an old State as Massachusetts. The Duke of Argyle, in traveling from Boston to Newport, said the country reminded him of the wild parts of Scotland. And so it may well have done, as far as the woods are concerned, but the towns are very different from Scottish hamlets.

The curious thing about this part of the country is that, while the land seems so wild and poor, the villages, half hidden in the forest, are busy enough, and as the train rushes out of the shady lanes it stops amid tasteful houses, beautiful public buildings, and every convenience of a city. The land is poor and the climate cold, but the inhabitants—the boys and girls—do not care for that. They do say that the land is so stony that the farmers sharpen the noses of their sheep, to enable the poor things to get a bite of grass between the stones. Yet here people live and work, and most of them get along beautifully. Here, in the village of North Easton, the men make thirty thousand shovels every week. They send them all over the world, and thus it is they earn enough to live upon in comfort. There was once an old farmer in Massachusetts who was terribly alarmed when his eight boys grew up, because he feared that, if he cut up the farm into eight parts, none of them would have enough to live upon. However, the boys took care of themselves, and in time went to work in the

factories. So it is here. Every one works in the shops or on the farms.

The boys and girls go to school in the handsome school-houses, and coast on the hills or skate on the great ponds in winter, or go nutting in the woods in autumn. But this is not the end of their fun. Here is the best thing of all: Every boy and girl in the town, rich and poor, young and old, has ST. NICHOLAS.

Once a month it comes in the mail, every copy carefully addressed, one copy for every family where there are boys and girls in the entire town. By recess time on the day of its arrival all the children in town are usually aware of the fact. ST. NICHOLAS has come! Think of it! One copy for every family. The joyful news soon spreads, and the moment school is out there is a grand rush for the post-office. Three hundred boys and girls besiege it at once. The postmaster hands the magazines out as fast as possible, and before night every one is gone. Not one is left, you may be sure. That evening, the entire population begins to read ST. NICHOLAS. Nobody knows when they get through, for father and mother and big brother want their turn. He must be a very old boy who can't read ST. NICHOLAS.

So it goes. Twelve times a year each family in North Easton has its own magazine. In many a lonely farm-house it may be almost the only book, and in every house it is welcome. If all the children in North Easton read it right through from the beginning at the same time, they must reach the same jokes at the same time, and no doubt the entire town laughs at the same place and sits up long past bed-time trying to solve the puzzles. Think of every child in a town being personally acquainted with Jack-in-the-Pulpit and the Little School-ma'am! If Mr. Stockton should



go there, he would find every boy and girl familiar with his wonderful fairies and gnomes. If the people knew he was there, they would, no doubt, ring the church-bell and invite him into the beautiful Memorial Hall, and bid him tell the town a story.

I've written one or two things myself for the pages of ST. NICHOLAS, and when I went there and found that every boy and girl I met in the streets read it every month, I felt like boarding the cars and leaving as fast as possible. I once heard a little girl read one of my stories, and it made me feel truly proud; but a town full of readers! I did n't say a word. It made me feel like the boy

who carried the music-box to church by mistake. It went off right in sermon time, and he wished he had n't come.

And this is the way it all happened. Mr. Ames, who, when he lived, was one of the owners of the shovel-works located here, made a very wise will. It provided that a part of the money he left should be used every year for the benefit of all the people in the town. A number of persons were appointed to take charge of this money, and with a part of it they give, each year, a copy of ST. NICHOLAS to every family where there are children. So it happens that the whole town full of children read it every month.



BY CORINNE OAKSMITH.

SWEET little darling runs into my room,  
Red lips parted and cheeks aglow;  
Fresh and rare as the apple bloom,  
Brighter far than the roses blow.

"Oh, sister, come and see!" she cries,  
As she smooths from her brow the tangled  
hairs,

While wonder speaks through her violet eyes —  
"My little kitty is saying her prayers!"

"Come and look thro' the nursery door!  
We wont frighten her where she lies,  
In the streak of sunlight on the floor,  
Folding her white paws over her eyes.

"I wonder,"—treading with light foot-fall,  
And daintily lifting the frock she wears,  
As she trots before me across the hall,—  
"I wonder if God hears kitty's prayers?"

## A JAPANESE FUNNY ARTIST.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

ONE hundred and twenty-three years ago—in the year just before the first observed transit of Venus—there was a looking-glass maker in Yedo, who was made happy by the information, “It’s a boy.” Neighbors and friends rushed in to congratulate Mrs. Middle-island, the happy mother whose son North-house (Hokusai) was to become the most famous artist in Japan.

As the boy grew up he was fond of drawing, and always had a pencil or brush-pen in his hand. He made pictures of babies on their mothers’ backs, of chubby children playing, of the ownerless wolfish dogs and bob-tailed cats of Yedo. Nearly all the Japanese artists before North-house had painted only lords and ladies of the court,

Hokusai kept on the ground, with the result that even the babies understood his drawings, and dyers bought his books for their patterns. To study some of the dainty pictures dyed into a *daimiō*\* lady’s skirt, or to read a Japanese fairy tale on a bride’s robe, is often to recognize Hokusai’s pictures reproduced in color.

Hokusai opened a studio in Yedo in 1810, and labored steadily with the brush until 1849—about five years before Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Yedo. His chief books of pictures are his *mangwa*, or albums of sketches. Occasionally he made journeys, and the fruits of his travel were his “Hundred Views of Fuji-Yama,” besides many pictures of natural scenery. His drawings are

more simple and less finished than ours, but are much clearer than those of most Japanese draughtsmen, so that, of them all, Hokusai is best understood by foreigners.

In one funny sketch he pictures soldiers feasting in time of peace, and getting so fat as to be unable to buckle on their armor, like tortoises that have grown bigger than their shells, and so can not shut up. In still another picture, he shows the shady side of a farmer’s life. A hungry man in threadbare coat, prematurely gray through hard work, is looking anxiously



HOKUSAI'S PICTURE OF THE JAPANESE WAY OF BREAKING IN PONIES.

nobles' costumes and gorgeous silk dresses, and gold-lacquered vases and palanquins belonging to the Mikado. Many of their subjects were Chinese, but silken curtains and red temples and pagodas, with abundance of gold clouds in the picture to cover up the plain or common parts, were what one saw on most famous works of art.

But Hokusai was a man of the people. He cared next to nothing about Chinese heroes, or high lords of the court,—except to make fun of them,—and so he struck out in a new line. He pictured farmers and mechanics, thatched cottages and shops and markets, pack-horses and street dogs, and everything in humble life. He especially entered into the juvenile world,—which is only as high as a yard-stick,—and while his brother artists soared into the mountains and clouds

at a piece of land which, toil as he may, yields him scarcely enough to live on. The Japanese sentence of explanation at the side of the picture is a double-edged pun, reading either “A scant field gives a short crop,” or “Human life is but fifty years.”

Hokusai was never weary of studying horses and their funny ways, and of all creatures Japanese horses are the most amusing. These nags, which wear laced-up shoes of straw, drink out of a dipper, take hip-baths of hot water, and stand in the stable with their mouths tied up higher than their ears, are broken in to the pack or saddle in a very rough way. In Hokusai's days, horses were never harnessed to wagons, nor did they draw anything. The ponies were usually

\* A *daimiō* is a Japanese lord.



"broken in" in the large open yards attached to temples, and part of the large *tori-i*, or gate-way, is seen on the right in our illustration, page 340. On

Lake Biwa. In the picture, the steed has broken loose and run away from its master, and is "making tracks" in a defiant manner. The lady is out



KANEKO STOPS THE RUNAWAY.

the left are the houses of the priests, with two or three pilgrims in big hats and straw cloaks enjoying the fun. Fires, also, are usually kindled, and the colts are driven close to them, so that they may become accustomed to such a common sight.

The method of breaking them in was as follows: The young horse was duly harnessed, and a man on each side held a bridle to jerk him to the right or left, while another man in the rear beat him with a bamboo stick, keeping well away from his hoofs. Twelve or more men and boys then took hold of the long ropes or traces, and a lively shouting began. The horse plunged and galloped off, expecting to get rid of the noisy crew, but soon found that this was no easy task. It was a twelve-man power that made him go here and there, fast or slow, occasionally stopping him short and giving him a tumble. When utterly exhausted, his tormentors led him back to the stable. After a few such trials, the pony was considered broken. Such crude training, though fine fun for the men, ruins the horses, making them hard-mouthed and vicious with both heels and teeth.

Hokusai has pictured one such impetuous nag mastered by a woman who was famed alike for her strength and powers of horse-taming. I once visited the village in which this female Rarey lived. Her name was Kaneko, and her home was at Kaidzu, a little town at the head of the beautiful

walking in her storm-clogs, for the ground is muddy. No sooner does she "put her foot down," than the lariat is as fast as if tied to a rock. The animal is brought up on a short turn, and tumbles over. In spite of his kicking and rearing, the lady calmly adjusts her comb, and enjoys the scenery. When the equine Tartar is thoroughly humbled, he is calmly led home. After such an experience, he perhaps respects women more than before.

In the next two sketches, we have the funny side both of science and of superstition. Doctor Sawbones has come to visit Mrs. Sick-a-bed, who has a bilious attack, and has found the usual application of paper dipped in vinegar and laid on the temples to be insufficient. Like all good married women, her eyebrows are well shaved off. You see no sofa or bedstead in the room, for in Japan sick folks lie on quilts piled up on the floor, which is covered with thick, soft matting. The patient has come out from behind the screen, in her checked wrapper, and with her head tied up. She is showing the doctor pretty much all the tongue she has. We hope she is not a scold, and that she does not belong to that class referred to in a popular Japanese proverb: "The tongue which is



DOCTOR SAWBONES AND MRS. SICK-A-BED.

three inches long can kill a man six feet high." With her double chin, and fat round face, she looks like a kindly woman, not given to sharp words.

Doctor Sawbones, however, has laid his dress-sword and his pill-box on the floor (of both, as well as of his family crest, embroidered on the



POTATOES CHANGING TO EELS.

back of his coat near the collar, he is very proud). See how eagerly, yet leisurely, too, the old shaven-pate gazes through his horn-rimmed goggles. It is well they are guyed to his ears with buckskin straps like chain-cables. How much wisdom lurks in his wrinkled face! The woman is poking her tongue at him, wondering how long the doctor wants her to keep it out. He discovers that the cause of her trouble is too hearty indulgence in fried eels well dipped in soy. He orders for her an astonishing dose of pills, and he gets his pay if she gets well. "No cure, no cash," is the usual rule in Japan.

Fried eels are a tempting delicacy in Japan, but

broiled eels are fit for the Tycoon. Caught in the moats of the castles, in canals or rivers, the slippery creatures are skinned so skillfully that an expert draws out head and skeleton, like a sword from its scabbard. Spitted on iron or bamboo skewers, they are repeatedly dipped in soy, and broiled over hot charcoal on the streets, or in restaurants, which have for their shop-sign a square lantern, as seen in the picture.

The connection between eels and potatoes is not very clear to an American, but many a Japanese housewife or granny is afraid of putting a certain kind of long potato away in baskets. They have a queer superstition that the potatoes will change into eels and crawl away. The picture here given is Hokusai's illustration of this idea. The three boys had three potatoes; but the potatoes have waxed old and turned into eels, and the boys, grown up, find them tough subjects with which to wrestle. How the affair will end no one can surely tell, but it looks bad for the boys. One of them is being lifted from the ground, and his position reminds us of the famous feat of "climbing a greased pole," but this pole will probably lie down and slide off into the mud, and shed the boy quite easily. The second fellow is nearly off his feet; and the third, spite of all his clutching and clinging, will lose his prize. If they had only a handful of grit or ashes they might have a royal dish of eels, and not grudge the loss of three potatoes.

Hokusai made many other funny pictures of eel-catchers, well and sick women, wise doctors and cunning quacks, horses of all sorts, and men innumerable. Hokusai is dead, but thousands of Japanese still chuckle over his caricatures; and in American metal-work, silverware, wall-paper, silk, embroidery, and a hundred forms of decorative art, the strokes of his pencil are visible, with a character all their own.





## GRETCHEN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



LO, the sweet dawn in silence wakes,  
And into every casement looks;  
Gretchen her little bed forsakes  
At once, and hurries to her books.

The rich light glitters on her hair,  
And brightens on her cheek the rose;  
Her thick locks braiding, unaware  
Is she how red the morning glows!

O fair new day, you shall not find,  
Look everywhere the wide world through,  
A child more thoughtful, dear, and kind,  
More pleasant, patient, wise, and true.

Be good to her, O dawning day!  
The stones from out her pathway roll;  
Shed all your light upon her way—  
The humble, gentle little soul!

## WHERE WAS VILLIERS?

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.



VILLIERS IS PURSUED BY BASHI-BAZOUKS  
[SEE PAGE 349.]

BEFORE I let my little story answer this question, it is expedient that I explain—who Villiers is. Villiers, then, to begin with, is one of the best fellows in the world. He is the war artist of the *London Graphic*; and he has been my stanch comrade in several campaigns, and on not a few battle-fields. He came to me first in the middle of the Servian war, with a letter of introduction from a very dear friend of both of us. His face was so ingenuous, his manner so modest, his simplicity so quaint, that I adopted him as “my boy” before our first interview was over. We

loved each other from the first. Whenever, afterward, the war-tocsin sounded, it was the signal, too, of a letter or a call from Villiers, to know when I was setting out; it went without saying that he and I were to go together. Thus it fell out that he came to share most of my field experiences in the summer and autumn of 1877, when we were campaigning with the Russian army that had marched from the Pruth down to the Danube, and had crossed the king of European rivers into Bulgaria, to drive the Turk across the Balkans, and finally to follow him up as he step by step fell back, fighting hard, till at length the minarets and domes of Constantinople greeted the eyes of the hardy children of the “great white Czar.”



Near the end of July in that year, Villiers and myself were with the advance posts of that portion of the Russian army which was commanded by the Cesarewitz (now the Emperor), and which was engaged in masking the Turkish fortress of Rust-chuck, lying, as it did, dangerously on the left flank of the Russian line of advance. We were happy enough, but things were too quiet for both of us, by a great deal. It was lazy, idle work, lying in the tent all day long, gossiping with Baron Driesen, while Villiers and dear old General Arnoldi drew caricatures of each other for lack of any better occupation. So we determined one morning to ride back to the Emperor's head-quarters in Biela, and find out there whether something more stirring elsewhere was not to be heard of. We did not mean to abandon altogether the army of the Cesarewitz, but only to quit it for a short holiday; so we left our servants and wagon behind us, and started with only our saddle-horses, carrying each a blanket and a few necessities on the saddle.

At Biela, we found General Ignatieff living in a mud-hut in the rear of a farm-yard occupied by the Emperor's field-tents. He advised us to strike westward across Bulgaria, in the direction of Plevna. Something worth seeing, he said in his vague, diplomatic way, was soon to happen there. Prince Schahovskoy—nobody ever spelt the name right, and I believe the owner himself never spells it twice the same way—and old Baron Krudener, two generals commanding each an army corps, were massing their forces with intent to assail Osman Pasha behind those formidable earth-works that he had been so skillfully and sedulously constructing around the little Bulgarian town on the banks of the Osma. If we made haste, we should reach the vicinity of Plevna in time for the engagement. Ignatieff was so courteous as to furnish us with a letter of recommendation to the prince with the unspellable name; and, full of eagerness for the excitement, we rode away on our lone cross-country journey that same afternoon. It was a journey of about eighty miles, as far as we were able to reckon, and the country had been made somewhat desolate by the ravages of war. We traveled by the map, and without a guide, asking our way of peasants as we went along. This method was not an entire success, and we wandered about deviously. For one thing, our acquaintance with the Bulgarian language was strictly limited; for another, peasants were not always to be found when we wanted them; and for a third, the Bulgarian peasant has very vague ideas both as to distances and as to the points of the compass. He reckons by hours, and with most irritating looseness; his hour is

as elastic as the Irish mile or the Scotch "bittock." "How far to Akcair?" I would ask. "Two hours, *gospodin!*"\* would be the reply. "What direction?" A wave of the hand to the right, and a wild, indiscriminate, unintelligible howl, would be the lucid response. We ride on for an hour, and encounter another peasant. "How far to Akcair?" "Three hours, *gospodin!*" "What direction?" A wild, indefinite wave of the hand to the left, and a howl as indescribable as that emitted by the gentleman we had previously interrogated, would be the reply of this second exponent of local geography! There was a road, indeed, but it had never been traveled on, having been made as a job and being overgrown with weeds and grass. Besides, it had an awkward habit of breaking short off at critical points, to be found again, at a few miles' distance, in a wholly unexpected and irrelevant sort of way. Turkish roads are as aimless and eccentric as are all other things in that land of polygamy and shaven heads.

Nevertheless, on the evening of the second day, tired and hungry, we reached Poradim, where Prince Schahovskoy had his head-quarters. I knew him of old to be a grumpy man—he was the only distinctly discourteous Russian I ever had the misfortune to meet. We waited on him to ask for permission to abide for a time with his command, and I handed him General Ignatieff's letter. "I can not help myself," said he; "you bring me an injunction from head-quarters that I am to do so." And then, rising, he said: "Gentlemen, excuse me; I am going to dine."

It was more than we had any chance of doing, famishing as we were; but I was glad of the begrudged sanction. I had met an old comrade of the Servian campaign on Schahovskoy's staff, who made us welcome to his tent. He had gone on a reconnaissance, and we lay down to sleep on empty stomachs; Villiers, who has not the faculty of long abstinence from food with impunity, was positively sick from hunger. Early next morning I went foraging, and succeeded in achieving some raw fresh eggs, which I placed by his head, and then awoke him. "I give you my word," said the lad, "I was dreaming about raw eggs"—and he turned to and sucked them with a skill that proved he might give his grandmother lessons in this accomplishment.

There was no forward movement this day, but a long council of war, from which old Krudener went away gloomily, predicting defeat; for he had remonstrated against the attempt which was to be made, and which was to be carried out only in obedience to peremptory orders from the head-quarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the com-

\* *Gospodin*—a term of address corresponding with our "sir," or the French "monsieur."

mander-in-chief of the Russian army. Failure was a foregone conclusion from the outset.

This council of war would have been a very interesting spectacle to any one unfamiliar with the *personnel* of the Russian army. On the windy plain, outside the tents constituting Schahovskoy's head-quarters, had gathered representatives of all the types of Russian officerhood. Here was the gray-bearded, hard-faced old major who, without "protection," had fought his sturdy way up through the grades, with long delays, much hard service, and many wounds. He had been an ensign in the Crimea, and afterward was forgotten, for nobody knows how many years, in some odd corner of the Caucasus. He is only a major, poor old fellow; but he has a half-a-dozen decorations, and, please God, he will gain another to-morrow, if he has the luck to stand up. He is as hard as nails, and would as soon live on biscuit and "salt-horse" as on champagne and French cookery.—There is little in common between him and the tall, stately, grizzled general by his side, who is an aid-de-camp of the Emperor; a *grand seigneur* of the court, yet who has never forsworn the camp; a man who will discuss with you the relative merits of Patti and Lucca; who has yachted in the Mediterranean, shot grouse in the Scottish highlands, and gone after buffalo on the prairies of America; who wears his decorations, too, some of them earned in the forefront of the battle, others as honorary distinctions, or marks of imperial favor. He can gallop, can this young hussar in the blue-and-red; he can cut the sword exercise; he can sing French songs; he would give his last cigarette either to a comrade or to a stranger, like myself; and in his secret heart he has vowed to earn the Cross of St. George to-morrow.—Till the very end of the war I never took quite heartily to Lieutenant Brutokoff—the very opposite of the swell young hussar I have described. The first time I met him, I knew that I disliked him down to the ground. His manners—well, he had none to speak of—and his voice was a growl, with a hoarseness in it begotten of schnapps. He did not look as if he washed copiously, and he was the sort of man who might give some color to the notion that the Russian has not yet quite broken himself of the custom of breakfasting off tallow candles. But he turned out not a bad fellow on further acquaintance, and would share his ration with a stray dog.

Before daybreak on the last day of July the whole force was on the move to the front. Krudener had the right, Schahovskoy, with whom we remained, the left attack. There was a long halt in a hollow, where was the village of Radishovo, into which Turkish shells, flying over the ridge in

front, came banging and crashing with unpleasant vivacity. The Bulgarian inhabitants had staid at home and were standing mournfully at their cottage doors, while their children played outside among the bursting shells. Gradually the Russian artillery came into action on the ridge in front.

About midday Schahovskoy and his staff, which we accompanied, rode on to the ridge between the guns. The Turkish shells marked us at once, and amidst a fiendish hurtling of projectiles we all tumbled off our horses, and, running forward, took cover in the brushwood beyond; the orderlies scampering back with the horses to the shelter of the reverse side of the slope. Then we had leisure to survey the marvelous view below us—the little town of Plevna in the center, with the Turkish earth-works, girdled by cannon smoke, all around it.

After an artillery duel of three hours, the Prince ordered his infantry on to the attack. The gallant fellows passed us, full of ardor, with bands playing and colors flying, and went down into the fell valley below. For three hours the demon of carnage reigned supreme in that dire cockpit. The wounded came limping and groaning back, and threw themselves heavily down on the reverse slope in the village of Radishovo, in our rear. The surgeons already had set up their field hospitals, and were ready for work.

Never shall I forget the spectacle of that assault made by Schahovskoy's infantrymen on the Turkish earth-works in the valley below the ridge of Radishovo, on which we stood. The long ranks on which I looked down tramped steadily on to the assault. No skirmishing line was thrown out in advance. The fighting line remained the formation, till, what with impatience and what with men falling, it broke into a ragged spray of humanity, and surged on swiftly, loosely, and with no close cohesion. The supports ran up into the fighting array independently and eagerly. Presently all along the bristling line burst forth flaming volleys of musketry fire. The jagged line sprang forward through the maize-fields, gradually falling into a concave shape. The crackle of the musketry fire rose into a sharp, continuous peal. The clamor of the hurrahs of the fighting men came back to us on the breeze, making the blood tingle with the excitement of battle. The wounded began to trickle back down the gentle slope. We could see the dead and the more severely wounded lying where they had fallen, on the stubble and amidst the maize. The living wave of fighting men was pouring over them, ever on and on. Suddenly the disconnected men drew closer together. We could see the officers signaling for the concentration by the waving of their swords. The distance yet to be traversed was but a hundred yards.



There was a wild rush, headed by the colonel of one of the regiments. The Turks in the work stood their ground, and fired with terrible effect into the whirlwind that was rushing upon them. The colonel's horse went down, but the colonel was on his feet in a moment, and, waving his sword, led his men forward on foot. But only for a few paces. He staggered and fell. We could hear the tempest-gush of wrath—half howl, half yell—with which his men, bayonets at the charge, rushed on to avenge him. They were over the parapet and in among the Turks like an overwhelming avalanche. Not many followers of the Prophet got the chance to run away from the gleaming bayonets wielded by muscular Russian arms.

But there were not men enough for the enterprise. It was cruel to watch the brave Russian soldiers standing there leaderless,—for nearly all

ridge on which we stood, that had for a brief space been comparatively safe, was again swept by heavy fire. Schahovskoy, who had been silently tramping up and down, and gloomily showing the bitterness of his disappointment, awoke to the exigencies of the situation. He bade the bugles sound the "assembly," to gather a detachment to keep the fore-post line on the ridge, and so cover the wounded lying behind it. The buglers blew lustily, but only a few stragglers could be got together. "Gentlemen," then said Schahovskoy to his staff, "we and the escort must keep the front; these poor wounded must not be abandoned!" They were words worthy of a general in the hour of disaster. We extended along the ridge, each man moving to and fro, in a little beat of his own, to keep the Bashi-Bazouks at bay. It was a forlorn hope—a mere sham of a cover; half a regiment



ON THE RIDGE—OVERLOOKING THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA.

their officers had fallen,—sternly waiting death for want of officers either to lead them forward or to march them back. As the sun set in lurid crimson, the Russian defeat became assured. The attacking troops had been driven back or stricken down. For three hours there had flowed a constant current of wounded men up from the battle-field back to the reverse slope of the ridge on which we stood, with the general, his staff and escort, and down into the village behind, into what seemed comparative safety. All around us the air was heavy with the low moaning of the wounded, who had cast themselves down to gain some relief from the agony of motion.

The Turks spread gradually over the battle-field below us, slaughtering as they advanced; and the

could have brushed us away; but it was the only thing that could possibly afford a chance for those poor sufferers, lying moaning there behind us, to be packed into the ambulances and carried away into safety.

Villiers had been ill and weak all day, and the terrible strain of the prolonged suspense and danger had told upon him severely. His mother, as we quitted London, had with her last words confided him to my care. Now, in his work, as in mine, a man has to take his chance of ordinary casualties. But the ordeal which was now upon us was no ordinary risk. It was known that I had been a soldier in the British army, and I could not go to the rear while the men with whom the danger of the previous part of the day had been shared

were now confronting a danger immeasurably greater. But with Villiers it was different. He was game; and it was only by pointing out to him that he could not be of much use up here, while he could be of important service helping the surgeons with the wounded, that I persuaded him to leave the fire-swept ridge, and go back, down into the village behind us, where there was less direct work. At length he went, and the responsibility for him was off my mind. I promised to join him when we should be relieved, or when night, as we might hope, should bring the dismal business to a close.

We were up there till ten o'clock, and I do not care to write more concerning that particular experience. Some dragoons relieved us, and so, following the general who had lost an army going in search of an army which had lost its general, we turned our horses, and, picking our way through the wounded, rode down the slope.

But where was Villiers?

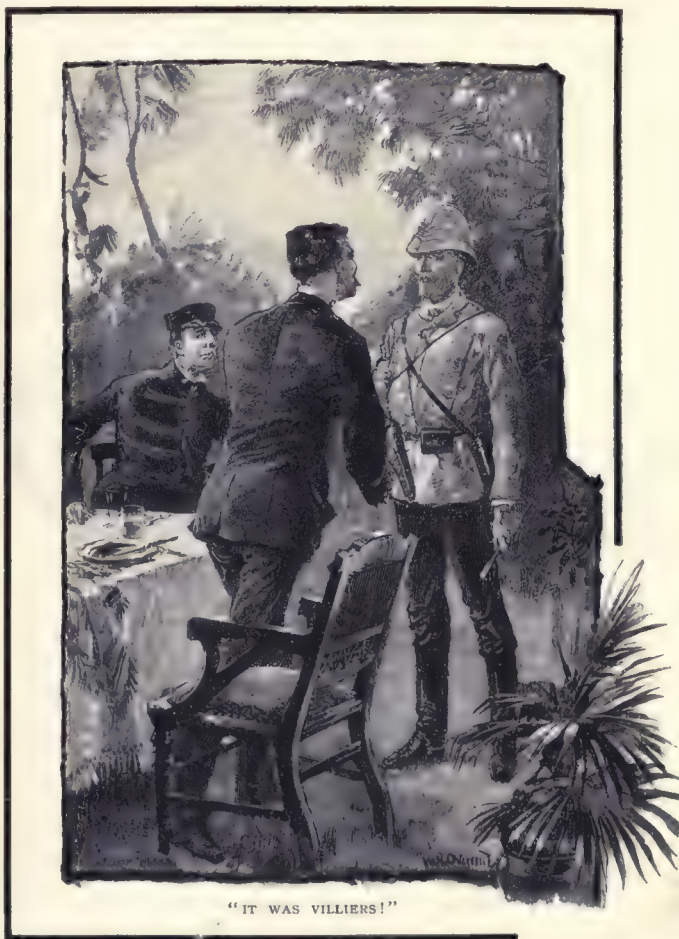
I could find him nowhere. There was no response to my shouts. I could find no surgeon who had seen him; every man was too busy to take much heed of a casual stranger. "Well," thought I, after my vain search, "Villiers is somewhere, doubtless. He may have ridden off farther to the rear; he can not surely have taken harm. Anyhow, it seems of no use for me to linger longer here; I must follow the general and his staff."

We had a bad night of it, dodging the enemy's marauders; but of that I need not now tell. At last came the morning. Ay! and with the morning came the horrible tidings that in the dead of night the Bashi-Bazouks had worked around the flank of the thin Russian picket-line we had left on the ridge, had crept into the village of Radishovo, and had butchered the wounded lying helpless there, with most, if not all, of the surgeons left in charge.

The news thrilled us all with horror; but for me now the question, "Where was Villiers?" became agonizing in its intensity. Away on the Bulgarian plateau there, the memory came back to me of the pretty house in the

quiet London suburb, where the lad's mother, with a sob in her voice that belied the brave words, had told me that she let her boy go with a light heart, because she knew that he would be with me. And now there came ruthlessly face to face with me the terrible duty that seemed inexorably impending, of having to tell that poor mother there was but one grievous answer to the question, "Where was Villiers?"

I would not yet abandon hope. I rode back toward Radishovo till the Turkish sharpshooters stopped me with their fire, quartering the ground like a pointer. Far and near I searched; everywhere I sought tidings, but with no result. Every one who knew anything had the same fell reply,



"IT WAS VILLIERS!"

"If he was in Radishovo last night he is there now, but not alive!" It was with a very heavy heart, then, that, as the sun mounted into the clear summer sky, I realized that professional duty with me



was paramount, and that I must give up the quest, and ride off to Bucharest, to reach the telegraph office, whence to communicate to the world the news of a disaster of which, among all the journalists who then haunted Bulgaria, the fortune had been mine to be the sole spectator.

It was a long ride, and I killed my poor, gallant horse before I had finished it. But next morning I was in Bucharest, and, heavy as was my heart, writing as for my life. The day had waned ere I had finished my work, and then I had a bath and came out into the trim, dapper civilization of Bucharest, with some such load on my mind as one can imagine Cain to have carried when he fled away with Abel's blood burning itself into his heart. There came around me my friends and the friends of Villiers, for every one who knew my boy loved him. Kingston, the correspondent of the *Telegraph*, Colonel Wellesley, the British military attaché, Colonel Mansfield, the British minister to the Roumanian court, and a host of others, were eager to hear the news I had brought of the discomfiture of Schahovskoy, and not less concerned when they heard of the dread that lay so cold at my own heart. We held a consultation—a few of the friends of Villiers and myself. We settled that I should give a day to fortune, before I should adventure the miserable task of telegraphing heart-breaking tidings to the boy's mother. Most of that space I slept—for I was dead beaten, and I think that Marius must have fallen asleep even amid the ruins of Carthage.

On the evening of the next day, Wellesley,

Kingston, Mansfield, and myself were trying to dine in the twilight, in the garden of the hotel. Suddenly I heard a familiar voice call out, "Waiter, quick—dinner; I'm beastly hungry!"

It was Villiers!

The question was answered. I sprang to my feet on the instant—my heart in my mouth. So angry was I at the boy's callousness in thinking of his dinner when we were sobbing about him—so tender was I over him in that—thank God!—he was safe, that as I clutched him by the shoulder and, I fear, shook him, I scarcely knew whether to knock him down for his impertinence or fall on his bosom and weep for joy at his deliverance. So quaint was the spectacle,—his surprise at my curious struggle of emotion, my attitude of wrath with which a great lump in my throat struggled,—that the others afterward insisted the situation should be commemorated by a photograph, in which we two should re-strike our respective postures.

Villiers had been asleep in an ambulance wagon, to which his horse had been tied, when the Bashi-Bazouks had entered the village. A young surgeon had sprung on the box, in the very nick of time, and had driven the vehicle out of the village just as the hot rancor of the fanatics had surged up close behind it. It was the nearest shave—but it had sufficed to bring him out safe, and he had got to Bucharest in time to shout for his dinner, and to save me the misery of telegraphing to his mother that I had a sad answer to the question, "Where was Villiers?"

## DOROTHY'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

"WHERE are you going, Dorothy?" asked little Ben Chilton, as he looked up from the boat he was whittling, and saw his cousin, with a cookey in her hand, reaching up to the latch of the stair-door.

"Going up garret to play spinning-wheel," she said in a mysterious whisper, which was overheard by Jane, who sat near by painfully sewing patch-work, and who immediately said:

"I'll go, too!"

Ben did not want to be left behind, so it was a party of three that made their way up the old, well-worn stairs to the garret, where, past the tall

clock, past the disused loom, past a heap of bags and bundles, they made their way, under overhanging bunches of mint and catnip, to the far corner, where the little old-fashioned spinning-wheel stood.

"I must be the one to sit at the wheel," said Dorothy, imperatively. "That's what I came up for."

And drawing forward a low, three-legged chair she had found, she seated herself with her foot on the treadle, and adjusted the broken strap.

"I don't care," said little Ben; "I'm going to ride on the loom and make the reel whirl."

"And I'm going to play house," said Jane. "I keep some real pretty broken dishes up here, under the eaves, on purpose."

So she began to set her blue and white fragments in order, while Ben jerked the reins he had tied to the reel. But little Dorothy sat erect and dignified at the spinning-wheel, keeping her foot in constant motion. It was her favorite amusement, and though she loved the calves and chickens out-of-doors, and Grandma's garden full of pinks and poppies, the orchard and the barn, still it seemed to her that it would be hardest of all to leave the spinning-wheel, when her visit was over and she went back to her city home.

"You see," she said to the other children, while the wheel buzzed around, "I play I'm Grandma when she was young and used to spin, and I play I'm my great-grandmamma sometimes, who was named Dorothy, like me. *She* could spin flax when she was twelve, and I'm almost twelve,—I'm eight,—and this is the house she lived in.

"How queer!" said staid little Jane, as she polished up her crockery. "*I* never think about my great-grandmother."

"Oh, I do," exclaimed Dorothy. "Sometimes, when I am up here alone spinning, I get to thinking I am really that little Dorothy who lived almost a hundred years ago; and when anybody calls quick and sharp, 'Dorothy! Dorothy!' it makes me start, and think perhaps Indians are coming!"

"Ho! ho! Indians are coming!" shouted Ben, lashing his wooden steed with fury.

But this morning no one came to interrupt the children's play by calling "Dorothy! Dorothy!" or "Jane! Jane!" It was baking-day, and Jane's mother was very busy in the kitchen. She had had to take her hands out of the flour once already, to answer a knock at the front door, and she did not want to be disturbed any more.

"*I* can't leave my bread and pies to wait on strangers," she said, as she roused dear old Grandma Chilton from her knitting, and coaxed her to go into the front room to entertain callers.

As the mild old lady, in white kerchief and cap, entered the room, she was greeted by two people entirely unknown to her.

"I am Mrs. Leroy," said the elder; "this is my niece, Miss Leroy. We board up on the hill this summer, and in driving by we have noticed your house. It interested us because it looks so very old. It *is* very old, is it not?"

"The oldest part was built more than a hundred years ago," said Grandma; "my husband's gran'ther built it. The rest has been added on since."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Leroy, raising her

eye-glasses to survey the broad beam that ran through the middle of the ceiling above her. "How *very* interesting! And I suppose you have old silver, and old china tea-pots and cups and saucers, have n't you?" And she looked again at Grandma with ill-concealed eagerness.

"We have no silver but our spoons," replied Grandma simply, "and most of the chiny I had when I was married has been broke. Janey let the last platter slip out of her fingers the other day."

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried Mrs. Leroy. "But have n't you a *few* pieces left?"

"There's the bowl Janey mixes her chicken-feed in," said Grandma thoughtfully, much wondering at her visitor's curiosity.

"Oh, *do* let me see it!" said Mrs. Leroy.

"You must understand, Mrs. Chilton," said the younger lady pleasantly, "Auntie has the greatest admiration for old-fashioned things, and would go twenty miles to see a warming-pan or a tea-pot."

Grandma was indulgent. She brought out her quaint, little old tea-spoons and her candlesticks, and made Janey's blue-pictured bowl clean for inspection. Mrs. Leroy professed great delight.

"And now, have n't you a spinning-wheel?" she asked. "Oh, *I know* you must have a spinning-wheel!"

"Why, yes," admitted Grandma, "we have an old wheel up garret."

Mrs. Leroy's eyes shone. She begged to be allowed to go and see it, and it ended at last in Grandma mounting the stairs with her guests and entering the garret.

The children stopped their play and kept a demure silence, while Mrs. Leroy vociferated her delight. She admired the clock, the loom, and two or three very old bonnets hanging overhead, and then she examined the wheel.

"It's perfect!" she said, in a low voice to her niece, who nodded assent.

"Would you be willing to dispose of this wheel?" she asked Grandma, smoothly. "I'll give you two dollars for it."

Grandma was taken aback. The wheel would never be used again; it was stowed away with broken chairs and such rubbish, but—to sell it! Still, that very morning she had wished for a little money in her hand. She hesitated.

"I will talk it over with the folks," she said, "and if you can call again, I will let you know."

"Very well," said Mrs. Leroy, "I will come to-morrow with the carriage, and take the wheel right in, if you conclude to let me have it." And then, with a few more smooth words, she departed.

But Dorothy—poor little Dorothy! She stood by the wheel in dismay. Could it be possible that Grandma would sell it?



"Oh, I can't bear to have it go! I can't bear to have it go!" she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Two dollars is a lot of money," said little Jane.

Meanwhile, old Mrs. Chilton was thinking how the summer was almost ended, and her little granddaughter Dorothy would be going home in a few days. She wished very much to give the child a parting present, but she had so little change to get anything with! Two dollars would buy something nice. At dinner-time she spoke about the wheel.

"Sell it, if you want to," said her son Benjamin. "It's of no use to anybody."

"Yes, let it go," said his wife. "It only clutters up the garret."

"Well, I believe I will let her have it," said Grandma, slowly.

Dorothy's heart sank. She could hardly eat her dinner, and as soon as she left the table she went up garret and cried over her dear little wheel, fondly turning it with her hand.

"It is *too* bad! it is *too* bad!" she said to herself. "That lady will carry it off, and *her* great-grandmother did n't spin on it, and her little girls won't love it. Oh, dear! oh, dear! It must n't go!"

By and by little Ben came up the garret stairs to console with her.

"If I had two dollars, I would buy it myself," said Dorothy to him. "If Mamma would only come before it is taken away, maybe *she* would give me two dollars."

"Well, let's hide it somewhere till she comes, then," said Ben, who was a practical little fellow. Dorothy looked at him with beaming eyes.

"I'll *do* it, Ben Chilton!" she said, "and don't you ever, ever tell!"

The two children then consulted together. Janey was not to be told, because she had shown a mercenary spirit in speaking of the money. Should they hide the wheel behind the chimney? Should they conceal it in the barn? Neither place seemed safe enough.

"There's my bower down by the brook!" said Dorothy, suddenly. "The bushes are very close and high. We can hide it there."

That very afternoon, while Grandma dozed over her knitting, and while Janey and her mother picked over blackberries, slowly and laboriously down the stairs Ben and Dorothy brought the wheel. Nobody saw them when they went out at the door, nobody saw them cross the lot, and when, after a while, they came quietly home to supper, nobody dreamed that the spinning-wheel was down among the elder-bushes, going to stay out all night for the first time in its life.

The next day Dorothy and Ben were unusually quiet, but they kept a sharp lookout, and the moment Mrs. Leroy's carriage was seen in the distance, they ran out into the orchard and climbed a tree.

Mrs. Leroy descended from her carriage, and her eyes sparkled when Grandma said she could take the wheel. Jane's mother went upstairs to get it. In a minute her voice was heard calling,

"Where is it, ma? I don't see it anywhere!"

"I know where it is!" said little Jane, running after her mother. "It's in this corner. Why, no, it is n't! How funny!"

But it was anything but funny when an hour's patient search failed to discover it, and Mrs. Leroy at last departed, haughty and irate.

The horn had blown for supper when Dorothy and Ben came meekly in from the orchard.

"Where *have* you been, children?" exclaimed Grandma, "and do you know where the spinning-wheel is?"

Dorothy was silent.

"I do believe she knows," said little Jane. "She did n't want it sold."

"Ben, where's that wheel?" asked his father, sternly. "None of your tricks, boy; I've got a birch-stick here!"

"Oh! *don't* whip him, Uncle!" cried Dorothy, springing forward. "I'll tell you truly. We *did* hide it, so we could keep it till Mamma comes, and I'm going to ask her for two dollars so I can buy it myself, and have it always in my own room at home. I love it dearly!"

"Do tell!" said Grandma, much moved. "Why, all I wanted the two dollars for was to buy a present for you, Dorothy, to remember Grandma by when you go back home."

"Oh, Grandma!" cried Dorothy. "Then do give me the wheel instead! I'd rather have it than anything else in the world—my own great-grandmother Dorothy's wheel! *May* I have that for my present, Grandma?"

"Why, of course you may, child! I only wish I'd known how you cared. I am glad you do prize it. I did n't much like to sell it myself."

"Oh! thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Dorothy, hugging her tightly. And then off she ran to the brook, to bring her precious wheel home before the dew fell on it.

Mrs. Leroy came again next day, but no sum could buy the Chilton spinning-wheel for her then. When Dorothy went home, it went with her, and by it she will remember Grandmother and Great-grandmother all the days of her life.



Sunday, sixpence in the plate;  
 Monday, makes the scholars late;  
 Tuesday, work is well begun;  
 Wednesday, leaves the lazy one;  
 Thursday, full as full can be;  
 Friday, friends come in for tea;  
 Saturday, the kitchen clean; —  
 Sunday comes for rest between!

## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT.

AT half-past nine o'clock the Tinkham Brothers were still waiting for the return of the Argonauts down the river.

It was a mild, starry April night. The rest of

the family had retired, and the lights in the house were all extinguished, when the three older boys ensconced themselves in the willow-tree,—not without bean-poles at hand,—to keep guard over their property.

They could hear, in the darkness, the gurgle of the outgoing tide in the eddies formed by the ends of the open dam. Frogs piped in a marsh

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not far off. No other sound on river or lake or shore. So they waited half an hour longer, under the calm stars.

Then shouts and laughter were heard in the direction of the new club-house, and they knew that the meeting was over. After a while arose on the night air the "Canadian Boatman's Song," sung by harmonious male voices, softened by distance and solitude to an almost spiritual melody.

"That has n't a very w-w-warlike sound," said Lute.

"No," replied Mart. "I think the Commodore's advice has prevailed, as I believed it would."

Truly, no night-marauders ever went to their work of destruction to the sound of such music.

The singing grew loud and strong as the boats passed from under the shelter of the high shore and approached the outlet of the lake, and came floating down the dark current of the Tammoset.

The Tinkhams stretched themselves out on the benches in the tree, so that their silhouettes might not be seen against the starry sky as the Argonauts glided beneath them. One by one the boats passed the dam without difficulty or disturbance. Then, again, the voices were mellowed to an almost spiritual sweetness far down the windings of the river. "Six went up. Only four have gone back," said Rush.

"I suppose the other two are to be kept in the new club-house, along with the Tammoset boys' boats," Mart replied. "Come, to bed now! We are safe from the depredations of the Argonauts for to-night, anyway."

They went softly to their rooms, taking care not to disturb their mother, and slept soundly after their anxious watch. Then, in the morning, astonishment!

The flash-boards, which had been left lying inoffensively on the platform, were missing; and the plank that Buzrow had started with his bar on Sunday had been wrenched off and taken away.

The damage done was not great, but it was exasperating. "It shows what we've got to expect, and what we'll look out for in future, boys!" said Mart, sternly, as they set about rigging new flash-boards and repairing the dam.

"Don't tell me again not to strike when I've a bean-pole over one of their worthless pates!" said Rush, with choking wrath, and Lute added:

"What do you think now of your C-c-commodore? And their b-b-beautiful singing?"

Mart made no reply, but wielded his hammer as if he had been nailing the Buzrow fist to the dam, instead of a board.

The affair was all the more trying because of the delay it involved when the tide was going out, and they wished to take advantage of the wasting

water-power. At length, however, all was ready; Rush returned to his jig-saw and his pin-wheels, and Lute to his lathe and the hubs of his dolls' carriages, while Mart opened the sluice-gate.

The machinery started, almost stopped, and then started again with a jerk. "Why don't you let the w-w-water full on?" cried Lute.

"The water is on; the gate is wide open," Mart replied.

"Then what the m-m-mischief is the matter with the w-w-wheel?"

"Thunder knows!" Mart exclaimed, watching the unsteady movements with scowling brows.

Rush sprang to a door which opened upon the water-wheel, and looked it carefully over, while it continued to revolve in the same jerky manner as at first. "Shut it off! shut it off!" he shouted, giving Mart a rapid signal with his hand. "Slowly! There!"—while Mart applied the lever—"I see what's the matter."

They could all see, after the wheel had stopped. On one side a section of five or six of the slender paddle-blades had been broken out. Only notched splinters remained, showing that the work had been done by means of blows from some hard and ponderous implement.

The three, crowding the door-way, gazed for some moments in silence, only now and then a strong, deep breath being heard above the sound of the water dripping from the wheel. Over it and the band-wheel a shed projected, open on the lower side, and leaving the paddles exposed for a distance of four or five feet above the sluice-way. Evidently, the raiders had stationed themselves below, in the river, and struck the blows which broke out the blades.

Mart drew a last long breath and moved away.

"They mean war," he said, "and war they shall have."

Lute said not a word, but winked his large eyes rapidly behind his spectacles, as they turned to the light. "It's a wonder we did n't hear the noise," said Rush.

"We were tired, and slept like logs," Mart replied.

"And their l-l-lovely singing had thrown us off our g-g-guard," said Lute.

"There's one comfort, boys," Mart added, with a peculiarly grim smile. "We have fair warning now of what they mean to do."

"And we don't get caught n-n-napping again!" rejoined Lute, stammering at a frightful rate. "W-w-woe to the next m-m-man th-th-that——"

Mart took up, so to speak, the stitches his brother dropped. "We'll make things lively for 'em next time! Say nothing to anybody. We'll keep our own counsel, be always prepared, and

trap somebody. Now, let 's see what boards we can scare up to replace those paddle-blades."

About the middle of the forenoon, the same elegant top-buggy re-appeared which had driven into the yard the day before. But it was not the Commodore's pretty sister who held the reins this time. It was the Commodore himself.

He, too, had a companion, having brought over the other Dempford member of the mill-dam committee chosen by the Argonauts the night before. Disagreeable as this arrangement was to Lew Bartland, he had himself proposed it, offering Mr. Web Foote a seat in his buggy, for the good effect that might result from a morning ride and quiet talk with that bumptious individual before their conference with the mill-owners.

They had arrived at the mill, when a third young man on foot came panting up behind the buggy and joined them. This was the Tammoset member of the committee, Jesse Blump by name; a pumpkin-faced youth, short of stature, short of breath, and especially short in that essential feature called a nose. He was glowing and blowing with the exertion it had cost him to come up with his colleagues, whom he now greeted with a profusion of smiles. After a few words together, the three crossed the level shed-roof to the upper room of the shop, where they were met by Rush Tinkham's flushed face and paper cap.

The youthful Commodore, showing tall and manly beside his companions,—for Blump stood not much higher than Web, though twice as broad,—recognized the hero of the bean-pole with a nod, and asked: "Where are your brothers?" "Down-stairs," Rush answered, coldly.

"We wish to see them," said Mr. Web Foote, pressing forward with an important strut.

"You can see them," Rush replied, still with curt civility.

"We have come to confer with them on the subject of the dam," Jesse Blump added—because, being a member of so important a committee, he felt that his position required him to say something.

"You are late for that," said Rush.

"How so?" asked the Commodore, with a look of concern, made aware that some untoward circumstance had intervened to balk his good intentions.

"They will tell you," said Rush; "but you can see for yourselves. The damage is n't all repaired."

"Damage!" Lew Bartland echoed, his face clouding more and more. "What damage?"

"That done by your rowdies last night."

Upon which Web Foote fluttered up and blustered: "Our rowdies? What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say," Rush replied, looking the little fellow steadily in the eye. "Only low, miserable scamps would try to injure us as they did."

"I waive the question of injury, which is something I know nothing about," Web Foote said; with swelling dignity. "But have the kindness to explain why you call them *our* rowdies?"

"Yes, that 's the question," struck in the Tammoset member. "Why *our* rowdies?"

"Because," replied Rush, "I suppose they and you belong to the same club."

"But what reason have you to charge members of our club with acting the part of rowdies?" Web Foote demanded.

"That 's so!" said Jesse Blump. "What reason?"

Rush answered, with a contemptuous laugh:

"Because I have seen them act so!"

"Seen them—when?" cried Web Foote.

"Yes! When?" said Jesse Blump.

"Sunday afternoon. Your Commodore here saw them, too. He wont deny it."

The Commodore did not deny it. He looked heartily sick of the whole wretched business. Rush went on: "They did again last night what they started to do then. And worse. They broke the water-wheel."

"Did they touch your water-wheel?" exclaimed the Commodore, with sudden heat. "I can't believe that!"

"You 'd better step down and see, if you wont take my word for it," said Rush, showing the stairs, and looking as if he would like to have them make the descent with alacrity, head foremost.

"Take us to your brothers, if you please," said the Commodore. And Rush, somewhat mollified by his distressed look and disheartened tone, led the way.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE CONFERENCE.

MART was in the gloomy water-shed, removing the shattered blades from the wheel, with his back toward the door that opened from the shop, when Rush came behind him and said:

"Here are some gentlemen who have come to talk about the dam."

Mart merely glanced over his shoulder, showing his sweaty and lurid brows, and remarked, as he continued his work: "There 's been some talk about that already. A little more wont do any harm. They can turn it on."

Rush stepped back, while Web Foote and Jesse Blump pressed into the door-way, the Commodore looking over their hats from behind.

"Can you spare a minute to speak with us?" Web asked, pompously.



"Nary minute," Mart said, giving dryness to his reply by using the old-fashioned vernacular.

"We have come on the part of the Argonaut Club," said the pumpkin-faced Tammoset member.

"I sha'n't hurt you, if you have," said Mart. Clip, clip, with his hammer.

"This is no fit place for a conference." Web Foote drew back with a prodigious frown.

"No place at all." And Blump also drew back.

They were both dressed in dapper style; and the floorless shed over the sluice, the rough boards, the wet wheel, and the damp odors, not to speak of the unsociable workman in coarse clothes, giving them the coldest kind of a cold shoulder, did not form a very dainty setting for their pictures.

"I'm sorry you don't like the place," said Mart. "I don't like it myself. But my business is here just now; and I've made up my mind to attend strictly to my business in future, and have as little to do with boat-clubs as possible. They have hindered us about two hours this morning, and we've no more time to lose."

He was standing on a plank, so placed that he could get at the wheel; and as he said this, he turned and looked over the hats of Foote and Blump, addressing his remarks to the Commodore.

"When was this mischief done?" Lew asked.

"Last night."

"Have you any idea who did it?"

"I don't know the individuals," said Mart. "But anybody can guess in whose interest it was done."

"I hope," Bartland replied, "you will do us the justice to believe that no such outrage as this was ever sanctioned by the club."

"It was n't necessary to sanction it. It has been done, you see."

"You can never make me believe," cried Web Foote, vehemently, "that any member of our club had anything to do with it!"

"Never!" exclaimed Jesse Blump.

Mart made no reply, but received a new paddle-blade—a long board—which Lute just then passed to him over the heads of Web and Jesse. He proceeded to adjust it to the wheel.

"We are in the way here, boys," said the Commodore. "They are not inclined to talk with us, and no wonder. I did hope to settle our differences amicably; but, after what has happened, I don't see how it can be done."

"Thank you for your good-will," said Mart, turning again, while one hand held the board in place. "No doubt you have done what you could. But that does n't seem to be much. You did n't prevent the dam from being attacked on Sunday, nor this other damage from being done last night. We find we have got to depend upon ourselves; and that's what we shall do in future."

"You are right; I don't blame you," said the Commodore. "I'll only say that if I could have had my way, things would be different from what I see they are to-day, and must be, I suppose, hereafter."

"Well," said Web Foote, backing out of the water-shed as Lew turned to go, "I regret this piece of work, though, as I said, I don't believe any Argonaut had a hand in it. But that has nothing to do with the errand that brings us here."

"Nothing whatever," said Blump, also backing out, while Mart followed them into the shop.

"I think it has a good deal to do with it," said the Commodore. "We come as a committee, to make peace, and find that somebody overnight has been making war. Whether this dastardly thing was done by members of the club or not, they will have the credit of it, and not without cause."

"I don't admit the cause," Web Foote protested.

"No, nor I!" said Jesse Blump.

"And I intend as a member of this committee to do what we were appointed and sent here for," said Foote.

"Precisely," said Jesse Blump. "What we were chosen and sent here to do."

Lute and Rush now stood with Mart, confronting these two members, while Lew stepped aside.

"We have come to ask you what you propose to do with your dam," said Web Foote.

"Exactly," said Jesse Blump. "What do you propose to do with your dam?"

The drooping side of Mart's homely mouth drew down with its drollest expression, as he gave his brothers a side glance and drawled out:

"They want to know what we propose to do with our d-a-m! What do we propose to do with it?"

"We don't propose to do anything with it," cried Rush, hotly.

"Y-yes, we do!" Lute stammered. "We propose to k-k-keep it where it is, if we c-c-can. And I g-g-guess we can."

"That seems to be the general opinion of our side," said Mart. "We need the dam for our little water-power. And after we get our wheel mended, we shall need it more than ever to make up for lost time."

If it was possible for Web Foote to stand straighter than before, he did it now, as he said:

"We have come on the part of our club to inform you that it obstructs the river and is in the way of our boats."

If it was possible for Jesse Blump to look more pumpkin-faced than before, he did it when he, too, blustered up and said: "That's the point! It hinders our boats in going up and down the river."

"Do you own the r-r-river?" Lute inquired.

"No, but we own the boats," said Web Foote.

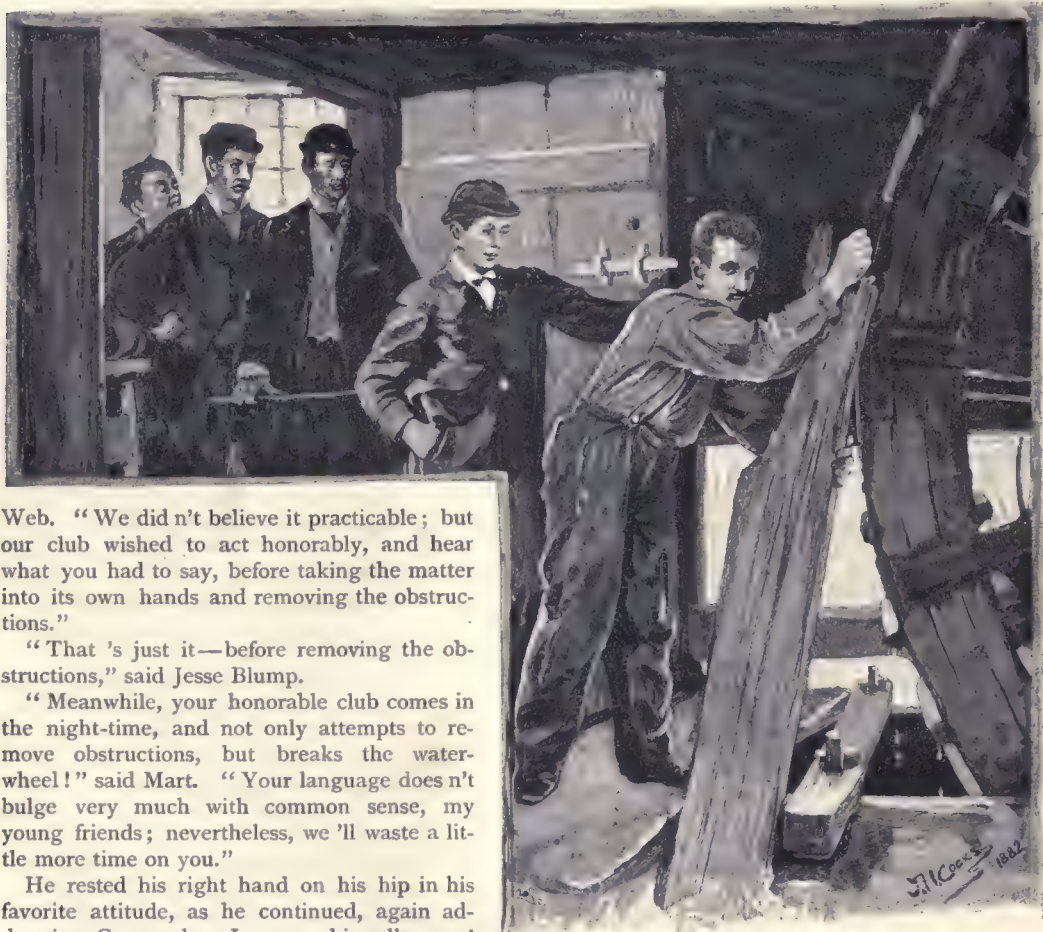
"We own the boats," echoed Jesse Blump.

"And we own the dam," said Mart. "We did n't build it; but we have bought it, and we mean to keep it. We have no wish to interfere with your boats, and you are respectfully requested not to interfere with our dam."

"We heard that you proposed to make some arrangements for letting our boats through," said

"Only yesterday," Rush broke in, also addressing Bartland, "my brother said, if the Argonauts were all like you, he would accommodate your boats if he had to stand at the dam and carry them over on his shoulder."

"What I meant by that rather absurd speech," said Mart, "was this—that we would put ourselves to any inconvenience to oblige you. And so we will do now, to accommodate those who treat us as civilized beings should treat one an-



Web. "We did n't believe it practicable; but our club wished to act honorably, and hear what you had to say, before taking the matter into its own hands and removing the obstructions."

"That 's just it—before removing the obstructions," said Jesse Blump.

"Meanwhile, your honorable club comes in the night-time, and not only attempts to remove obstructions, but breaks the water-wheel!" said Mart. "Your language does n't bulge very much with common sense, my young friends; nevertheless, we 'll waste a little more time on you."

He rested his right hand on his hip in his favorite attitude, as he continued, again addressing Commodore Lew over his colleagues' hats.

"We came here as strangers, and were ready to do anything reasonable for the sake of keeping on good terms with everybody in these two towns who would use us well. We are not brigands and outlaws; though, by their treatment of us, some of your fellows seem to have thought so. We are really as kind-hearted as the old lady who warmed the water she drowned her kittens in. We would n't willingly injure anybody."

"HERE ARE SOME GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE COME TO TALK ABOUT THE DAM."

other. But we see by last night's transactions that we have to deal with savages. And our answer to all such is, that we propose to keep our dam in spite of 'em, and stand up for our rights. Is n't that about the way it hangs, boys?"

Rush and Lute assented with quiet, determined looks.



"Then all I say is, you've got a hard row to hoe!" said Web Foote.

"An awful hard row to hoe!" said Jesse Blump.

"We expect it," said Lute. "But it's better to know we have a fight on our hands, and be p-p-prepared for it, than to be caught as we were l-l-last night."

"I did n't believe any compromise was possible, and now I know it," said Web Foote. "But I've done my part."

"Yes; we and the club have done our part," said Jesse Blump.

"You and the club have done your part in a way that *makes* a compromise impossible," said Mart. "The Commodore will admit that."

What the Commodore thought was plain enough, but he said nothing.

"You will have not only the club, but both towns against you," said Web Foote, with a toss of the head, probably from the habit of throwing his hair back in debate, though he now kept his hat on.

"I can speak for Tammoset," said Jesse Blump. "Both towns will take the matter in hand."

"No doubt you will all be very brave," replied Mart. "There are five boys of us, big and little; and there may be five hundred against us. But with law and right on our side, we shall take our chances."

Web Foote was strutting toward the outer door, followed by the Tammoset member. Seeing that the interview was over, Commodore Lew stepped impulsively back toward Mart and his brothers.

"I don't know whether you care to part as friends with me," he said, with manly emotion.

"Certainly I do!" Mart replied, warmly grasping the proffered hand. "You have acted nobly, and I thank you."

"I might have helped you; but this whole business has been managed as badly as possible. You are in a hard place. I don't see how you are going to get out of it. But you may be sure," Lew added, shaking hands in turn with the other boys, "you will never have an enemy in me. I respect you too much for that."

So they parted.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE COMMITTEE REPORTS.

THE last meeting of the club had adjourned to Thursday evening, when it was expected that the mill-dam committee would be able to report.

Again on that evening the Argonauts thronged the new club-room, and the discussion of the exciting topic was renewed. The Commodore was

present, but, at his request, the Vice-Commodore occupied the chair.

Mr. Web Foote took the floor, to speak for the majority of the committee. His manner was airy and self-satisfied to a degree unusual even for him. It was evident that the turn affairs had taken had not cooled his ambition nor tripped the heels of his conceit.

"He feels he's the upper dog in the fight, now," whispered one of the not over-friendly Tammoset boys.

"The room ought to have been built higher, on his account," remarked another. "He'll hit a rafter with his head some time, when he flings his hair back."

Serenely unconscious of the possibility that his exalted demeanor could excite any but admiring comments, the little Dempford youth stood erect as an exclamation-point, and launched his speech.

He first reminded the Argonauts of the position which he and a large majority of those present at the last meeting had taken with regard to the obstructions in the river.

"Nine out of ten of us, perhaps I might say thirty-nine out of forty of us,"—Mr. Web Foote looked as if he had been the whole thirty-nine,—*"were convinced that these obstructions should be summarily removed."* (Applause.) "But out of deference to a single member, and because we wished to act *MAGNANIMOUSLY* in the matter—I say, *MAGNANIMOUSLY*——"

This word, uttered at first in small capitals, and then repeated with a swelling stress to which only large capitals can do any sort of justice, was greeted with loud applause. Commodore Lew, seated on one of the side benches, was seen to smile.

"We agreed to the appointment of a committee, and a conference with the mill-owners; though nobody, I am sure, with the exception, perhaps, of that one member,"—the speaker continued, with a peculiarly sarcastic smile,—*"expected that any satisfactory arrangement with them could be made. That was n't possible, in the nature of things. What we demand is the river, the whole river, and nothing but the river, open to us,"*—he opened his arms wide, as if *he* had been the river,—*"now, henceforth, and at all times."*

Tremendous cheers. The torrent of eloquence flowed on.

"The conference was decided upon; and I was chosen one of those to perform that disagreeable duty. How very disagreeable it was to be, I had no forewarning, or I should have declined the honor. Going as gentlemen to call upon these much-lauded young mill-owners, we had reason to expect gentlemanly treatment. Invested with

the authority of the club, we supposed we were entitled to respect. But we received instead"—spoken with shrill emphasis and a violent gesture—"boorish insults and insolent defiance!"

Great sensation. Web tossed back his hair, swung on his heel, and, looking about him, saw faces flaming up with excitement.

"Yes, gentlemen of the club—fellow-Argonauts! These charming strangers; these industrious makers of dolls' carriages for two continents" (a titter); "these good boys who deserve our help and sympathy, as we were lately informed" (this was uttered with thrilling irony); "these honest, well-meaning mill-owners,—received us with *insults, and dismissed us with defiance!*"

If Mr. Web Foote expected an uproar of indignation to follow this stroke of oratory, he was not disappointed. He then proceeded to describe the "conference" from his own point of view, making out the conduct of the Tinkham boys to have been as bad as possible, and kindling the wrath of the Argonauts.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, in his final summing up of the whole matter; "after declining at first to have anything to say to us, then treating us with clownish insolence, and insulting in our persons the whole club,—calling us rowdies and savages,—they did finally condescend to inform us of their sovereign will and pleasure. They scoffed at the idea of a compromise, and vowed that they would keep the dam where it is, *in spite of us*. Yes, fellow-Argonauts, *IN SPITE OF US!*" he repeated, in a voice between a hiss and a shriek. "Their very words, as my colleagues will bear witness. *IN SPITE OF US!*"

At this climax, Mr. Web Foote tossed his hair back from his forehead and himself back upon his seat.

Indescribable clamor ensued. A dozen members were on their feet at once, gesticulating and shouting; among them the burly Buzrow form and face and fist, and the Buzrow voice bellowing to be heard.

Some were for rushing forth at once and answering the mill-owners' defiance by "ripping out the dam." Fortunately the state of the tide was not favorable to the enterprise; and the chairman, by vigorous rapping on the table, succeeded in restoring something like order.

"Mr. Jesse Blump," he said, recognizing one of them who had been trying to speak.

Mr. Jesse Blump had sat down again in the back part of the room, but now the face of him, looking less like a pumpkin in the lamp-light, and more like a full moon, rose red and round over the troubled waters, and shed its genial glimmer on the scene.

"As one of the colleagues appealed to," he said, "I can bear witness that we—that they—treated us—with the—the very words you have—have heard. They would keep the dam in spite of us. Something like that. I think the other member of the committee will agree with them—I mean with us—that these were the very expression."

Thereupon the newly risen moon, redder if not rounder than before, set again with surprising abruptness.

"What fools we were," remarked one of the afore-said Tammoset boys, "to put Jesse Blump on that committee!"

"Don't you see?" said the other. "It was necessary to take a member from our town; and the Dempfords chose one who could be led by the nose."

"He? He has no nose to be led by!" was the contemptuous retort.

Blump's speech did not have the effect of firing the Argonauts to a still wilder fury. It served, on the contrary, as a sort of anti-climax to Web's harangue, and prepared the way for Lew Bartland.

Lew felt that he had a tremendous current of opinion against him, but he faced it without flinching.

He could not quite keep down his rising heart as he reviewed what he called the "report of the majority"; which, he declared, entirely misstated some of the facts and gave quite a false coloring to others.

"I admit," he said, "that we were, at the outset, treated with scant civility. But there was a reason for it, which appears very small in the report you have heard, while the so-called rudeness appears very large."

He then gave his own version of the interview, enlarging upon the provocation the mill-owners had received, which Web had passed over as a very trifling matter.

"They did not call *us* rowdies and savages. They called the persons who had committed the outrage rowdies and savages. *AND I SAY THEY WERE RIGHT.*"

Lew made this avowal with an emphasis of suppressed feeling which produced a strong impression.

"If there's an Argonaut present who holds that they were wrong, I'd like to have him stand up and say so. If there's one here who dares maintain that the breaking of the water-wheel that night was an act to be applauded, let's know who he is, before going any farther."

Web Foote popped up, flung back his hair, and exclaimed:

"No Argonaut had anything to do with it, and I told them so."



A dozen voices echoed, "No! no Argonaut!" and made the room ring with renewed tumult.

"I don't say it was done by Argonauts," Lew went on, as soon as he could be heard. "I've made inquiries, and I can't learn that any member of the club knew anything about it. But what I say is, it was an act of vandalism, which might well rouse the resentment of the mill-owners. What I say further is, that they had good reason to believe it was done by some of us, or at all events in our interest."

"No! no! no!" clamored twenty voices.

"I say they had reason to think so!" cried the young Commodore, with splendid spirit. "Who are known as the active enemies of the dam? Who but the Argonauts? Of course, they suspected us. Right or wrong, they laid the outrage to us, and treated your committee accordingly. I could n't blame them. They were mad, as any of us would have been in their place. But, even then, they could have been easily pacified and brought to some agreement, if your committee had met them as I think they should have been met, under the circumstances."

"We did n't go down on our knees to them!" cried Web Foote, jumping up.

"We did n't go as far as that; we did n't kneel to 'em!" cried Jesse Blump, who, having sweated off the embarrassment of his first attempt at a speech, felt now that he could make a very good one, if he only had a chance.

Web was in his seat again, and the full moon, which had also risen, had set a second time over the sea of faces. Lew went on:

"They declared their readiness to accommodate every boat that approaches, in a friendly way, to pass the dam. I believe they will do all in their power to oblige those who treat them fairly. But as for going to any great expense to build a lock, or anything of the sort, until they are sure of satisfying us, and feel safe from midnight depredations, they were not so foolish as to waste words about that. They know too well that it would n't satisfy us; and that they have, what they rightly termed, rowdies to deal with."

"I am glad we know what our worthy Commodore thinks of us!" cried Web Foote, willfully misconstruing the last remark, and raising another storm.

"Misunderstand me if you will!" shouted Lew, himself in a blaze of excitement by this time. "Be unjust to me, as you are to the mill-owners. Oh!" he broke forth, with indignation ringing in his tones, "I am disheartened, I am ashamed, I lose

faith in human nature, when I see young men like us here unable to take large and liberal and just views of a subject in which their selfish interests are involved; unable to see that the other side has rights they ought to respect; ready to take the law into their own hands, and be judges and executioners in a cause that should be tried by humanity, forbearance, and good sense."

Another fiery speech from the little Dempford member, followed by two or three others on the same side—among them one from the son of the father whose fist had knocked down a cow; then, after a somewhat feeble and lukewarm support of the Commodore by a few of his personal friends, the report of the majority was accepted by an overwhelming vote.

"Commodore Bartland," said the chairman.

Bartland was on his feet again, pale but firm, if not calm.

"I have foreseen how this thing was likely to go," he said, "and I will now ask the secretary to read a paper which has been in his hands since yesterday."

He sat down, but rose again immediately.

"First, however," he said, "I wish to make one more correction. It has been charged that the mill-owners vowed they would keep their dam in spite of us. They did n't say that. What they did say was something like this: '*We have learned, by last night's proceedings, that we have to do with savages, but we propose to keep the dam in spite of all such.*'"

"The same thing! the same thing!" chorused several voices.

"If we are the savages who broke the water-wheel, then it is the same thing; otherwise, it is not the same thing at all. Can't we discriminate? Are we quite blind with passion?" cried Lew, with contemptuous impatience. "But I'll tell you one thing, gentlemen of the club!"

His energetic face lighted up with a smile, as he added, lowering his voice:

"Those young men of the mill are not of the sort it is altogether safe to trifle with. They believe, as I believe, and as you will find out, that they have the law with them. They are going to defend their property; and I advise whoever has a hand in destroying it——"

"What?" cried Buzrow, as the speaker paused.

"To wear thick gloves!" said Lew Bartland, significantly.

The paper he had called for was then read. In it he resigned his position as commodore of the club.

(To be continued.)

## THE QUEEN WHO COULD N'T BAKE GINGERBREAD, AND THE KING WHO COULD N'T PLAY ON THE TROMBONE.

*Translated from the German of Richard Leander by Anna Eichberg.*

THE King of Macaroni, who was just in the prime of life, got up one morning and sat on the edge of his bed.

The Lord Chamberlain stood before him, and handed him his stockings, one of which had a great hole in the heel.

The stocking was artfully turned so that the hole should not be visible to his majesty's eyes, and though the King generally did n't mind a ragged stocking as long as he had pretty boots, this time, however, the hole attracted his attention. Horrified, he tore the stocking out of the Lord Chamberlain's grasp, and poking his forefinger through the hole as far down as the knuckle, he remarked, with a sigh, "What is the use of being a king, if I have no queen? What would you say if I should marry?"

"The idea is sublime, your majesty," the Lord Chamberlain said, humbly. "I may say that the idea would have suggested itself to *me*, had I not been certain that your royal highness would, in the course of the day, have mentioned it yourself."

"That will do," said the King, for he was afraid of the Lord Chamberlain's speeches; "but do you think I shall easily find a suitable wife?"

"Good gracious, yes! ten to one," was the reply.

"Don't forget that I am not easily satisfied. If I am to like the Princess, she must be very wise and beautiful. Then there is another and very important condition. You know how fond I am of gingerbread! There is n't a person in my kingdom who understands how to bake it—at least, to bake it to a turn, so that it is neither too hard nor too soft, but just crisp enough. The condition is, the Princess must know how to bake gingerbread."

The Lord Chamberlain was terribly frightened on hearing this, but he managed to recover sufficiently to say that, without doubt, a princess could be found who would know how to bake gingerbread.

"Very well," said the King; "suppose we begin the search together." And that afternoon, in company with the Lord Chamberlain, he visited all the neighboring sovereigns who were known to have spare princesses to give away. Among them all were but three who were both wise and beautiful enough to please the King. And, unhappily, none of them could bake gingerbread!

"I can not bake gingerbread, but I can make the nicest little almond cakes you ever saw," said

the first Princess, in answer to the King's question. "Wont that do?"

"No, it must be gingerbread," the King said, decidedly.

The second Princess, when the King asked her, made up a dreadful face, and said, angrily, "I wish you'd leave me alone, stupid! There is not a princess in the world who can bake gingerbread—gingerbread, indeed!"

The King fared worst when he asked the third Princess, though she was the wisest and fairest of all. She gave him no chance to ask his question; even before he had opened his mouth, she demanded if he could play on the trombone. When he acknowledged that he could not, she said that she was really sorry, but that she could not marry him, as he would n't suit. She liked him well enough, but she dearly loved to hear the trombone played, and she had decided never to marry any man who could n't play it.

The King drove home with the Lord Chamberlain, and as he stepped out of the carriage he said, quite discouraged, "So we are about as far in our plans as we were before."

However, as a king must have a queen, after a time he sent for the Lord Chamberlain again, and acknowledged that he had resigned the hope of marrying a princess who could bake gingerbread. "I will marry the Princess who can bake nice little almond cakes," he added. "Go, and ask her if she will be my wife."

When the Lord Chamberlain returned, the next day, he told his majesty that the Princess was no more to be had, as she had married the King of the country where slate-pencils and pickled limes grow.

So the Chamberlain was sent to the second Princess, but he came back equally unsuccessful, for the King, her father, regretted to say that his daughter was dead; and that was the end of the second Princess.

After this the King pondered a good deal, but as he really wished to have a queen, he commanded the Lord Chamberlain to go to the third Princess. "Perhaps she has changed her mind," he thought.

The Lord Chamberlain had to obey, much to his disgust, for even his wife said it was quite useless; and the King awaited his return with



great anxiety, for he remembered the question about the trombone, and it was really irritating.

The third Princess received the Lord Chamberlain very graciously, and remarked that she had once decided never to marry a man who could

about fifteen yards of ribbon to wind about his neck and shoulders.

The wedding was splendid. The whole city was gay with flags and banners, and garlands hung in huge festoons from house to house; and for two whole weeks nothing else was thought of and talked about.

The King and Queen lived so happily together for a year that the King had quite forgotten about the gingerbread and the Queen about the trombone. Unhappily, one morning, the King got out of bed with his left foot foremost, and that day all things went wrong. It rained from morning till night; the royal crown tumbled down and smashed the cross on top; besides, the court painter who brought the new map of the kingdom had made a mistake and colored the country red, instead of blue, as the King had commanded; lastly, the Queen had a headache. So it happened that the royal pair quarreled for the first time, though they could not have told the reason why. In short, the King was cross, and the Queen was snappish and insisted on having the last word.

"It is about time that you ceased finding fault with everything," the Queen said at last, with great scorn, shrugging her shoulders. "Why, you can't even play on the trombone."

"And you can't bake gingerbread," the King retorted, quick as a flash.

For the first time the Queen did not know what to say, and so, without another word, they went to their separate rooms. The Queen threw herself on the sofa and wept bitterly. "What a little fool you are!" she sobbed. "Where was your common sense? You could n't have been more stupid if you had tried."

As for the King, he strode up and down the room rubbing his hands. "It is fortunate that my wife can't bake gingerbread," he thought, glee-

fully, "for if she could, what should I have answered when she said that I could n't play on the trombone?"

The more he thought, the more cheerful he became. He whistled a favorite tune, looked at the great picture of his wife over the mantel, and then, climbing upon a chair, he brushed away a cobweb that was dangling over the nose of the Queen.

"How angry she must have been, poor little



"WHY, YOU CAN'T EVEN PLAY ON THE TROMBONE!" "AND YOU CAN'T BAKE GINGERBREAD!"

not play on the trombone. But that was a dream, —a youthful, idle dream, she sighed, a hope never to be realized,—and as she liked the King in spite of this drawback, why—she would marry him.

The Lord Chamberlain whipped up his horses and tore down the road to the palace, where the King, overjoyed at the good tidings, embraced his faithful servant, and gave him as reward all sorts of toy crosses and stars to wear at his breast, and

woman!" he said at last. "Suppose I see what she is doing."

He stepped into the long corridor into which all the rooms opened, and it being the day when all things went wrong, the groom of the chambers had forgotten to light the entry-lamp, though it was eight o'clock at night and pitch dark. The King went groping forward, with his hands stretched out for fear of falling, when suddenly he touched something very soft.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

"It is I," said the Queen.

"What are you in search of, my dear?"

"I wanted to beg your pardon—I was very unkind," she sobbed.

"Pray don't, my love," the King said, in his very gentlest tone of voice. "It was my fault, but all is forgotten. One thing, let me say, however, my dear: there are two words which must never be uttered in our kingdom on pain of death—'trombone' and ——"

"'Gingerbread,'" the Queen added, laughing, though she stealthily brushed away a tear.

And so the story ends.

## EMILY.

(A True Tale of Parental Devotion.)

I HAVE much time for quiet thought, and it has occurred to me that the story of my life might be of interest to some young members of the human race. I belong to a boy who calls himself my "Little Papa." When I tell you that this sketch is a good likeness of myself, you will see why I can not write my own story, but my kind "Grandmamma" has promised to use her pen for me, and write whatever I wish to say.

An old song which she sometimes sings comes to my mind just here; it begins, "I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care"; and this is true of me. I am no longer fair; but this does not trouble me. My life is as sweet to me now as when I boasted of rosy cheeks, perfect features, and a body. Love can make up to us for any trial, and I am happy in spite of all my troubles, because my "Little Papa" loves me now better than ever.

But let me begin my story by telling you that, when I was born, my body was made by a kind, sensible old lady, who thought the flimsy bodies bought in shops not fit for any good doll, such as she meant that I should be. She made me with a shapely figure, and substantial legs and feet, upon which she put good strong shoes and stockings. My head was, and is, as you see, of the kind called indestructible. It has borne many hardships, but outlives them all, with a vigor of which I am proud.

When ready to sit down beside my "Little Papa's" well-stuffed stocking, one Christmas Eve,

my dress was of tan-colored stuff, with trimming of bright scarlet, made to wear well and for a long time. Upon my head I wore a neat cap, from the front of which a becoming fringe of short hair fell over my forehead, which, although I say it, is a high and thoughtful one. I have heard it said that my face, without possessing striking beauty, was yet one wearing such a sweet and sensible expression that it was ever pleasant to look upon.

The moment that my "Little Papa" saw me, he received me into the depths of his tenderest affection, and my story would never have been written had he not cherished me ever since with such devotion. Well do I remember him as I first saw his tiny figure, with its short, loose-flowing white dress. He was not quite three

years old. His bright blue eye beamed lovingly on me; his light, soft hair flew carelessly around his head, and on his forehead rested "a bang" so like my own that our relationship could not be doubted.

I was at once named Emily in honor of the donor, and began my life in a very pleasant playroom, where a pretty rocking-chair was given me for my own use. I was not always gently treated, but I was beloved, and that made up to me for the anguish of many a hard knock. Very soon, in order to make some experiments (using my head as a hammer), my "Little Papa" removed my cap and hair, and this led to the most mortifying occurrence of my life.





To explain it to you, I must introduce the story of another doll who for a short time shared my papa's heart. Her fate was so sad that I bear no resentment to her for that. She came into our family the next Christmas after my own arrival. I must own that she was a pretty creature—a blonde beauty, light, delicate, and quite different from the quiet, plain dolly who describes her.

When Santa Claus brought her, I felt quite heart-broken, for my "Little Papa" took her joyfully, named her "Lady-love," and I feared would think no more of me. Her day was short-lived, however. One day, he came to his Mamma (my "Grandmamma," ) with a hammer in his hand, the end of which was covered with wax. "Wax!" exclaimed "Grandmamma," observing this; "how did it get upon your hammer?—I did not know there was any in the house." My "Little Papa" hung his head. I shall always believe that it was an accident, and that he felt truly sorry for it. He did not speak, and "Grandmamma," after a moment's thought, said: "Lady-love's face is the only wax thing in the house, Charlie; have you struck your dear Lady-love?" No answer; she hastened to the play-room, and there the dreadful truth was disclosed. On the floor was Lady-love, her face cracked and scarred—her beauty fled forever! She was indeed such a wreck as to be no longer pleasant to look upon, and fell into such swift decay that soon nothing remained of all her charms but her lovely curly wig.

Then occurred the mortification to which I have alluded, and my "Grandmamma" did me the only unkindness I ever suffered from her. She said, "Emily's cap and bang are gone; let us see how she will look in Lady-love's wig!" Behold, in this second picture, the result!

I did not know myself; transformed from my own plain self to a gay Madge Wild-fire, you may imagine my feelings. I was very uncomfortable until one day, when my "Little Papa" thought best to pull off the wig which suited me so ill.

Soon after this, a puppy was brought into our

once quiet play-room. Then what misery I endured! Never did I know when his dark, sharp face would glare upon me, and his dreadful, white teeth give me a vicious shake. One day, Nurse had



left the play-room, and my "Little Papa" had gone out for a walk with "Grandmamma." I heard a rushing sound, a savage bark, and the next moment was torn limb from limb! Only my head, my indestructible head, was left!

Once in my life, I remember that, while I lay upon the floor, some wise people around me were discussing where the seat of life was located. I can tell them now that it is in the head. My luckless limbs strewed the floor, but *I*—my head—remained despairing, but calm and collected.

When my "Little Papa" came in from his walk, he hugged me to his heart, and, saying that my poor head must be cold, he begged for some cotton and the mucilage-bottle in order to close my wounds, and soon had decked me as you see in the picture above.

I did not like my appearance, but he did, and it had also made him happy to have the mucilage-bottle; so I was content.

Bodiless, hairless, with battered cheeks and forgotten charms, you would hardly suppose that I could ever be happy again. Yet I am, for I know myself to be the darling of my "Little Papa's" heart.

Two days ago he carried me to "Grandmamma," and begged her to make "Emily a cap." She did so, but as she covered my poor bald head, she said: "Charlie, Emily is not *very* handsome, is she?" How my heart—I mean my head—swelled then with joy when he cried out: "I love her better than anything, and *I* think she's pretty, too!"

At that moment I felt that I must tell the tale of such devoted love, and I hope it has pleased you to hear it. My "Little Papa" is now five years old, and, while he loves me still so dearly, I notice that he plays more with tools, carts, and horses than he does with me. "Grandmamma" said lately to him, "Soon we will put Emily away,



Charlie, in the chest with your baby-clothes"; so I look forward to a future of peaceful retirement there. Perhaps I may some day make my appearance again in active life, as the dear old dolly

which my "Little Papa" will show to his children's children as having given him so much happiness. And I know that he will love me even then, for, like me, his affection is indestructible.

## IRONING SONG.

[THIS practical little song and chorus can be sung by little girls in the "Kitchen-Garden,"\* with appropriate movements.]



FIRST your iron smooth must be,  
(CHORUS:) Rub away! Rub away!  
Rust and irons disagree,  
Rub away! Rub away!

Though your iron must be hot,  
Glide away! Slide away!  
It must never scorch or spot,  
Glide away! Slide away!

Then the cloth, so soft and white,  
Press away! Press away!  
On the table must be tight,  
Press away! Press away!

Crease or wrinkle must not be,  
Smooth away! Smooth away!  
Or the work is spoiled, you see,  
Smooth away! Smooth away!

Every piece, when pressed with care,  
Work away! Work away!  
Must be hung awhile to air,  
Work away! Work away!

Then you fold them one by one,  
Put away! Put away!  
Now the ironing is done,  
Happy day! Happy day!



## MRS. PETERKIN FAINTS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

"MEET at the Sphinx!" Yes, these were the words that the lady from Philadelphia had sent in answer to the several telegrams that had reached her from each member of the Peterkin family. She had received these messages while staying in a remote country town, but she could communicate with the cable line by means of the telegraph office at a railway station. The intelligent operator, seeing the same date affixed at the close of each message, "took in," as she afterward expressed it, that it was the date of the day on which the message was sent, and as this was always prefixed to every dispatch, she did not add it to the several messages. She afterward expressed herself as sorry for the mistake, and declared it should not occur another time.

Elizabeth Eliza was the first at the appointed spot, as her route had been somewhat shorter than the one her mother had taken. A wild joy had seized her when she landed in Egypt, and saw the frequent and happy use of the donkey as a beast of travel. She had never ventured to ride at home, and had always shuddered at the daring of the women who rode at the circuses, and closed her eyes at their performances. But as soon as she saw the little Egyptian donkeys, a mania for riding possessed her. She was so tall that she could scarcely, under any circumstances, fall from them, while she could mount them with as much ease as she could the arm of the sofa at home, and most of the animals seemed as harmless. It is true, the donkey-boys gave her the wrong word to use when she might wish to check the pace of her donkey, and mischievously taught her to avoid the soothing phrase of "*beschwesch*," giving her instead one that should goad the beast she rode to its highest speed; but Elizabeth Eliza was so delighted with the quick pace, that she was continually urging her donkey onward, to the surprise and delight of each fresh attendant donkey-boy. He would run at a swift pace after her, stopping sometimes to pick up a loose slipper, if it were shuffled off from his foot in his quick run, but always bringing up even in the end.

Elizabeth Eliza's party had made a quick journey by the route from Brindisi, and, proceeding directly to Cairo, had stopped at a small French hotel not very far from Mrs. Peterkin and her party. Every morning at an early hour Elizabeth Eliza made her visit to the Sphinx, arriving there always the first one of her own party, and spending the

rest of the day in explorations about the neighborhood.

Mrs. Peterkin, meanwhile, set out each day at a later hour, arriving in time to take her noon lunch in front of the Sphinx, after which she indulged in a comfortable nap, and returned to the hotel before sunset.

A week—indeed, ten days—passed in this way. One morning, Mrs. Peterkin and her party had taken the ferry-boat to cross the Nile. As they were leaving the boat on the other side, in the usual crowd, Mrs. Peterkin's attention was arrested by a familiar voice. She turned, to see a tall young man who, though he wore a red *fez* upon his head and a scarlet wrap around his neck, certainly resembled Agamemnon. But this Agamemnon was talking Greek, with gesticulations. She was so excited that she turned to follow him through the crowd, thus separating herself from the rest of her party. At once she found herself surrounded by a mob of Arabs, in every kind of costume, all screaming and yelling in the manner to which she was becoming accustomed. Poor Mrs. Peterkin plaintively protested in English, but the Arabs could not understand her strange words. They had, however, struck the ear of the young man in the red *fez* whom she had been following. He turned, and she gazed at him. It was Agamemnon!

He, meanwhile, was separated from his party, and hardly knew how to grapple with the urgent Arabs. His recently acquired Greek did not assist him, and he was advising his mother to yield and mount one of the steeds, while he followed on another, when, happily, the dragoman of her party appeared. He administered a volley of rebukes to the persistent Arabs, and bore Mrs. Peterkin to her donkey. She was thus carried away from Agamemnon, who was also mounted upon a donkey by his companions. But their destination was the same, and though they could hold no conversation on the way, Agamemnon could join his mother as they approached the Sphinx.

But he and his party were to ascend a pyramid before going on to the Sphinx, and he advised his mother to do the same. He explained that it was a perfectly easy thing to do. You had only to lift one of your feet up quite high, as though you were going to step on the mantel-piece, and an Arab on each side would lift you to the next step. Mrs. Peterkin was sure she could not step up on their mantel-pieces at home. She never had done

it—she never had even tried to. But Agamemnon reminded her that those in their own house were very high—"old colonial"; and meanwhile she found herself carried along with the rest of the party.

At first the ascent was delightful to her. It seemed as if she were flying. The powerful Nubian guides, one on each side, lifted her jauntily up, without her being conscious of motion. Having seen them daily for some time past, she was now not much afraid of these handsome athletes, with their polished black skins, set off by dazzling white garments. She called out to Agamemnon, who had preceded her, that it was charming; she was not at all afraid. Every now and then she stopped to rest on the broad cornice made by each retreating step. Suddenly, when she was about half-way up, as she leaned back against the step above, she found herself panting and exhausted. A strange faintness came over her. She was looking off over a beautiful scene: Through the wide Libyan desert the blue Nile wound between borders of green edging, while the picturesque minarets of Cairo, on the opposite side of the river, and the sand in the distance beyond, gleamed with a red-and-yellow light beneath the rays of the noonday sun.

But the picture danced and wavered before her dizzy sight. She sat there alone, for Agamemnon and the rest had passed on, thinking she was stopping to rest. She seemed deserted, save by the speechless black statues, one on either side, who, as she seemed to be fainting before their eyes, were looking at her in some anxiety. She saw dimly these wild men gazing at her. She thought of Mungo Park, dying with the African women singing about him. How little she had ever dreamed, when she read that account in her youth, and gazed at the savage African faces in the picture, that she might be left to die in the same way alone, in a strange land—and on the side of a pyramid! Her guides were kindly. One of them took her shawl to wrap about her, as she seemed to be shivering, and as a party coming down from the top had a jar of water, one of her Nubians moistened a handkerchief with water, and laid it upon her head. Mrs. Peterkin had closed her eyes, but she opened them again, to see the black figures in their white draperies still standing by her. The travelers coming down paused a few minutes to wonder and give counsel, then passed on, to make way for another party following them. Again Mrs. Peterkin closed her eyes, but once more opened them at hearing a well-known shout—such a shout as only one of the Peterkin family could give—one of the little boys!

Yes, he stood before her, and Agamemnon was behind; they had met on top of the pyramid.

The sight was indeed a welcome one to Mrs.

Peterkin, and revived her so that she even began to ask questions: "Where had he come from?" "Where were the other little boys?" "Where was Mr. Peterkin?" No one could tell where the other little boys were. And the sloping side of the pyramid, with a fresh party waiting to pass up, and the guides eager to go down, was not just the place to explain the long, confused story. All that Mrs. Peterkin could understand was that Mr. Peterkin was now, probably, inside the pyramid, beneath her very feet! Agamemnon had found this solitary "little boy" on top of the pyramid, accompanied by a guide and one of the party that he and his father had joined on leaving Venice. At the foot of the pyramid there had been some dispute in the party as to whether they should first go up the pyramid, or down inside, and in the altercation the party was divided; the little boy had been sure that his father meant to go up first, and so he had joined the guide who went up. But where was Mr. Peterkin? Probably in the innermost depths of the pyramid below. As soon as Mrs. Peterkin understood this, she was eager to go down, in spite of her late faintness; even to tumble down would help her to meet Mr. Peterkin the sooner. She was lifted from stone to stone by the careful Nubians. Agamemnon had already emptied his pocket of coins, in supplying *backsheesh* to his guide, and all were anxious to reach the foot of the pyramid and find the dragoman, who could answer the demands of the others.

Breathless as she was, as soon as she had descended, Mrs. Peterkin was anxious to make for the entrance to the inside. Before, she had declared that nothing would induce her to go into the pyramid. She was afraid of being lost in its stair-ways, and shut up forever as a mummy. But now she forgot all her terrors; she must find Mr. Peterkin at once!

She was the first to plunge down the narrow stair-way after the guide, and was grateful to find the steps so easy to descend. But they presently came out into a large, open room, where no stair-way was to be seen. On the contrary, she was invited to mount the shoulders of a burly Nubian, to reach a large hole half-way up the side-wall (higher than any mantel-piece), and to crawl through this hole along the passage till she should reach another stair-way. Mrs. Peterkin paused. Could she trust these men? Was not this a snare to entice her into one of these narrow passages? Agamemnon was far behind. Could Mr. Peterkin have ventured into this treacherous place?

At this moment a head appeared through the opening above, followed by a body. It was that of one of the native guides. Voices were heard



coming through the passage; one voice had a twang to it that surely Mrs. Peterkin had heard before. Another head appeared now, bound with a blue veil, while the eyes were hidden by green goggles. Yet Mrs. Peterkin could not be mistaken—it was—yes, it was the head of Elizabeth Eliza!

It seemed as though that were all, it was so difficult to bring forward any more of her. Mrs. Peterkin was screaming from below, asking if it were indeed Elizabeth Eliza, while excitement at recognizing her mother made it more difficult for Elizabeth Eliza to extricate herself. But travelers below and behind urged her on, and, with the assistance of the guides, she pushed forward and almost fell into the arms of her mother. Mrs. Peterkin was wild with joy as Agamemnon and his brother joined them.

"But Mr. Peterkin!" at last exclaimed their mother. "Did you see anything of your father?"

"He is behind," said Elizabeth Eliza. "I was looking for the body of Chufu, the founder of the pyramid,—for I have longed to be the discoverer of his mummy,—and I found instead—my father!"

Mrs. Peterkin looked up, and at that moment saw Mr. Peterkin emerging from the passage above. He was carefully planting one foot on the shoulder of a stalwart Nubian guide. He was very red in the face, from recent exertion, but he was indeed Mr. Peterkin. On hearing the cry of Mrs. Peterkin, he tottered, and would have fallen but for the support of the faithful guide.

The narrow place was scarcely large enough to hold their joy. Mrs. Peterkin was ready to faint again with her great excitement. She wanted to know what had become of the other little boys, and if Mr. Peterkin had heard from Solomon John. But the small space was becoming more and more crowded, the dragomans from the different parties with which the Peterkins were connected came to announce their several luncheons, and insisted upon their leaving the pyramid.

Mrs. Peterkin's dragoman wanted her to go on directly to the Sphinx, and she still clung to the belief that only then would there be a complete reunion of the family. Yet she could not separate herself from the rest. They could not let her go, and they were all hungry, and she herself felt the need of food.

But with the confusion of so many luncheons, and so much explanation to be gone through with, it was difficult to get an answer to her questions.

Elizabeth and her father were involved in a discussion as to whether they should have met if he had not gone into the queen's chamber in the pyramid. For if he had not gone to the queen's chamber he would have left the inside of the pyramid before Mrs. Peterkin reached it, and would have

missed her, as he was too fatigued to make the ascent. And Elizabeth Eliza, if she had not met her father, had planned going back to the king's chamber in another search for the body of Chufu, in which case she would have been too late to meet her mother. Mrs. Peterkin was not much interested in this discussion; it was enough that they had met. But she could not get answers to what she considered more important questions; while Elizabeth Eliza, though delighted to meet again her father and mother and brothers, and though interested in the fate of the missing ones, was absorbed in the Egyptian question; and the mingling of all their interests made satisfactory intercourse impracticable.

Where was Solomon John? What had become of the body of Chufu? Had Solomon John been telegraphed to? When had Elizabeth Eliza seen him last? Was he Chufu or Shufu, and why Cheops? and where were the other little boys?

Mr. Peterkin attempted to explain that he had taken a steamer from Messina to the south of Italy, and a southern route to Brindisi. By mistake he had taken the steamer *from* Alexandria on its way to Venice, instead of the one that was leaving Brindisi for Alexandria at the same hour. Indeed, just as he had discovered his mistake and had seen the other boat steaming off by his side, in the other direction, too late he fancied he saw the form of Elizabeth Eliza on deck, leaning over the taffrail (if it was a taffrail). It was a tall lady, with a blue veil wound around her hat. Was it possible? Could he have been in time to reach Elizabeth Eliza? His explanation only served to increase the number of questions.

Mrs. Peterkin had many more. How had Agamemnon reached them? Had he come to Bordeaux with them? But Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza were now discussing with others the number of feet that the Great Pyramid measured. The remaining members of all the parties, too, whose hunger and thirst were now fully satisfied, were ready to proceed to the Sphinx, which only Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza had visited.

Side by side on their donkeys, Mrs. Peterkin attempted to learn something from Mr. Peterkin about the other little boys. But his donkey proved restive: now it bore him on in swift flight from Mrs. Peterkin; now it would linger behind. His words were jerked out only at intervals. All that could be said was that they were separated; the little boys wanted to go to Vesuvius, but Mr. Peterkin felt they must hurry to Brindisi. At a station where the two trains parted,—one for Naples, the other for Brindisi,—he found suddenly, too late, that they were not with him—they must have gone on to Naples. But where were they now?

## THE BROWNIES' FEAST.

BY PALMER COX.



IN best of spirits, blithe and free,—  
 As brownies always seem to be,—  
 A jovial band, with hop and leap,  
 Were passing through a forest deep,  
 When in an open space they spied  
 A heavy caldron, deep and wide,  
 Where woodmen, working at their trade,  
 A rustic boiling-place had made.  
 “My friends,” said one, “a chance like this  
 No cunning brownie band should miss;  
 All unobserved, we may prepare  
 And boil a pudding nicely there;  
 Some dying embers smolder still,  
 Which we may soon revive at will;

And by the roots of yonder tree  
 A brook goes babbling to the sea.  
 At Parker’s mill, some miles below,  
 They’re grinding flour as white as snow;  
 An easy task for us to bear  
 Enough to serve our need from there:  
 I noticed, as I passed to-night,  
 A window with a broken light,  
 And through the opening we ’ll pour  
 Though bolts and bars be on the door.”  
 “And I,” another brownie cried,  
 “Will find the plums and currants dried;  
 I’ll have some here in half an hour  
 To sprinkle thickly through the flour;



So stir yourselves, and bear in mind  
That some must spice and sugar find."  
"And I," said one, "will do my part  
To help the scheme with all my heart;  
I know a place where hens have made  
Their nest beneath the burdock shade—  
I saw them stealing out with care  
To lay their eggs in secret there.  
The farmer's wife, through sun and rain,  
Has sought to find that nest in vain:  
They cackle by the wall of stones,  
The hollow stump, and pile of bones,  
And by the ditch that lies below,  
Where yellow weeds and nettles grow;  
And draw her after everywhere  
Until she quits them in despair.

For ditches deep and fences high  
Between us and the barn-yard lie."

Away, away, on every side,  
At once the lively brownies glide—  
Some through the swamp and round the hill—  
The shortest way to reach the mill;  
And more across the country speed  
To bring whatever plums they need;  
While some on wings and some on legs  
Go darting off to find the eggs.

A few remained upon the spot  
To build a fire beneath the pot;  
Some gathered bark from trunks of trees,  
While others, on their hands and knees,



The task be mine to thither lead  
A band of comrades now with speed,  
To help me bear a tender load  
Along the rough and rugged road,

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Around the embers puffed and blew  
Until the sparks to blazes grew;  
And scarcely was the kindling burned  
Before the absent ones returned.

All loaded down they came, in groups,  
In couples, singly, and in troops.  
Upon their shoulders, heads, and backs,  
They bore along the floury sacks;

To stitch the bag they had no thread,  
But moose-wood bark was used instead,  
And soon the sheet around the pile  
Was wrapped in most artistic style.



With plums and currants others came,  
Each bag and basket filled the same;  
While those who gave the hens a call  
Had taken nest-egg, nest, and all;  
And more, a pressing want to meet,  
From some one's line had hauled a sheet,  
The monstrous pudding to infold  
While in the boiling pot it rolled.

The rogues were flour from head to feet  
Before the mixture was complete.  
Like snow-birds in a drift of snow  
They worked and elbowed in the dough,  
Till every particle they brought  
Was in the mass before them wrought.

Then every plan and scheme was tried  
To hoist it o'er the caldron's side.  
It took some engineering skill  
To guard against impending ill:  
At times, it seemed about to fall,  
And overwhelm or bury all;  
Yet none forsook their post through fear,  
But harder worked with danger near.  
They pulled and hauled and orders gave,  
And pushed and pried with stick and stave,  
'Midst blinding smoke and flames that reared  
And scorched the clothes and singed the  
beard,  
Until, in spite of height and heat,  
They had performed the trying feat.



To take the pudding from the pot  
They might have found as hard and hot.  
But water on the fire they threw,  
And then to work again they flew.  
And soon the steaming treasure sat  
Upon a stone both broad and flat,  
Which answered for a table grand,  
When nothing better was at hand.

Some think that brownies never eat,  
But live on odors soft and sweet,  
That through the verdant woods proceed  
Or steal across the dewy mead;  
But those who could have gained a sight  
Of them, around their pudding white,  
Would have perceived that elves of air  
Can relish more substantial fare.  
They clustered close, and delved and ate  
Without a knife, a spoon, or plate;  
Some picking out the plums with care,  
And leaving all the pastry there.  
While some let plums and currants go,  
But paid attention to the dough.

The purpose of each brownie's mind  
Was not to leave a crumb behind,  
That, when the morning sun should shine  
Through leafy tree and clinging vine,  
No traces of their sumptuous feast  
It might reveal to man or beast;  
And well they gauged what all could bear,  
When they their pudding did prepare;  
For when the rich repast was done,  
The rogues could neither fly nor run.

The miller never missed his flour,  
For brownies wield a mystic power;  
Whate'er they take they can restore  
In greater plenty than before.  
When morning came, the anxious hen  
Found eggs and nest replaced again.  
More sweets were in the grocer's store  
Than when at dark he locked the door;  
While gazed the housewife in surprise,  
And thought the sleep was in her eyes,  
For lo! instead of one, a pair  
Of sheets were flapping in the air!

## THE STORY OF VITEAU.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

### CHAPTER XIII.



IT MUST not be supposed that the officers of the Inquisition and the monks of the monastery which, as has been mentioned before, stood a few miles from Viteau, were all this time ignorant of the fact that, when the Countess of Viteau fled from her home, she took refuge in the castle of the Count de Barran.

It was not many days before this was known at the monastery. But the officers had returned to Toulouse to report their failure to secure the person for whom they had been sent; and the monk who was dispatched with the information that the Countess had not fled the country, as was at first supposed, but had taken refuge within a day's ride

of Viteau, had a long journey to make to the south of France; while the party which was immediately dispatched by the Inquisition to the castle of Barran had a long journey to make back to him.

But it finally came, and it was a different party from that which had been sent before. It was larger; it contained many more armed men, and it was under the control of a leader who would not give up the pursuit of the Countess simply because he should fail to find her in the first place in which he sought her.

About the time that the Count de Lannes and our young friends entered Paris, the expedition from the Inquisition at Toulouse reached the great gate of the castle of Barran.

This visit threw the Count, and those of his household who understood its import, into a state of despair almost as great as if it had not been daily feared and expected ever since the Countess had come to the castle.

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The Count did not know what to do. He had thought the matter over and over, but had never been able to make up his mind as to what his course would be in case the officers should appear

the lady really under their watch and guard, until news should arrive from Paris.

But the good squire Bernard acted in a very different way. He did not believe in parleying, nor



THE FLIGHT OF THE COUNTESS.

while the Countess remained in his castle. He felt that he could not give up this lady, the wife of his old brother-in-arms, who had come to him for protection; but he could not fight the company that was now approaching, for such an act would have been considered the same thing as fighting Christianity itself.

He was in a sad state of anxiety as he went to the gate to meet, in person, these most unwelcome visitors; and he wished many times, as he crossed the court-yard, that he had yielded to his first impulse and had insisted that the Countess should fly to England while there was yet time.

All that the Count de Barran could do was to detain the officers as long as possible at the gate, and to endeavor to induce them to consent to a friendly council before taking any steps to arrest the Countess. If they would do this, he hoped to prevail upon them to remain at the castle, with

in councils. Ever since he had come to the castle he had expected this visit, and he had always been ready for it.

In five minutes from the time that he had seen the officials approaching the castle,—and his sharp eyes had quickly told him who they were,—the Countess and her women, the squire himself, and the men-at-arms who had come with them from Viteau, were in their saddles; and, leaving the castle by a lower gate, were galloping along a forest road as fast as their horses' legs would carry them.

The leader of the party from the Inquisition would not parley, and he would listen to no talk of councils. He showed his credentials, and demanded instant entrance; and as soon as he was inside the court-yard, he posted some of his men at every gate.

If the men at the lower gate had put their ears



to the ground, they might have heard the thud of horses' feet as the Countess and her party hurried away into the depths of the forest.

The main body of the officers then entered the castle, and the leader demanded to be conducted to the Countess of Viteau. The Count de Barran did not accompany him and his men as they mounted the stairs, but, downcast and wretched, he shut himself in a lower room.

In a very short time, however, the sound of running footsteps and a general noise and confusion brought him quickly into the great hall, and there he learned that the Countess was not in her apartments, and that the Inquisitors were looking for her all over the castle. He instantly imagined the truth, and a little inquiry among his people showed him that he was right, and that the Countess had been carried off by Bernard.

"A trusty and noble fellow!" said Barran to himself, almost laughing with delight at this sudden change in the state of affairs. "But what will he do? So small a party, unprepared for a long journey, could not get out of the country, and these people here, as soon as they find that the Countess has really gone, will make pursuit in every direction. And if they overtake her, it will be all the worse for the poor, poor lady."

Barran was right. When the Inquisitors had made a rapid but thorough

almost from under the very hands of her pursuers, he sent out parties of his horsemen on every road leading from the castle, with orders to thoroughly search the surrounding country, and to make all possible inquiries of persons by whom the fugitives might have been seen. The leader himself remained at the castle, to receive reports and to send out fresh horsemen in any direction which might seem necessary. It was impossible that a lady like the Countess could have the strength and endurance to ride so far that his tough and sturdy men-at-arms could not overtake her. And if she took refuge in any house, castle, or cottage, he would be sure to find her.

The party of soldiers which left the lower gate of the castle and took the road through the forest were mounted on swift, strong horses, and the Countess and her company were only a few miles ahead of them.

The squire Bernard did not keep long upon the road



MICHOE WELCOMES THE COUNTESS.

search of the castle, and when the angry leader had examined some of the servants and had become convinced that the Countess had again fled,

he had first taken. He knew that the officers would probably pursue him this time, and he had seen that their body was composed of many well-

mounted men. So he felt that he must bring into play, not only the fleetness of his horses but his knowledge of the country if he hoped to escape the soldiers who would be sent after him.

Bernard did know the country very well. He had been born in this part of Burgundy, and had, in youth and manhood, thoroughly explored these forests, not only after deer and other game, but in expeditions with his master and Barran against parties of *cotereaux* and other thieves who at various times had been giving trouble in the neighborhood.

About four miles from the castle Bernard turned sharply to the left, and rode into what, in the rapidly decreasing daylight, the Countess thought to be the unbroken forest. But it was in reality a footway wide enough for a horse and rider, and along this narrow path, in single file, the party pursued its way almost as rapidly as on the open road.

They had been riding northward; now they turned to the west, and in a half-hour or so they turned again, and went southward, through a road which, though overgrown and apparently disused, was open and wide enough for most of its length to allow two persons to ride abreast.

They went more slowly now, for it was quite dark; but the squire led the way, and they kept steadily on all night.

At day-break they reached what seemed to be the edge of the wood, and Bernard ordered a halt. Bidding the rest of the company remain concealed among the trees, he dismounted and cautiously made his way out of the forest.

Creeping along for a short distance into the open country, he mounted a little hill and carefully surveyed the surrounding fields and plains. Feeling certain that none of their enemies were near at hand in the flat country before them, Bernard went back to the woods, got on his horse, and, turning to the Countess, he said:

"Now, my lady, we must make a rapid dash, and in a quarter of an hour we shall be at our journey's end."

Without a word the Countess—who had put herself entirely into her faithful squire's care, and who had found early in the ride that he wished to avoid answering any questions in regard to their destination—followed Bernard out of the forest, and the whole party began a wild gallop across the fields.

For a few minutes they rode in silence, as they had been riding for the greater part of the night, and then the Countess suddenly called out:

"Bernard! Oh, Bernard! Where are we going? That is Viteau!"

"Yes," shouted back the squire. "That is

Viteau, and, by your leave, we are going there. For you, it is the safest place in France."

"But the *cotereaux*! The *cotereaux*!" cried the Countess. "It is filled with those wicked men!"

"I hope it is yet filled with *cotereaux*," cried the squire, still galloping on; "for it is those fellows who will make it safe for you. Fear them not, fair lady. They want only your money, and as long as they have a good hope of that they will not harm you nor yield you up to any claimant."

The Countess answered not a word; but very pale and trembling a little she rode on, and in a very short time the party drew up before the great gate of Viteau.

"Open!" cried Bernard, "open to the Countess of Viteau!"

Receiving no immediate answer, Bernard shouted again:

"Open! Open quickly! It is the lady of this château who asks admittance. She is pursued! Open quickly!"

There was now heard inside a sound of running and calling, and in a few minutes the head of Michol appeared at the window in the gate. Perceiving that his visitors were but three ladies and half a dozen men, all looking very tired and anxious to enter, and recognizing Bernard, whom he had seen several times and with whose position in the household of Viteau he was quite familiar, he concluded that he could run no risk, and might do himself much good, by admitting the little party; and he therefore ordered the gate to be opened and bade the Countess ride in.

The moment the fugitives had entered the court, and the gate had been closed behind them, Bernard sprang from his horse, exclaiming:

"Now, at last, I can breathe at ease."

The Countess, although a good deal frightened at her peculiar situation, could not help smiling at this speech, considering that they were surrounded by a great crowd of armed men, known to have in their number some of the most notorious robbers in the country, and who were crowding into the court to see the visitors, although keeping, by command of their captain, at a respectful distance.

Bernard now approached Michol, and with the utmost frankness, concealing nothing, he told him all about the troubles of the Countess and why she had fled to his protection.

"As your object," said the squire, "is the payment of the ransom, for which you have taken this château as security, you will not wish to injure that lady by whom you expect the money to be collected and paid. And, if I mistake not, until the ransom is paid to you, you will not allow



that lady to be taken out of your possession and keeping."

"You are a shrewd man, and a knowing one," said Michol, with a smile, "and have judged my temper well. And yet," he said, lowering his voice, "you must have terribly feared those Inquisitors, to bring that lady here."

"Fear them!" said the squire, in a voice still lower than the captain's. "Indeed did I fear them. Do you know that they would begin her trial with the torture?"

Even the rough bandit gave a little shudder as he heard these words, and looked at the gentle lady before him.

Advancing to her, and removing the steel cap he wore, he said:

"Fair lady, you are welcome, as far as I have power to bid you welcome, to this château. Your apartments have not been molested nor disturbed, and you can take immediate possession of them, with your attendants. And you may feel assured that here you may rest in safety from all attacks of enemies of any sort, unless they come in numbers sufficient to overcome my men and carry these strong defenses. And I promise you that when the matters of ransom shall be settled between us, I and my men will march away from your estates, leaving no damage nor injury behind us, excepting your loss of what we have consumed and used for our support and defense."

"Impudent varlet!" said Bernard to himself. "Your hungry rascals have fattened on the possessions of the Countess, and yet you talk in a tone as large and generous as if you gave to her what was your own."

"Sir," said the Countess to Michol, "I accept your offer of protection until I receive tidings of some sort from my lord the King."

"You shall certainly have it, fair dame," said Michol. "My men and I will never stand and be robbed, be the robber who he may."

The Countess bowed her head, and, without having heard all of this remark, rode up to the château and entered with her party.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

As soon as possible on the day after the arrival of his party in Paris, the Count de Lannes made arrangements for an interview between his young ambassadors and the King.

The seneschal of the palace, to whom Count Hugo was known, gave permission to Raymond, Louis, and Agnes, with their proper attendants, to seek the young King in the woods of Vincennes, where, on fine days, he generally walked with

some of his courtiers, after the daily religious services which he always attended. In after years, when he managed the affairs of his kingdom without interference from Queen Blanche, and managed them, too, in such a way as to win for himself the reputation of being the most just and honorable ruler that France or Europe had ever known, Louis the Ninth used to hold regular audiences in these beautiful woods, where those of his subjects who desired to petition him or speak with him could do so with very little ceremony. And even now the young King generally saw the few persons who asked audience of him in this place, which was already becoming his favorite promenade.

Louis, at the time of our story, was about twenty-two years old, but he had been married at nineteen, and was crowned when he was but twelve. His mother, who had been governing the country so long, still continued to do so, and also governed her son and his wife, as if they had been small children. She did not even allow them to see each other, excepting at such times as she thought fit.

This may have been all very well for the nation, for Queen Blanche was a wise and energetic woman, although very bigoted in regard to religious affairs, but it must have greatly fretted the soul of the young monarch, whose crown was like an expensive toy given to a child, but put up on a high shelf, where he might look at it and call it his own, but must not touch it.

The Count de Lannes knew of all this, but he thought it well that his young people should address themselves to the King, who, being a young person himself and of a very kind disposition, would be apt to sympathize with them and to take an interest in their unusual mission. Not being much occupied with state or other affairs, it might happen that he would give his mind to this matter; and if he could do nothing himself he might interest his mother, who could do something.

It was a bright and pleasant day when Raymond, Louis, and Agnes, followed by a lady and a page, with Jasto a little farther behind, and Count Hugo and Sir Charles bringing up the rear at quite a distance, were conducted to the King, who was seated under a large tree, with three or four of his noble attendants standing around him.

When the three children approached him, and bent down on their knees before him, as they had been told they must do, the King gave them a smile of welcome, and bade them stand.

"And now, my little friends," he said, "what is it you would have of me?"

Raymond was a straightforward, honest boy, not backward to speak when he should do so, and it had been arranged that he should be the spokesman. But he had never seen a king, even a young one, and his heart failed him. He looked at Louis, who, though bold enough, could not think of anything but the astounding fact, which had suddenly struck upon his mind, that this king was not old enough to be of any good to them. He looked as young as some of the pages at the castle. The silence was a little embarrassing, and both boys looked at Agnes. She did not want to speak first, although she doubtless expected to say something on the subject, but she presently saw she would have to begin, and so, with a little flush on her face, she addressed the King:

"May it please you, sire," she said, "we have come to speak to you about the mother of these two boys, who is the Countess of Viteau and is in great trouble. We came to you because, as you are the King of France, you can have the wicked business stopped instantly, until some good persons can look into it; and if we went to any of the bishops or the people of the Church, they would take a long time to think about it, and the poor lady might suffer dreadfully before they would do a thing."

"I should gladly help you, my fair little lady," said the young King, with a smile; "but, on my kingly honor, I can not imagine what you would have me do. What is the wicked business, and what have bishops to do with it? Bishops are lofty personages for such young people as you to deal with."

"They are not so lofty as kings," remarked Louis, as the thought came into his mind—although, indeed, he was not impressed with the loftiness of any king present.

"You are right," said the King. "Some kings are loftier than bishops. But come, one of you, explain your errand, that I may know how a poor king can be more expeditious than a great bishop."

As the ice was now broken, and as Raymond knew that he could tell the story better than either of the others, he began it, and laid the whole matter, very clearly and fully, before the King, who listened to the statement and to the petition for his interference with much attention and interest.

"It is a sad, sad tale," he said, when he had heard it all; "but I see not what action the King can take in a matter which belongs entirely to the Church, and is subject to the ecclesiastical laws which extend over France and all Christian countries. In such things, like my lowest subject,

I am but an humble follower of our holy fathers, who know what is good for our souls."

"But it is her body, sire," exclaimed Agnes. "Think how she may suffer before they find out about her soul! We are not afraid for her soul."

The young King smiled again, although he evidently did not think it proper to smile about such subjects.

"My fair child," said he, putting his hand on Agnes's head, "you seem to take this matter as greatly to heart as if the lady was your own mother."

"My own mother is dead," said Agnes, "and I fear that I ought to be glad of that, for she, too, was a pious lady, and knew how to read; and all these things might have been done to her had she lived to see this day."

The King's face grew serious at this, and he was silent for a few moments. But presently, turning to Raymond, he said:

"Then what you would have me do is to request these proceedings to be stopped, until some learned and pious man, with mind not prejudiced in this affair, shall examine into your mother's belief, and shall see if there be cause or need that she be tried by the Inquisition?"

"That is all, good sire," said Raymond. "That is all we ask."

"I will lay this matter before my royal mother, the Queen," said the King, "for she has far more knowledge of such subjects, and far more influence with our clergy, than I have, and I fear me not that what you desire will be readily obtained. It is a fair and reasonable request you make, and I am right well pleased you came to me to make it. So be comforted, my little friends. I will speak with the Queen this very day in your behalf."

With this he rose, and with a smile and a little wave of the hand dismissed his young petitioners. They were about to step back, when Jasto, who had been gradually getting nearer and nearer to the central group, so that he had heard all that had been said, pulled Louis by the end of his doublet, and whispered in his ear:

"Ask if you shall come again, or if you may go home with the good news."

Then Louis advanced a little, and spoke up quickly, asking the question.

"Come to-morrow an hour earlier than this time," said the King, who evidently was much interested in the matter,—the more so, perhaps, because so little kingly business was submitted to him,—"and you shall hear exactly what will be done, and who shall be sent to catechise the Countess." He then walked away, and the children rejoined their elder companions.

When Sir Charles heard of the suggestion made



by Jasto, he slapped him on the shoulder and said to him :

"You were always a good fellow, Jasto, with ideas suitable to the occasion, both to speak and to write down with ink. Now I shall be able to see this great city of Paris, which I have not visited for ten long years."

And with minds relieved, and with the fresh and eager curiosity of young people who had never

were many people, some going one way and some another—some attending to their business, and some taking their ease, with their families, in front of their houses; gayly dressed knights were prancing through the streets on their handsome horses; ladies were gazing from windows; artisans were at work in their shops, and, altogether, the sights and delights of the Paris of 1236 produced upon these three children very much the same effect that the



AGNES MAKES A PLEA FOR THE MOTHER OF RAYMOND AND LOUIS.

seen a city before, our three friends accompanied Sir Charles on a sight-seeing tour through Paris. The capital of France was nothing like so large and wonderful as the Paris of to-day, but it contained, among other public edifices, that great building the Louvre, which still stands, and which was then used, not only as a residence for the King, but as a prison. There were also beautiful bridges across the Seine, which runs through the city; the streets were paved, and there were shops; there

Paris of 1883 would have produced upon them had they lived in our day.

A little before the appointed time, the next day, Raymond, Louis, and Agnes, accompanied as at the previous interview, were in the woods of Vincennes, and advanced to the spot where they were to meet the King.

In about a quarter of an hour, the young monarch made his appearance, walking quite rapidly, and followed by several attendants. There was

much less ceremony observed in those days between royal personages and their subjects than at present, and the King walked straight up to our three friends and spoke to them.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I have not performed for you all the good offices which you asked, and which I should gladly have performed. But the Queen, who understands these important matters better than myself, assures me that it would be an action unbecoming royalty to interfere in this emergency which you have brought before me. It is a matter with which the clergy and its appointed institutions have to do, and with which the King can not meddle without detriment to Christianity, and to the proper power and influence of the Church. Whatever ought to be done, in order that the Countess of Viteau shall be justly treated in this matter, will, as I am earnestly assured, be done. And with this," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "we ought all to be satisfied; ought we not? It was to discover the truth, and to uphold and support good Christians, that the Inquisition was established, and it is not fitting that the King or the nobility of France should doubt or fear the justice of its actions and decisions."

At these words, Agnes burst into tears; Louis, too, began to sob, and Raymond stood pale and trembling. Count Hugo and Sir Charles, perceiving that something unhappy had occurred, drew near their young charges, while the courtiers about the King exchanged looks of compassion, as they gazed upon the sorrowful children.

"There is but one thing, then, to do," exclaimed Raymond, half turning away. "We must fly to England."

"What?" exclaimed the King, "to England! Fly? What means that?"

"In England," said Louis, his voice half-choked with tears, "the King does not allow ——"

At this point Raymond gave his brother such a pull by the arm that he instantly stopped speaking, to turn around and see what was the matter, and then Raymond spoke:

"My Lord King," he said, "we must now make our way with our mother to England, because there we shall be safe from the power of the Inquisition. It may be that its trials may be just and right, but we have heard something of the horrible tortures that its prisoners have to bear, to prove whether they will tell the truth or not; and, while I live, my mother, my own dear mother, shall never be dragged from her home and be made to go through such a trial. I would kill her first, myself."

"And so would I," cried Louis, "if Raymond were dead!"

"Oh, boys!" exclaimed Agnes, imploringly, "do not say such horrible things!"

The King, apparently, had not heard these latter remarks. For a moment he seemed in troubled thought, and then he said, half to himself:

"Can it be that a noble lady, and a pious one, I doubt not, must flee my dominions, to take refuge with Henry of England, because, as it appears, she is persecuted by enemies, and threatened with the rigors of the Inquisition, which, whatever they be, may perhaps well frighten the souls of a gentle dame and these poor children!"

"And they could not certainly save themselves by flight, sire," said one of the courtiers, "for the Pope could doubtless order them to be apprehended and demanded to these shores."

"Is there, then, no place to which we can fly?" cried little Agnes. "For I am going, too. Father and I will go."

The young King made no reply. He stood, silent and pale. Then, stepping forward a little, his head held very high, and his eyes sparkling, he said:

"Do not fly to any land. Leave not France. You are as safe here as in any spot on earth. Go back to your mother, my brave youth, and tell her that her own King will protect her from needless molestation, and will give that opportunity she asks for to show her true faith and sound belief. I will desire, as a favor to myself, that the Inquisition shall cease its action against this lady until some wise and learned members of our clergy, whom I will send to her to inquire into this matter, shall give their fair and well-considered opinion of it. And now," said he, turning to his courtiers, his face flushed with youthful pride, "I feel more like a king of France than I ever felt before."

#### CHAPTER XV.

THE leader of the officers of the Inquisition was not long in discovering the retreat of the Countess. He was greatly assisted by the monks of the monastery near Viteau, who suspected, from what had been said by some of the *cotereaux* who occasionally found it necessary to go outside of the château court-yard, that something of importance had occurred at Viteau. By careful inquiries they soon found out that the Countess was there, and reported the fact to the chief officer at his headquarters at Barran's castle.

The Count, on the contrary, did not know where the Countess of Viteau had gone. She and Bernard had thought it best not to inform him of her place of refuge, and Barran had not endeavored to discover this place, deeming it unsafe for any



one in the castle to know where she was, so long as her pursuers were with him. He knew by the actions of his unwelcome visitors that she had not been captured, but he never imagined that she was in her own château of Viteau.

Early on the morning of the second day after that on which Count Hugo and his party started on their return from Paris, bearing the happy news that the King had consented to interfere in behalf of the Countess, and that one or two well-qualified persons were, as soon as possible, to visit her at the castle of Barran to give her an opportunity of properly representing her case, the Inquisitors appeared at Viteau.

Viteau, although not exactly a castle, was, like all the residences of the upper classes in those days, a strongly defended place. It had a wall around the court-yard, and its numerous towers and turrets and little balconies were constructed to accommodate and protect a large number of archers and cross-bow men.

Therefore it was that Robert de Comines, the leader of the Inquisitorial party, thought it well to have a strong body of men with him in case it became necessary to force his way into the château.

First posting soldiers at every entrance to the grounds, Comines marched to the great gate and demanded admittance. Michol, who had received notice that a large body of men was approaching, and who felt quite sure that he knew who they were, gave some orders to his under-officers and hastened to the gate.

"Who may you be?" said Michol from the window in the gate, "and why come you here? These gates open, now, to no visitors, friends or foes."

Comines did not see fit to state the object of his visit, nor to exhibit his authority, and, without answering Michol's questions, he asked another.

"Are you the captain of the robbers who have seized upon this château?" he said.

"I am the captain of the good and valiant *cote-reaux* who hold this château and its belongings as a warranty for a just and righteous debt," answered Michol. "Have you aught to say to me concerning the matter?"

"I have something to say to you," replied Comines, "which you will do well to hear, and that speedily. Open the gate and let me enter."

"If you wish to speak with me," answered Michol, "I am ready to hear what you have to say. But you need not enter, fair sir. I will come out to you."

"No, no!" cried the other. "I must go in. Open the gate!"

"That will I, gladly," said Michol, "but it must be for me to go out and not for you to come

in. This is not my dwelling, nor are these my lands. I meet my friends and foes in the forest and on the road."

At these words the gates were thrown open, and Michol rushed out, followed by nearly all his men, who had been closely massed behind him while he spoke. The *cote-reaux* were in such a large and solid body that they completely filled the gate-way and forced back Comines and his men, who vainly endeavored to maintain their ground before the gate.

Comines shouted and threatened, and his followers manfully struggled with the robbers, who surged like a great wave from the gate; but it was of no use. Out came the *cote-reaux*, and backward were forced Comines's men, until all the robbers, excepting those who were left to guard the other gates, and some archers who were posted on certain of the towers, had rushed into the road, and the gates had been locked behind them.

The sudden confusion had been so great that, at first, the two leaders could not find each other. At length they met in the middle of the road, and the men of each party disengaged themselves from one another as rapidly as possible, and gathered in two confronting bodies, each behind its leader.

"Here am I. What would you have?" said Michol.

"Thief and leader of thieves!" cried the enraged Comines. "Do you suppose that I want you! You shall feel the power of the Church in your own person for this violence. Know that I am an officer of the Holy Inquisition, with all due authority and warrant to carry out my purpose, and that I come to apprehend and take before our high tribunal the person of the Countess of Viteau, who is behind those walls. Now that you know my errand, stand back and let me enter."

"That will I not," said Michol, firmly. "Whatever your errand and your authority, you come too late. The Countess of Viteau is now my prisoner. I hold her and this château as security for the payment of ransom-money justly due me; and I will give her up to no man until that ransom shall be paid. Whatever warrant you may have, I know well that you have none to take from me my prisoner."

"Rascal!" cried Comines, "who would show a warrant to a thief? Will you open that gate to me?"

"No," said Michol, "I will not."

"Then take that for my authority!" said Comines, drawing his sword as he spoke, and making a sudden thrust at the robber leader.

Michol had no sword, but in his right hand he bore a mace or club with a heavy steel or iron head. This was a weapon generally used by

knights on horseback, but Michol was a tall, strong fellow, and he carried it with ease. Stepping quickly aside as Comines thrust at him, he swung his mace in the air, and brought it down upon his adversary's head with such rapidity and force that it knocked him senseless to the ground.

This blow was followed, almost instantly, by a general conflict. As none of Comines's men were mounted, their horses having been left at the monastery, and as they did not number half as many as the *cotereaux*,—who were, indeed, in much stronger force than Comines and the monks had imagined,—the fight was not a long one. The robbers soon overpowered their opponents, killing some, causing others to make a disorderly flight, and taking a number of prisoners.

The latter were carefully robbed,—not an article of value, not a weapon, nor piece of armor being left on their persons,—and then they were set free to carry away their wounded and dead comrades.

Michol sent a detachment of his men to attack the soldiers who had been placed outside of the other entrances to the château; and when these had been routed and the battle-field in front of the great gate had been cleared of enemies, dead and

alive, the robber captain entered the court-yard with his men, and the gates were locked and barred behind him.

Bernard, the squire, had been watching the combat from a high tower.

"I knew," he said to himself, when it was over, "that this was the only place in France where the Countess would be safe. For none but a pack of thieves would have dared to fight those who came to capture her."

The Countess was greatly agitated when she heard of the affair, for she knew nothing of it until it was over. She was glad and thankful that her pursuers had been defeated in their object, but she thought it was a terrible thing to have had an actual conflict with them.

Her good squire did his best to make matters look as well as possible.

"You must remember, my lady," said he, "that the fight was not within our walls, and that none of us took part in it. And, I trow, we shall not soon see again those men from Toulouse; for the leader of them has been grievously disabled, and it will be many a day before he will again desire to carry off anybody."

(To be continued.)



THE NIGHTMARE OF THE BOY WHO TEASED THE ANIMALS.



## TWO SIDES OF A LAUGH.

THERE was an urchin of the town,  
Who, on his way to school,  
Whene'er his comrade tumbled down,  
Would laugh in ridicule.



But when it was himself who fell,—  
As sometimes he did fall,—  
He neither bore it very well,  
Nor saw the joke at all.



## ANY TRAIN.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

DICK tossed a letter to his sister Abby. "From Cousin Lydia!"

"Read it aloud," said Zoe. She was cousin to the others, but an adopted daughter of the house.

Abby read:

"DEAR COUSIN: Some time soon, I am coming to make you a long visit, as Mamma wants me away from the city before the hottest weather, and our doctor orders quiet after the winter dissipations, and says I must have cream to build me up—all that I can eat. They wish me to go to you to-morrow, and perhaps I may, though there is to be an excursion this week that I should dislike to miss, and a grand wedding next week. However, you may expect me on any train any day, for I am eager for the cream and the country rides. But do not be disappointed if I should not come for some days. Though I have half a mind to decide to take the first train to-morrow, and I do say that you may expect me. Dick may go to the station. If he should not find me he need not despair, for I may be on the second, though I think it would suit me better to take an afternoon train. But that would hurry my dinner. The evening train is rather late, but papa might find a friend to confide me to. But do not be surprised if I should not come at all to-morrow, or any day this week. But don't leave home, for I may alight from any train; and I would not miss seeing one of you for the world!

Yours ever,

"LYDIA."

"So we've got to miss the picnic to-morrow," said Zoe—"the first thing there's been this season that we could go to."

"Don't worry about that," said Abby. "There are eight Sunday-school picnics to come off. Beside, when Cousin Lydia comes, we'll get up a picnic of our own."

"But, how hard we've worked to get ready for it! Think of the ironing and baking we did this morning."

"With the ironing and baking out of the way, we shall have more leisure to enjoy Cousin Lydia's visit. But we must send word to Mollie Hyde that we can't go to her picnic to-morrow. Dick, you can take word."

"I'm busy," said Dick, "studying about the cream to build up Cousin Lydia. Where's the cream to come from?"

"I'll tell you: we'll have to get in our cow that's been boarding on a farm this winter."

"Oh, have we got to have a cow?" Zoe moaned. "It's so much trouble to take care of the milk."

"You don't know anything about cow-bother," Dick protested. "The milker and the churner is the one who has the bother. If we're to have a cow, I want one thing understood: I'll do the feeding and the watering, and the taking to pasture and the driving home, and the milking and the straining and the skimming. I'll even feed the cream to Cousin Lydia if she's weakened by dissipation; but I tell you what, I won't churn!"

"There'll not be any churning—Cousin Lydia will eat the cream. Perhaps," continued Abby turning to Zoe, "we may buy cream of some neighbor. If you'll set Dick's lunch, I'll take a run around the neighborhood. If only Mother and Father were at home, or if the hired girl had n't left!"

Abby returned from her "run" as Dick and Zoe were seated at lunch. At the dining-room door she uttered a shriek. Dick started to his feet, carving-knife in hand.

"What's the matter?" both he and Zoe cried.

"O Dick, please don't!" Abby prayed.

"Don't what?" said Dick, bewildered at finding himself under accusation.

"Don't cut that tongue—we must save it for Cousin Lydia."

Dick dropped into his chair and jerked the fork from the succulent tongue, which was lying, a heavy interrogation point, on the platter. Zoe had held her hand from slicing it with a vague presentiment of the sacrilege. Dick laid down the carver and sat still for developments.

"And how could you break into my lovely pan of biscuits, when we are expecting Cousin Lydia? She has everything that's nice."

While saying this to the guilty-looking Zoe, Abby was possessing herself of the biscuits and tongue. She suddenly set these back on the table with another cry of dismay. "And if you have n't cut the chocolate cake!"

Then, cookly curiosity getting the better of her dismay, she eagerly slipped out the sweet striped wedge to assure herself concerning the quality of the cake.

Dick settled back in his chair, and pathetically remarked that, if there was anything in the house poor enough for a fellow to eat, he'd like a piece of it.

"Please don't be cross, Dick. It was so hard to get these nice things cooked; we are n't used to cooking, and we *must* save them for Cousin Lydia; she must have our best, and then, it may be, we'll not have anything that she can relish. And, Zoe, you ought to know that we'll have to save this butter for her; butter is so scarce here it's

almost impossible to get a pound. And, think of Cousin Lydia at a butterless breakfast! It would be dreadful. She is used to every luxury."

"Well, I am not," said Dick; "so let me have some of your unluxurious victuals, for I must go to school."

The girls bore off the good things to the pantry. They brought back slicings from a soup bone, bread, and dried-apple sauce. The bread was dry, the slicings streaked with gristle.

Dick suggested, meekly: "Some catsup *would* make the gristle tasty."

Abby hated to, but she said it: "We have only one bottle of catsup left, Dicky, and we must save that for Cousin Lydia. You have no idea, dear Dick, what a responsibility it will be to get three meals a day for Cousin Lydia—what thinking, and planning, and working! I wish I was n't the oldest, or that Mother was here. If that hateful Hannah had n't left! You can have some mustard."

Dick said he was obliged.

Abby had failed to arrange for cream, so Dick would have to go for the cow.

"But it's eight miles," he complained. "It will take me till night to go there and drive the cow back. I'll have to miss school and go to the foot, and I never was so high up in spelling before. I can't go."

"But Dicky, dear, you must; there is no one else who can. It will never do for Cousin Lydia to come expressly to eat cream and not get it. Her health, not to say her life, may depend upon your going."

"Well, to save her life, I'll go. I'll get a livery horse."

"And while you're at the stable, see about hiring a horse and buggy by the week, for Cousin Lydia is coming out here for rides. Country visiting is stupid without riding. That helps to pass the time. But who'll have time to drive Cousin Lydia about? We girls will be busy getting the meals and keeping the house in order."

"I can't drive for her," said Dick. "I can't afford to be going to the foot all the time, and missing the base-ball matches, and everything. I'll tell you: perhaps we can get Joe Harney to come every good day and take her out; then you girls would be free to do the house-work. Joe is good-looking, dresses like a fashion dummy, and talks like an orator."

"First, see if you can hire a buggy," said Abby. "And, Zoe, tell the ice-man we'll begin to take ice of him in the morning; and order lemons, and sardines, and canned things—salmon, and lobster, and fruits. Wait! And chocolate, and cocoa-nuts, and all sorts of flavoring to make things good; and gelatine, and corn-starch, and



raisins, and citron, and oranges, and dried beef. Wait! And see about spring chickens; they're expensive, but we can't stop for a little expense."

Then Mollie Hyde came in, much excited. It was the most dreadful thing she ever heard, that not one of them was going to her picnic; it was completely spoiled by their dropping out.

"It's perfectly awful. There'll be only five of us left, for I invited only two carriages."

"Invite three others in our places," Abby suggested.

"Who'll want to be second choice after you?" Mollie snapped. "Beside, there's nobody to invite. I left Ed Asbury out to get you three in, and it made him so mad that he's got up a picnic to-morrow to spite me, and he has invited every one that's not in my picnic. And he's going to have the band and somebody to make a funny speech, and everything to triumph over me; and now, to have you back out is just too mean."

"We are very sorry."

"If you were very sorry, you'd go. About your cousin is no excuse; we expect to get back before the accommodation is due."

"But she may come on any train."

"If she could n't say what train she'd be on, I'd not bother myself about it. I'd not take my work and spend the day at the station. Any way, Zoe is enough to receive her. Abby and Dick can go to my picnic."

"But Cousin Lydia would never forgive us if we should n't all be here to receive her."

"But I'm to forgive your breaking your engagement with me," Mollie said, sharply. "I'm of no account beside your fine cousin! I'm nobody! I'm Miss Nothing! I tell you, I have more to do with your happiness than that cousin. I live next door, and I have a phaeton, and I give a great many parties. I'll have chances to pay you back."

Abby tried to speak, but Mollie sailed away, slamming the gate as if she meant it should never be re-opened between them. The girls looked at each other in dumb dismay. Then they cried.

About dusk, Dick came home behind a red, lank cow with a spotted calf. A handkerchief was tied under his chin, hat and borrowed umbrella having been lost in fording a creek. But he was not discouraged. He called for a pail to test the milking qualities of his cow.

By persistent effort, he obtained about a pint of milk; and it was rich. They had skimmed milk for the breakfast coffee the next morning; the cream was put on ice for Cousin Lydia, who might be on the first train.

At breakfast, Dick scolded about the soiled cloth and napkins. Abby said they had to make sure

of plenty of changes while Cousin Lydia was visiting. Zoe said boys did n't know how hard it was to wash and iron.

As Dick would have only twenty minutes at school before the first train, he said he'd just wait in the parlor till train time.

"No, not in the parlor!" cried Abby. "We've got it swept and dusted—in perfect order for Cousin Lydia. You must keep out of the parlor till she comes. You'd be sure to get things out of place."

Dick sighed, but went out and sat on the steps till train time. Then the girls made haste to change their working dresses for company frocks.

In half an hour, Dick returned without Cousin Lydia. He took his seat on the steps to wait. The girls put on working aprons and began re-sweeping and redusting.

Dick made four trips in, to consult the clock before starting to the second train. Then the girls smoothed their plumage, laid off working aprons, and waited at the window. From thence, in due time, they saw Dick returning looking lonely.

The three gathered at the dinner-table. Dick's glance swept it. It would not have been hard for anything to sweep it.

"Victuals, victuals everywhere," he cried, thinking of the good things saved for Cousin Lydia, "but not a bite to eat." Then, with a look at the soiled linen, he added: "A few more coffee-spillings and gravy-drippings, and this table-cloth and these napkins may afford us subsistence till Cousin Lydia's arrival."

"Then we'll have fresh napkins at every meal," said Abby.

After lunch, Dick waited on the steps ninety minutes; then spent twenty at the station; went back home for an hour; then to meet the train; went home to tea; gave another grumble about the soiled linen and prison-fare, while the girls told how often they had changed their dresses. Dick waited an hour after tea, went to the last train, came home, hung his hat up, and thanked his stars that it was the last.

"Until nine to-morrow," said Zoe; "Lydia said we might expect her any day, on any train."

The second day of expectation was a repetition of the first, with the difference that Dick had sour cream added to his diet. There succeeded a similar third day, except that the company viands began to appear on the table, but all were stale or beginning to sour. On the fourth day, all three were weary and discouraged from having tried to "save" the good things. The fifth day was Sunday.

"She'll not come to-day," said Dick; "so please, Abby, let me use the parlor. May n't I

pull down all the books I've a mind to, and leave magazines and papers around? And, please, let me lie on the lounge after church. I mean to whittle a little piece of pine, if it is Sunday. I'm fairly aching to see some pine-whittlings on the floor. And, Abby, let me take all the good victuals out to the pig, and let's have scrambled eggs for dinner."

There was another week of "ditto," as Dick said, during which his books stood solemnly on the shelf while he went to and from the trains; during which they lived on prison-fare and threw spoiled "good things" to the pigs; during which the house was "fixed up" as if to have its picture taken, etc., etc.

By another Monday, Cousin Lydia's cousins had abandoned all hope of the visit. But that very day—while Dick was at school and no welcomer was at the train, while the girls were trying to wash some needed pieces and there was no room on the stove to cook a dinner, while there was no cream in the discouraged house—Cousin Lydia arrived on the noon train, on her way to the sea-side. And, her father joining her by the evening train, they departed, in a sleeper, that night. When reminded of the promised "long visit," Cousin Lydia said:

"Now that you speak of it, I believe I did

promise something of that kind; but did n't I say you need n't be disappointed if I should n't come at all? I live in such a whirl, and write so many letters, that I can't keep things in mind. If my wedding-day were appointed, I believe I should forget it."

"I'm glad she did n't make a long visit," said Zoe, crying, when the visitors were gone. "She's selfishly thoughtless of everybody's convenience and comfort but her own."

When the parents returned home they found many surprising bills to settle.

"They would n't have been so large," said the poor young housekeepers, worried and apologetic, "if we had n't been expecting Cousin Lydia on any train."

The old folks can never let the young off without pointing a lesson. They must learn, in making appointments, to be definite; and then conscientiously to keep them. He wanted them, their father said, to set their faces against a display that strained the purse and energies and good-nature, and destroyed the pleasure of the visitor and the visited.

"You should so order your affairs," he concluded, "that you would not be seriously inconvenienced at the arrival of a friend by any train."



"AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT —"



## WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. III.

## SHADOW-PICTURES AND SILHOUETTES.

BY JOEL STACY.

EVER since there have been home walls for sunlight, fire-light, or lamp-light to fall upon, all of us children have been interested in shadow-pictures, and shadow-pictures nearly always have seemed glad to oblige us by appearing in all sorts of pleasant ways. Sometimes they give us Grandma's head and cap, showing sharp and clear upon the wall; sometimes dear little Bobby's curly pate and rollicking movements; or perhaps a big shadow-puss, gracefully waving a blurred shadow-tail on the white surface opposite the glowing fire-place; or, possibly, a shadow look-

sometimes seen the grotesque likeness of a person in the shadow which he or she unconsciously casts upon the wall, and have noticed how impossible it is to keep the original quiet while the rest are merrily enjoying the picture. He or she is sure to turn to see what it looks like, and so spoil it all.

Years ago, some ingenious person designed an album for the preserving of shadow-photographs, and these ever since have afforded a great deal of amusement to thousands. They contain full instructions for preserving shadow-pictures, and are for sale in many bookstores. But if you can not get one of these, you have only to buy sheets of paper, black on one side and white on the other, which may

be found at any stationer's.

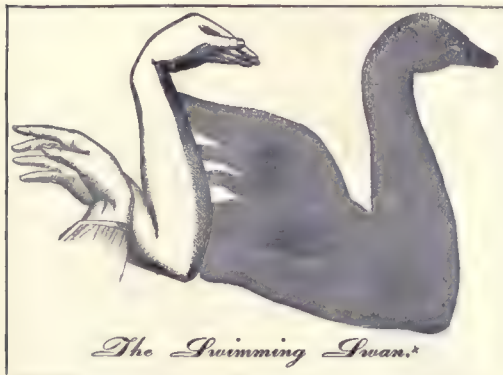
Now, if you wish to obtain a shadow-picture, pin one of these sheets of paper upon the wall, opposite a lamp, with the white surface outward; then, after providing yourself with a well-pointed pencil, place your sitter in such a position that a clear, strong shadow of the profile is thrown upon the paper. If your sitter (or stander) can now remain absolutely still, you have only to trace the outline of the shadow carefully with your pencil, taking care to work as rapidly as practicable. When the outline is all thus traced, you can go back and repair any part that seems incorrect. This done, release your sitter and take the paper from the wall. Now you have only to cut out the picture close



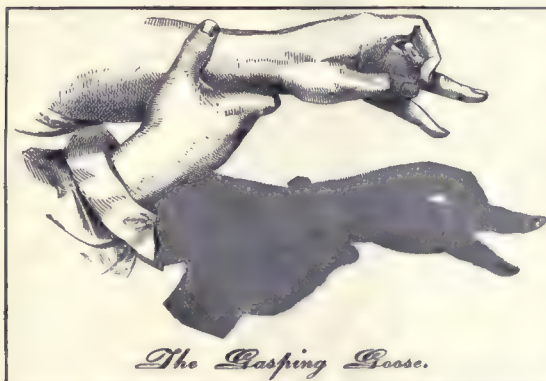
ing wonderfully like something that is n't in the room at all, just because somebody has flung hat, or a bun-not, on table or arm-chair. No matter what it may be, one thing is certain: If any substance, living or inanimate, comes between a strong light and a wall, it must cast a shadow, and we can make something out of it or not, just as we please. All of you have

a coat, or a  
dle, or what-

to the pencil-mark, and as the other side of the paper is black, you turn over your picture and paste it upon a sheet of white paper, and you



can show your silhouette portrait in triumph to your obliging sitter, the whole thing having been accomplished in about five minutes. Grouped



about the picture on page 385 are reduced copies of just such pictures as we have been describing. Many boys and girls become very expert in making these pictures, and, by seizing every available opportunity for tracing shadow-pictures of their friends, in time become possessed of a valuable collection of silhouette portraits. The excellence of the picture must depend very much, of course, on the skill of the draughtsman who traces the shadow, on the power of the sitter to remain quiet, and on the proper position of the lamp for throwing a clear shadow.

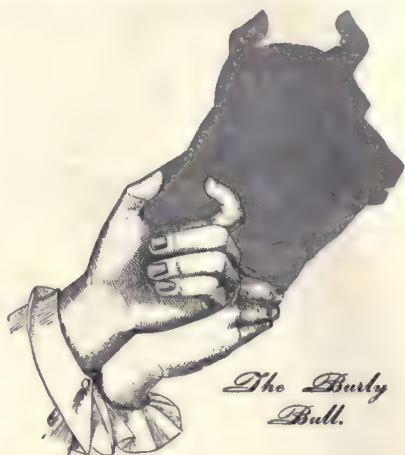
But long before these shadow-albums were thought of, people had found out a capital way of amusing little folks and themselves by making comical hand-shadows upon the wall. A very little practice enabled them to represent the heads and bodies of various animals, and to set these one by one to snapping their jaws or taking little

leaps upon the wall. In the accompanying pictures you will find very many designs, some new and some old, on which to practice your dexterous ingenuity. The little baby in the silhouette picture on page 385, you will notice, looks as though he were trying to throw shadows of crullers upon the wall; but though he has a fine head of his own, he perhaps has not sufficient precocity for that. As many houses nowadays have (fortunately in other respects) no white walls on which shadows can be distinctly seen, a sheet or a board with white paper upon it can be used for producing the silhouette portraits.



\* For the shadow-pictures on this and the succeeding pages, we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Griffith & Farran, the London publishers of a volume entitled, "Hand-shadows on the Wall."











## AN INDIAN WINTER GAME.

BY DE COST SMITH.



THROWING THE "SNOW-SNAKE."

THE boys of the United States and Canada are indebted to the Indians for a number of their most interesting games and sports. Lacrosse, originating with the native tribes, and still much played by them, has within the last few years become very popular. Snow-shoes and toboggans, though formerly serving only as conveniences in winter travel, are now used by Indians and whites alike for amusement—the former aiding greatly in winter walks and rambles, the latter transformed into a coasting-sled, and possessing great advantages. But while many of their games are well known, the Indians still have others peculiar to themselves, and with which even their near neighbors are but slightly acquainted. Throwing the "snow-sake" is one of the latter; and, although it may not be properly classed as a game, it might, perhaps, if introduced among us, become a great favorite like skating and coasting. A short description of it may be of interest.

The "snow-sake," or *ka-whant*, as it is called in the Onondaga dialect, is made on the principle of the sleigh-runner, and consists of a long hickory pole or stick, with a slight upward curve and point at one end, while the other is provided with a small notch. The under side is made

flat and smooth, so as to slip easily over the snow or ice, upon which, when skillfully thrown, it will slide for a long distance. To make it glide still more easily, the under surface is waxed and rubbed with a piece of cloth until beautifully smooth and polished. The pointed end is furnished with a tip of lead or solder, sometimes of a very fancy design.

The length and weight of the snow-sake varies in proportion to the strength of the person for whose use it is intended. Those made for young boys are not more than four or five feet long, while for larger boys and young men they range from six to eight feet in length. They are made somewhat tapering, being largest near the curved end, where they are usually about an inch or an inch and a quarter in width; while they diminish gradually until, at the notched end, the width is not more than five-eighths or three-quarters of an inch.

In throwing, the *ka-whant* is held at the smaller end by the thumb and first and second fingers, as shown in the diagram on the next page.

The Indians take great pride in the neatness, accuracy, and fine finish of their snow-snakes, making them only of the strongest and straightest-grained wood, always carefully seasoned.



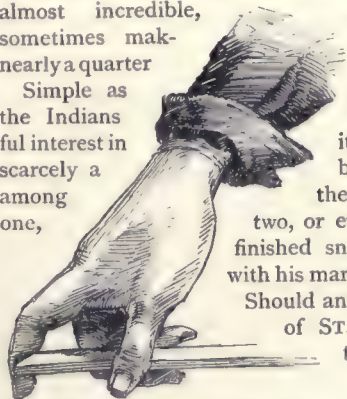
At the Indian Reservation in Onondaga County, New York, where the winters are long and usually severe, the snow-snake is a great favorite, and a continuous source of amusement. As soon as the jingle of the bells is heard along the frozen highway, and the runners of the heavy "bobs" and wood-sleighs have furrowed the roads with deep, polished grooves, the Indian boys are out, following the sleigh-tracks in small parties, throwing the *ka-whant* in the deep ruts, which it follows through every curve, skipping over the lumps of ice and other inequalities, more like a living creature than a plain hickory stick, and suggesting at once the very appropriate name of the "snow-snake." Although the beaten road-way is usually preferred, the snow-snake may be thrown in almost any situation where the snow is sufficiently firm. On a smooth, level crust, it glides with such rapidity and force that it is said to have been used, when such game was plentiful, in hunting deer and moose. These animals are so nearly helpless in deep snows, that a well-directed snow-snake must have been a very effective weapon.

The game, as generally played, is merely a trial of skill between the players, the object being to throw the *ka-whant* as great a distance as possible. Sides are sometimes chosen, but usually each individual plays for himself. A line being drawn to mark the starting-point, the players step back a few paces. Each grasps his snow-snake, runs forward in his turn to the mark, and, with a vigorous sweep of his arm, sends it sliding and dancing over the snow with the swiftness of an arrow. Each snow-snake bears its owner's mark (an arrow, cross, or star), so that

he readily recognizes it, and he whose missile is farthest in advance is declared the winner. In this way a regular champion is chosen. The distance that these contrivances are thrown is almost incredible, sometimes making nearly a quarter of a mile.

Simple as the Indians take a wonderful interest in it, and there is scarcely a boy among them who has not

two, or even three nicely finished snow-snakes, each with his mark carved upon it. Should any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS attempt this game,



MANNER OF HOLDING A "SNOW-SNAKE."



HEAD OF A "SNOW-SNAKE."

they must not be surprised or discouraged if, at the first few trials, their snow-snakes stick their heads through the crust and disappear in the powdery snow beneath, instead of sliding along the surface in the proper way. By digging along for a distance of from twenty to fifty feet, the sticks may usually be recovered, while the slight difficulties of the art can soon be overcome by a little practice and experience.

## THE GRATEFUL DOG.

BY T. D.

LIT-TLE Tom-my Bax-ter was one day go-ing home from school when he saw some boys who were wor-ry-ing a poor dog. They had tied his hind legs to-geth-er, and were throw-ing stones at him, and strik-ing him with sticks, so as to make him run. They thought it was ver-y fun-ny to see him try to run with his hind legs tied to-geth-er. The poor dog was in great dis-tress, and howled and yelped when-ev-er he was struck by a stone or stick.

Tom-my went up to the boys and told them that they should not do

such a cru-el thing to a poor, help-less dog. But the boys only laughed at him, and went on with their fun.

Then Tom-my put his hand in-to his pock-et and said: "I will give you ten cents, if you will let me have that dog."

There were five boys, and the big-gest of them said: "All right! Give us the mon-ey, and you can have the dog."

Tom-my gave the mon-ey to the boys, and then they laughed at him and went a-way to spend their mon-ey for can-dy.

Tom-my then went up to the poor dog, who was try-ing to gnaw the string from his legs, and pat-ted him on the head. The dog seemed to know that Tom-my was not one of the bad boys, and did not mean to hurt him, for he did not try to get a-way as he had done when-ev-er any of the oth-er boys came near him. Tom-my took out his knife and cut the string from the dog's legs. Then the poor creat-ure sprang up, and be-gan to jump a-round as if he were the hap-pi-est dog a-live. He licked Tom-my's hand, and wagged his tail, as if he were try-ing to say how much o-blighed he was to the lit-tle boy for what he had done.

Tom-my now start-ed for his home, and the dog fol-lowed him for a short time, still jump-ing a-bout and wag-ging his tail. Then he left Tom-my, and ran down the road as fast as he could go.

Three or four months after this, Tom-my was go-ing, one morn-ing, to meet some boys and girls who were to have a pic-nic in the woods. He had his lunch-eon tied up in a nap-kin which he car-ried in his hand. As he was walk-ing a-long, a dog ran up, and be-gan to wag his tail, as if he were ver-y glad to see Tom-my. This was the same dog which Tom-my had saved from the cru-el boys; but he was a young dog then, and had now grown so much that Tom-my did not know him. But the dog re-mem-bered Tom-my ver-y well, jumped up on him, and put his feet a-gainst his breast. "O-ho!" cried Tom-my, "you smell my lunch-eon and want to get it, but you shall not have a bit of it, sir. Go a-way!"

Just then the dog looked up in Tom-my's face, and the boy re-mem-bered that the dog which he had saved from the cru-el boys had looked at him in the same way. He al-so saw that the dog had black ears, al-though his bod-y was near-ly all white, and he had no-ticed that the dog whose legs had been tied had a white bod-y and black ears.

Tom-my was ver-y glad to know that this was the same dog he had saved, and he knew now that the rea-son the dog jumped on him, and seemed so glad to see him, was not be-cause he want-ed some of his lunch-eon, but be-cause he re-mem-bered him, and was grate-ful for what he had done. The dog kept on jump-ing a-round Tom-my and wag-ging



his tail un-til a la-dy who was walk-ing down the road called him. Then he left Tom-my and fol-lowed her.

When Tom-my went home that night, he told his fa-ther all a-bout this dog. Tom-my's fa-ther was much pleased to hear his son's sto-ry, and he



told Tom-my he was glad he had made a friend who re-mem-bered him so well, and who was so grate-ful for his kind-ness to him.

It was not long aft-er this that Tom-my's fa-ther bought the dog of the la-dy who owned him, and gave him to his lit-tle boy. And there nev-er were two bet-ter friends than Tom-my and his dog.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"THE wind tore through the village, raved in the branches, shrieked through the garrets, whistled past the chimneys, banged the shutters, howled around the corners, blinded people's eyes, and almost swept the children off their feet."

From all of which, as I heard the dear Little School-ma'am read it, I concluded that Mr. Wind must be a very rude and excitable fellow. But the next day, while she was reading from the very same book, I heard with astonishment sentences like these: "The wind crooned a lullaby in the branches";—and "the wind murmured softly in the shrubbery";—and "the wind sighed tenderly above them";—and "a faint wind cooled her heated brow."

And, as I'm an honest Jack, neither the little lady nor any of her hearers noticed the contradiction of what she had read the day before, nor seemed to think strange of the two accounts of Mr. Wind's doings.

My birds tell me, however, that both statements are true—that he is a terrible fellow when he is angry, but that he is often very kind and gentle. "Why," say they, "the flowers are never so happy as when he frolics with them on sunny days."

I slyly asked a daisy if this were true, one day when the wind was present, and the flower nodded—which, I suppose, settles the fact beyond dispute.

#### A SELF-WINDING CLOCK.

AN ingenious man in Brussels has made a clock that, without having been touched by any one since it started, has run steadily for a whole year. The works of this clock do not differ from those in common use, save that a fan is so attached as to keep the weights continually wound. This fan is placed in a chimney, and, revolving in the draught, raises the clock-weights until they reach the upper

limit, when a brake stops the fan. No fire is necessary, the natural draught being sufficient for the work.

When the Deacon heard of this, he scratched his kindly old chin in a reflective manner, and presently remarked that he had never considered it so much trouble to wind a clock as to make it worth his while to invent some way of obliging the air to do it for him. If he had— Well, who can say what the Deacon could not invent if he were really to turn his attention to it?

#### A SPORTING HARE.

A TRAVELING friend of mine has clipped from a French newspaper, and sent to me over seas, this interesting story of a hare that greatly astonished a sportsman of that country:

"An enthusiastic sportsman went to a breakfast given at the commencement of the shooting season. The talk was of game, when suddenly he rushed a servant, exclaiming to the host that a hare had been seen moving about on the lawn. Out went the enthusiastic sportsman, gun in hand, fired at the hare, and missed it. The hare, scratching its nose, stood up on its hind legs, presented a horse-pistol at the sportsman and fired in return. No one was hurt; but the sportsman was naturally astounded, until at last it was explained to him that the hare was a performing animal which had been hired from a neighboring show. The sportsman's charge had, of course, been taken from his gun by the confidential servant, and the whole affair was an amusing and successful practical joke."

#### THE STINGING-TREE.

DEAR, dear! What a dreadful thing it must be to be a Jack-in-the-Pulpit in Australia, where even the trees are wicked! Now, here is a letter which tells of serious mischief caused by a shrub of that country:

DEAR JACK: Did you ever hear of the "stinging-tree" of Australia? It is described as a shrub very dangerous to the touch, which grows from two or three inches to ten or fifteen feet in height, and emits a disagreeable odor. One traveler describes it as follows: "Sometimes, while shooting turkeys in the scrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging-tree till I was warned of its close proximity by its smell, and have often found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and that very lightly. Its effects are curious: it leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening; and for months afterward the part when touched is tender in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man who was indifferent to ordinary pain roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have known a horse to be so completely maddened by the same cause that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot. Dogs, when stung, will rush about, whining piteously, and they, too, often have to be killed after coming in contact with this terrible stinging-tree."

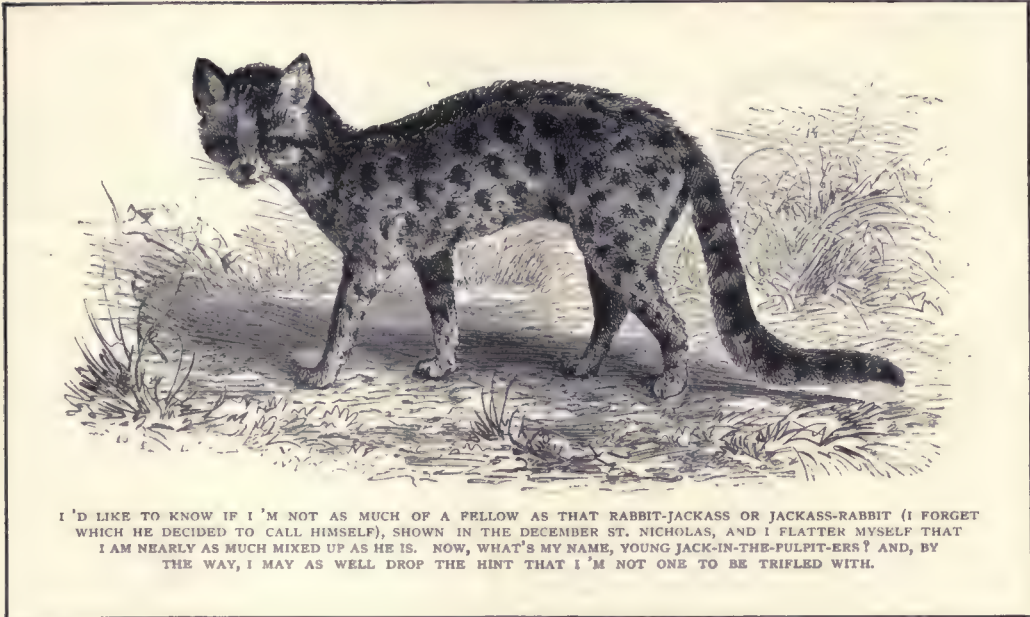
#### "PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES."

THAT'S an old saying, my chicks, and more true than grammatical. There's the sunflower, for instance, which lately has been held up aloft by folks who thin or fatten, as the case may be, on what is known as "the beautiful."

Now, pretty as the sunflower certainly is, its works outshine it, though they may be neither "æsthetic" nor "poetic." I'm told that this flower's nut-like seeds are not only extremely valuable as food for poultry, but they also afford an excellent oil, especially useful for lubricating machinery. The residue of the seeds, after the oil has been taken out, makes a sort of cake said to be excellent food for cattle. And finally, the stalks furnish a serviceable fiber, largely used by the Chinese, while the blossoms yield a lasting and brilliant yellow dye.



## ANOTHER FELLOW WHO WANTS TO BE ANSWERED.



## TWO YOUTHFUL COMPOSITIONS.

TALKING of mixed-up things, is not this a very funny story? It is a tiger-tale sent by a little tot five years old,—or rather five years young,—and the Little School-ma'am, while she says I may show you an exact copy of his story just as he wrote it, has taken his name off because she thinks it right to keep that a secret. It's a fearful recital if read carefully, and, bad as things were for the tiger, they seem to have been even worse for the boy, when you come to think of that rug.

ABAD LOT LIGER STOLE A  
BOY, AND TOOK HIM AWAY  
OFF TO THE FOREST, AND  
WAS GOING TO EAT  
HIM UP, THE LITTLE  
BOY HAD HIS PAPA COME  
WITH A GUN AND KILLED HIM  
AND TOOK HIM HOME, AND  
HIS MAMA WAS GLAD, AND THEY  
MADE A RUG OUT OF HIS SKIN.

Then here's another composition which the Little School-ma'am asks me to show you while I am about it, as it is written to one of the subjects

given in the December number, and, as she says, "because it is so frank and honest":

## IF I HAD \$1000, WHAT WOULD I DO WITH IT?

As I am such a little boy, if I had \$1000 I think I would put it in the saving bank till I became of age. Then I would go and visit some of the most important parts of our country, U. States. I would not go to Europe just then, because I would rather go to see my own country. Some people think if they have been to Europe they have seen enough of the world. But I think different. I have heard of people who have been to Europe and never been to Niagara, or even to Washington yet. I think, if you share your \$1000 with some one, you will enjoy it a great deal better than being mean and stingy.

In the first place, I would give \$100 to the poor, and \$100 to the hospitals, and give my friends \$5.00 or \$6.00 each. Some boys or girls will think I am bragging, but I am not, I mean what I say; then with the sum I had left I would make up a party and go to Washington, then from there I would go to Niagara Falls, then from there I would go to Watkins Glen, then from there to Canada, then I would return home, by that time I would have a very little money left. But I am sure when I was taking these little trips I would be getting some curious things for the Agassiz Association. And then I would think what a nice time I had with my \$1000.

Yours truly, WILLIE S—, ten years old.

## A MARCH CUSTOM IN WALES.

DEAR JACK: The Welsh have been in the habit, from time immemorial, of wearing a leek in the cap on the first of March. This custom is said to have originated in the circumstance of some Welsh troops, followers of the Black Prince, wearing leeks at the battle of Crecy, in order to distinguish themselves from their enemies. In a very old book, called "The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," a certain Welshman, Sir David, is made to say to his men, on the eve of battle: "For my colors or ensign do I wear upon my bayonet, you see, a green leek set in gold, which shall, if we win the victory, hereafter be an honor to Wales; and on this day, being the first of March, be it forever worn by Welshmen in remembrance thereof!" Sir David's command, however, is at the present day but little regarded; but on the national holiday a gilt leek is still carried in processions, and a silver one is presented to the head-master at Eton by the Welsh boy of highest rank in the school.

Yours truly,

M. W.

## THE LETTER-BOX.



MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES.

THERE are very few among the older boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS who are not familiar with some of the adventures and achievements of Mr. Archibald Forbes, the gallant war-correspondent of the *London Daily News*. And we take pleasure, therefore, in presenting, along with his thrilling narrative, "Where was Villiers?" a pen-portrait of Mr. Forbes himself. For this portrait-sketch we are indebted to the courtesy of the well-known English artist, Mr. Hubert Herkomer,—it being a small pen-and-ink outline of Mr. Herkomer's fine portrait of Mr. Forbes, which has attracted so much attention and praise wherever exhibited. The tireless energy and determination which Mr. Forbes has so often manifested in his work are strongly marked in his features, and are plainly expressed in the rough sketch here shown. As Mr. Herkomer has said of him: "He has probably done his hazardous and arduous work better than any other man could have done it. There are many who can write; many who have the gift of observation; many who have physical endurance and pluck; but rarely are all these qualities combined in one individual as they are in Archibald Forbes. And he is as true as steel to those to whom he extends his friendship."

His devotion to his friends is amply illustrated by the story of Villiers. And, aside from the personal interest of the narrative, the account which the intrepid correspondent has here given of a most important and hard-fought battle has all the fire and vividness of his dispatches from the field. We are especially fortunate, moreover, in having secured illustrations from Mr. W. H. Overend, one of the war-artists of the *London Illustrated News*, and himself a personal friend of Villiers.

HERE is a charming long letter, which we print in full because it describes a most interesting event—the first snow-fall, for many years, in the city of San Francisco. Fancy never having seen a snow-storm until you were twelve years old, dear Eastern boys and girls, and you will understand the delight of our far-away friends when the white drifts came down on that last day of the year.

566 WALTON STREET, OAKLAND, CAL.,  
December 31, 1882.

DEAR SANTA CL—I mean ST. NICHOLAS: If I had written exactly one week ago, I would have told you of blue skies, a bright sun, green lawns, budding roses, blooming geraniums, fuchsias, and heliotropes, nodding pansies, blossoming violets, and staring chrysanthemums.

And then the very next day was your dear day. Oh, it was just perfect!—too perfect to stay at home after the Christmas presents and greetings had been offered; so our good parents took us children—three happy ones—out to the ocean's side, where we saw many white-winged ships come and go through the Golden Gate, and where we ran on the beach and chased the big waves down, and

then they chased us up, and we were without anything on our heads all the time, and barefoot part of the time.

And now, to-day, everything is changed and strange to our eyes. Just at breakfast, my little sister Alma cried out: "Oh, look at the pieces of white cotton out of the window!" Mamma said: "It must be cotton-wood." But my big brother Tom shouted: "It 's snow! Can't you see? Real snow!"

Now, this means very little to you, dear ST. NICHOLAS; but please remember this is the first snow out here for twenty years and more, and very, very many had never seen snow at all, and some were frightened.

Pretty soon there was a face pressed against every window up and down our street. Breakfasts were forgotten. Down came the flakes, fast and faster, thick and thicker. Soon one of the neighbor-boys came out, and gathering some snow, made a snow-ball. That started all hands. In five minutes everybody (except my big brother Tom, who shot himself in the hand the day before—and oh, was n't he mad!) was out in the street gathering snow and pelting each other, and washing faces with snow; and oh, we have had such heaps of jolly fun!

Some of the boys commenced talking about sleds, but none knew how to go about making them, until Addie Kelley (she is n't a boy, though) remembered that ST. NICHOLAS told once how to make real nice ones; and then the magazines were hunted over, and pretty soon saws and hammers, and boys and pieces of wood and nails and ropes, were badly mixed up for a while, and then out came sleds. Some were odd-looking and some were rickety, but all helped to make the fun more furious, and a curious sight it was for us to see them skurrying up and down the street. And oh, oh, what a wonderful jolly day it has been! Nobody went to Sunday-school; and even our pastor threw two snow-balls at my papa, who is a deacon, and Papa got him down on the ground and crammed snow down his back till he just howled, and then Papa let him up. Then they went into our house and had some hot ginger-tea with sugar, to keep from catching cold. They both liked it very much—the tussle in the snow, I mean.

But it's a very different day from one little week ago, dear ST. NICK. The skies are dead-gray; the sun is somewhere else; the grass is covered with white; the rose-leaves are scattered; the boughs of the geraniums, fuchsias, and heliotropes trail to the ground; the pansies are sleeping beneath pure white sheets; the violets (dead, perhaps) are buried from sight; while the chrysanthemums still stand erect and stare, but with a frightened look.

And now it's beginning to grow dark, and the night of the year's last day is coming. People are saying, "Wish you a Happy New-Year," and I send the same wish over thousands of miles till it reaches your ears; and not only one do I wish you, but many, many, and MANY more, in which to make us children happier and wiser and better.

Yours, with love,

MARY LIZZIE SPEAR.

P. S.—Please give my love, also, to Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

As the four subjects for composition,\* we give this month the following:

MY FRIEND, THE SUN.  
THE HUNGER OF THE RICH.  
KITE-TIME.  
A RIDE ON A RAILROAD.

BERTHA L. W. copies and sends to the Letter-box the following curious enigma:

Twice ten are six of us,  
Six are but three;  
Nine are but four of us;  
What can it be?  
Would you know more of us?  
I'll tell you more:  
Seven are but five of us,  
Five are but four.

Answer: The number of letters contained in each of the numerals mentioned.

The following is one of many pleasant letters we have received concerning performances of "The False Sir Santa Claus":

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 6, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for several years, and feel that we can not part with you. We thought that you would be pleased to know that Mamma had "The False Sir Santa Claus" (published in the November number) for our Christmas-tree enter-

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, page 156.



tainment. There were about ninety persons present, and they all thought it was so good that she was induced to give it at the Sunday-school entertainment. There were several hundred persons present that night, and it was enjoyed very much. Mamma said she felt more than paid for her trouble to hear how heartily the children laughed. I hope you will always go on, and make us as happy as ever. Your constant reader,  
CARRIE E. S.

A SAD interest is attached to the little poem, "Kitty's Prayer," published in this number, because it was written by a girl, one of four sisters—Bessie, aged 21; Corinne, aged 19; Mildred, aged 9; and Pauline, aged 7—who were drowned July 4, 1879. It was little Pauline who made the remark concerning her kitty which suggested the poem, and Corinne put the incident into verse.

"UTICA" sends \$4.00 for The Children's Garfield Fund.

NEW CANAAN, Dec. 12, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure that the boys and girls of New Canaan ought to feel as if they knew you a little bit better than some of your other readers. I will tell you why. In your November number Deacon Green speaks of shooting at a grebe in Justus Hoyt's mill-pond here. Tell the Deacon that the pond and mill are still here, but I don't believe there is a grebe within a great many miles of it. I think, too, that Miss Eva Ogden must have played by the pond a great many times; she lived here for many years. I guess she must have been thinking of the mill when she wrote "The Miller of Dee." Here is something which I composed for fun:

The miller of Dee  
Planted a pea;  
The pea did grow,  
The miller did hoe.  
At last the miller got a rake,  
And raked away till his back did ache.

CHARLIE L. DEMERITT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have all been trying our hands at making as many words as possible from your name, and the result is inclosed. We have made many more than George W. Barnes, and perhaps our success is due to our familiarity with the Letter Game, or "Logomachy," as it is called. The game, which we found a pleasant one during the long winter evenings, is played as follows: Each player, in succession, draws a letter from a pile of letters, all lying with their faces downward, till some words are formed. The words thus made are left in plain sight, to be lengthened, altered, or added to, or, as is often the case, to be captured bodily by an opponent. For instance, Papa had the words, "met," "horse," "abbot," "lace," and "salt"; I drew the letter "b" and with it took Papa's word "lace," which I transposed to "cable." I remember once I made the word "garret," which I felt pretty sure of keeping; but Papa drew an "a," and made "tanager," so of course I lost it. The one who has the most words, when all the letters are drawn, wins the game. It is against the rules to change a word to another tense or number by adding "d" or "s."

Yours truly, M. W.

George W. Barnes has been quite outdone. The list of boys and girls who have made more than 72 words out of the letters of "St. Nicholas" is too long for us to print here.

#### AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-FOURTH REPORT.

##### AN APPEAL TO SPECIALISTS.

WHEN, two years ago, we began to extend our Society by means of the ST. NICHOLAS, we did not have an entirely definite plan, because we could not foresee how many members we should gain. So the first few Chapters found us comparatively unprepared for their reception. We had to send circulars to many, instead of cordial personal letters, such as our heart prompted, and we were fain to leave them thereafter pretty much to their own devices. Even now, the pressure of our correspondence is so great, that many a letter which should have a prompt and hearty answer if it were one of twenty, has to be put off with a scant acknowledgment because it is one of a thousand. Still, we are gaining in system, and are able better than heretofore to direct and encourage the delightful enthusiasm of our members. Much excellent and valuable work is being done in every direction, but we are by no means satisfied. There are much wider possibilities before us. Each Chapter must come to be a power in its own community, a center of scientific intelligence. To it should come the farmer and the laborer, to learn about each

curious or destructive insect. It should have a library open for public use. All our members must be missionaries, spreading abroad the sweet truths of Nature. But, to accomplish all this, we must first gain definite knowledge ourselves—the younger, as we have always insisted, by actual observation only; the elder by that, too, but also from the printed record of the observations of others. As we grow out of childhood, we must grow less desultory in our work—more scientific. We have been much gratified to find that our members invariably do this very thing. Accurate observation creates a desire for accurate words in which to record nice distinctions; and every growing boy and girl presently writes to learn how to analyze flowers and determine minerals. Now, no one man can be a specialist in more than one or two departments; and a bright boy who devotes himself to *coleoptera*, for instance, soon knows more about beetles than any of his teachers. He soon gets beyond the help of Harris, or any general entomologist, and then he writes to us for aid. Of course, the same is true of mollusks, ferns, grasses, birds, and all the rest.

Our plan has been to receive all such questions, and refer them to such gentlemen of our acquaintance as could most likely answer them. But the range of our scientific acquaintance has limits, although the patience of our friends has as yet proved exhaustless; and we now wish to ask for the names of specialists in every branch of science to whom we may refer questions in their several departments. Therefore, if any coleopterist, algologist, archæologist, mineralogist, filicist (if that will do for a fern-man), or any other large-hearted specialist who may chance to read this paper, will send us his name as one who is willing to answer questions in his line, until further notice, we are sure that nothing could possibly occur to add greater value to the work of our Agassiz Association, and make it of more scientific consequence. We have an army of five thousand willing soldiers. We need a larger number of generous *aids-de-camp*.

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
392.	Barton, Ala. (A).....	6.	Charles Nelson.
393.	S. Evanston, Ill. (A)....	5.	Cornelia B. Adams.
394.	Philadelphia, Pa. (M)....	4.	Isaac Ford, 1823 Vine St.
395.	Montreal, Canada. (A)....	12.	W. D. Shaw, 34 St. Peter St.
396.	Springville, N. Y. (A)....	10.	E. Everett Stanbro.

#### NOTES FROM MEMBERS, CHAPTERS, AND FRIENDS.

We had an interesting meeting last week. Five specimens to show, and all different. One green worm formed its cocoon in less than a day from the time it was caught, and a large one it is, brown and fibrous. Another lovely brown one spent two days in frisking around its prison before it submitted and rolled itself up. Another old fellow I found quite accidentally. I was out walking, and seeing some down clinging to a dry stick, tried to pick it off, when I found a bright black head at the end of it. It has white spines sticking all over its body. I am going to keep it, and see if it will amount to anything. My most interesting one is coiled around a mass of white web, in which is a little opening. Out of this occasionally walks a little fly. One day, I watched the little flies come out of those small cocoons which sometimes cover the tomato-worm. A little round place was cut out of the end as smoothly as though done by a very sharp knife, all except a tiny place, left as a hinge. M. INA PROHL.

One of our members has a *tarantula*. The body is an inch in length. It has ten long legs, covered entirely with brown hair. The Doctor feeds it little pieces of liver or beef, the juice of which the spider sucks out. It is pretty lively.

WM. R. NICHOL, Albany, N. Y.

During two months I collected ninety-five specimens of wild flowers. There is a flower here—*Calochortus venustus*, I think—which can be safely handled unless it is picked to pieces. In that case it is terribly poisonous.

H. W. CARDWELL, Portland, Oregon.

Geo. Powell, Secretary of Chapter 266, St. Clair, Pa., sends the following: "Number of members at last report, 30; at present, 33. Specimens collected since last report, 116; total number, 600; for exchange, 21."

Ottawa, Illinois (Sec. Edgar Eldredge), tells of "numerous little tunnels" discovered in a sand rock. "In the bottom of each was a little soft-bodied insect which proved to be the larva of the ant-lion. They are still alive in a box of sand in the window, where they dig their tunnels, and stay in them all covered but their

heads, and in some way attract the flies." The Chapter will exchange gypsum and fresh-water clam-shells.

Freeland, Pa. (Sec. G. Belles), is working for new books and a microscope. Nashua, N. H., commenced its third year November 19th, with Fred. W. Greeley, Box 757, retained as Secretary. They have introduced a new feature—standing committees on different branches. They report on some subject at each meeting, and have charge of a department in the museum.

In the August report, Harrie Hancock speaks of a stone that will bend. A sandstone is found in North Carolina that has the same property. It is called *ilacohimite*, and the bending is supposed to be caused by each grain fitting into a socket.

ELLISTON J. PEROT.

HARTFORD, CONN.

During the past summer, most of us made collections. We have picked small snakes and frogs. We saw a snake eat a frog. We collected sea-weeds. Several are rearing caterpillars. One presses flowers. One saw a sea-serpent in Penobscot Bay. It was about thirty feet long. We knew it was a sea-serpent, because the captain of the boat said it was. [1] We saw some things that had been dredged from the bottom of the sea. One was a long tube that a worm had lived in. Some of us have been keeping a hermit crab. We put it in salt water and it came out of its shell. One was walking in the woods and started up five or six partridges. [Partridges in Conn.? Are you certain they were not ruffed grouse?] One saw sandpipers with their long legs and beaks, and another found a sandpiper's nest. We kept little blank-books, and every day wrote down what we had seen. One of us kept a horseshoe crab and fed it clams. This winter we are all studying birds and moths.

FRANCIS PARSONS.

[A most excellent record, and yet only one out of a thousand equally interesting.]

ST. HELENA, CAL.

We visited the "Petrified Forest" in the Coast Range. It contains trunks and fragments of about three hundred trees. The largest is sixty-eight feet long and eleven feet in diameter, and through a fracture grows a live oak, ten inches in diameter. The petrification appears to be calcareous, but many specimens have tiny quartz crystals on them, and we secured one, evidently the end of a log, which has a coating of chalcedony.

SEC. ST. HELENA CHAPTER.

ERLANGER, KY.

We have learned that *Epigae repens* can be transplanted in September. We read the report of the Forestry Congress held in Cincinnati, got very much into the notion of tree-planting, and did set out some, but it was almost too late in the fall. We intend to set out a grove and call it Agassiz Grove. We think the A. A. could do something toward keeping up the forests. The smallest child can drop nuts along the lines of permanent fences. We are going to plant thickets of flowering shrubs in all waste places about here, to induce the small birds to build near us. We have already prepared a great many cuttings of honeysuckle and tree-box.

I wish you would give a large space to explaining the proper motive for collecting. Many seem to collect for the sake of collecting. I judge from letters I receive that some care more for the specimens than for the knowledge to be gained from them. I know an old man who has a remarkably fine collection, and he cares as much for two old grape-shot that he bought, as he does for his finest fossil; and though he has so many, he can't tell the fossils of one age from those of another. We are getting up a wild garden, and are anxious to get a specimen of *Hepatica* from some of our Northern friends.

LILLIE M. BEDINGER.

I have been noticing the direction in which plants twine. The bean, Madeira vine, and morning glory twine in the same direction, but the hop vine in the opposite direction. My smilax I am not quite sure about. We had a live horned toad loaned to us a few days ago, which was sent here from California. It is really a lizard. It is five inches long, with a wide, flat body. It is pictured in "Tenney's Manual." It is now very sluggish and stupid, moving only when disturbed, and eating nothing.

One of the boys brought in a curious insect a few days ago—a white, fuzzy-looking thing with only rudiments of wings. I found, on examining Harris, that it was the female *Orgyia* (moth), which never leaves its cocoon after its transformation, but lays its eggs and then dies. The male is winged.

E. S. FIELD.

We have found on what bush the walking-stick feeds. [Is it a secret? We wish to know, too.] I have found *Attacus Polyphemus* feeding on beech trees. This was a surprise to me, for I had thought they fed only on the oak.

GAYLORD MILES.

I am sixteen years old and an entomologist. I have 1700 specimens, which I keep in boxes made by Burr, of Camden, N. J. I have had very little trouble with the museum pest.

When I began to study, I was taught from Morse's first book of Zoölogy, and have since branched out on my own responsibility, and learned more by my observation than I ever did from books. I write my notes in a blank-book, and make figures to illustrate them. I have learned to date everything, and intend to make a

local calendar. I wish to correspond and exchange with members of the A. A. I have the advantage of knowing an experienced professor of coleoptera.

EDWARD G. McDOWELL,

264 West Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md.

I have experimented with kittens, and have found that if two ribbons, one of a bright scarlet, and the other black, be placed before them, they will play with the former in preference to the latter.

C. FREEMAN.

COLUMBUS, WIS.

We have twenty members. We hold our meetings in the High School, under the direction of Prof. G. E. Culver. The boys have commenced a collection of the several kinds of wood that grow here. The Board of Education have been kind enough to furnish us with a microscope which magnifies 500 diameters. I hope that all other Chapters will meet with like good fortune.

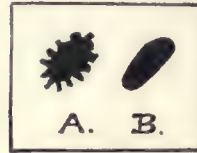
ADA E. GRUDY, Sec.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Chapter B has thirteen members. The Secretary preserves all essays. The cabinet contains local ores, petrifications, and shells. We have had labels printed for our botanical specimens. At the mouth of the Columbia River is a mound composed almost entirely of concretions, which, when broken, contain most beautiful shells. They are of various sizes, from an inch to ten feet in diameter.

H. W. CARDWELL, Sec.

Many of the pollen-grains I have examined are prickly, as indicated by A, in the accompanying illustration, while others are smooth, as in B. I have accordingly divided into two groups the flowers I have examined, one list having smooth and one prickly pollen. The result is:



Smooth.  
Nasturtium,  
Buttercup,  
Carnation,  
Rose,  
Heliotrope,  
Corn.

Prickly.  
Chrysanthemum,  
Dandelion,  
Ageratum,  
Golden-rod.

I examined this list carefully, hoping to find some order in it, and at last it struck me that the only two endogenous plants in the collection were on the smooth side. I procured two more endogenous plants, and to my great delight found their pollen-grains smooth also. This suggests a possible rule: "Endogenous flowers have smooth pollen"; but it would be absurd to consider this as more than suggested by four instances.

I shall try to add to the list next time, and I hope others will do the same. A lens of very moderate power shows the outline of the grain, if a strong light be thrown from below. I earnestly hope that some endogenous plant will not dash my hopes by being found prickly before next month.

A WORKER.

[It will be a helpful thought to this energetic worker to remember that it will be as important to disprove her supposed rule as to prove it. The point is, to learn what is true, and in that there can be no hope-dashing. Our little friend is doing exactly the right sort of work, and others should follow directly in her footsteps.]

Too late for extract come good arguments on the geode question from Howard Williams, Mary E. Cooke, Mattie Packard, Minnie M. Dyke, and several others, the best of all being a beautifully executed MS. from the C Chapter of Washington, D. C.

#### EXCHANGES.

Correspondence in West and South.—William Carter, Waterbury, Conn.

Cocoons of *Luna*, etc., and butterflies and moths for others.—W. D. Keerrfott, Wilmington, Del.

Birds' eggs, sets and single.—Chas. E. Doe, 28 Wood st., Providence, R. I.

Correspondence on ornithology and oölogy.—Charles D. Gibson, Dover, Del.

Our duplicates are exhausted, and we can not make any more exchanges.—E. L. Roberts, Denver, Col.

Pressed autumn leaves, for edelweiss.—Alice M. Guernsey, Wareham, Mass.

Dendrites.—Josie M. Hopkins, Sec., Newton Upper Falls, Mass. Soil of Illinois.—C. F. Gettmy, Box 293, Galesburg, Ill.

Correspondence, with view to exchange.—Robt. G. Leavitt, Sec., Webster, Mass.

Silver ore, for a Death's-head moth.—P. S. Clarkson, Beverly, N. J. Birds' eggs, fossils, shells, and insects.—Edward C. Fallick, Sydney, New South Wales.

Cocoons, red coral, lava from Sandwich Islands, etc.—Arthur H. Bowditch, Box 510, Brookline, Mass.

All communications concerning the "Agassiz Association" should be addressed to HARLAN H. BALLARD, Principal of LENOX Academy, Lenox, Mass.













"SNOW IN SPRING-TIME."

[FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.]



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X.

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## THE SUMMONS.

BY AVIS GREY.

DOOR-KEEPER of the year,—  
April, the opener,—hear!  
We wait without, and cry to thee:  
With the sunshine's golden key  
Open to us straight  
The grim and guarded gate,  
Whose frowning barriers rise  
'Twixt us and softer skies.

We wait without and call:  
Myriads we of creatures small,  
Multitudes of living things,  
Sheathed blades and folded wings,  
Baby germs in close-coiled rings.  
Frozen earth-clods hold us down,  
Sullen skies above us frown;  
Thou alone canst liberate—  
April, free us from our strait!

We stand without and wait,  
We call and cry together—  
All in the wild March weather.  
Shrill and importunate  
Our summons thrills the air  
And pierces everywhere;  
And they who do not know,—  
Who lack the finer sense  
Of Nature-love intense,—  
Crouch closer to the fire,  
Stirred till it blazes higher,  
And, shiv'ring, mutter low,  
“How drearily the March-winds blow!”

## LOUIS'S LITTLE JOKE.

BY KATHARINE R. McDOWELL.



It was fortunate for Louis that the opportunity for his little joke fell on April-Fools' Day. But how he could have had it in his heart to want to fool Esther, as she bustled around, so bright and happy, tying on her checked apron, would have seemed beyond explanation, had he not said, under his breath, a moment before:

"I'll pay her for this!"

The offense to which he thus referred lay in the fact that Esther had paid no attention to the request which he had shouted to her, as he saw her take a telegram from a messenger at the gate:

"Let me see it, Esther! How many of them are coming?"

But she flew straight to the house, and into the kitchen, exclaiming:

"Oh, Becky! Five of them, and they'll be here for supper. I can sit at the head, can't I, Becky? And you'll make chocolate for me to serve, wont you? And oh! dear Becky, please, *please* can't I make the custard?"

"Bress your heart, yes," said Rebecca; "an' Becky'll make you whateber you want. An' de blue set ob china?" she asked, a moment later.

"Oh, yes, Becky—they're so pretty; and the little crystal cups for my custard, so 't will show through." And she danced merrily about the room.

"Where's that telegram?" demanded Louis, nearly out of breath from his sudden descent of a tree and rapid run for the house.

"There, on the table, Louis. I could n't stop, I was in such a hurry to tell Becky," explained Esther, as she broke some eggs and carefully separated whites and yolks. "It's going to be my supper, Louis, and I'm going to have —"

"I don't care for your supper," growled Louis. "And I'm going to pay you, before the day's over, for not letting me see that telegram at first."

"Oh, Louis! please do not play any more tricks on me," pleaded his cousin. "I told Becky first, because I knew she'd take more interest in my supper. What do boys care how things are made? They'd rather go fishing or —"

But Louis interrupted her with:

"Never mind the fishing, though I suppose you'll harp on it for years."

"How harp on it?" asked Esther, still intent on her eggs.

"Miss Innocence does n't know, then, that the fellows said they'd stop for me when they went to the mill-pond to-day, and then all dashed by the house, waving their baskets and not giving me a chance to get in?"

The egg-beater rested on the edge of the bowl.

"Why, how selfish, Louis! I saw them waving, and waved back at them from the piazza, but I did n't know you expected them to stop."

"You waved back at them?" exclaimed Louis, almost frantically. "Well, that's just like a girl! And now they'll think you understood the joke, and like enough you did."

"Was it a joke?" asked Esther, opening wide her large gray eyes.

"Then Miss Innocence probably does n't know this is the first of April?"

But Esther had every reason to know it. From the moment that Louis had shouted "April Fool!" when she called to Becky, "I can't get my sleeve on—it's all twisted," to the time when she found her knife and fork sewed to the table-cloth at dinner, the morning had been a series of similar shouts from Louis Perkins.

"She's the best one to play tricks upon," he kept saying to himself. "Never suspects, no matter what a fellow does!"

"I don't believe in cruel jokes," said Esther, slowly—"anything that will make anybody else feel hurt; do you, Louis?"

"Oh, you're very careful of other people's feelings; we all know that," said Louis, tantalizingly, as he slammed the kitchen-door.

"Now, I ought to go and entertain him," thought the forbearing Esther. "I'll take my eggs out on the piazza and beat them there. Louis!" she called, "come and whittle here, wont you, and let's talk about the fun when the folks come?"

"If Howard comes, I don't care about the rest," said Louis, apparently in better humor. "He's the only one who likes fun. Take care, Essie, you'll spill them!" cried Louis, warningly, as Esther turned the platter of beaten whites upside-down.

"No, I wont," laughed Esther, merrily; "that shows they're done."

"They don't keep in that shape, do they?" asked Louis, showing interest despite himself.

"They would keep just like this for hours, but it's better to let them rest on boiling water for a moment," said the little housekeeper, as she held



a "floating island" aloft on the beater. "Is n't it pretty?"

Louis vouchsafed no answer. Had those snowy blankets not been swinging on the clothes-line, his thoughts, perhaps, would not have run in the channel they did. But Rebecca had been washing, and he had noticed her tubs on the back piazza. They were covered with a foam that was so firm one could have sliced it with a knife. Louis had taken a handful of it and found that it did not liquefy or "dissolve." When he saw Esther making the *méringue*, its resemblance to the foam on the suds struck him, and another thought was in his mind as well, when he went back on the piazza again to see if the suds had lost all form.

No, there they were, just as they had appeared an hour before. Rebecca was still making preparations for the new-comers, and had not taken the time to empty the tubs.

"All of which shows," thought the bad boy, "that I can put a platterful of this in place of what Essie has made, and have it go on the table. Imagine the faces they'll make! Essie won't know what the matter is, and Becky will be so bothered! It will be the best joke yet! I think Essie'll let me read telegrams first after this," and he walked off for a moment to plan it all out.

"Oh, no; I don't put it on till the very last thing," said the unsuspecting Esther, in answer to his question. "I shall run down cellar just before supper, and put a little of the froth on top of each custard; and you know, Louis, we're going to use the little crystal glasses! 'T will be just as nice as though Mamma were here, won't it, Becky?"

"If Rebecca's suds don't last, I can make some more with the same soap while they're all visiting," thought Louis, "and run down with them just before supper. And to think that Es will put it on herself, that'll be the best of all! But suppose she were to taste it? Well, even if she should, 't would be a good fool, for they'd have to dance around pretty lively and make some more; but I hope she does n't find it out till she tastes it at supper. Wont it be rich to watch her! She wont know what is wrong, and if any of the company discover a queer taste they wont say anything, but they'll stop eating rather suddenly, I'll venture! And Essie, what will she think to see them all steering clear of those custards, after she's been most of the afternoon making 'em!" And with such thoughts Louis tried to put aside the picture that rose before him, of the pretty cousin who danced around the kitchen in the small checked apron, and to think only of Esther's having refused to let him read the telegram when he had asked to see it.

The afternoon stage brought the four cousins and Aunt Jo, amid much rejoicing.

Esther received them all so prettily, and said so deferentially to Louis, "You'll see to the baggage?" using a tone that, in its recognition of him as the man of the house, made so evident an impression on the younger cousins, that he almost began to wish he had not saved that dish of suds.

Then, too, he overheard Esther, as she was getting out the rackets for tennis, say to Howard:

"Beware of Louis! He plays splendidly. Serves balls that bound every way but the one you're prepared for. He gives me odds and beats me, too, and had never played till he came South, three weeks ago. Where has he gone? Louis!" and her clear voice rang over the lawn.

"I'll be there in a minute. Let Howard get used to the ground," answered Louis, which suggestion struck them all as being very generous.

How pretty Esther looked! Louis could see from his window her bright, happy face, as she darted hither and thither after the balls. After all, would his little joke pay? What was there to be so vexed about, now that he thought it all over?

"Well, I would n't give it up after I'd gone so far," said a bad voice within; "you said you'd pay her for not letting you see that telegram."

He stole down into the cellar. He could hear Rebecca overhead singing, "Oh, Dearest May," as she set the table. There was Esther's *méringue* on a small platter. He slid it off and out of the little cellar-window, put the suds' foam in its place, and went noiselessly up the stairs. Rebecca was prolonging the refrain of "Lubly as the Day," so he felt sure she could not have heard him.

They all went in to supper soon after.

"It's just as well," thought Esther, as she looked at the custards, "that Becky put the *méringue* on. She always makes it look prettier than I do. Still, I wanted to have done it all myself," and she sighed to think she should have seen the custards all ready on the table, when she was just going down cellar to put that bit of fluffy white on each herself.

And what were Louis's thoughts as he looked at the crystal cups?

"Well, who'd ever think of its being suds? I'm going to taste my own, to be sure of it."

He did so, and no doubt was left in his mind that his little joke on Esther was going to be a success.

He fancied, as he glanced stealthily around the table, that Rebecca was watching him, and that one of her great smiles overspread her face as he took that taste of his custard.

"I say, Howard," he said to his cousin, "you say you think my two big agates are so handsome, I'll put one of them up on a wager. If you eat all of your custard inside of a minute, I'll give you your choice!"

"Why, you'll lose, Louis. Those glasses are too small to hold much. I'm willing to try thirty seconds. There would be some fun in it, then."

"All right," chuckled Louis, "I'll time you," as he drew out his watch.

In even less than the half-minute Howard set down his empty glass with:

"Where's the agate? I'll take the blue-and-gold one."

Louis regarded him with astonishment.

"How did it taste?" he asked, under his breath.

"Excellent! Could n't judge very well, though, because I had to eat it so fast."

"Do you know what you've been eating?" was Louis's next question, as he handed him the chosen agate. "Soap-suds."

"Soap-suds!" echoed Howard, questioningly. "What do you mean?"

"Hush!" cautioned Louis, proceeding in a half-whisper to give him an insight into the joke he was playing on Esther. "But if they don't taste bad," he admitted, "'t is n't going to be much of a joke."

"I declare, Louis, I would n't have thought you so mean! I'm glad you could n't spoil 'em, and evidently you have n't, for they're all being eaten."

Not only were the custards being eaten, but Aunt Jo was praising them, and Esther blushing with pleasure!

What could it mean? Was there any mistake?

Louis tasted his own again, and made a wry

face after it, and there was no doubt in his mind this time that Rebecca was laughing at him.

"What is going on at that end of the table?" asked Aunt Jo. "You two boys seem very much absorbed in something."

"Massa Louis is in de suds," said Rebecca.

Louis flushed crimson as he darted an angry glance at Rebecca's face, wreathed in smiles; while Howard, who had watched him taste his custard, laughed outright.

Louis left the table soon after, Howard with him, to whom he gave the other agate as he begged him to promise that he would never breathe a word of the joke to any one.

He little knew that Rebecca was telling the others at the table, concluding her narrative with a hearty laugh and this explanation:

"I knowed Massa Louis steal down dat cellar for no good! I foun' out his soap-suds; and den I make de new *méringue* for all de cups 'cept Massa Louis's. He hab to eat ob de fruits ob de result!"

"But, Becky," said Esther, as she went upstairs that night, — Rebecca leading the way and still laughing at Louis's discomfiture, — "if you had only given Louis a good custard, too, he would have understood that verse in the Bible about 'heaping coals of fire.'"

"Bress your heart, chile," said Rebecca, never at loss for an answer, "'pears to me it's jes' as important dat he understan' de meanin' ob de verse 'bout de man dat made a pit an' digged it, and den falls in de ditch hisself!"

## A BRAVE CHINESE BABY.

By H. H.

HE was very little more than a baby, certainly not more than three or four years old; and the queer, wide clothes he wore made him look so short that, at first sight, it seemed a miracle he could walk at all. He was all alone in the house; in fact, he was all alone in the village. Every other house but his was shut up tight, the door locked, and all the people gone away fishing. What a predicament, to be sure, for a four-year-old boy to be left in! The more I think of it, the more I think he was one of the very bravest fellows ever born. Many a man has got a great name for being a hero without having shown half the courage that this little chap did when he toddled out into the street to meet us. I wish I

could have found out his name, to remember him by; but none of us who saw him will ever forget him. We shall think of him always as the Brave Chinese Baby.

It was in a Chinese fishing-village, on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, a few miles from Monterey, in California. There are several such villages on that coast, and, to Americans, they are very curious places to see. I am sure that nothing in all China can look more Chinese, for only Chinese people live in them; and they huddle their little houses close together, on narrow alleys, and set up their queer shrines, and pile their odds and ends of outlandish rubbish all about, as if they prided themselves on living just as unlike Americans as possible.



The village where we saw the Brave Baby was a very small one—not more than a half-dozen houses in it. Indeed, they would hardly have been called houses at all by civilized people. Some of them were not bigger than an ice-house, and some looked more like dog-kennels or hen-coops than habitations for human beings; some were without

then turned around, and waddled back as fast as his fat little legs would carry him into the dark recesses of his house. We thought he had run away to hide. Not a bit of it. In a few seconds, back he came, holding up to us a big abalone shell, tightly grasped in both his chubby hands; then he laid it on a bench by the door, waddled back,

got another, brought it out and laid it down; then still another.

The abalone is a beautiful shell which is found in great abundance on the southern coast of California, and is offered for sale everywhere. Travelers buy many of them to carry away as curiosities. When their surfaces are polished they have all the colors of the rainbow in them, and are very brilliant. In all the houses in the fishing-villages there are great baskets of these abalone shells kept to sell to travelers, and the Baby had, no doubt, often seen his mother bring them out and offer them to people passing by. So he thought they might be what we had come for. As he held out shell after shell toward us, he fixed his queer, narrow, slanting little eyes on us with an expression of anxiety and inquiry that was pathetic. When he saw that we did not want the shells, he went back again, still farther into the recesses of the cabin, and, bringing out a tin dipper with a little water in it, offered that to us. He was so calm and grave in his demeanor that we did not think of his being frightened; and we walked about, and looked in at the door of the house, and looked at him, and laughed at his queer, wide trousers and sleeves, and old brown hat on the back of his head, as much as we liked. We thought he was a very droll little man, with a good business head on his shoulders, who meant to drive a trade in abalone shells on his own



DRYING FISH IN THE CHINESE VILLAGE. [SEE PAGE 411.]

any window, and none had more than one, and that a tiny one only four panes square. They were all shut up, and the doors fastened on the outside with a chain and padlock.

The door of the Brave Baby's house stood wide open, and, as soon as he heard the sound of our carriage wheels, he came running to see what was coming. We stopped the carriage and got out. He looked at us for a minute with a steady gaze,

account if he could. The truth is, that even baby Chinese faces look about as old as grown-up faces. They are the same sallow color, and the boys' heads are shaven, just like their fathers'. This little fellow's head was shaven all over, except an odd little wing-like wisp of stiff black hair left above each ear; these were the drollest things about him. They looked like whiskers which had slipped up above his cheeks.

After he found that we did not want either the abalone shells or the water, he stood still for a short time, gazing at us intently. Then he went into the house, to the farthest corner of it—into a room that was more like a cave than a room, it was so dark and low. Here was a big stone, hollowed out to receive a fire; pots and pans were lying on the ground; an old stool stood in front of the stone; everything was black with smoke. On this the Baby sat down, folded his hands in his lap, and looked into the ashes. All this time he

was to lift his eyes and fix them on us with an expression of attention. We stepped inside the door; he did not stir. We looked at all the queer little cupboard-like divisions of the house; at the bunk-bed built in one corner; in another, the Joss's shelf, with its three tiny cups of tea, and its bowl of prayer-sticks; in another, a sort of open closet filled with barrels, baskets, old matting, tubs of abalone shells, ladders, fish-nets, old scraps of iron, wood, paper—everything. The baby watched us gravely, but did not make a motion or a sign of being disturbed.

Suddenly there came a great noise of hoofs and wheels. We all ran out, Baby following, to see what it was. Two omnibus-loads of people, each coach drawn by four horses, came clattering down in a cloud of dust. They were excursionists from

the East, a great party of sixty, all traveling together under the charge of one man. Seeing us standing at the door of this little Chinese hovel, they halted to see what we were stopping for. One man ran into the house, took some abalone shells, and put a piece

of money into the Baby's hand to pay for them. The little fellow began to look troubled. He had grasped the tin dipper in his hand, almost as though he had an idea he might need it for a weapon, and drew closer to us, as if he thought we might possibly protect him against these new and noisier enemies. As they drove away, he ran out into the middle of the road, and looked very earnestly up the hill to the north, still clutching his dipper tight. It was plain that he was expecting succor from that direction. We did not yet realize that he was much frightened. His

countenance did not show it, and we still watched him with great amusement. It was a picture to be remembered. The beautiful sparkling blue water, with a

high promontory rounding out into it, covered with dark pines and cypresses; the lonely cluster of fishing-huts, silent and deserted; and this one helpless little child, standing in the middle of the dusty road, the only guardian of the spot—ah!



THE BABY OFFERS SHELLS FOR SALE.

had not once opened his lips. The only sign he gave of hearing any of the things we said to him



he was not so brave as we had thought. All this time he had been struggling with himself, with a terror that had been slowly getting the upper hand of him. In the twinkling of an eye, without a warning of a sob, or a whimper, suddenly there burst from the poor little soul a cry that went to our very hearts.

He had given way at last. He could not bear it a moment longer. What to do, we could not

emphasis and directness which were droll indeed. If he had been sufficiently master of the English language to have said, "I'll thank you to take yourselves off, as quickly as possible, and never let me set my eyes on any of you again," he could not have conveyed his meaning any more plainly than by his "Good-bye! good-bye!"

The mother had been over to another Chinese fishing-village, a short distance beyond, to get corals and shells to sell. Her baskets were full, and she set them down in the road and showed us what she had brought: beautiful red coral, almost as fine as that which comes from Naples; sea-ferns, of bright yellow; and shells of many colors and shapes. While she was showing these to us, the Baby stood as close to her as he could get, holding fast to her clothes, and every now and then saying, in a low but very decided

think; if we drew nearer him, he cried harder.

We put some money in his hand; as we did so, he partially stopped crying. We thought it was the money that had soothed him, and we said, "Ha! young as he is, he is old enough to have grief healed by gain." But we were mistaken. It was not the money. He had caught sight of his mother coming down the hill toward him. In an instant his composure returned. He did not run toward her, as any baby in the world but a Chinese baby would have done. He stood motionless in his place, waiting, never removing his eyes from her.

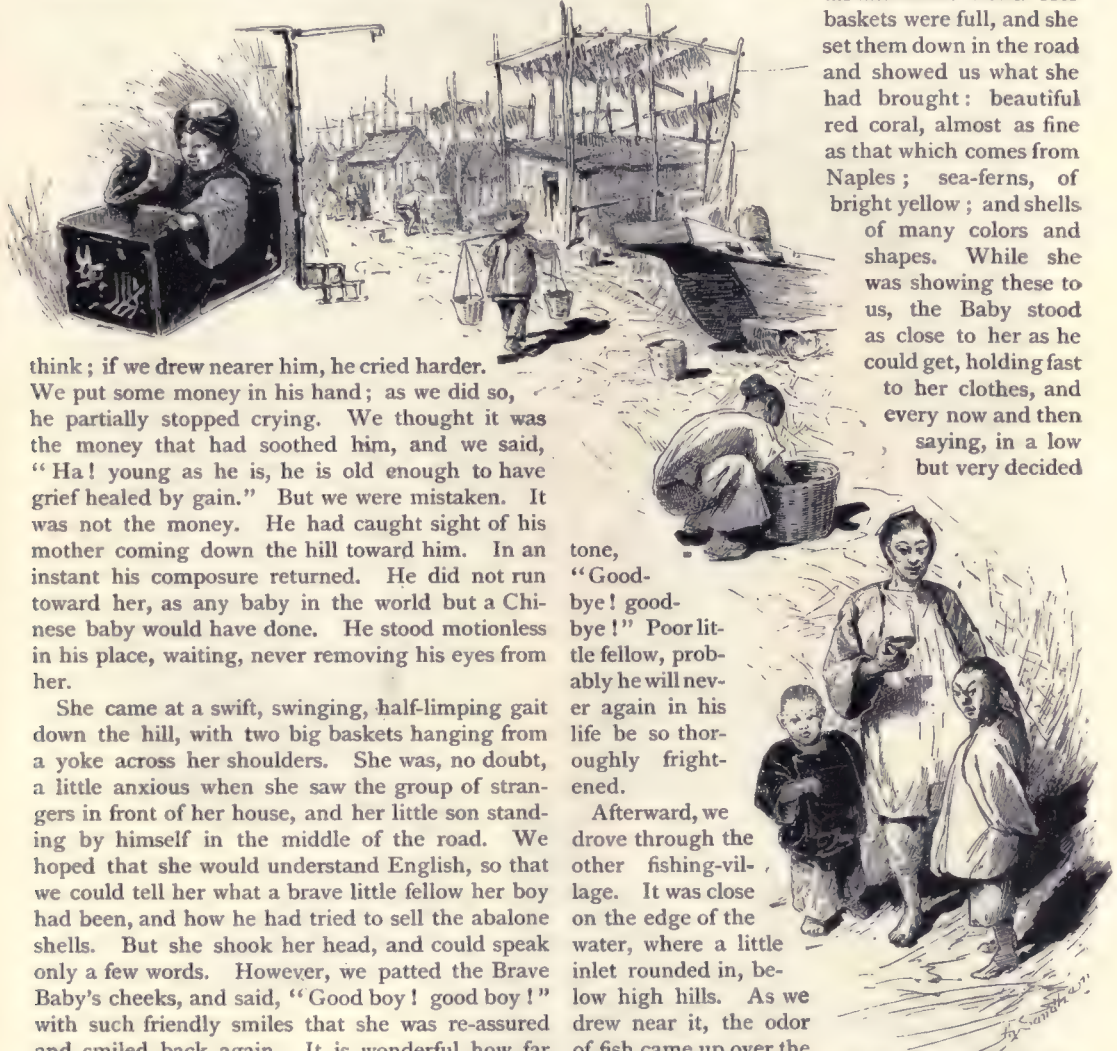
She came at a swift, swinging, half-limping gait down the hill, with two big baskets hanging from a yoke across her shoulders. She was, no doubt, a little anxious when she saw the group of strangers in front of her house, and her little son standing by himself in the middle of the road. We hoped that she would understand English, so that we could tell her what a brave little fellow her boy had been, and how he had tried to sell the abalone shells. But she shook her head, and could speak only a few words. However, we patted the Brave Baby's cheeks, and said, "Good boy! good boy!" with such friendly smiles that she was re-assured and smiled back again. It is wonderful how far smiles can go between people who do not understand each other's language. They are sometimes all the interpreters one needs.

The Baby knew two words of English, and as soon as his mother arrived, he opened his mouth, and spoke them.

"Good-bye!" he said — "good-bye!" with an

tone, "Good-bye! good-bye!" Poor little fellow, probably he will never again in his life be so thoroughly frightened.

Afterward, we drove through the other fishing-village. It was close on the edge of the water, where a little inlet rounded in, below high hills. As we drew near it, the odor of fish came up over the hills, like a smell from something cooking in a vast caldron. The fences, the rocks, the ground — all were covered with shining little fishes, spread out to dry; those on the ground being laid on frames of wooden slats. There was only one narrow lane running through the village, and hardly room on that to



A STREET IN A CHINESE FISHING-VILLAGE.



step between the frames of drying fish. On the roofs of the hovels, even, poles were set up, and stretched dry. Chinamen were running about, emptying big baskets of fish; other Chinamen were spreading



"SHE CAME DOWN THE HILL WITH TWO BIG BASKETS HANGING FROM A YOKE ACROSS HER SHOULDERS."

from corner to corner; and on them long lines of them, turning them, raking them apart, gathering fish fluttered in the air, like clothes hung out to up the dry ones, and packing them into baskets.



The place fairly swarmed with laborers and their implements; but all the workers kept steadily on, as regardless of our presence as though they had been ants on an ant-hill. Every man, woman, and child was hard at work; children that were too small for anything else had babies strapped on their backs, and were carrying them about. Little girls, not more than eight or ten years old, were at work industriously cleaning the fish, to prepare them for drying. This was a disagreeable sight; it was done in open sheds, where the floor was black and dripping wet with water and the slimy offal of the fish. Here the women sat on high stools, in a squatting posture, with their feet curled up under them, cutting and slashing, stripping the fish, and dropping them into the baskets with as swift a motion as if they were shelling peas. They had the fingers of the left hand rolled up thickly in black rags, to protect them against a chance slip of the sharp knife. They chatted and laughed, as if they were engaged in the most agreeable occupation in the world. There did not seem to be an idle pair of hands in the village. Old men were mending nets, old women putting bait on hooks. The only unemployed creature we saw was one small baby, perhaps three months old, which was sunk up to its neck in a narrow compartment in a wooden box, where it had a ludicrous expression, like an aged infant in stocks for some misdemeanor; it gazed up into its mother's face with an unwinking glare of mingled appeal and resentment which was irresistibly comic.

It would not be possible to give any idea of the way in which the houses, sheds, boats, barrels, poles, nets, baskets, scaffoldings, and lumber of all sorts were huddled together on one narrow alley not wide enough for two wagons to drive abreast. There was not a foot of open ground. Looking

down from the hill on the roofs of the houses, one would think they all belonged to a single set of walls, roofed at different heights and angles. It was a squalid and filthy spot; it would seem impossible for human beings to breathe such air, and sleep in such dark, unventilated hovels for any length of time, without being made ill. Yet there are in this little village nearly two hundred people, many of whom have lived there for thirty years in good health. They are divided into three companies, each company having

its leader, who pays wages to the men and women, and has the charge of selling and sending away the fish. We talked with one of these leaders, who was courteous and willing to tell us all he could about the village. His name was Chow Lee. When we offered him money for the trouble he had taken to explain things to us, he refused to take it. Finally, he said we might give it to his wife. She was hard at work cutting up and cleaning fish in one of the sheds. When we offered it to her, she also refused it, smiling as if it were a good joke that anybody should suppose she would receive money from strangers. Then, as if the thought struck her that she would not be outdone in generosity, she called after us, asking if we would not like some abalone shells.

"You like um abalone?"

No? I give you some. You like?" she cried, laughing.

So we went away, feeling that we had made a little mistake in offering money to the wife of one of the three rich men of the village, even if she were at work barefoot in the cold, slimy, black fish-sheds, like the poorest of the laborers. And it set us to thinking, too, that human pride is a plant for which no soil on earth is too poor. Not a lady in all the land could have laughed more airily at the idea of anybody's thinking her an object of charity than did Madam Chow Lee.



READY TO DO HIS PART.



## THE STORY OF VITEAU.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

### CHAPTER XVI.

THE Countess of Viteau now became very anxious to learn, as soon as possible, the result of her embassy to the King, and she also wished her sons to know where she was. She consulted with her squire, Bernard, in regard to the matter; and they concluded that it would be better, if the travelers brought bad news, and the young King had refused to interfere in behalf of the Countess, that Raymond and Louis should know the place of her refuge before any of their party could reach Barran's castle, and that they should immediately join her, when, with them, she should fly the country without delay or further consultation with any one.

She had determined at last that, if she should

be obliged to leave her country, she would take her boys with her, and let the Count de Barran and her other friends do the best they could in regard to her estates. She had money enough in her possession to provide for the expenses of a journey to England, but she did not consider, when making her plans, that the captain of the *colereaux* would require his claims paid before he would let her go. Bernard thought of this, but he said nothing and hoped for the best.

Michol also was quite anxious to know what had been done at Paris, for the news would influence in a great degree the terms of his demands for ransom money.

On the day after the attack of Comines had been repulsed, it was considered that Count de Lannes and his party might be expected to be nearing the



end of their homeward journey, and it was determined to send a page, accompanied by one of Michol's men, to intercept the travelers and to convey a note to Raymond from his mother.

The main road from Paris through Burgundy ran within twelve or fifteen miles of Viteau, and Count Hugo might therefore be met, while yet more than half a day's journey from the castle.

The page's companion knew all the roads and by-ways of the surrounding country, and they reached in good time the high road from Paris,

have another day to wait upon the dusty highway, for he had been to Paris and he knew how long it would take the Count's party to go and return, and that they could not be reasonably expected that day.

"See you that cottage down there in the little glade below us?" he said to the page, a little after sunrise. "There live an old woman and two louts, her sons. They are poor creatures, but they make wine good enough to sell; at least, a month or so ago, when I and a half-dozen of my comrades



THE ROBBER IN THE OLD WOMAN'S COTTAGE. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

but after waiting there all day and making inquiries at various cottages near by, they saw nothing and heard no news of the Count and his company.

After dark they returned to Viteau, as they had been told to do, for it was known that Count Hugo would not travel by night, and before daylight the next morning they set out again.

The long watch of the previous day had wearied the restless soul of the robber, and he declared to the page, as they rode along, that they would

stopped at their cottage to eat and rest, that is what they told me they did with it. We found their wine good to drink,—which can not be said of all wine that is good enough to sell,—and we drank many a full horn of it, and what we did not drink we poured over her floor, so that her house should smell of good cheer."

"That was a wasteful thing to do," said the page, "and must have cost you a goodly sum."

"Cost us!" laughed the robber. "How could it cost us anything when we had no money? And

now, look you, we have more time than we shall know what to do with, and I am going down there for some wine to cheer us through the day. Ride you slowly on, and I will overtake you before you have gone half a mile."

So saying, the robber turned from the road, and dashed down into the glade. Reaching the cottage, he tied his horse by the door, and, entering, demanded of the old woman, who was cooking something over a little fire, that she should bring him some of her good wine, and plenty of it, too, for he wanted some to drink and some to carry away.

The old woman looked at him for a moment, and then went out and brought a jug of wine and a drinking-horn.

When the robber had sat down on a rough stool, and had begun to drink, she went out for some wood for her fire. But instead of picking up dry sticks, she ran to a small field, where her sons were working.

"Come quickly!" she said. "One of the cowardly thieves who drank and wasted our wine, a while ago, and struck me in the face when I asked for pay, is in the cottage now, drinking and robbing us again. There were many of them then, and you could do nothing. Now there is only one. Come quickly!"

Without a word, the young men, still carrying the heavy hoes they had been using, ran to the house, and rushing into the room where the robber was still seated on his stool, engaged in drinking his second horn of wine, they attacked him with their hoes.

The *coterel* sprang from his seat, and drew the heavy sword which hung at his belt, but, in an instant, it was knocked from his hand, and he was belabored over the head and shoulders by the hoes of the angry young peasants. If he had not worn an iron cap, which was his only piece of armor, he probably would have been killed. As it was, he was glad to plunge out of the door, and run for the woods. The two young men pursued him, but he was a faster runner than they, and his legs were not injured. So, wounded and bruised, and very sorry that he had thought about the old woman's wine, he left them behind, and disappeared among the thick undergrowth of the neighboring forest. His pursuers returned to the cottage and set loose the robber's horse.

"The wicked thief shall not creep back," they said, "to do us further injury, and then jump on his horse and fly."

And they threw stones at the horse until he had galloped up to the road and out of sight.

The page, who had been urged by his mistress to lose no time in reaching the high road, for fear

that her sons might pass before he got there, rode on and on, looking back continually for his companion, but never stopping. Reaching a place where they had made a short cut, the day before, he tried to find it, got into the woods and lost his way. A wood-cutter set him straight, but when he reached the Paris road, it was long past noon, and he was dreadfully afraid that Count de Lannes's party had gone by.

Inquiries of some peasants, who lived not far from the road, made him almost sure that his fears were correct, for they had noticed two companies of horsemen go by, and they thought that there were some young people with one of them. Still, he waited and watched, and wondered why the *coterel* did not come, until nightfall, and then he set out to return to Viteau. Without his robber companion,—whom, by the way, he never saw again, for the fellow was afraid to return to his captain, having lost his horse,—it was quite impossible for him to find his way back in the dark, and in less than an hour he was hopelessly lost. Finding no wood-cutter, or any one else, who could show him his way, he wandered about until he and his horse were tired out, and then they spent the rest of the night under a tree.

The page was quite right when he supposed that Count Hugo's party had passed along the high road before he reached it. The travelers had pressed on vigorously during their homeward journey, and meeting with no hinderances,—of *brabançois*, or anything else,—they rode into the gates of Barran's castle before nightfall of the day on which the page had missed them.

As soon as they had entered the court-yard, the two boys sprang from their horses and ran to the great door of the castle. But here they were met by the Count de Barran, who, with outstretched arms, stopped them as they were hurrying to their mother's apartments, and, as gently as he could, told them,—with Agnes and her father, who had now come up,—the story of the visit of the Inquisitors and the flight of the Countess.

The poor boys were almost overcome by this entirely unlooked-for and dreadful news. They had hurried back, excited and happy with the good tidings they were bringing their mother, only to find that she had utterly disappeared, and no one could tell them whether she was safe, or had fallen into the hands of her persecutors. Louis burst into tears, and fell on the neck of his brother, who folded him in his arms, and, without a word, the two boys stumbled up the stairs, and were seen no more that night.

Early the next morning, Raymond and Louis, still with pale and tear-stained faces, but unable to remain quiet any longer, came down to the stables,



and, ordering two horses to be saddled, mounted them, and rode away to look for their mother.

If any of their elders had known of their intention, they would not have been allowed to go. This they well knew, and so they hurried away before any one but the servants of the castle was awake. They felt that they hated the Count de Barran for having let their mother go away, without knowing where she could be found or heard from, and they wished to have nothing more to do with him. And they had come to the belief that no one but themselves could do anything for their mother now, and that they must ride the whole world over until they had found her.

rushed together, and began clamorously to ask questions. The page being only one against two was soon obliged to surrender in this question conflict, and to give answers to his eager young masters.

When Raymond and Louis heard that their mother was at Viteau, they asked nothing more, but giving a shout of joy, turned their horses' heads toward their old home, for they were on a road leading directly thereto, which the page had at last found.

Onward and onward the three galloped, much to the weariness of their poor horses, and some hours before nightfall they reached Viteau, where they



RAYMOND, LOUIS, AND THE PAGE RETURN TO VITEAU.

Each was armed with sword and dagger, and they had some money with them to buy food. As to plans, they had made only one, and that was to ride so far that day that Barran would not be likely to find them and bring them back; and then they would make inquiries, and come to some decision as to which direction they should go in their mournful search.

The sun was about two hours high, and they had ridden quite a long distance, when they saw coming toward them on the road a boy upon a horse. In a moment they recognized their mother's page, and he as soon knew them. The three young fellows

were readily admitted by Michol, who gave Raymond and Louis even a more eager welcome than that with which he had opened the gates to their mother.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

NOW that he had not only the Countess of Viteau, but her two sons, under his control and in his power, Michol became very anxious to settle the matter of the ransom money which he intended to demand for his prisoners, as he considered them.

He set one of his new men, who happened to be a truer scribe than Jasto, at work to write a carefully worded paper, to be sent to Count de Barran, and in it he stated the terms on which he would release the Countess and her sons and retire, with his men, from Viteau.

The Countess, now happy in the possession of her sons, and having the good news from the King, was very desirous to start immediately for the castle of the Count de Barran, where she expected the priests from Paris would soon arrive. She was greatly surprised and disappointed when she found that Michol would not let her go until the ransoms had been paid; and the two boys were very angry, and wanted to go down and demand that Michol should instantly order the gates to be opened to them. But their mother restrained them. They were now in the power of these robbers, and they must be prudent.

Michol, having understood that the Countess was not herself prepared to pay any money, had prudently determined to transact his business with Barran alone. He was very glad, however, to have her write a letter requesting the Count to pay the ransoms demanded, promising to return the money when she again took charge of her estates and business affairs, and urging him to use all possible haste in settling the matter with the captain of the *cotereaux*.

This letter, with the one from Michol, was sent to the Count the day after the arrival of Raymond and Louis at Viteau, and it gave the people at the castle the first news of the whereabouts of the Countess, and also relieved them from the new anxiety caused by the departure of the boys, for whom search was at that time being made.

But while these news gladdened the hearts and relieved the minds of the Count de Barran and his friends, the terms of Michol's letter vexed them exceedingly, and threatened to embarrass them very much. The wily robber knew that there were urgent reasons why the Countess should, as soon as possible, be at liberty to attend to her private affairs, and therefore he greatly increased the demands he had before determined to make.

Not only did he require the payment of the amount originally fixed as the ransom for Louis, but he asked a very large sum for the release of the Countess; quite as much for Raymond's ransom; a smaller sum for Bernard; and a good price for his so-called services in taking care of the château, and protecting its inmates.

Beside all this, he demanded that Jasto, the man who had deserted him, should be delivered to him for punishment.

Although Count de Barran was a rich nobleman, the total amount named in this letter was far more

money than he had in his possession at the time; and far more, too, than the Countess could afford to repay him, if he had had it to send to Michol. Still, although he was very much annoyed and provoked by the impudent demands of the robber captain, he said that there was nothing to be done but to accede to them; for the Countess must be released, and that instantly. Not only was it positively necessary for her to be at the castle when the priests from Paris arrived (for it was not at all likely that they would be willing to go to Viteau and trust themselves among a gang of thieves), but he was afraid that, if the terms of Michol were resisted or even disputed, he might be provoked to do some injury to the Countess or her sons in order to hasten the payment of the ransoms. Such conduct was not uncommon among these thieves. For these reasons, he would endeavor to raise the money and pay it, as soon as possible.

Sir Charles was very indignant at that portion of the letter relating to Jasto. He had been very glad to regain his old servant, who had left him on account of a quarrel with a squire, and who, according to his own account, had been obliged to join the *cotereaux* because he could find nothing else to do; and he stoutly declared that he would not reward Jasto's good action in bringing Louis to his mother by delivering him to the vengeance of the scoundrel, Michol.

As this determination would make it useless to send the money to Viteau, if Michol insisted on the surrender of Jasto, Barran sent a message in great haste to the captain of the *cotereaux*, to inquire if he would be willing to take a ransom for Jasto, and also to ask if he would release the Countess and her company on the payment of half of the total sum demanded, and be content to remain at Viteau until the rest should be paid.

To this Michol sent a very short answer, in which he declared that he would accept no terms for the release of his prisoners but the delivery of Jasto and the payment of the entire sum named in his letter.

The messengers who brought this answer also brought the news of the fight with the Inquisition people.

Such startling intelligence as this produced a great effect upon the mind of Barran, as it showed him to what length the robber captain was willing to go, in order to secure the possession of his prisoners and the payment of their ransoms; and he set out that very day, accompanied by his chief seneschal and other attendants, to visit some of his estates, and also some small towns at no great distance, and there endeavor to collect the money needed. The Jasto question, he thought,



must be settled as best it could be. His safety must not interfere with that of the Countess.

As for Count Hugo, he would have nothing to do with this business. He utterly disapproved of

money should be paid, he said, it would show all the thieves and outlaws of the country that the nobles of France were willing to pay them enormous sums for any ladies and high-born children



THE ROBBERS IN THE HALL-WAY WERE SOON FORCED INTO THE COURT-YARD. [SEE PAGE 419.]

paying the exorbitant sums demanded by Michol, or indeed any money at all, for the release of a noble lady and her sons, whom the rascals had no right whatever to hold or to ask ransom for. If this

that they might steal. Heretofore, they expected vengeance if they attempted anything of the kind, but now they would expect such deeds to make them rich. To be sure, this case was a peculiar

one; but never, he declared, as a knight of Christendom, would he submit to the vile exactions of a common robber like Michol.

And little Agnes cried, and wandered about moaning, and wished she was a man. What she would have done if she had been a man she did not know, but certainly she could do nothing as a little girl, or even as a grown-up woman.

Jasto, when he was told what his old master had said in regard to him, retired into a remote part of the castle where he could not be easily found, and diligently occupied his time with some writing materials which he had brought from Paris.

"I must e'en make haste and learn to be a true scribe," he said to himself, "for if my master finds me out, he may be only too willing to toss me into the jaws of the *cotereaux*. So, hard will I work at this alphabet and this little book of words, and keep a sharp eye and ear open for any change in Sir Charles's mind about his good man Jasto. It will be a doughty man-at-arms and a vigilant who delivers me to Michol."

Not long after the Count de Barran had started on his money-raising errand, Count Hugo set out on a little journey to the monastery, a few miles from Viteau, where the wounded Comines and other disabled members of the Inquisitorial force were said to be still lying. He wished to find out whether orders had been received to cease attempts to arrest the Countess, and also to discover the exact truth, as far as possible, about the fight with the *cotereaux* and the strength of Michol's forces.

As he was going into what might prove a dangerous neighborhood, he took with him a body of about thirty-five horsemen, all completely clad in armor, of which there were many suits in the castle, and all well armed. Some of these men were his own retainers, and others belonged to the retinue of Sir Charles, who did not accompany his friend, as Count Hugo thought it well that some knight should remain at the castle, from which nearly all the visitors had now departed.

When Count Hugo de Lannes reached the monastery, he found that Comines was too much injured to speak or think about the affair in which he had been engaged, but he learned from the monks that no recent message had arrived for Comines, and he also heard how the *cotereaux* had robbed him of his clothes and armor, and had even taken, it was supposed, all his papers of authority from the Inquisition.

From this information, Count Hugo felt sure that the Countess need be under no fear of trouble from the Inquisitors before the message to desist from further action should reach them. Comines, although he had excellent surgical and medical attention from the monks, would not recover for

some time; and none of the other members of his party would be likely to attempt to carry off a noble lady through a great part of France, without being able to show any warrant for their proceedings.

It had been late in the day when Count Hugo arrived at the monastery, and it was quite dark when, after his party had been furnished with a good supper by the monks, he took leave of his entertainers.

He did not take the straight road back to the castle, but struck off toward Viteau. His men traveled slowly by the light of the stars. Some time before they reached the château, a halt was ordered by a small wood; and there Count Hugo had a ladder made.

Two straight young saplings, which were easily selected by the men, whose eyes were now accustomed to the dim light, were hewn down for the uprights of the ladder, and slight notches were cut into them at suitable distances for the rounds. These were made of short, strong pieces of other saplings, quickly cut into proper lengths, and were fastened to the uprights by strong leathern thongs, of which one of the men had brought a number tied to his saddle.

When this rude ladder was finished, one horseman took it by one end, another took it by the other, and the cavalcade proceeded.

Reaching Viteau,—which they did not approach by the front, but on the southern side,—the horses were tied at some distance from the court-yard, and left in charge of several of the soldiers, while the other men, carrying the ladder, quietly made their way to the side-wall of the court. There had been a moat on the outside of this wall, but after the wars were over, and the Count de Viteau had died, this moat had been allowed to go dry, and so Count Hugo and his men were able to walk up to the wall and set their ladder against it. The Count, with three or four followers, then got over the wall, and when they were in the court-yard they cautiously moved toward the great gate. They encountered no one, for, although the *cotereaux* preserved moderately good discipline, they did not keep a very strict guard at night, expecting no attack from any quarter.

Arriving at the gate, the Count found there one sentry fast asleep. This fellow was quickly seized and bound, with a scarf over his mouth; and the gate being opened, the remainder of the Count's force, which had been ordered around to the front, was noiselessly admitted.

The whole body then proceeded to the château, where a dim light could be seen shining through a wide crack at the door of the principal entrance. This crack, which was between the edge of the



door and its casement, showed that one bolt was the only fastening which the robbers had thought it necessary to use in securing this entrance; and when the Count had made himself certain of this fact, he signaled to a tall man who carried a great battle-ax, apparently brought for use in a case like this, and motioned to him to use his weapon on the fastening of the door.

Two tremendous blows, which resounded through the house, shattered the bolt, and the door was immediately dashed open.

Count Hugo, who had carefully made all his plans, rushed in, with four men at his heels, and hurried up the stair-way which led to the apartments of the Countess and her sons. There were hanging-lamps in the halls, and he knew the house quite well.

At the top of the stairs he encountered Bernard, who slept outside of the door of his mistress's apartments, and who, aroused by the noise and seeing five armed men coming up the stairs, had sprung to his feet and seized his sword, prepared to do his best for the defense of the Countess and her boys. But when Count Hugo raised his visor and spoke to him, the brave but frightened squire immediately recognized him as a friend.

"Stay here!" cried the Count, "with these four men. Guard the stair-way. Let no one go up or down!" And, with these words, he dashed alone down into the great hall-way, where the sounds of fighting and of calls to arms were heard, and threw himself into the combat that was going on between his men and a dozen or so of the robbers who had rushed to the door-way when they heard the noise of the ax.

But there was not much fighting inside the château. Most of the *cotereaux* lodged in the lower part of the house, approached from the outside by various doors, or in the outhouses and stables, and the court-yard was now filled with these, hastily armed to repel the intruders.

The robbers in the hall-way were soon forced into this court-yard, and into the midst of the *cotereaux* Count Hugo, with the whole body of his followers, now boldly plunged. Such attacks as these, made by one or two knights with a few attendants against a much greater force, were very popular in those days of chivalry. For, whether the rash onslaught were successful or not, the glory was the same. And if the safety or honor of a lady happened to be concerned, the unequal combat was the more attractive to the knights. For a lady in those days was often the cause of a knight's fiercest battles and the subject of nearly all his songs. These combats, however, were not always quite so unequal as they seemed, for a knight clad from head to foot in armor was more than

equal to three or four soldiers not so well guarded by steel plates and rings.

The Count's men, as has been said before, each wore a complete suit of armor, while the *cotereaux*, although much better protected in this way than most men of their class, were none of them completely dressed in mail. This, with the darkness of the night and the suddenness of the combat, gave the attacking party great advantage.

As they had been instructed, the Count's men scattered themselves among their opponents, shouting the battle-cry of De Lannes, and striking furiously right and left. This gave the *cotereaux* the idea that their enemies were in much greater number than they really were,—and half a dozen of these mailed warriors sometimes banding together and rushing through the throng gave the idea of reinforcements,—while the horses outside, hearing the noises of clattering steel and the cries of the combatants, neighed and snorted, and their attendants shouted, making the robbers suppose there were other forces beyond the walls.

The Countess and her sons were, of course, quickly aroused by the din and turmoil below, and Raymond and Louis rushed to the door, where they were met by Bernard, who told them all he knew, and that was that Count Hugo de Lannes had come to the château with a lot of soldiers and was fighting the *cotereaux*.

The Countess knew not what to think of this most unexpected occurrence, and hastily dressed herself to be ready for whatever might happen, while the two boys, throwing on their clothes and seizing their swords, endeavored to rush downstairs and join in the conflict. But this Bernard and the men on the stair-way prevented, and the boys were obliged to be contented with listening to the sounds of battle and with seeing what little they could discern from the upper windows.

Meanwhile, the struggle raged fiercely below, the crowd of combatants surging from one side to the other of the court. It was not long, however, before the *cotereaux* began to be demoralized by the fierce and wild attacks of their mailed antagonists. Michol had been killed, and there was no one to command and rally them. Some of them, being hard pressed and finding the great gate open, rushed wildly through and were lost in the outer darkness; and before long the main body of the *cotereaux*, finding that many of their companions were retreating through the gate, were seized with a panic and a desire to fly while they had the opportunity.

A great rush was therefore soon made for the gate, out of which the *cotereaux* pushed and crowded—even carrying with them in their rush some of the Count's men who were fighting in their midst.

This flight was precisely what Count Hugo had wished to bring about. It would have been impossible for him to conquer and subdue so many men with his small number of followers. But he had purposely left the great gate open, and hoped by this sudden and determined onslaught in the dark to throw the *cotereaux* into disorder, and thus be able to drive them from the château.

Accordingly, he massed his men as quickly as he could, and, making a circuit of the court, drove before him every straggling *coterel*, and then, following the retreating robbers through the gates, pursued their straggling forces through bushes and fields as far as they could be seen. Then calling his men together, and ordering the horses to be brought into the court-yard, Count Hugo hastened back to the château, and the great gate was shut and bolted behind them. With torch and lantern every part of the château was now searched, and none of the *cotereaux*, excepting the killed and wounded, having been found therein, the Count pronounced his victory complete, and proceeded up the stairs to the apartments of the Countess.

Day had now dawned, and the victorious Count Hugo was received by the boys and their mother with the greatest thankfulness and delight. Bernard had already told them of the rout of the *cotereaux*, but they could not understand why the attack had been made, when they had expected a peaceful settlement of the affair by the payment of the ransoms.

But when the Count explained the matter to them, and told the Countess what an enormous sum the robber-captain had demanded for their release, and told Louis that the surrender and probable execution of Jasto was included in the terms, they did not wonder when he went on to say that his mind could not endure the idea of submitting to such outrageous and unjustifiable demands from a common thief of the roads, and that he had therefore resolved to strike a bold stroke to give them their liberty without payment or cowardly submission. It is true that if this attack had failed the safety of the Countess and her boys would have been endangered; but as it did not fail, nothing was said upon this point.

But the Count gave them little time for thanks or wonderment. As soon as the necessary preparations could be made and the signs of conflict removed from the court-yard, he sent the Countess and her party rejoicing on their way to the castle of Barran. Although the *cotereaux* had not actually pillaged the château, it was impossible for such rude and disorderly men to live there for any length of time without causing a good deal of injury to the house and surroundings, making Viteau an unfit place for a lady to reside in.

Accordingly, with a few of the Count's men-at-arms as an escort,—for no danger was now apprehended on the road,—the Countess went to the castle, not, as before, flying wildly from her pursuers, but journeying pleasantly along in company with her sons and attendants. Bernard, who now no longer feared to leave his mistress, remained behind to attend to the renovation and repairs of the château, and to make it fit for the return of its mistress. None of Count Hugo's men had been killed and but few injured in the fight, for they had protected themselves in the darkness from attack from each other by continually shouting the battle-cry of De Lannes, and the *cotereaux* had not been able to make much impression upon their heavy armor.

The Count now determined, with the main body of his soldiers, to follow up the attack upon the *cotereaux*—to penetrate, if possible, to their camp, and to destroy it entirely, and to drive the remnant of this band of thieves from the forests about Viteau.

Therefore he also remained at the château, which he intended making his basis of operations in the projected campaign of extermination against the remaining *cotereaux*.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

BARRAN was much delayed in his endeavors to obtain the money necessary for the ransoms, and he found a great deal of difficulty in collecting it at all at such short notice. And wearied with his unpleasant and annoying task, and with his mind full of doubts and anxieties regarding the obstacles and complications that might yet arise from the probable refusal of Sir Charles to surrender Jasto, he rode into his castle the day after the arrival of the Countess.

His astonishment and delight upon finding the Countess and her family safe within his walls, and on hearing that Viteau was free from every robber and in the possession of its rightful owner, and that for all this no ransom or price of any kind was to be paid, can well be imagined. And when he and the Countess talked the matter over, it became evident to the lady that to repay the Count the sums he intended to advance—which payment she most certainly would have made—would have impoverished her for years.

All was now happiness and satisfaction at the castle, but no one was happier or better satisfied than the ex-robber, Jasto. Now that his enemy, Michol, was dead, he felt that his own life was safe; for it would be no longer necessary to sacrifice him for the good of others. He sat down in



a corner of the court-yard, and thought the matter over.

"As to that ransom," he said to himself, "which was due me for returning the boy Louis to his sorrowing mother, I must make some proper settlement about it. Half of it I remitted when the boy saved me from the hands of the bloody-minded *brabançois*, and one-half of what was left I took off when these good people gave back to me again my brave and noble master, Sir Charles. And now that that great knight, Sir Hugo de Lannes, has killed Michol and saved my life, I do remit what is left, which is only a quarter of the whole sum—after all, hardly equal to the benefit received; for when a man's life is in danger as much from his friends as his enemies, it is a very great benefit, indeed, to have it saved. But, as I have no money with which to make up the balance, I will even call the account settled, and so it is."

As Jasto took so much credit to himself for this generous determination, it was not to be expected he should keep the matter secret, and he therefore communicated it to Louis the first time he saw the boy, giving him in careful detail his reasons for what he had intended to do, and what he had done.

All this Louis very soon told to his mother; and the Countess, remembering that she had promised Jasto a reward, and feeling a little ashamed that it had passed out of her mind, took the hint which Jasto had undoubtedly intended to throw out, and sent him a sum of money which, if used with ordinary economy, would make it unnecessary for him ever again to wear a suit of clothes resembling a map of a country with the counties and departments marked out with border-lines of red silk.

A week afterward, when Jasto left the castle with Sir Charles, his education had progressed sufficiently to enable him, with the assistance of his alphabet and his little manuscript book, to write a short and simple message so that it could be read. But he intended to persevere in his studies until he had become as good a scribe as his master formerly supposed him to be.

By the aid of some deserters from the band of *cotereaux*, who came over to him when they found out his object, Count Hugo soon discovered the encampment of the robbers, which he utterly destroyed, and then, following them to their several retreats, succeeded in breaking up their organization and in driving them from that part of the country.

He then returned to the castle of Barran, where he was most warmly welcomed by everybody, and where his little daughter Agnes was prouder of her brave father than she had ever been before.

In a few weeks, the Count de Lannes found himself obliged to return to his own castle, which lay several days' journey to the west; and he and Agnes took a regretful leave of all their dear friends, the little girl shedding tears of heartfelt sorrow as she shook her handkerchief for the last time to the boys and their mother, who stood watching her departure from the battlements.

"I wonder," said Louis, "if we shall ever see them again."

Nothing was said for a moment, and then his mother remarked: "I think—that is, I have reason to believe—that we shall soon see the Count and his daughter again."

"Why do you think so, Mother?" asked Raymond.

The Countess did not answer him immediately, and just then they were joined by the Count de Barran, and no more was said on the subject.

The Countess did not remain much longer at the castle. As soon as the squire Bernard had restored her château to its former orderly condition, she bade good-bye to her kind entertainer and friend, and departed with her boys for her own home.

Nothing had been heard of the priests who were to be sent from Paris, but there might be many good reasons for their delay; and arrangements were made for a courier to be sent to Viteau as soon as they should arrive at the castle. The Countess would have been happy to have had her suspense in regard to this unfortunate affair set permanently at rest, but she knew the Inquisitorial party had gone back to Toulouse as soon as their leader was able to accomplish the journey; and having been assured of the protection of her King, she felt safe from unjust prosecution.

On the morning after their arrival at Viteau, Louis, who was gladly wandering all about the house and grounds, went into a little room on the lower floor which was opposite the sleeping apartment of the squire Bernard. Here, by the light of a small window near the ceiling, he saw upon a perch in one corner of the room a falcon, secured by a string which was tied to its leg. Louis threw the door wide open in order to get a better light, and narrowly examined the bird.

"Why, Bernard!" he cried to the squire, who just then entered the room, "this looks exactly like the falcon I took from this very perch the morning of the day I first went to De Barran's castle."

"Of course it looks like it," said the squire, "for it is the same falcon."

"The same falcon!" exclaimed Louis. "And on the same perch! Why, that is a miracle!"

"It is no miracle at all," answered Bernard; "it

is a very simple thing when you come to know all about it. After the rascally *cotereaux* had been driven out of this place, I found the falcon fastened to this perch, and, by marks I had filed upon his beak, I knew him for the same bird I had trained for your brother Raymond. Of course, I was astonished; but, on thinking the matter over, I supposed that this must be the bird which the robbers had stolen from you, and that, bringing it with them when they came here to live,—the rascally scoundrels!—they naturally put it in this room, which they could see had been planned and fitted for the keeping of falcons. Looking into the matter still further, I asked Orlon, the chief falconer of Count Hugo, who was one of the men he had brought here with him, what kind of bird it was he had given to you when the Count desired that you should have one. Orlon then told me it was a falcon which had come to him only the day before. He had been out hawking with his master, and was bringing down to him by means of a lure a falcon that had made an unsuccessful flight, when a strange hawk made its appearance and also answered his call and came down to the lure. Knowing it to be a falcon which had been lost by some hunter, and to be a well-trained bird, he seized and hooded it and took it home with him. The next day, when he was ordered to give a bird to a boy, he much preferred to part with this one, which he had just found, to giving away any of the falcons he had reared and trained himself. And this is the whole of the matter."

"You may think it a very simple story," said Louis, "but I think it is wonderful. I am ever so glad to have the falcon back again; and just think, Bernard, if it had not been for my losing that bird, ever so many troubles would not have happened, and those wicked thieves would never have come to this château!"

The squire agreed that this was true, but he thought more than he said. He thought that if Louis's kind heart had not been anxious to repair the injury done his brother, he would not have been captured by the *cotereaux*; and that, if he had not been captured by the *cotereaux*, no ransom would have been demanded for him; and if no ransom had been demanded, the robbers never would have seized upon Viteau to enforce their claims; and if they had not been at Viteau, there would have been no place of refuge for the Countess when flying from the Inquisitors; and that, instead of the happiness which was now so general at the château, all might have been misery. But he said nothing of this to Louis, for he thought it not right that boys should take to themselves too much credit for what they might do.

But although contentment seemed to reign at

Viteau, this was not really the case. True, the château had been completely renovated, and all traces of its occupation by the *cotereaux* had been removed; but the Countess could not forget that it had been made the abode of thieves, and that bloody and violent deeds had so lately taken place before its gates and within its very court-yard. Then, too, she felt that she must soon be separated from her boys. Raymond must go to school at Paris, and Louis must return to his duties as the page of the Count de Barran. And this separation seemed a very different thing to her now from what it did before these troubles came upon her.

Louis was particularly discontented. "I do not want to go back to Barran," he said to his brother. "I do not believe he is a true knight."

"What!" cried Raymond, in surprise. "You should not speak thus, Louis. No man has ever said such a thing of the Count de Barran."

"I suppose not," said Louis, "but I am a boy, and I can say it. He stood still and did nothing when our mother had to fly for her life from his castle; and he wanted to buy us away from the thieves, instead of coming and taking us boldly, as a true knight should. Count Hugo is a different kind of a knight."

"But you should not forget," said Raymond, "how kind and generous the Count de Barran has always been to us. He worked in his own way for our mother's good."

"Oh, yes," said Louis, "I shall not forget that; but I do not want to go back to him."

Matters were in this condition when, one beautiful day in autumn, Count Hugo came again to Viteau. This time he did not clamber over the wall, but rode in bravely at the front gate. He was not followed by a body of steel-clad soldiers, but he brought his daughter Agnes, with her attendants, and a company of followers in gay and bright array. He did not come to conquer, but he came because he had been conquered. He came to ask the lovely Countess of Viteau to be his wife.

A few weeks after this, when the days were becoming clear and frosty, there was a wedding at Viteau. There were many guests; there was feasting, and music, and great joy. Little Agnes had now a mother, and Raymond and Louis a brave and noble father.

And when the wedding was over, the Countess rode away with her husband to his castle of De Lannes, and her two boys went with her—Raymond, because it was on his road to Paris, and Louis, because he was to be taught to be a knight by Count Hugo, who had admired and loved the boy almost from the first time he had seen him.

The priests from Paris never came to catechise the Countess. The truth was, that the young



King was not so much of a king as he had supposed himself to be; for his mother, Queen Blanche, was not willing that the crown should interfere in any way with the operations of the Inquisition, and had not consented that the priests should be sent to the castle of Barran. But as it became known that the King had taken an interest in the matter, and as it was probably considered unwise to bring a religious prosecution against the wife of the Count de Lannes,—who was not only a powerful nobleman, but a warm supporter of both Church and state, and who was also known to have pun-

ished and exterminated the band of *cotereaux* who had attacked the Inquisitorial party,—the matter was suffered to drop, and nothing more was ever heard of it.

Viteau was left in charge of Bernard, who would faithfully administer its affairs until Raymond should be of age to come and take possession of the establishment and the estates.

And now, as our friends have left the château, with whose varying fortunes we have, for a time, been interested, we will leave it also; and the story of Viteau is told.

THE END.

## THE BEAUTIFUL LADY.

BY HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

THERE'S a wonderful lady who dwells  
In the depths of the shady dells;  
A wonderful lady to laugh and sing,  
A magical lady, whose voice can bring  
The bluebirds back when her clear notes ring;  
And she is the beautiful Goddess of Spring.

One day, in the heart of the wood,  
At the foot of an oak I stood.  
There was n't a bird in the forest drear,  
Not even a feather from far or near;  
And the bubbling brook, so cold and clear,  
Was the only songster I could hear.

I sighed to myself, "Alack!  
I wish that the birds were back!"  
And when I had spoken the last low word,  
A voice as sweet as a flute I heard,—  
A voice as clear as the note of a bird  
Whose carol the pulse of the wood has stirred.

Then quickly I turned around,  
And followed the musical sound.  
I followed it, faster and faster still—  
I crossed a river, I leaped a rill,  
Nor stopped a second to rest until  
I came to a tree at the foot of a hill.

'T was an hour before the night,  
And I saw a beautiful sight!

A lady stood on the hill-top grand,  
A silver trumpet in one fair hand,  
And in the other a magical wand;  
And she called to the birds in the southern  
land.

(THE LADY SINGS.)

"Bluebird, bluebird, come to me!  
Buds and blossoms delay for thee.  
Come, come!  
Brooks and rills are no longer dumb!  
Soon will you hear the wild bee's hum.  
Oh, fly away from the Southland now!  
Come and perch on the maple bough!  
Over the hill,  
Across the plain,  
Above the mountains,  
Fly back again!  
The woods are waiting—  
They sigh for thee!  
Bluebird, bluebird,  
Come back to me!"

The shades of the night came down,  
And I went to the dreaming town.  
But in the morning all silently  
I came again to the self-same tree,  
And bluebirds, fluttering, blithe and free,  
Chirped loud to the lady, "We come to  
thee!"





## BOB'S WONDERFUL BICYCLE.

BY E. J. WHEELER.

BOB BURNS was a boy with a wonderful mind

For cogs, cranks, and levers, and every kind

Of machine, from a dollar toy-engine to those That rush through the depot and shriek through the nose. And indeed "it was plain To a person that's sane That the boy was a genius, and bound to attain

To something uncommon," said Aunt Betsy Jane.

And for one I don't blame her, for Bob surely was Quite clever with jackknives, and gimlets, and saws, And constructed such marvels, the neighbors all said, Enough to turn any ambitious boy's head.

So Bob came at last to consider that he Was about as ingenious as mortal could be.

One day there arose a tremendous sensation In his little town, o'er a queer combination Of wheels, rods, and bolts, which the school-master, Michael, Informed all who asked him was called a *bicycle*.

Perched high in the seat, Just by working his feet, A man gayly rode up and down through the street, And the boys said "How jolly!" The girls said "How sweet!"

Bob studied that bicycle day after day, Played "hookey" from school and caught—I dare say You *know* what he caught—something warm, anyway.



"HE SPED THROUGH THE TOWN, AND WAS SOON OUT OF SIGHT."



At last, this deluded  
Young fellow concluded

This new-fangled notion *he* knew all about,  
And could make one himself that would "beat  
it all out."

An old baby-carriage he found in the attic,  
Quite stiff in the joints (perhaps 't was rheumatic),  
And so rusty it wheezed in a manner asthmatic.  
This furnished the wheels, big and little; the  
rest —

Till at last, with a final hammer and clink,  
"There now," he muttered, "she 'll do, I think."

And it was, I assure you, no common affair,  
But was bound, as he said, to make most people  
stare,

For it ran, not by treadles, as those you may see,  
But by a huge spring that was wound with a  
key;

So that all you need do, if you wished for a  
ride,



"FARMER JONES'S TWO HORSES RAN MADLY AWAY."

The bolts, bars, and screws — with commendable  
zest

He begged and he borrowed, north, south, east,  
and west.

And then what a clatter!

Clink, clank, hammer, batter,

Till the neighbors all thought, what on earth  
is the matter?

But Bob worked away with a grin and a chuckle.  
He barked his poor shins, and he bruised every  
knuckle,

And rubbed

His nose,

And stubbed

His toes,

And how many other things, goodness knows,

Was to pull on the throttle and off you would  
glide.

Then he called, to observe the result of his  
labors,

His parents, his brothers, and sisters, and  
neighbors,

And wisely expounded how much it surpassed  
All others created, from first unto last.

The news and the wonder spread fast, and his  
fame

Grew wider and wider. The people all came  
By scores and by hundreds to witness him  
try it.

And one wealthy gentleman offered to buy it  
At whatever price; but he proudly refused,

And mounted the seat to show how it was used.  
The spring had been wound up as close as a bottle,  
And all crowded round as he pulled on the throttle.

Whiz! whir!

What a stir!

How excited they were,  
As he dashed through the crowd like a shaft  
from the bow,

Ran over two dogs, hit a fat man a blow  
That knocked him a distance of ten feet,

I know.

Still faster and faster,  
Like news of disaster,  
He sped through the town and was soon out  
of sight,

Unable to stop, and in terrible fright.

The dogs tried to catch him, the women  
screamed out,  
The men followed after with many a shout.  
Farmer Jones's two horses ran madly away,  
Though every one says they get nothing but  
hay.

Thus, mile after mile, at the same rapid gait,  
He dashed and he splashed, with his hair  
standing straight,  
And his eyes big as fists, and the mud flying  
fast,

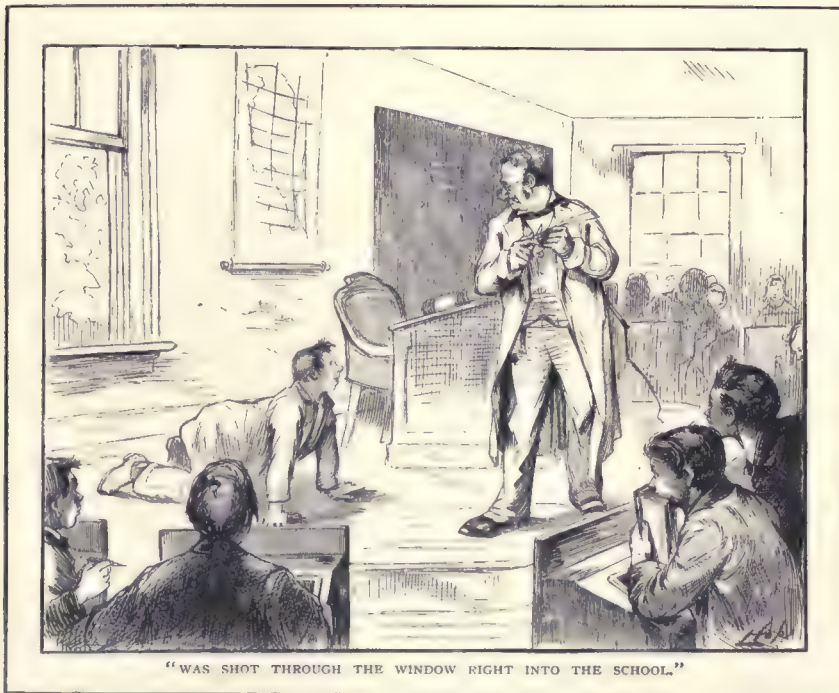
And the tears falling thick as the rain, till  
at last

With a terrible shock

He struck a big rock,

Was thrown from his seat, sir, and straight  
as a rule

Was shot through the window right into the  
school.



The trees skipped behind at a dizzying pace,  
The fences on each side seemed running a race.

Up hill and down dale,

With the speed of a gale,

He whizzed o'er the road with a flap of coat-tail  
Streaming out from behind, and his face  
scared and pale.

The poor little scholars all started with fright,  
For never before had they seen such a sight;  
But the master, with wonderful presence of  
mind

Remarked, as he quietly mended a pen,  
“Master Bob, when you enter the school-room  
again,



Come in at the door, sir! and, lest you should  
waste  
Your delicate breath, enter not in such haste."

The bicycle? Oh!  
It split into hundreds of pieces, you know,

And each of the pieces is whirling away  
In the parks, on the roads, and the meadows  
to-day,  
As this or that bicycle, patent applied for,  
Though I can't imagine what boys like to  
ride for.



## THE PRINCESS WITH THE GLASS HEART.

*Translated from the German of Richard Leander, by Anna Eichberg.*

THERE are people who have glass hearts. Touch them ever so lightly and they vibrate like silver bells—roughly, and they break.

Once there lived a King and Queen who had three daughters, and all three had glass hearts. "Children," the Queen would say, "take care of your hearts, for they are brittle ware;" and they did take care.

One day, however, the oldest Princess leaned out of a window to watch the bees and butterflies flitting among the hollyhocks in the garden below. "Crack!" they heard something break, and the poor Princess fell back dead the next instant.

Another time the second Princess was drinking a cup of very hot coffee. "Crack!" was heard,—the same sound of breaking glass, only not quite so loud as before,—and in her turn the second Princess stumbled and fell. The Queen raised her with much care, and discovered to her great joy that she still lived—in fact, that her heart had only been cracked and would still hold together.

"What shall we do with our daughter?" the King and Queen said to each other. "Her heart is cracked, and be the damage ever so slight, one day it may fall to pieces. We shall have to be very careful of her."

"Don't worry," the Princess said, cheerfully, for

she had been listening; "cracked articles often last twice as long as others."

In the meantime, the youngest Princess had grown to be so beautiful, good, and wise, that kings' sons from all parts of the earth came to woo her. But the old King had grown wise by experience; he remarked that he had only one perfect daughter, and she, too, had a glass heart. He had concluded, therefore, to bestow her hand only on a king who at the same time was a glazier, and who would understand how to care for so delicate an article.

Unfortunately, among all the kings' sons who came a-wooing there was not one who understood glazing, and so they were all dismissed.

At this time there was among the royal pages one who was nearly graduated. That is, after he had borne the train of the youngest Princess three times, he would be considered a nobleman; the King would then congratulate him, and say: "Your education is finished, you are a nobleman. I thank you; you can go now."

The first time the page bore the Princess's train, he noticed how right royally she walked. The second time, the Princess said to him: "You have done well! Give me your hand, Sir Page, and lead me upstairs—but elegantly, as befits a

royal page who leads a king's daughter." He obeyed, and remarked how magnificent was her dress, and that she seemed intent upon some noble thought.

At last, as for the third time he carried her train, the King's daughter turned to him, and said: "How admirably you bear my train! never before has it been carried so well!" And on that occasion the page noticed how very beautiful was her face. However, he was graduated now and a nobleman. The King congratulated and thanked him and remarked that, his education being completed, he might now go.

As he left the palace, the Princess stood at the garden gate. "You bore my train more gracefully than any other," she said; "would that you were a glazier and a king!"

He would try his utmost, he answered, and she must have patience, for he would certainly return. Then he went to a glazier, and asked him would he be willing to take an apprentice.

"Yes, but it will take you four years to learn," said the man.

"The first year you'll learn how to fetch the bread from the baker's, and wash, comb, and dress the children. The second year you'll learn how to smear cracks with putty; the third, how to cut glass and set it, and the fourth, you'll be a master glazier."

The page inquired if he might not begin with the fourth year, as that would be a clear saving

of time, but the glazier proved to him that a respectable glazier always begins at the beginning; so he had to be satisfied.

The first year he fetched the bread, and washed, combed, and dressed the children. The second year he smeared the cracks with putty; the third he learned to cut glass and set it, and the fourth he became a master glazier. Then he dressed himself again as a nobleman, bade his master farewell, and then stopped to consider how he should manage to become a king.

Quite lost in thought, he went down the street, staring at the pavement, when a man came up to him and inquired what he had lost.

He had lost nothing, he answered, though he was searching for something—in fact, he was searching for a kingdom; indeed, he would be much obliged if the stranger would advise him how to become a king.

"I could tell you easily enough, if you were only a glazier," said the man.

"I am a glazier, for I have just finished my apprenticeship."

On hearing this, the man told him



THE PAGE TAKES HIS TURN AS THE PRINCESS'S TRAIN-BEARER.

the story of the three sisters with their glass hearts, and the old King's determination to bestow his daughter's hand only on a glazier.

"At first there was a condition, that the glazier must be either a king or a king's son. As it was impossible to find the two professions combined, king and glazier, the King has had to compromise,



as, indeed, the wisest people always do. One of the old conditions still remains—the suitor must be a glazier; but there are two new conditions.”

No sooner did the young nobleman hear this than he went to the palace, disclosed himself to the King, and reminded his majesty that he had been one of the royal pages, and that for love of the Princess he had become a glazier. Now he would like to marry her and reign himself after the King's death. The King sent for the Princess, and asked her if she liked the young nobleman. She said “yes,” for she recognized him immediately; and when the King desired him to take off his gloves, so that he could see if he had shapely hands, the Princess said it was quite unnecessary, as she had remarked his fine hands the day he led her upstairs. So, both conditions being fulfilled, the young nobleman became her husband.

As for the second Princess, she became an aunt—indeed, the very best aunt in the world, as everybody acknowledges. She taught the little Princesses to read and cut out dolls' clothes, and she examined the school reports of the little Princes. Whoever had a good report was praised and received a present; whoever had a bad one, had his ears boxed.

“What do you mean, you naughty Prince, by being such a lazy, good-for-nothing?” she would begin. “What's to become of you? Out with it—well?”

“K—k—king!” the offender would sob.

“King Midas, my dears, with the great long ears,” she would say, grimly looking at the other little Princes, and then the culprit would be terribly ashamed of himself.

The second Princess grew to be as old as the hills, though her heart was cracked; and when people wondered at this, she would say cheerfully, “Cracked articles always last the longest.”

That is true enough, for my mother has a white cream-jug covered with tiny flowers, that has been cracked as long as I can remember, and yet it still holds together and has outlived more new cream-jugs than I can count.



“THE FIRST YEAR HE WASHED AND DRESSED THE CHILDREN.”

“What are the new conditions?” the nobleman asked.

“Firstly, he must please the Princess; secondly, he must have fine, shapely, unroughened hands. Should a glazier please the Princess, and have such hands, the King will give him his daughter, and after his death he will be king.”



AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

## POOR KATIE.

BY MARY WAGER FISHER.

SHE was one of the very best pupils in school in the city of St. Louis, but oh! so very, very poor, that, had it not been for her wise and brave little mother, I am sure she never would have gone to school at all. Katie was ten, and her brother Tim eight years old, and the brave little mother, who was three times as old as Katie,—which was not so very old after all,—had no one to help her to take care of them. But she had lived long enough to know that there was nothing in the world that could make up for ignorance, and nothing that everybody respected so much as a good education.

The winter when Katie became ten years old was like all the winters,—bitterly cold some days and sunny and bright on others, but never so warm but that a glowing fire was needed,—so that, with all the other things, there must be money for the coal.

Mrs. Lovell, Katie's mother, was a seamstress, and there were many days when she had but little work to do, and the pay was always small—only

a few cents for a garment that she must work at the whole day long. She made up linen and cotton fabrics for one of the great shops of the city; and when your mamma can buy you a ready-made frock for one dollar, you must know that whoever made the frock did not receive much money for the work. For out of the dollar must come the cost of the fabric, the thread and buttons, and Hamburg embroidery, maybe; and the cutter and the salesmen must also be paid. So you see that there could not possibly be much left for the seamstress.

Poor Katie's mother could have earned much more by going out to service with her needle. But, in order to do that, she would have been obliged to find a place for Katie and Tim. And that—oh! she could never do that, she thought. When night-time came she wanted her little ones at her knee. She would rather have their hugs and their kisses, the sound of their voices in her ears, and the patter of their little feet upon the stairs, as they came home from school, than all the



fine things that she could have in the rich families where she might live and sew. So she struggled to pay the rent of her two small rooms and to keep Tim and Katie in school.

In school—that was the great thing. “Plenty of money may come one day, little ones,” she would say, “but it will not be worth much if you do not know how to use it. This is the most wonderful country in the world, my birdies. Tim may be President and Katie a Mrs. President, and you can’t know too much of school-books. I’m sure that, when you’re grown up, you can never be glad and thankful enough that your mother sent you regularly to school. So don’t mind the patched clothes, and the holes in the shoes, but keep *at the head of the class*, if you have n’t a hat for your head!” And nearly every day she had something like that to say to them; so it was no wonder that they often forgot their poverty, and had better lessons than their class-mates.

But the winter Katie was eleven years old, the brave little mother had less money than ever before, and as the spring-time came on they grew so very poor that there was not always enough of bread left after breakfast to make a school-luncheon for Tim and Katie.

“Give it all to Tim,” Katie would say; “I believe I don’t want anything at noon.” Poor little Katie! How hard she tried to think that she was not hungry! How empty her hands felt at first as she trudged along without her dinner! And how her heart beat, and how the blood burnt in her cheeks, when the nooning came, and she of all the girls had no luncheon to eat! Oh, if anybody should notice it! she thought, and she studied how she might behave that nobody should know she was so very poor. The hunger in her stomach was not half so hard to bear as the fear that somebody would know that she had nothing to eat.

But, after a few days, poor Katie began to think that the girls noticed that she brought no luncheon. Then she thought that perhaps if she brought something that *looked* like one, they would never think about her eating it. How she thought it all out, I can not tell; but if any of you have ever been in trouble and tried to think your way out of it, perhaps you may remember that you thought of some very foolish and queer things, and this was the way with Katie. She might tie up a few coals in a paper, she thought, but her mother would need every coal to keep up the fire. There were some blocks in one corner of the small room—Tim’s blocks, that Santa Claus had brought him one Christmas, two or three winters before. She could tie up some of those in a paper for a make-believe luncheon, and nobody would know. So she tied up a few blocks neatly, and when her mother

noticed it as she started for school, and asked in surprise what she had in the paper, the poor child hung her head for a moment, and then burst into tears.

“Oh, Mamma.” she sobbed, “I wanted to make believe that I had some luncheon—it’s only Tim’s blocks!”

For one moment the little mother did not understand, and then suddenly it all came into her mind—how the pride of her child was wounded because she could not appear as the other school-children did, and that she had fixed upon that simple device to hide her want. And how it made her heart ache more than ever that her poor little girl must go hungry! But she would not deprive Katie of the poor comfort of trying to “keep up appearances,” and her throat was too full of choking lumps for her to trust herself to say much: so she smoothed the little girl’s hair and wiped away the tears from her face, and said bravely: “Never mind, Katie! Better days will come! Mother feels sure of it!” And then Katie slipped away with her little bundle, and the poor little mother sat down and sadly wept at the hardships that had befallen her little ones.

When the nooning came, Katie sat at her desk with her make-believe dinner before her. Her teacher noticed that she kept her seat, and seeing her luncheon, went to her and said: “Why do you not go into the lunch-room and eat your luncheon with the other girls?” at the same time reaching out for Katie’s bundle.

“Oh, teacher!” cried Katie, bursting into tears, “don’t touch it! and oh, teacher, don’t tell, please! *It’s only blocks!*”

“*Only blocks!*” softly repeated the teacher, and tears filled her eyes. “Never mind, Katie, I’ll not tell the girls. You are a brave and a dear little girl, and one of the best in the school!”

Poor, poor child! The kind words were like manna to her heart; but, longing as the teacher was to give the child a portion of her own luncheon, she would not hurt her pride by the offer before others. But during a short session of the teachers when school was over, she related the incident, and spoke in such high terms of praise of the little girl, that each one resolved to do all possible to bring “better days” at once to the poor mother; and early next morning the better days began. No one touched the brave little mother’s self-respect by offering her charity, but plenty of work, with good pay, was carried to her, and enough of bread and milk, and new shoes, and coal, and all other needful things, soon came to their home through the mother’s industry. And Tim’s blocks went back into their corner, to stay there.

Happy little Katie!

## FLYING WITHOUT WINGS.

BY C. F. HOLDER.



A SAILOR'S ADVENTURE WITH GURNARDS. [SEE PAGE 435.]

As I write, there is a curious little brown-eyed creature darting about the room, now perched upon my shoulder, anon nibbling at my pen, balancing upon the edge of the inkstand, or sitting on its hind-legs upon the table, where it sportively tosses about a huge walnut. Now, spread out like a parachute, it is clinging to the window-shade, and now like a flash it springs into the air, coming down lightly, only to dart to some other elevation, thence to repeat its antics again and again.

As you must by this time suspect, my pet is a flying-squirrel—one of the familiar examples of a large number of animals that can move through the air without wings. If we closely examine this pretty little creature, we find that between the fore and hind legs there is an expansion of the skin, which, when the legs are spread out, offers a decided resistance to the air and buoys the animal up exactly as though it carried a parachute. When our tiny playmate is in mid-air, notice how

careful it is to hold its feet and hands (for it certainly uses its fore-feet as hands) out as far as possible, to catch all the air it can. If we look closely, we shall find attached to each of the hands a delicate bone, which, when the squirrel is in flight, act as booms for the curious sail in front.

But it is in the woods, in their native haunts, that these beautiful animals make their most wonderful leaps. From the tops of the tallest trees they launch themselves fearlessly into the air, coming down with a graceful swoop for a hundred feet or more; then, by a movement of the head, changing their course to an upward one, they rise ten or twelve feet, and finally alight upon the tree of their choice. They immediately scramble to the top to again soar away into the air, thus traveling through the woods from tree to tree much faster than you can follow them. How like they are to birds, building nests for their young, and moving through the air with almost equal freedom!



One of the most curious of this family is the sugar-squirrel—a beautiful creature, with large, curling ears of a delicate ash-color above and white beneath. Like many squirrels, it is a nocturnal or night animal, lying concealed in its nest in some hollow tree until the sun disappears, when it comes out, and spends the night in wonderful leaps from tree to tree, in search of food and perhaps amusement. When descending from a great height, it seems as though they must inevitably dash headlong against the ground, so precipitate is their flight; but this never happens. That they are able to change the direction of their flight while in mid-air seems a very natural and reasonable supposition, though only on one occasion has the accomplishment of this feat been observed. The incident is related of a squirrel, which was being brought to England from its home in New Holland. The sailors had made quite a pet of the little creature, which was a source of great amusement to them on account of its astonishing leaps from mast to mast. One day the squirrel climbed clear to the top of the mainmast of the vessel, and seemed to be afraid to come down again, so one of the men started after it. But just as he was about to grasp the truant, it expanded its broad, wing-like membrane, and shot off into the air. At the same moment the ship gave a heavy lurch to port. It seemed to all



FLYING-LIZARDS.



THE FLYING-SQUIRREL.

that their favorite must inevitably fall overboard; but, evidently seeing its danger, it suddenly changed its course, and with a broad and graceful curve sank lightly and safely upon the deck.

In the forests of the islands constituting the Indian Archipelago is found a curious flying animal that forms the connecting link between the lemur and the bat. The natives call it the colugo, and also the "flying-fox," but it is more like a flying-monkey, as the lemurs are cousins of the monkeys. Like the bats, these animals sleep in the day-time, hanging from the limbs and branches of trees, head downward; but as evening comes on, they sally forth, often doing great harm to the fruit on the neighboring plantations. In some parts of Java they are so numerous that it is found necessary to protect the fruit-trees with huge nets. The extent of their flights through the air is something astonishing. They sometimes drop to the ground and hop along with a shuffling kind of leap, but if they are alarmed, they spring to the nearest tree and in a moment reach its top by a series of bounds. Out upon the branches they dart, and with a rush are off into space. Sailing through the air like some great bird, down they go obliquely, swift as an arrow, a hundred and fifty feet or more, rising again in a graceful curve and alighting safely on a distant tree. In these great leaps they carry their young, which cling to

them, or sometimes follow them in their headlong flight, uttering hoarse and piercing cries. The colugos live almost exclusively on fruit, preferring plantains and the young and tender leaves of the cocoa-palm, though some writers aver that they have seen them dart into the air and actually catch birds. The flying-lemurs are perfectly harmless, and so gentle as to be easily tamed. They have lovely dark eyes and very intelligent and knowing faces.

In many old natural histories,—especially those of Aldrovandus and Gesner,—strange pictures are shown of dragons, with terrible heads, breath like steam, the feet and legs of a bird, and serpent-like skins. In the days of chivalry these dragons were very common, if we may believe the tales of the time, and every knight or gentleman with any pretensions to valor seems to have followed in the footsteps of St. George, according to the old romancers. But, in these days, the world has been so well traveled over that the dragons have been finally sifted down to one or two beautiful little creatures that live in India and the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Save for their harmless aspect, they have very much the appearance of the dragons of the olden time, and we suspect they were the originals of the tales that were certainly believed by the natural-history writers of past centuries. The dragons are small lizards that live among the trees, and though they have no wings, they move about through the air in graceful curves, with almost the freedom of birds. When they are upon a branch, you would hardly notice anything peculiar about them; but, let an insect pass by that they are particularly fond of, and, with a rush, several of them fly into the air. Between their legs is a curious membrane, encircling them like a parachute, banded and crossed with gorgeous tints of red and yellow, which glisten in the sun like molten gold. They seem to float in the air a second while snapping at the object of their pursuit; then they sink gracefully, alighting upon the trees or branches. The seeming wings are membranes—really an expansion of the skin of the flank, held in place by slender, bony processes connected with the false ribs, which shut up, as it were, when the “dragon” is resting, the wings appearing to be folded at the sides. They live upon insects, and dart after them from tree to tree with amazing rapidity, their long tails lashing the air like knives.

According to the naturalist Brontius, the com-

mon flying-lizard inflates a curious yellow goitre, or membrane, when it flies, thus rendering it lighter, and reminding us again of the birds, with their hollow bones. Thus assisted, they cross intervals of space as much as seven hundred feet in length faster than the eye can follow them. In darting across small streams, sometimes they fall short and come down in the water, when, of course, they are obliged to swim the remainder of the distance. Sometimes they are found in large streams, so it is not improbable that they go in swimming for the pleasure of it.

Equally curious as a flyer without wings is the *Rhacophorus*—a tree-toad found in New Holland. It also lives in the trees, and, to enable it to move



FLYING TREE-TOAD.

from one to another with safety and speed, is provided with immense webbed feet that serve the same purpose in sustaining it during flight as does the membrane of the draco (or flying-lizard). They launch themselves fearlessly from a branch, their feet held flat and toes stretched apart, and swoop down, then rise a few feet, finally alighting safely at their expected destination. Sometimes four or five are seen darting away together, looking like a flock of winged frogs or toads.

In the sea there are three flyers that really, from the extent of their flights, deserve the name.



Those of our readers who have been at sea, especially in the South, may have seen the common flying-fish, with its brilliant blue-and-silver body and lace-like, sheeny wings. From the crest of a blue wave they dart, singly or in flocks, fluttering along, rising and falling, turning in curves, and returning to the water with a splash—perhaps to fall a victim to some watchful bonito (or dolphin) that has been closely following them beneath the water. These privateers of the sea are their greatest enemies, as they rise in the air following them under water, and emerging just in time to catch the luckless flyers as they descend. The dolphins will take great leaps of twenty or thirty feet in following the poor flying-fish, which, notwithstanding their long wings and wonderful powers, often fall victims to their tireless pursuers. They frequently fly aboard vessels at night, perhaps attracted by the lights, or, it may be, caught up by the wind from the crest of some curling wave, and carried high in air against the sails.

The gurnard, though it has also long, wing-like fins, presents otherwise a totally different appearance. Its head is inclosed in a bony armor, from which project two sharp spines. Some of these fish are of a rich pink color, while others are mottled with red, yellow, and blue, and as they fly along over the water, and the sunlight falls upon their glittering scales, they seem to glow with a golden luster. With such hard heads, it will not be surprising information that they are disagree-

able fellows to come in contact with; at least, so thought a sailor who was standing at dusk upon the quarter-deck of a vessel, near one of the West India islands. Suddenly, he found himself lying upon his back, knocked over by a monster gurnard that, with a score of others, had darted from the water, this one striking the man fairly in the forehead. The gurnards are also chased by dolphins, and they are frequently seen to rise in schools, to escape from the larger fish, while hovering above them are watchful gulls and man-of-war birds, ready to steal them from the jaws of their enemies of the sea.

In company with these flying-fish may often be seen curious white bodies, with long arms and black eyes. They are flying-squids, members of the cuttle-fish family, and the famous bait of the Newfoundland cod-fishermen. On the Banks they are often seen in vast shoals, and during storms tons of them are thrown upon the shore. When darting from wave to wave, they resemble silvery arrows, often rising and boarding ships in their headlong flight. So valuable are they for bait, that four or five hundred vessels at St. Pierre are engaged in catching them by means of jiggers.\*

Many of the squid family leave the water when pursued. Even the largest of them, often forty or fifty feet long, have been seen to rise ten or fifteen feet in the air, and sail away as if propelled by some mysterious force, their hideous arms dripping and glistening. They are certainly the largest and strangest of the flyers without wings.

\* A jigger is made by fastening a large number of fish-hooks together in a ball, points outward.



A FLYING FISH AND FLYING SQUIDS.

## THE STORY OF MRS. POLLY ANN BUNCE'S BEST CAP.

TOLD BY MARY JANE.

MRS. POLLY ANN BUNCE was Beth Hall's grandmother, and she wanted to go to the convention at Providence.

"'T is n't likely, 'Liz'beth," she said to Beth's mother, "that I'll ever live to see many more of these anniversaries, and, as I am not so poorly as usual, this year, I think I'd like to go."

"Well," said Mrs. Hall, "I have been counting on spending a day with Lucius's wife, and I might as well go now and take you to the convention."

"I want to go to the convention, too," cried Beth. "And, anyhow, Mother, if I don't go to the convention, I should like to go to Providence."

Her mother looked very doubtful for a moment, and then said:

"Well, well, I'll see about it. We shall not go till next week Thursday, so don't begin to tease now, child."

By Wednesday Mrs. Hall had decided to take Beth with her to Providence, and as Dot and I needed new shoes, she offered to let us join the party.

There were quite a number of Tuckertown people going into town that day. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce went in the early train, but as there was not room for us in the carriage, Beth, Dot, and I were to follow in the next one, under the care of Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts.

Mrs. Hall said that this was a very nice arrangement, but Beth and I didn't think so, by any means. Aunt Jane says I have a prejudice against Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts, and that she is a good, generous woman. I suppose she is, but Beth and I consoled ourselves that day with the thought that, when we got to the station, we could run away from Mrs. Tibbetts and get a seat in another car. But she kept her eye on us every minute, and finally seated herself directly behind us.

"I don't care," I whispered to Beth. "In the big depot at Providence I know we can get away from her. We will hurry out of the cars ahead, and there will be so much noise we sha' n't hear her call after us. While we run out into the street, she will have to stay and look after her baggage. That is, if you know the way, Beth."

"Oh, yes, I know the way," said Beth.

We did n't have any baggage except Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce's best cap, in a box, which Mrs. Hall had given us to carry for her.

Well, everything happened exactly as we had

planned, and soon Mrs. Tibbetts and we had parted company. "Now," said Beth, "let's walk slowly and look into all the shop-windows. I want to spend *my* money right off."

Beth had a dollar, and Dot and I each fifty cents. Mrs. Hall had the money for our shoes.

I had just made up my mind to buy a lovely fan with a shepherdess painted on it, when Dot suddenly cried: "Why, where is Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce's best cap?"

Sure enough, where *was* it?

"It has gone on to Boston in the train," said Beth, faintly. "We left it in the cars in our hurry to get away from Mrs. Tibbetts."

"Oh, how Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce *will* look without any cap!" giggled Dot.

"And how do you think *you* will look when we have to tell that we lost it?" snapped Beth.

Dot, of course, began to cry.

"'T was n't *my* fault, Beth Hall. I'm a real little girl. It was your fault and Mary Jane's."

"It was the fault of all of us," said I. "But I don't care, for we can buy her a new cap. We have money enough, I'm sure."

"Yes, but I had rather buy candy than caps," whined Dot.

"Mary Jane," said Beth, "if you and Dot will give your money, we will have two dollars altogether. How much do you suppose caps cost?"

"I dunno," answered Dot; "I never buy 'em."

At that we all laughed, and Beth said they were ugly things anyhow, and ought not to be more than a dollar. In that case, we should have fifty cents left to spend.

Pretty soon we came to a place where there were bonnets in the window, and we thought they would keep caps there, too.

"Mary Jane, you ought to ask," said Beth.

"You are the oldest."

"I'm only two weeks older than you," said I, "and I've done enough things to make up for those two weeks long ago."

"Well, if not the oldest, the youngest, then. The middle person never does anything," Beth said, with a nod at Dot.

There *are* folks who slip out of everything, and Beth Hall is one. I was glad when Dot said:

"But it is n't *my* grandma's cap. I think Beth ought to ask for it."

"Come, Mary Jane," said Beth, "I *dare* you to do it."



Of course, I *had* to do it then. "I guess I'm not afraid," I said, and walked right into the shop.

There were three girls behind the show-case. I said to one of them: "I've come to look at caps."

They all looked at each other and began to laugh in a most disagreeable way, and one of them asked: "For yourself, madam?"

I knew she was making fun of me, and was just going to say that we would go to some other shop, when Dot burst out: "Why, Mary Jane's only a little girl. *She* don't wear caps. It's for Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce, and she is an old, old lady."

"Well, you know there are a great many different styles of caps," said the girl to me. "What kind do you want?"

"We want a *cheap* kind," said Beth.

I had no idea there were so many different kinds of caps. There was one very fancy one with wheat sticking out of the *ruche*, and a bunch of grapes on one side in a bow made of pink ribbon. We thought this cap would be very expensive,—it had so much trimming on it,—but it turned out to be the very cheapest one in the shop. I suppose that was because the ribbon was shop-worn. I liked better the black one with the two lace tabs hanging down behind and the purple bow on the top—but just think! that was seventeen dollars! Real lace, you see.

There was still another, with just a *ruche* and plain muslin strings, which looked somehow just like Mrs. Bunce's; but it was two dollars, and would take all our money. So Beth took up the one with the grapes again, and said to me:

"Oh, what shall we do, Mary Jane? I'm afraid Grandma wont like this cap."

"Did she send you to buy one for her?" said the second girl, who was leaning over the counter and staring at us.

"Why, no!" Beth answered; "but we lost her cap coming from Tuckertown. We left it in the cars, and now we have got to buy her another."

"The poor little things!" said the third girl. "They are afraid to go home without a cap. Could n't we fix up one for them for a dollar and a half, Eliza? There's the one we began for Mrs. Jonas Jones; with a *ruche* instead of the lace, it will look very nice. I dare say they will get a scolding for losing the cap."

"Yes, indeed!" put in Beth, and I never saw her look so wretched before or since. "You had better believe my grandma will scold, with no cap to wear all day, and she a-visiting, too. I dare say we wont be allowed to have any dinner at all, and I'm so hungry!"

"So am I!" I said, and Dot looked ready to cry.

"There, now, you just cheer up, darling!" said the one they called Eliza, with a very sympathizing

look at Dot, whose lip was quivering beautifully. "We will fix up a nice cap for you, all for one dollar and a half."

While she was at work we looked again at the other cap. "I don't believe my grandma would wear it," began Beth. "It's a very queer-looking thing, anyhow!"

"Yes, indeed—with those grapes and that faded ribbon," said I, as the girl, holding up the cap she had just finished, exclaimed: "There, that's a bargain for you at one dollar and a half!"

"I should say it was!" said an awful voice from the door. "Eliza Shaw, what do you mean by selling that cap for a dollar and a half?"

We saw at once that the new-comer was the owner of the shop, and that she was as mad as a hornet, besides.

"They can't pay but a dollar and a half," said the girl, but her face turned very red as she spoke.

"Well, let them have the one with the grapes and the pink ribbon, then. That's a dollar and a half, and the only one in the store for that ridiculous price!"

The girl put the nice cap she had just finished in a box, and held out the other one, saying: "Well, this is the best I can do for you, then, after all."

Ruth looked at me and I looked at Ruth, while Dot said: "I'm sure it's good enough."

"I hope your grandma will think so," said I to Beth.

"Well, maybe she will," sighed Beth, gloomily. "She called *me* an ungrateful girl, 'cause I said I would n't wear that sun-bonnet Mother bought for me. So I hope she wont despise this costly, handsome cap."

"Yes, a nice, handsome cap, with grapes and lots of trimming on it!" added Dot.

While the girl had been tying the cap up for us, we had been leaning on the show-case, and, just at that moment, the glass gave way with a crash beneath our arms.

"Oh, my! what a thin glass it must have been," said Beth, turning pale.

"My gracious! *Thin!*" said the first girl. "I'm afraid you'll find it will cost you enough to have it mended. It will be ten dollars, if it's a cent!"

"But I never had so much money as that, in my life!" cried Beth. "We can't pay for it!"

The woman who had refused to let us have the cap now came tearing up to us, exclaiming:

"Give me every penny you have, and then clear out of my shop!" She seized Dot as she spoke, and we soon found ourselves standing outside on the pavement, with no money and no cap.

"Oh, what a dreadful, dreadful woman!" cried Beth. "And was n't she just as mad as a hatter!"

"You mean as mad as a *capper*," said I; but Beth was too frightened to see the joke.

In fact, we were all half crying by the time we reached the house. We wondered if Mrs. Bunce would wear her bonnet all day, and Dot said she would lend her her pocket-handkerchief, and welcome. But, in any case, we were prepared for a scolding.

"Why, where on earth have you been?" cried Beth's mother, as we slunk into the room. "Mrs. Tibbetts said you hurried off so she could n't keep up with you."

"Why-ee!" exclaimed Dot. "Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce has got her cap on!"

I raised my eyes from the carpet, and lo and behold! there sat Mrs. Bunce, and on her head was the very cap we had left in the cars.

"Yes; Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts brought it," said Mrs. Bunce, serenely. "The day would be spoiled

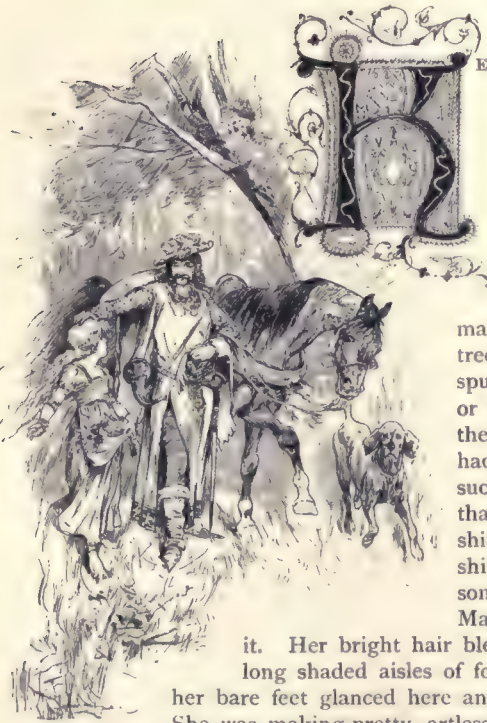
for me without my cap," she said, "and you children did n't want the trouble of it, so she took care of it herself. I'm sure I'm glad I did n't have to wait for it till you got here, though Lucius's wife said she would lend me a cap; but, bless me! it was such a smart-looking one, I should never think of wearing it. Pink ribbons on it!" added Grandma Bunce, with a real horrified look.

Beth and I often wonder whether Mrs. Ithamar Tibbetts brought that cap from Tuckertown, or whether we left it in the cars and she found it; but, as near as we could find out, she never told any one how we ran away from her in the depot at Providence, nor how near Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce came to losing her cap.

And, somehow, we have liked Mrs. Tibbetts a great deal better since then, and I, for one, have concluded that it is very silly to take prejudices against good, generous women.

## THE SAD LITTLE PRINCE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.



HER name was a plain and common one, but everybody had got into the fashion of calling her Little Marigold. The reason they so called her was because of her golden-brown skin, tanned by days and days of romping about in the sun, and her flossy yellow hair that made a lovely cloud, colored like ripe wheat, above her pink, mirthful mouth and her dancing eyes.

Little Marigold lived on the borders of a great forest, many years ago, in a country that would sound strange if I should name it. Her father was a woodman, and plied his ax all day over the trunks of tough trees, winning scanty wages for his labor. Her mother spun at a large wheel in the door-way of their rude cabin, or cooked the barley and lentils that served the three for their frugal meals. But of late, when our tale begins, there had been a dreary famine among the peasant-folk, and even such coarse fare was hard to gain. One day it chanced that, as she stood beside her parents' cabin, a spot of sunshine flickered through the breezy boughs overhead, and shifted here and there on the turf below. It was shaped something like a big golden butterfly, and, as it moved, Marigold made little playful gestures as though to catch

it. Her bright hair blew out wide in the soft wind that came rustling through long shaded aisles of forest; her dress was of some old dark-crimson stuff, and her bare feet glanced here and there on the sward, like brown oak-leaves in autumn.

She was making pretty, artless gestures with her lifted arms, stooping every minute, as though to seize the airy, flitting scrap of sunshine. But suddenly an unusual sound startled her quick ears; she turned, letting both arms fall at her sides. She was surprised and a little ashamed, but



her sweet, tawny face was still full of childish merriment.

Before her was a gentleman on a glossy white horse, that arched its neck and pawed the ground with restless hoof-strokes. He wore a hunting-costume of dark-green cloth, and a silver horn hung at his side. He seemed about to address Marigold, when several other horsemen joined him, galloping hastily around an angle of close-growing trees.

All these new-comers drew rein when they saw their companion. All save one of them wore dark-green hunting-dresses and carried silver horns; but he who seemed their leader sat his horse with a prouder air than any of the others, and was clad in purple velvet, with a diamond star that flashed on his breast. He had long, flowing hair, that broke into little curls where it touched his shoulders, and his blue eyes had a sparkle in them that was like the laugh of a brook. Little Marigold thought him a wondrously handsome gentleman; she felt certain at once that he was much finer and grander than any of his associates; the horn that dangled from his saddle-bow was of enameled gold, and an immense feather, black and shining like the steed he bestrode, curved downward from his purple cap, half shadowing his genial face.

"I fear we have lost our way, little maiden," said this brilliant person, addressing Marigold, while his associates drew respectfully backward on either side of him. "We have been hunting in the wood, as you see, and the excitement of the chase has led us far from our proper course. You seem a very bright little damsel. Can you tell us, then, the shortest road from this spot to the city gates?"

"Great sir," answered Marigold, dropping a little courtesy which had never been taught her, but which came to her as naturally as its light sway to the lily, "I have never been, myself, to the city, but I well know the road leading thither, and if you will follow me for a short space through the wood, I will gladly show it."

Without waiting any answer, Marigold went tripping past the horsemen; and then, while pausing for a moment, she beckoned to the whole cavalcade with such a beaming smile and such perfect grace that the group of gentlemen exchanged looks of surprise.

But the gentleman in the purple robe gave a mellow laugh, and cried out to Marigold, as she was dancing onward over the smooth sward of the forest: "Nay, little one, you shall come and walk at my side."

And with these words he sprang from his horse, while Marigold again paused, quite frightened by this proffered courtesy. He presently

reached her, and they moved along together. Behind them followed the group of huntsmen, all reining in their impatient horses, whose bold, dark eyes told that they still longed to scour the woodland with flying hoofs.

"I think you must always be happy," said Marigold's companion. "Tell me," he went on, "are you ever sad?"

"Sometimes, my lord," said Marigold. "I often fancy it is, perhaps, wrong," she added, gently, "that I should keep so light a heart. For though the world is full of pleasant things, there is much hereabouts to make me very grieved and sorry."

"Tell me what it is," said the gentleman, stroking the child's hair, "and, if possible, I will see that it troubles you no more."

"Oh!" cried Marigold, clasping both hands together, "I mean all the people for miles about, who are sick and dying with the famine! If you could only help them, kind sir, I should be happy indeed!"

For a moment the mirth had gone from Marigold's face, and an eager pleading filled it. But there came a sudden darkness upon the brow of him who walked beside her. "Oh! that is a state question," he said, in his beard, as the phrase goes, and laughed a harsh bit of a laugh. "It is a matter for the King to settle, and not a little girl."

Marigold looked up into the speaker's face, with a guilty alarm on her own. "Perhaps you know the King?" she faltered. "If so, pray forgive me. I meant no harm."

The stranger gave another laugh, not loud, but very jovial. He paused, and Marigold paused too, and the whole cavalcade halted behind them.

"Little one," he said, "I, myself, am the King!"

Marigold could not speak then, for sheer alarm kept her silent. But the King, after watching her dismay, soon said, in gracious tones, "I have told you who I am; now let me know your name."

"I am called Little Marigold, please your majesty," replied the child, lowering her eyes.

"A fit name for so merry a little maid," said the King, with another of his careless laughs. And then, turning toward the huntsmen of his suite, he held converse with them for several moments in a low voice.

"I want you to let me take you home with me, little one," he at length said. "Do not fear; you shall be treated with all kindness: you shall dwell in a beautiful palace, and go back again to your parents as soon as you weary for a freer life. And I will have word sent to them whither you are gone, so that they shall not mourn

you as lost. There is a great favor which you may perhaps have it in your power to perform for me. What that favor is I will tell you as we ride through the forest."

Then, with no more ado, the King caught Little Marigold in his arms and placed her upon the saddle, himself mounting the steed a moment afterward. She felt the King's arm firmly holding her; the long plume from his cap brushed her cheek; the jewels that studded his horse's reins flashed before her eyes. And presently the King's voice sounded close at her ear, questioning whether their course was the proper one. Marigold calmed her puzzled wits as best she could, and told him that they would soon quit these fragrant glades and hollows for the open road which led to the city. And when it had indeed happened, as the child stated, the King once more addressed her.

"Now," he began, "you shall learn what is the service that I ask of you, and that I only hope you can fulfill. At home in my palace I have a son of about your own age, who is called by nearly every body, I regret to say, 'The Sad Little Prince.' There is only too good a reason why he should have won this name. His mother died when he was very young, and he can not remember her loss. For some few years he was as gay a child as any in my kingdom, but of late months a strange melancholy has fallen upon him which there is no driving away. In vain the most famous doctors have argued together over his singular case. None of them can tell just where the trouble lies. It is not bodily sickness, but rather a malady of the mind, which makes him care for no sport, take heed of no event. All day he sits pale, languid, silent. Every means has been tried to rouse and interest him, but with no avail. Now, Little Marigold, when I saw to-day the joy and peace in that sun-brown face of yours, the fancy struck me that your company might perhaps charm away these dismal vapors from my son's brain. I would have you go into his presence clothed just as you are — like one fresh from another world than his own. I would have you speak to him with the same looks and tones you always use. Forget that he is a prince; treat him as you would treat one of your tanned, romping playmates. Will you do this to please me, Little Marigold?"

"I will try, your majesty," murmured Marigold, feeling as if she had fallen asleep in some meadow or lane, as she would often do if the noon were hot, and had dreamed that the King spoke to her thus and was carrying her to the great city on his rich-harnessed steed.

But it was no dream; for just at twilight they came to an open country where the land was quite without trees, like a moor, save that it shelved

downward in one vast slope. And at the foot of the slope lay an enormous cluster of dwellings cut with dark streets, and having many domes and spires that stood clear against the rosy evening heaven. This was the city, and through its heart curved a river that looked like a huge silver sickle thrown down in its midst. And in the sky overhead, only low toward its edge, hung a large white star, like a human eye full of dreamy wonder.

But it was nearly night when they reached the gates of the city, and two massive iron doors were swung apart for them to pass within. And now, as they rode along, Little Marigold saw people sitting in the door-ways of rude, narrow dwellings, for the night was sultry. And the faces of these people were wan and haggard, reminding her of other faces in the village near her father's home. And once she thought she heard a bitter groan from a knot of ragged men as their mounted train clattered past; and again she caught a glimpse of a thin woman and a half-starved girl, who bent above a baby that had its eyes closed and seemed to gasp for breath.

Then one of the gentlemen behind called out to the King: "It is too bad that your majesty was forced to enter by this gate and ride through these vile streets."

"No matter," said the King, lightly; "it will soon be over."

And he spoke the truth, for in a brief space of time these unsightly houses changed to stately mansions, and at length they reached a great marble palace, whose pale walls seemed to touch the stars. Proud flights of steps ran up to its wide portals, and here armed men kept guard; while below, on the dark, rolling lawns, were walks rimmed with high shrubs, and statues gleaming from rounded groves of firs. The King dismounted and his gentlemen did the same; then, while a throng of grooms led away their heated horses, the whole company ascended the palace-stairs. The King held Little Marigold by the hand, guiding her short, timid steps. Then they passed through several rooms whose splendors made the child's eyes glisten with their excess of light and beauty; and, at length, the King joined a group of waiting-women who wore peaked coifs and veils, like the court-ladies in old pictures. To the foremost of these he spoke a few low words, afterward giving Marigold to her charge. Then he waved an adieu to the child, and went away, twirling his mustache and humming a song.

Marigold soon found that she was not to see the Sad Little Prince that evening, for two of the waiting-women now led her to a chamber where there was a gilded bed hung with silken draperies.



Then they undressed her, laughing at the shapely plumpness of her childish limbs, and placed her within the bed, beneath a brodered coverlid. Marigold was very tired; it was past her hour for rest. She fell at once into a deep sleep, and only awoke when the sun was shining into the grand room, and some sort of bird whose breast burned

waiting-women took her by the hand, and they passed together down a long hall, where the arched windows were stained with many tints. A page came lightly toward them with a flagon of wine in his hands. But the boy tripped and fell, and a burst of laughter rang from a lounging group of other pages as the red wine broke over the oaken



MARIGOLD MEETS THE SAD LITTLE PRINCE.

like flame was singing with sweet madness from a cage hung in an oriel window.

But scarcely was Little Marigold well awake before the same attendants who had placed her in bed drew her gently forth. They clad her once more in the coarse frock she had worn last night, and left her still barefoot, such being the King's wish. Then they gave her some rare fruit to eat and milk to drink from a golden bowl, and when she had sated both hunger and thirst, one of the

floor; and two little dwarfs, in scarlet-and-yellow jerkins covered with tiny bells, who sat with legs akimbo and a board of chess-men between them, grinned and chattered to each other when they saw the poor page's discomfort.

But presently the waiting-woman led the child between the folds of an arras, threaded another hall, and at length entered a chamber where the light was made dim, like that of a cloudy day just after sunset. Here the walls were hung with

choice pictured tapestries, where ladies held falcons on their wrists or fleet deer bounded through thickets. In a massive chair, whose carved back rose far above him, sat a slender youth with his head leaning upon his hand, and with dark lengths of hair falling about a pale, beautiful face, shaped like a heart. He did not move as Marigold and her companion approached him, but merely turned upon them a pair of eyes so dark, listless, and melancholy that they seemed to tell of some grief beyond any words.

"It is the Sad Little Prince," whispered the waiting-woman to Marigold. "I will leave you with him. It is the King's wish. Have no fear, but draw near him and speak to him just as your mood prompts." And with these words the waiting-woman glided from the chamber.

Marigold stood for some time gazing at the Prince. She did not feel at all afraid, though he was looking at her quite steadily. Crouched beside his chair was a great hound, with meek eyes and a drab skin of satin gloss, and not far away, on a pile of cushions, lounged a court-jester, whose bells jingled from every part of his many-colored clothes as he started up to get a better view of Marigold's ill-clad little form.

"Ho! ho!" laughed the jester, showing all his teeth in a funny grimace, "whom have we here, by all that is odd? May it please your highness," he went on, addressing the Prince, "this is a beggar-child who has come to wear your velvet doublet and play prince in your place, since you are no merrier than a graveyard, and tax the wits of your poor fool to divert you, till he feels as stupid as one of your father's own prime ministers."

"Peace, Fool," said the Prince, not angrily, but with a ring of command in his voice. "Go," he added, waving his hand with a weary gesture; and the fool at once rose, surprised that his young master should pay him enough note even to dismiss him from the royal presence. Jingling his bells, and turning his queer, wizened face twice or thrice toward Marigold, the fool slowly trundled from the room.

And now Marigold and the Sad Little Prince were left alone together.

"Pray tell me who you are," the Prince said, in slow, grave tones, after he had looked a long while at Marigold, "and why you have been brought here."

"I am Little Marigold," was the answer. "The King, your father, has sent me hither. He hopes that I can cure you of your great sadness, though I much fear that I have no art to do so."

The Prince shook his head. His eyes wandered toward the greyhound lying at his feet, with its long drab nose resting on its slim paws. Mari-

gold drew nearer, and smoothed the hound's sleek skin and patted its head.

"Do you pity it because it is a dog?" asked the Prince, softly.

Marigold thought for a moment. "Indeed, no," she presently answered, "for there are many human beings who are not so happy as dogs."

The Prince started. "I see no unhappy people," he said; and then, with a heavy sigh, he added—"except myself."

"Why are you unhappy?" asked Marigold, very tenderly. The smile which had so won the King was on her lips now, but her blue eyes had a sweet, sober spark in each of them.

"I do not know," said the Prince, with another sigh; "do you?"

"You seem to have everything that brings happiness," replied Marigold. "You are not sick?"

"Oh, no!"

"You are not poor," continued Marigold.

"Poor!" repeated the Prince, in a puzzled voice; "what is that?"

"Ah, do you not know what it is?" exclaimed Marigold, clasping her little hands together, while a look of deep sorrow filled her face. "Often enough it is to see those whom we love suffer for food, for rest, for all that makes life dear and good!"

The Prince seemed to muse; his dark eyes had brightened a little. "I do not know what it means to love anybody," he said.

"Ah," cried Marigold, softly, "do you not love your father, Prince?"

An eager yet troubled look crossed the Prince's face now. "I have never thought about loving the King," he said. "I have been taught to bow before him—to do him honor; that is all. He is always going to the hunt, or to a state council, or to a ball when we meet. He pats my head; he tells me to be cheerful; he laughs with the waiting-ladies while he talks to me; he has only a few minutes to stay; people bring him messages, letters; perhaps some one of the gentlemen says: 'Your majesty will be late.' Then he twirls his mustache and answers: 'Ah, true!' and then he goes. It is always that way; he has no sooner come than he is going. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Marigold, thoughtfully, "I understand."

"None of the others will let me love them," continued the Prince. "I think it is because they fear me too much. Only a few have the right to speak when I do not address them. Once I asked why this was so, and a page told me it was because I am so great. I do not feel at all great; surely, I look very frail and small; every mirror in the palace tells me that. And yet, do you know, Little Marigold, that it takes five gentlemen-in-waiting



to put me to bed, and five more to give me my dinner?"

"That must be very bad," said Marigold. She was thinking of how she ate her own dinner of barley or boiled herbs, sometimes carrying it out under the big wild-grape vine near the old well, with no attendants but a stray thrush among the leaves, or the quaint grigs in the grass.

"Now tell me of these whom you call the poor," said the Prince, and he laid one of his slight hands on Marigold's plump arm.

And then Marigold answered, to the best of her young wit. And when she told him of the famine and woe that she had seen here in his father's own city, and how people said that all the evil sprang from the King's heedless rule, the Prince leaned his head on his hand and sat mute for a very long time, with lowered eyes.

But at last several courtiers entered the chamber, and Marigold was led away and left in a great room that overlooked a marble balcony half smothered in pink roses. She watched the joyous view till she grew tired; then she dropped asleep on a great damask couch, and the sun slanted low, and the day darkened around her while she slept.

It was quite dark when something awoke her. But the light of a taper shone in her face, and while starting up from the couch she saw that the Prince stood beside her. Some one else held the taper, however, and, as Marigold's senses cleared, she perceived that this some one was the fool whom she had seen in the morning. But he might now have passed for a wise man, this same fool, his gaudy, bell-trimmed dress being changed for one of dark cloth. And the Prince was likewise clad.

Then, while Marigold was rubbing her eyes, since she was still but half awake, the Prince touched her arm and said, in a voice that was faint, yet clear and firm:

"Do not be afraid, Little Marigold. It is only the fool and I. He has helped me, as I knew that he would, and you and he and I are going on a journey."

"On a journey!" repeated Marigold, now quite roused.

"Yes," replied the Prince. "You shall see. Make no noise, but come with us."

The Prince held out his hand. Marigold rose and took it. Then the three passed from the room, and went through many long, still corridors, guided by the fool, who had blown out his taper, since the lamps hanging in these various passages made it no longer needful. And at length they came forth into the open starlight, through a small outer door which the fool unlocked with a key that he carried.

Then they stole across the palace grounds, in and out of the groves and bosks of shrubbery, fearful of being discovered by the guards. But the fool was wary, taking a roundabout route and letting his keen eyes peer through the darkness with much caution. And at last they reached the street through a narrow gate-way to which the fool, by some artful means of his own, had also procured a key.

"Let us follow him," whispered the Prince to Marigold, pointing toward the fool, who walked ahead. "He knows where I wish to go."

The Prince had given Marigold a dark cloak like that which he himself wore. The hour was still early; they met several passers, but their plain attire and the obscure dusk together saved them from notice. For some time the streets which they traversed were of noble breadth and lined with wealthy homes; but finally these grew crooked, ill-lit, and noisome. Groups of ragged people lounged in the door-ways; sometimes a child's cry sounded shrill and mournful; here and there a candle flickered in the small, cramped rooms, where gaunt forms lay stretched in weary postures.

The fool paused and looked at his young master. The Prince grasped little Marigold's hand still tighter, and shuddered.

"And so these are the poor?" he said, in low yet deep tones.

"Yes," said Marigold.

"Strange!" murmured the Prince, as if to himself. "I have never known of them till to-day. What right had I to be sad when these were suffering and dying so near me?"

The fool came close to the Prince's side. His lean, grim face was all wrinkled with hidden laughter. "So ho! your highness," he chuckled, "here are the folk that pay for your royal father's feasts and hunts. The roasted ortolans and peacocks, the costly fish and the precious wines, are all flavored with their tears, only you that eat and loll at your ease don't care for that."

The Prince grew pale in the faint light where they stood; the fool half turned away, chuckling to himself.

"I wonder if he is really a fool?" thought Marigold. "I hardly understand what he says, but it does not sound very foolish, somehow."

Just then the Prince moved toward a group of rough men in tattered garments, who stood together under one of the few lamps. He drew Marigold along with him. "Be careful, your highness," whispered the fool; but whether the Prince heard or no, he did not heed this warning.

"Will you tell me what it is that makes you poor?" he said, looking straight at the nearest

man of the group, and speaking with bold yet mild voice.

The man stared and laughed; he had on a dingy, wine-red jerkin that was frayed and torn; one of his feet was bare, the other wore a shoe with a long point at the toe and trodden down at the heel.

"What makes me poor, my lad?" he said, while the laugh died on his lips and a drawn, fierce look followed it. "Why, because the King and his court feast and game and hunt all day long, and lay taxes on the people to help feed their pleasures."

There was a silence. "Then the King is not a good man?" asked the Prince, with his dark, still eyes fixed full on the hollow-cheeked face above his own.

"He's a brave King," cried another voice in the crowd. "He fought well in the last wars. We can't forget that."

An old woman had pushed forward by this time, joining the gathered men. Gray hairs straggled over her brow, seamed with deep lines; her dress was a mass of rags. Want had gnawed her to the bone. She lifted one skinny hand and shook it with an air of rage.

"Who cares if the King is brave?" she cried, her voice all a wild whine. "We forget it, and it is he who makes us forget it. He fills himself with good cheer while we starve. He has no more time to make just laws for his realm. He must tread the dance instead, with the last court-beauty; he must play at tennis; he must rattle the dice with his lords; he must squander dainties on his son—him that they call the Sad Little Prince. Sad, indeed! He should have something to make him sad, the idle, lounging youth! Let him come here and see the babies dying on their mothers' breasts! Let him live on a crust a day, and less, as we are forced to live! Then he might be sad in good earnest. Then he might droop in his gilded chair, and dream that the whole world had gone awry! Bah! I would like to speak my mind to the King! I would like to say my say to the spoiled boy that he loads with sweets whose cost for one week would keep us wretches hale and strong for a year!"

The Prince was looking straight at the old woman as she ended this angry outburst. Mari-gold saw that his lip was quivering, and that a great tear was on either of his pale cheeks. Perhaps the dimness made no one else see this save Mari-

gold; she was so close to him. After a little pause, the Prince said, very slowly, to the old woman:

"I think you are right, though you are angry. People who are angry are not often right. But perhaps you shall not always suffer. Perhaps there will be a change. It may happen soon—I don't know. Tell your beads to-night and pray for it."

His eyes were full of tears now, and his voice trembled. Only Mari-gold saw the tears, but all heard the new voice with which he spoke. A murmur rose in the crowd. The wan faces leaned forward, eager and curious.

"Who are you?" cried a voice. "You are no child of the people. You do not speak as we



"THEY STOLE FROM OUT THE PALACE GROUNDS."

gold speak. Where did you get that look? It is like one of the Saints'."

"Come," whispered the fool, who stood behind the Prince and plucked his cloak. "Come, or it will be too late."

"Tell us who you are!" now cried the old woman; and she caught the front of the Prince's cloak as if to tear it away from his slight form.



"No—stay!" said a fourth voice, dragging the old woman back. "It may be a miracle. Perhaps he is the Holy Child come to us in flesh and blood from the Madonna's arms. Who knows?"

A sudden awe seemed to fall on the group. Many of the rough men crossed themselves, receding several steps.

At this point the fool threw his arm about the Prince and hurried him onward, while his hand still clung to Marigold's. No one followed the three as they sped along with fleet haste. In silence they glided onward through the squalid streets. At last they were in the haunts of thrift and wealth once more. The Prince drew a deep breath as he pressed Marigold's hand.

"Oh, Little Marigold," he said, "you don't know what a change you have wrought in me! I shall never be sad again. I have no right to be. I must think only of making others happy!"

When they reached the palace grounds, the fool unlocked the small entrance as before. But as they were moving across the lawns a gleam of near lights came to them through the thick screens of trees.

"What are those lights?" asked the Prince, pausing.

"Your father holds high revel to-night," answered the fool, "in his grandest pavilion."

The Prince seemed to muse for a moment. "Little Marigold and I will go to the revel," he said.

The fool gave one of his loudest chuckles, but there was more surprise than mirth in the sound. "In that dress," he said, "your highness will look like a beetle among so many butterflies."

"Come," said the Prince to Marigold. The two children went across the lawns together, till the lights grew very near and bright. Sweet music floated to them across the starry dimness. Presently a splendid pavilion rose before them, all ablaze with lamps. It was propped on slim pillars that were wound with blossoming vines. Its floors were crowded with gayly dressed people, whose gems flashed and whose ribbons fluttered.

"Are you afraid?" said the Prince, pausing and turning to Marigold.

"No," answered Marigold, shaking her head. "There is something in your face and the clasp of your hand that makes me brave."

They walked onward. When they came to the stately steps of the pavilion, two armed men moved forth from the shadow.

"You can not pass," said one of the men. "We do not know you."

"Besides," growled the other, "this is no place for children."

Marigold's companion threw back his cloak. A

star of diamonds, like that which the King had worn in the wood, only smaller, burned on his breast.

"I am the Prince," he said.

The men drew back, quick as thought, and bowed so low in their clinking armor that the plumes of their helmets nearly swept the ground. Then the Prince and Marigold passed up the lofty flight of steps together.

As they came among the merry-makers, many eyes were turned upon their small, dark-clad figures. But presently, "It is the Sad Little Prince," passed from lip to lip.

A sort of awed hush fell upon the revel. Everybody stopped dancing. The music ceased as well, for the players, though hid in a distant bower of leafage, had seen the sudden commotion and wondered at its cause.

The Prince, still holding Marigold tightly by the hand, moved onward. His head was thrown a little back; his pale, boy-face seemed cut from marble; they who watched him told themselves that he had never before looked so like his dead mother, who had been a good and lovely queen.

At the farther end of the vast room was a dais, and here, in a high chair of gold scroll-work, sat the King. A throng of courtiers were about him. He wore a dress of black velvet slashed with scarlet, and a circlet of rubies on his head, that made a line of living fire. He started up as the Prince, with Marigold at his side, drew nearer, pausing near the dais.

"My son," exclaimed the King, "why are you here?"

There was a dead silence. The Prince stood erect and calm; his dark cloak fell about his slender form in graceful folds; the diamond star was still visible on his breast—the star that it was death for any in that great kingdom to wear, save his father and himself.

His voice rang clear and full when he now spoke. It was not like a boy's voice, nor yet was it deep as the voice of a man. But all who heard it were thrilled, as though from the first notes of a mellow flute when touched by master-fingers.

"Father," he said, "I have come to tell you that you can change all my sadness, if you so wish, into deep rejoicing. For Marigold has taught me what I never knew before—that there are thousands in the world who suffer, while I am guarded from the least real pain. And to-night Marigold and I have gone into that dreary part of the city where men and women and children are calling to you for mercy from the famine, while you will not hear. And they say bitter things against you, and they are right to say them. But if you will not aid these unhappy folk, give me the power

to do so, and by thus filling my mind with their sore needs I shall live a new life and forget the strange woe that has weighed upon me. You yourself sent me Little Marigold, and it is she whose simple speech, though she guessed it not at the time, has shown me that my dismal mood was a sin. For while I mope and grieve because of nothing, while you dance and laugh and speed the chase, our land, that looks to you as its head and help, lies waste for leagues. Not as father, but as King, I plead of you to save and succor your people. Not as your son, but as the King that is to be, I cry out to you this night. Even as I have cast off my trance of gloom, do you fling aside, O King, the trance of neglect that has wrapped your heart, lest they whom you now wrong rise up and tear you from your throne, seizing by force the food and alms that you deny them!"

As the Prince's voice grew still, a low murmur ran through all the rich hall, for he had spoken not as a child, but as one inspired by some wise and pure spirit.

Every eye was now fixed on the King. At the boy's first words, his face had clouded with wrath, but in the silence that followed the Prince's earnest speech he stood with downcast head, as though stung by exceeding shame.

Then, while all gazed upon him in wonder, he took the circlet of rubies from his brow and cast it under foot. And afterward he thus spoke, in a voice that trembled as none present had ever heard it tremble till now:

"The Prince is right. And even as you have seen me throw these jewels beneath my feet, so shall I fling aside all aims of giddy pleasure in the future, till the people over whom God has appointed me justly to rule are once again blest with ease and thrift."

Then for a moment the King paused, and a smile of mockery curled his lips as he looked around at the bright-robed throng about him.

"Oh, my courtiers!" he said, pointing to the form of Marigold, where she stood with her hand still clasped in the Prince's, "not one of all you here could lift the veil of darkness from my son's mind and soul as yonder little child has done!"

Then the King descended from the dais, and went up to Marigold and kissed her, while she stood barefoot amid the splendid throng. And after that he kissed his son, and giving to each of the children a hand, he passed with them out from the pavilion, while a great silence reigned among the amazed courtiers.

On the morrow the King rose a new man. The forest glades rang no more with the bugles of his hunting-train; his halls of feast were void and still; the gaming-board knew him no longer. But, in place of this, he sat for hours in his chamber of council; he rode abroad dispensing humane charities; by degrees the famine lessened, and the land grew loud in praise of his merciful deeds. And the Prince often rode at his side, or sat near him while he framed new laws for the common good of his subjects.

Nor was the Prince any longer called sad, for a look of sweet joy lit his face, and he was like some slender flower that has drooped with drought, but raises itself in new balm and beauty after freshening rain.

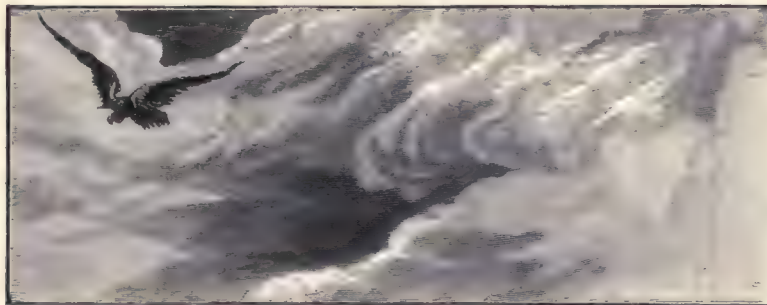
As for Little Marigold, she would have gone back in content to her lowly parents and dwelt on the woodside as before. But this the King would not allow.

He sent rich gifts of value to her parents, but retained her in the palace. He had her taught by learned masters and trained in all the gentle niceties of life. And her grace and loveliness waxed with years, till at last she had grown a fairer maiden than any in the kingdom. And when the hour was ripe, he gave her in marriage to the Prince, who had learned tenderly to love her, and was now tall of stature and most comely of presence. And when, in due time, the King died, she became Queen Marigold, reigning with her lord.

Already it had passed into a legend how she had saved the people from sharp suffering in her early childhood; and for this reason, and because of many sweet virtues afterward shown, the long reign of Queen Marigold was full of peace, honor, and love.







## THE DROP AND THE CLOUD.

BY L. D. BREWSTER.

IN a mountain spring, a crystal drop  
Came trembling up to the glassy top :  
It came from the dark, cool depths of earth  
And the sunlight kissed it at its birth.

Far up in the azure realms of sky,  
The clouds of summer were sailing by,  
And the little drop looked up, and said,  
As it saw the glory overhead,  
“ Oh, would that to me the boon were given  
To move in the shining ranks of heaven ! ”

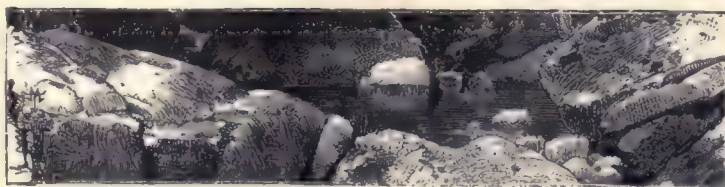
And oft again in its downward course,  
As it hurried from its mountain source,—  
A bubble, borne by the brimming brook  
To many a wild and shadowed nook,  
Or loitered slow with the wayward stream,—  
It thought of its childhood's sky-born dream.  
But on and away the waters flow,  
Through woodland and meadow far below,  
Over sandy plain and stony bank,  
And through swamps, like jungles, dense and  
rank ;

Imprisoned long within rocky walls,  
Now plunging down over dizzy falls,  
They turn the wheels of the busy mill ;  
Now white with foam, now dark and still,  
Till at length a river, deep and wide,  
It flowed where cities stood by its side,  
And at last the river reached the sea,  
And the dream and dreamer ceased to be :

The drop was lost in the heaving deep,  
Where all the rivers of earth must sleep.

But the sun that kissed the new-born drop,  
And whose floods of sunbeams never stop,  
Had not forgotten his little child,  
Born of a mist in the mountain wild,  
And he loosed his threads of golden light,  
And up from a wave of snowy white  
The drop was lifted so tenderly  
It never knew when it left the sea,  
But found itself drawn up to the sky,  
Afloat in the heavens, soft and high,  
As free as the winds of airy space,  
As fair as the morning's tender grace.

One tranquil eve, 'mid the purple ones  
That shine in the light of setting suns,  
It saw far down on the distant earth  
The forest-spring where it had its birth,  
And all of the winding way it went,  
With many a murmur of discontent ;  
And the early dream came back again,  
As the thoughts of youth come back to men :  
That thread of silver that ever turned  
Away from the skies for which it yearned,  
That wandering life of fall and foam  
That seemed to lead it away from home—  
It now could see was the very road  
That led it up to its blest abode.



## A NEW MOTHER HUBBARD.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.



MISS POLLY BETSEY PATTERSON,  
In a Mother Hubbard cloak  
And a Mother Hubbard bonnet,  
With a most bewitching poke,

One morning met a curly dog.  
He was of medium size—  
His ears were drooped, his tail was limp,  
And the tears stood in his eyes.

Said Polly to the curly dog:  
"Why do you look so sad?"  
"Because," replied he, with a sniff,  
"The times are very bad.

"You see," said he, "the streets are full  
Of little Mother Hubbards,  
But though I've wagged my tail most off,  
They never speak of cupboards."

Said Polly Betsey: "Come with me.  
'T would melt a heart of stone!  
I'll give you lots of bread and  
milk,  
And a juicy mutton-bone."

She took him home and fed him well;  
His tears were turned to laughter;  
And now, wherever Polly goes,  
The curly dog trots after.





## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## MART BEGINS A SCRAP-BOOK.

THE retirement of Lew Bartland rendered another meeting of the club necessary, in order to fill the vacant office of commodore.

It was held early in the following week. Lew was not present, and the Web Foote faction had everything its own way. Web had some opponents among the Tammoset boys and Lew's Dempford friends; but they could not unite upon any one candidate, and, when the ballot was taken, Web was elected by a large majority.

It was just what he expected. He was at the summit of his ambition. He was jubilant—he walked upon air.

A committee of ten members was then chosen, "to decide what measures should be taken for the removal of the obstructions in the river"; in other words, to get rid of the Tinkham Brothers' mill-dam. Somehow the impression had got abroad that it would not be safe for individuals to meddle with it without a strong backing. The time had come, therefore, when it behooved the valiant Argonauts to take action as a club.

After the meeting had adjourned, the new committee held a consultation with closed doors. Its deliberations remained a mystery; but the election of the new Commodore made no little noise in both towns. The *Dempford Gazette* had a paragraph about it:

"We understand that the special meeting of the Argonaut Club on Tuesday evening was a perfectly harmonious gathering; and that Webster Foote, Esquire, was chosen Commodore—*vice* Lew Bartland, resigned—by an almost unanimous vote. This means the speedy destruction of all impediments to the free navigation of our beautiful river. Among our rising young men, there is not one more popular or more prominent just now than Commodore Foote."

We will not begrudge the new Commodore the gratification with which he read this bit of local gossip. He saw it first in the *Dempford Gazette*; and it was natural that he should send at once for the *Tammoset Times*, for the pleasure of seeing it there also. It was the same paper masquerading under another name across the river.

The Tinkham Brothers likewise took pains to procure a copy of the *Times*, having heard that

there was something in it about the mill-dam troubles. Rupe brought it to them one afternoon in the mill. They read the paragraph with different feelings from those it inspired in the swelling bosom of Commodore Foote. But they were not dismayed.

"That's the same strutting little fellow who wanted to know what we were going to do with our d-a-am!" drawled Mart.

Upon which Lute, whose ingenuity sometimes extended to the making of a pun, stuttered out:

"I knew by his g-g-gait that he would be c-c-commodore!"

"By his *gate* that he would become a *door*! O Lute! O Lute!" cried Rush, shaking with laughter; while Mart merely drew down the droll corner of his mouth and gave Lute a reproachful glance.

"I hear there has been a good deal of this kind of l-l-literature in the papers," said Lute. "And I should n't wonder if there would be m-m-more before they get through with us."

"We'll begin a scrap-book," said Mart, cutting out the paragraph with a chisel on his work-bench. "This may be the nucleus of a large and interesting volume."

"The confounded editors!" exclaimed Rush. "They always take the popular side of a question like this."

"Must n't b-blame 'em," said Lute. "If they should take the other side, how would their bread get b-b-buttered?"

"I would try to take the side of justice, if I went without butter and bread, too!" rejoined Rush. "What do they know about us and our business here? An item like that will prejudice hundreds of people!"

"And sell perhaps a hundred extra p-p-papers," said Lute. "We must n't let Mother see *that*!"

"No," said Mart, carefully folding the nucleus of his future volume and placing it in his pocket-book. "We'll let her be happy and sleep nights as long as she can. There's worry enough in store for her, I'm afraid."

"When she *does* find out, as I suppose she will some time," Rush replied, "we want to be able to say, 'Oh, yes! Trouble about the dam? of course! There has been all the time, but we have n't minded it, and the dam is still there!'"

"If it *is* still there, as I t-t-trust it will be," said Lute. "What makes the Argue-nots" (the boys

had taken up Mr. Rumney's word) "so quiet just now, I wonder? Planning their c-c-campaign, I suppose."

Nothing which the boys could think of had been neglected in preparing for all possible contingencies, only Mart would not yield to the clamorous request of the younger boys that they might go to town and borrow their Cousin Tom's revolver. Cousin Tom was sick, and they knew he would be glad to lend it in a good cause.

"No, boys," Mart said, "I don't want any weapons deadlier than what we've got. Not at present. I should be sorry to shoot anybody. It would n't look well, and I don't believe I should be happy about it afterward."

"Not in defense of your property?" cried Rupert.

"Not even in defense of our property. This carrying revolvers is a foolish business, as a general thing."

"It's c-c-cowardly!" said Lute.

"But Cousin Tom carries one."

"He carried one in Texas, where he did n't like to go unarmed among armed and violent men. That's another thing."

"Don't we expect to have violent men to deal with?" said Rush, who saw the wisdom of Mart's decision, and yet had a boyish inclination for revolvers.

"Yes, rather!" drawled Mart. "And there's no knowing what they may drive us to. But I don't want to meet 'em with a pistol in my fist, if I can help it. A time might come, you know, when I could n't resist the temptation to use it."

Meanwhile, the brothers kept careful watch over their property by day, and at bed-time every night one of the older ones returned quietly to the mill. There a bed of shavings was prepared, and there he lay down in his clothes, by an open window overlooking the dam.

Attached to a nail within reach of his hand was the end of a piece of twine, which was a ball by day, but which also, every evening, was carried on its unwinding way out of the mill, thrown up the bank, unrolled along the ground, and finally tossed, what was left of it, into a window of the house. Behind the window, which was left open, another of the boys slept, with that end of the string tied to his wrist; while the other end, as said before, remained fastened to the nail in the mill.

Lute was generally the one to betake himself to the pile of shavings, because he was a light sleeper. The first sound of marauders trying their operations would have been sure to wake him. Then a jerk of the string would have been enough to bring the other boys at once to his assistance.

Every morning the twine, cast loose from the

casement, was drawn along the ground and over the bank by a pair of hands at the mill, wound in a ball, and kept ready for use the next night. All which was most carefully done, in order not to excite the suspicions of the mother.

Still, no marauders came. Everything was ominously quiet; it was like a calm preceding a storm.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE NEW COMMODORE'S NEW YACHT.

It was still early in the season for many boats to be passing the dam. If one appeared when the flash-boards were in, the brothers made haste to remove them and let it through, often receiving scanty thanks for their pains.

"No matter for their thanks," said Mart, as Rush one day complained of this lack of civility. "That's an article they can be as stingy of as they please. We'll treat 'em well a good deal longer than they treat us well."

Then, one afternoon, an incident occurred.

Web Foote had had a very good sail-boat the year before, but it had been beaten in one or two races late in the season, and as he could not bear to be beaten in anything, he had, during the winter, been building a new yacht, which was expected to outstrip everything of its size that sailed.

It was now finished. Originally called the "Nymph," immediately on his accession to office he had hastened to have the name changed to the "Commodore," much to the distress of the painter, who found difficulty in lettering so broad a name upon so narrow a stern. The boat was sharply built, fore and aft; besides, Web insisted on having the letters large.

The yacht was launched, and the new letters on the stern were hardly dry, when the Commodore started one afternoon to take his namesake up the river.

He would have liked the glory of sailing from Dempford, with his commodore's pennant flying, announcing to all the world the new dignity of the owner. But, though wind and tide were favorable, there were bridges in the way of the mast, which had to be laid ignominiously from stern to stem, with its long, taper end projecting forward over the water.

Web had expected a friend to make the trip with him, but the friend had not come; and, after waiting an hour, the impatient Commodore set out, accompanied only by a stout boy in a small boat.

The small boat had the yacht in tow; and the stout boy did the rowing, assisted by the tide; while the Commodore, on board the larger craft, gave useless orders and steered unnecessarily.



They made a prosperous start. But, in addition to the hour's delay in waiting for his friend, Web found that the tide was an hour earlier than he had supposed. That made two hours. The result was that, in order to get the yacht up into the lake that afternoon, the high-souled Commodore had to get down into the skiff, and pull an oar with the boy.

That vexed Web Foote. He was mad at his friend who had failed him, mad at the boy who did not row faster, mad at the bridges which were in the way of his sail, and mad at the tide which turned before they reached the dam.

Then, you may be sure, he was thrice mad at the dam itself, when they came to it, and found the flash-boards in.

"I wish Milt Buzrow was here with his crow-bar!" he said, mopping the sweat of toil and rage from his face.

In the absence of Buzrow and crow-bar, he was constrained to stop at the mill and send the boy in with an impertinent message to the owners:

"Tell 'em Commodore Foote is here with his yacht, and if they don't pull out their flash-boards he'll smash 'em!"

Which the boy, overawed, perhaps, by the sight of the big brothers, wisely modified thus:

"Commodore Foote would like to have you take up your flash-boards, and let his yacht through."

"Commodore Foote shall be accommodated," said Mart.

The brothers had watched the Commodore's approach; and, while they laughed to see him fume at the oar, and glance wildly over his shoulder at the dam, they had awaited with some concern to see what he would do. Lute had even overheard the original order to the boy.

"Did you tell 'em what I told you to?" Web demanded, when the boy went out to him.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the boy, who had been informed by him, on starting from Dempford, that that form of expression was nautical, and would be becoming in him; though it might be varied sometimes, by "Ay, ay, Commodore!"

"And what did they say?"

"They said Commodore Foote should be accommodated."

"Well for them! Up with your flash-boards here!" Web called out haughtily to Mart, who followed the boy from the mill. "I can't be kept waiting all day!"

Mart concealed his irritation, if he felt any, by an amused drawing down of his mouth, and an exaggeration of his usual drawl.

"Don't be impatient, my little man! I'll let you through in a minute."

He was stooping with great deliberation to reach

the ropes that fastened the boards to the post, when the Commodore retorted, sharply:

"Don't *little man* me! I'd have you know that you are talking to Commodore Foote, of the Argonauts!"

"Commodore Foote, or Commodore Little-toe, it does n't make much difference to me," said Mart, holding the ropes, but leaving the boards in their place. "You won't get through any sooner for being so excessively polite."

"I'll make a hole in your dam!" And, springing on board the yacht, the Commodore seized and brandished a boat-hook.

"You can do that; and other people can make a hole in your yacht, and in you too, if necessary," said Mart. "You have n't a monopoly of making holes, by any means. I'm going to let you pass."

So saying, he pulled up the flash-boards. The retarded water swept through in an impetuous current. The stout boy in the small boat pulled in vain against it, with the yacht pulling more powerfully in the other direction. Web missed a stroke at the platform with his boat-hook; and the yacht, swinging about, was drifting down-stream, towing the tow-boat stern-foremost, when Mart caught hold of the projecting end of the mast, and stopped it.

"See what a bother your dam is!" snarled Web.

"Yes," drawled Mart, starting the yacht forward again. "It's a necessary evil. Why don't you sail up in this wind?"

"Don't you see the bridges?" retorted the furious Commodore.

"Oh! the bridges are a bother, too!" said Mart. "Why don't you have 'em taken away? Seems to me I would! I don't see what right they have to stop one of your pretty little pleasure-boats."

"You talk like a fool!" said Web.

"No matter how I talk, as long as I am helping you in a good, sensible way," Mart replied, with strong arms shoving the yacht ahead. "Don't you remember, I said I would do all I could to oblige *gentlemen*? It's a pleasure to help one who is so very civil."

"Lucky for you the opening aint too narrow for my breadth of beam!" said the little Commodore—speaking of the yacht, of course, and not of his own personal dimensions, as Mart by his smile seemed inclined to construe him. "There'll be bigger boats than mine going up here soon. Do you know what'll happen then?"

"I suppose the bridges, if any are left, will all be draw-bridges, and dams will have locks," Mart answered.

"A lock is just what we p-proposed to build, in

the first place," said Lute, who, with Rush, had come out to stand by his brother and see the yacht through. "It would help you m-m-more than the dam hinders. Don't you see?"

Skiff and yacht were now well through the dam, but the current was strong against them, until Lute

"We are not going to be bothered by any lock, or any dam either! That's what'll happen!"

"The 'C-c-commodore!'" said Lute, reading the name on the stern. "He shows about as much good t-t-temper as he does good t-t-taste."

"I don't see how you could keep from catching



illustrated his meaning by putting in the flashboards. This at once set the water back, and made the further progress of the boats up to the outlet comparatively easy. Nevertheless, Web's last word were flung back spitefully at the mill-owners:

him up by the nape of the neck, and giving him a good ducking!" Rush said, excitedly, to Mart. "I would, if I had been you."

Mart smiled grimly.

"No, you would n't, Rocket! It is n't quite time for that. Come, boys!"



"What a club it must be that is bossed by such a p-p-puppy!" said Lute, as they went back into the mill.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

MRS. TINKHAM was a woman of keen observation; and Letty and the boys were in constant fear lest something should happen, or some unlucky word be let fall, that might defeat all their plans for preserving her peace of mind—so sure were they that her feeble health and maternal anxiety would not let her sleep, as they did, when she should know all.

It was indeed a wonder that she could be kept in ignorance so long. But the younger ones guarded well their tongues, and, so far, suspicious circumstances and unlucky allusions to the dangerous subject in her presence had been lightly explained away.

"How long can we keep it up?" they asked themselves, watching her pale, serene face with tender concern, and dreading the time when the threatened storm should burst.

The day after Commodore Foote took his yacht up the river was Saturday, on which day Letty ran out to the mill, in a flutter of excitement, to carry her brothers a bit of joyful news.

"Who do you think has come to the house? My old school-mate, Tilly Loring! I thought you would want to know in time, to brush up a little for dinner."

The necessity of brushing up a little to meet a pretty girl of sixteen made her visit rather an embarrassing pleasure to the busy boys. But they gave an extra five minutes to their toilet that day, and were amply repaid in smiles by the charming Matilda.

"I'm so glad you've come, on M-m-mother's account!" was Lute's cordial greeting. "She has hardly seen a friendly face since we c-c-came here."

"Don't the neighbors call on you? How strange!" said the visitor. "I thought that it was the custom in the country to call on newcomers."

"So did I," replied the widow. "And to tell the truth, I rather dreaded making acquaintances. I wanted to be alone with my children, and enjoy our new happiness. We *have* been let alone to our hearts' content."

"They don't seem to be a very social set just around here," said Letty, who thought she knew well enough why people avoided the new family that had come to the mill. "But some have called to see the boys on business."

That was one of the convenient phrases those

youthful conspirators used, to keep their mother in ignorance of what was going on.

"It's all business," she said. "And I am glad; for that makes them happy."

"It makes us almost too happy!" said Mart. "We don't care to have quite so much on our hands as we have had lately. Some things are quite too pressing."

"Even the girls who call have some business errand," said the widow. "Two drove into the yard one day, and I thought surely we were going to have visitors. But no! they had only brought some message to the shop."

They were now seated at table; and Matilda—or Tilly, as everybody called her—placed between Letty and Rush, was plied with questions regarding their friends in town.

She chatted merrily, telling all the news she could think of; but sobered suddenly when some one asked about Cousin Tom.

"Tom Darrill? oh! he is dreadfully sick, they say. It's consumption, after all, that he brought home with him from Texas; and they say he can't live."

"Oh, boys!" said the widow, "some of you must try to see him soon. He thinks so much of you!"

Then up spoke Rupert. "I've been wanting to go in and borrow his revolver, but the boys won't let me."

This was one of those indiscreet allusions to the great trouble which the younger ones would now and then let fall, in spite of themselves, and which had to be explained away.

"What do you want with his revolver?" the widow asked, surprised; while Rupert was overcome with sudden confusion.

"Boys have a m-m-mania for shooting," said Lute. "I've hardly outgrown it myself. But we've all got something to do, now, besides p-p-popping at a mark."

"I should hope so!" exclaimed the widow. "I've the greatest dread of pistols, and everything of the kind."

"I wish Tom would give me his revolver," said Rodman.

"The idea of your *wanting* a revolver, after what Mother has said!" rejoined Letty, and, to change the conversation, she turned again to Tilly, and begged her to "tell everything she knew about everybody else."

"Last Saturday," said Tilly, "I went to visit Sarah Ball. She lives in Dempford now, you know. How far is Dempford from here?"

"About a stone's throw from our b-b-bank," said Lute.

"What do you mean?" cried Tilly. "I supposed I was miles and miles away, or I should have come over to see you when we went out to ride."

"The town lies just across the river," said Rush. "But it's a mile or more to the village."

"So near? How I wish I had known! The Balls live in the village, and keep a horse and a boat. Boating will be all the rage there this season. They've got up a club; all the big boys are joining it, and all the little boys want to join it, too. They've been having a great excitement lately about choosing a commodore."

There was a pause, in which the widow, if she had not been intent on dishing out the pudding, must have noticed the startled and conscious glances the younger boys gave the older ones, and Letty's air of constraint. Lute stammered out:

"A commodore is an article no well regulated club is c-complete without. I hope they g-got one."

"They had one—a splendid fellow!" said Tilly. "But he resigned, and a new one was to be elected. Everybody was talking about it. It seems there has been a great fuss over a dam which somebody has put across the river."

At this, even the older boys were filled with consternation. But the mother went on, serenely dishing out the pudding.

"I've *heard* they were having some trouble with a dam," observed Mart. "Is n't it settled yet?"

"Oh, dear, no! and it is n't likely to be soon," Tilly rattled on, while Letty tried to silence her with a nudge. "The young men are all up in arms about it; and, of course, the girls and everybody else take their side. Somebody has put a dam right across the river to stop their boats. Of course, they won't stand it; and I would n't, either, if I were in their place."

"Have some p-p-pudding?" said Lute, taking a plate from his mother and passing it to the visitor.

"It's the meanest thing you ever heard of!" said Tilly, her warmth of manner showing how ardently she had espoused the cause of her Dempford friends. "Thank you," taking the plate. "Think of one man, or two or three (for I believe there are several owners of the factory—a large factory somewhere on the river) pretending they have a right to take all the water for their business, and not leave any for the boats."

Notwithstanding the anxiety they felt on their mother's account, the boys could n't but be amused at this version of the story.

"That does seem preposterous," said Mart. "I should think they might be contented with a fair share of the water, and leave some for other folks."

"Yes, indeed!" replied Tilly. "That's what everybody says. They're going to tear it away!"

"Tear what away?" said Lute. "The w-w-water?"

"No, the dam. It's decided now. The commodore who resigned was Lew Bartland. Every-

body likes him; and his sister, Syl Bartland, is a lovely girl—an intimate friend of my friends."

The boys did not dare look at each other. Mrs. Tinkham dished out the last of the pudding, while Tilly continued: "But Lew was too soft-hearted; he wanted to put off doing anything about the dam. So he got the whole club against him. They were going to put in his place a conceited fellow that nobody seems to like half so well. But he's awfully smart, they say; and he's dead-set against the mill-owners."

"In that case," said Rush, "I should think the mill-owners would give up and clear out."

"So should I!" Tilly exclaimed. "But they're as obstinate as they are mean."

"They must be very mean!" said Mart. "Think of their wanting to take all the water and stop all the boats! Where can this factory be, boys?"

"I don't know," said Rush; "and I have n't heard of any such men."

"I hope there won't be any trouble with *our* dam," said Mrs. Tinkham, placidly stirring her tea. "But I confess it has seemed to me as if something untoward must happen, we have been so very happy here."

"Why! have *you* got a dam?" cried Tilly.

"Yes, a little one—a sort of plaything for boys," said Mart. "But we don't take all the water and stop all the boats, do we, Lute? Not quite! You must go out and see it after dinner."

"And the seats in the willow-tree! I wrote you about them," said Letty. "It's a lovely spot."

She tried to change the conversation. But Tilly persisted in returning to the dangerous topic.

"The Argonauts belong to the best families in Dempford. That's what the club boys call themselves—Argonauts—though I hardly know why."

"In picking up so many interesting particulars about them," said Mart, "I wonder you did n't learn the origin of the name. Who were the old Argonauts, Rocket? You were reading up about them the other day."

"They were a boating-club named after their commodore's yacht, 'Argo'; their commodore was a fellow named Jason," was Rush's familiar version of the classic myth. "The 'Argo' was called a ship; but it was n't half so large as some yachts built nowadays; and Jason could n't have held a candle to your new Dempford commodore. They pretended to sail in search of a golden fleece; which means, I suppose, that they fleeced everybody they came across."

"You're making fun of me!" And Tilly turned her bright, questioning eyes on Master Rush.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Loring! It happened some time before any of the present Argonauts were born; thousands of years ago, in fact; that



is, if it ever happened at all. But it's as true, I've no doubt whatever, as the most important part of the story you've brought fresh from Dempford."

"What do you know about the Dempford Argonauts?" said Tilly, with puzzled surprise.

"A good deal; I should think I ought to! I've met some of them. And we can see their new clubhouse from our garden."

This was said as they were rising from the table.

"Can you? Show it to me!" exclaimed Tilly.

"I shall be delighted to," replied Rush; and they went out together. "You see the top of that square building over the hill yonder? That's it, on the shore of the lake that makes in there."

"Is that indeed the Argonaut Club's new house?" said Tilly, greatly interested, and shading her eyes with her hand to get a better view.

"Yes," said Rush. "And here is something else you have heard of." He led her to the edge of the bank. "This is the willow-tree; and down there, you see the water pouring over something like a low board fence?"

(To be continued.)

## A QUERY.



SAY! How old must a fellow be  
 (A fellow who's pretty old!)  
 Before he can follow the call of the sea,  
 And be a sailor bold?



AN APRIL DAY.



## ALONE IN ROME.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THERESA started from the uncomfortable sleep into which she had fallen in her low seat by the bedside of her husband, Luigi.

She had been awakened by a stream of sunlight coming in at the window of her room, high up among the roofs of Rome.

It was only reflected sunlight, but it was all the sunshine that visited the room shut in by the high walls opposite.

Luigi was sleeping now, and more quietly than for many days. His fever was less, and the deep color seemed fading from his cheeks. Perhaps it was because he was no longer so restless that she had been able to fall into this unexpected sleep. But now she must rouse herself, indeed.

Across the foot of the bed lay her boy, fast asleep, too, and she moved quietly, that she might not wake him, for she must go out. The sun warned her that it was late. She had promised her little boy she would go the first thing in the morning for some bread. Before he finally cried himself to sleep, his last words had been: "Oh, Mother! when it is morning, if I lie still, will you give me some bread?" And at intervals through the night he had awakened to sob out his appeal. His words still echoed in her ears. They had formed part of her dreams in her uneasy sleep. She must hurry out, while both were quiet; she must find some bread. Find bread? How should she do it? She had spent her only remaining *paoli* for their last loaf of bread, and the poor, bare room could show how she had parted already with everything of value they had possessed.

She went to the window and looked out through the small bit of reflected sunlight. On a turn of the roof, not far along, was another window, jutting out from a row of buildings facing in another direction. Here was a little balcony, where real sunlight fell upon a few pots of plants, and a young girl had just come to the window, and was scattering some crumbs for the birds that were fluttering around.

"Crumbs of bread, crumbs of bread!" said Theresa to herself, as she looked greedily at the crust that the gay young girl held in her hand. Some of the crumbs fell far down into the court below. Theresa would have liked to stretch out her hands to catch them. But the birds lingered on the edge of the balcony and found a full share.

"He careth for the sparrows," said Theresa to herself, as she turned back into the room and

looked at her sleeping husband and child. Lying on the bare table was a faded rose that she had picked up from the pavement the last time she had been down into the streets. Theresa laid it across her boy Maso's hand. It would say to him that she was coming back. She had told him she would go for bread in the morning if he were still.

She stopped to speak to the *padrona* (or landlady) as she went down, to tell her that she had left them both alone, and would soon come back. But the *padrona* was very cross. She turned her back upon Theresa, and would have nothing to say to her, but muttered something as she shrugged her shoulders.

Theresa left, thinking it as well to be spared her angry words. She knew, indeed, that she could not depend upon her for help in the sick-room, for the woman dreaded contagion, was afraid to go near the sick man, and would have liked to have driven them all out of the house, and for some days had been threatening to do so.

The streets seemed damp and cold, as Theresa came down, and the high, blank stone walls along the narrow lanes were wet with mold. No wonder she hurried along to the more sunny squares and wider streets.

She had learned how to make her way through crowded passages, how to "blot" herself against the wall to make room for a passing mule or donkey, for she had had some months' experience in Rome.

How different it had all seemed when Luigi first brought her there—proud and delighted to show her his beautiful Rome!

For she was born far away, in a quiet Maine village. It was strange how Luigi had found his way there, but he had come with some of his compatriots to one of the larger towns to find work as a house-painter, and in the summer had strayed into the country. He fell in love with and married Theresa, because, as he always said, she bore his mother's name—though his mother would spell it without the "h" (Teresa). But Luigi had many other reasons to give, even if Theresa's blue eyes and golden hair had not been enough. Theresa never thought it necessary to tell her reasons for marrying Luigi. But when his summer's job was done, she willingly went with him to New York to find more work.

Here they lived happily enough many years.

There was plenty of work for Luigi, and Theresa was glad in making his home happy.

But Luigi took a severe cold one December, and the doctors said he could not bear the changes of spring. He was himself very sure that Rome would cure him, and was glad to listen to their hopes of what his native air would do. So Luigi and Theresa took their little earnings and started on their way to Rome. They went first to Liverpool, where little Maso was taken ill, and the care of him used up a large portion of their small fortune. They drifted on to London, and here they found kind friends, and Luigi revived and had work.

They remained there till his cough came back, and then they set out again and went forward to Rome.

They arrived in the beautiful October weather, and Luigi's health improved directly and his spirits rose. He wanted Theresa to admire everything—even these narrow streets, with their picturesque arches and door-ways, that now she found so gloomy; and she, too, rejoiced in the sun, and the blue sky, with sunsets like those at home. But Luigi found all his old friends scattered and gone; and as for relations, he had never had any to leave, so there were none to find. And then there seemed to be nothing he could do, and the cough came back, and their money was dwindling away. So they had to leave the sunny apartment where they had ventured to live at first, and be grateful at last for the little room up many stairs, darkened by the high walls opposite, that shut out even the sky. And this room their cross *padrona* grudged them. Happily, they had paid her in advance, and they could stay some weeks longer; but then what should they do?

Little Maso had been so considerate and thoughtful. He had not complained when their fare had grown less and less. The day before, she could give scarcely any thought to him—could not even remember when or what food he had eaten last, because for two days Luigi had been at times delirious, often in high fever, and she had not dared to leave his side a moment.

She would not have called in a doctor, even if she had had the money to pay him, for she knew how to take care of Luigi—her nursing was better than any doctor's care.

But food he must have when his fever should leave him, and Maso must have his bread, and where could she find it? All her money was gone; where should she go?

She had no knowledge of the streets of Rome save what she had learned from Luigi. Indeed, the Epistle of Paul to the Romans had been her earliest association with the old city, and one of

the first questions she had asked Luigi, when they arrived, related to the Apostle. Where was Paul imprisoned, and where was the "hired house" in which he had lived two years?

Luigi could not tell her much about it, but he made some inquiries, and then took her to the small Church of Santa Maria, in Via Lata, said to be the actual house in which St. Paul lodged when in Rome. Theresa thought of this little subterranean church this morning. If this were indeed the first old, old church that ever was in Rome, ought there not to be Christians near who might help her in distress? She had never looked for American acquaintances in Rome, and would not know where to find Americans. Luigi's intercourse had been with his own people. And, indeed, even if she had known the name of some American minister or clergyman, she might have been too proud to ask for bread.

But something of the idea of the Christian Church came before her as she pondered—something prompted by the sight of the walls below the great dome of St. Peter's, in connection with the remembrance of that low church sunk beneath the pavement that might have been the church of St. Paul. She saw dimly a Christian Church that, after all, was neither of these, but a spiritual church with the majesty of the one and the simplicity of the other, and wide enough to welcome all the children of God. She did not think exactly this, but she dreamed of help that must come from some high source. As for human help, she had but one hope. A few days before he had been taken ill, Luigi had earned a little money by sitting as a model for some young artists he had met. They were a friendly set, but Theresa had not seen them since they had last moved.

One of them had wanted to have Maso sit for him some time—her pretty Maso, with his blue eyes and golden hair. Perhaps, if he would still like Maso to go to him, she could venture to ask directly for some money to buy bread.

Maso was looking a little wan now, but oh! what a pretty picture he made just as she left him.

She made her way then to the Piazza di Spagna, with its magnificent staircase leading to the Church of the Trinita del Monti, for here she might chance to meet some of the artists looking for a model.

It was a forlorn hope; but twice, when she had been here with Luigi, they had met with these young friends of his, and she knew they lived not far away.

Alas! she was too early for the artists. There was quite a crowd of people in the square, and some picturesque models were grouped on the stair-way of the church. She turned back toward



the fountain on the piazza, where the beggars were thronging. Such a handsome girl, with an Italian head-dress stood near them on the corner. Theresa looked at them all questioningly. Were

more foreign. She had a talent that way. Once, at home, long ago, she had dressed herself as a beggar, for a joke, and, going to her married sister's door, had begged for a crust of bread. Her sis-



THE GOULD HOME. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

they, too, starving? Did these women leave at home little boys pining for food, and husbands sick on their beds? They did not look so—they did not look worn or unhappy. Many of them were gayly laughing and talking. This was their daily business, and they earned more than enough for their daily bread.

A new thought struck her. She turned toward the fountain in the square, with its sparkling waters. About it often gathered a group of beggars. Old Sandro had just left his place, not far from the fountain. It was said, she remembered, that Sandro had heaped up a little fortune in the years he had been begging, and that he paid quite a sum for the privilege of sitting there.

Why could not she sit down in that empty place that old Sandro had left? Perhaps in a few minutes she might get two or three *centesimi*, enough to buy the bit of bread that Maso was starving for—and there was the bread! She was jostled just now by a brown Italian boy, with a tray of rolls upon his head, crying, "*Pane, pane!*" He had seated himself now on the steps, at a little distance, with the tray upon his knees. But she shrank from appearing like an American begging, and tried to wind her cloak about her, that she might look

ter herself had come to the door, and, not recognizing her, had given her a loaf of such nice bread! The remembrance of this came to her now like a flash, as she pulled her cloak over her shoulders. If her sister should see her now!—but she had no time to think; she must hurry, before old Sandro should be back. She hastily moved toward the place, when a voice stayed her—the voice of a lady, talking English to a young man. She saw them look, as she turned suddenly, and stopped, as if caught in a guilty act. "English! an American lady talking English!" Theresa said to herself. The lady saw Theresa start, and saw her worn and anxious face, as she stopped before her suddenly.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, after a moment. "You know me, perhaps?"

"Oh, no," said Theresa. "I was startled when I heard some one speaking English. It is so long since I have heard any English words. I talk it indeed, with my little boy, but it is long since I have heard it in the street."

"And I am an American, too, as you are," said the lady, "and I was talking English with *my* boy, though he is a grown-up one."

The young man seemed eager to go on, as if

annoyed that his mother should be talking in this crowded place with a woman in such a shabby waterproof. But his mother was not to be hurried away. There was something in Theresa's face that attracted her. She felt that there must be some deep misery hidden beneath its sad expression.

"What can I do for you? Will you not let me send one of those oranges to your little American boy?" she asked suddenly, as an orange-peddler jostled against the party still blocking the way.

Theresa's face lighted up, and she could not help involuntarily glancing toward the bread-vender sitting on the steps chatting with his friends, still with his tray of rolls on his knee. Her new friend saw the glance.

"Here, Frank, take my work," she said, as she drew some knitting out of a basket-bag she held; "I am going to send a lunch to the little American boy." In a few minutes she had filled the bag with rolls and oranges, and handed it to Theresa, who was standing watching her quick motions with distended eyes. As Theresa took the basket, she scarcely seemed to see from whom she received it. "It is a little breakfast for your boy, from your American friend," said the lady, rousing her.

Theresa took the basket mechanically, but her eyes were wandering. She seemed suddenly to become conscious of the sky—of the sunlight sparkling in the glittering waters of the fountain. Then she looked absently into the face of her kind friend, and exclaimed: "Indeed, the Church of Christ is in Rome! Thank you, dear lady. I was hoping for help, but almost in vain. You have saved my boy from starving!"

She then hurried away as though every moment were precious. The streets had never seemed to her so crowded before. How everybody pushed against her—the children, the screaming men and boys with their wares, and the beggars crowding one on another. She clutched the basket with a feverish grasp, lest she should lose any of its precious contents. At last she reached the house, and hastened up the stairs, so breathless that she had to sit a few moments on the top step to recover herself, and so absorbed in thought that she did not hear the voices of her new friend and the *padrona* talking below. When a little recovered, she opened the door quietly.

There was Maso, wide awake, and his face beamed with delight as she lifted up the basket, in silent answer to his silent question. For both of them knew they must be quiet, so as not to rouse Luigi.

As Theresa drew near to the bed, Luigi half opened his eyes, and smiled to see her by his side, and then turned over to go to sleep again. He knew her—he was better!

"Yes, Maso," she said in low tones to the boy, "bread for you, and oranges for Papa's parched mouth when he wakes."

"I will be very careful," said Maso, as he eagerly took the oranges and the rolls from the basket, counting them one by one. "You shall have your share, Mamma; and oh! we can make them last such a long time."

The door was partly open, and for a few moments Theresa did not see that the kind lady was standing there.

"Will you let me come in?" she asked at last, in a soft tone, that she might not wake the sleeper. "I have sent my boy to bring you something more substantial for your breakfast. We followed you, but you came so fast that we could hardly trace you. You were so pale, too, as you stood there, that I thought you were ready to faint, and I have told Frank to bring also a flask of wine."

It was needed when it came. The excitement of joy for poor Theresa was hard to bear, after all her struggle with herself, and she needed the bread as well as Maso. Her kind friend knew how to administer the food she brought. Theresa's little story was told plainly enough by the bare room in which she was found, and by the sick man at her side, and her own appearance showed how long she had herself been deprived of food. The kind lady did all she could for her then. Later in the day, she came with a proposition that seemed at first to come too suddenly to Theresa.

She would like to take little Maso directly to the Home—the Gould Memorial Home. What this was—what it meant—Theresa did not know, and how could she part with Maso? But her new friend told all her plan: that, as soon as possible, Luigi should be moved away out into the fresh air,—to Albano, to Frascati—somewhere where there might be hope of his recovery,—and meanwhile Maso should be taken to the Home.

"And it is a home—a real home," she went on, turning to Maso. "Mrs. Gould planned it for a home, full of little brothers and sisters, happy with their play and lessons, who sit down to dinner almost before they are hungry, and sleep in clean, soft beds at night."

Little Maso's eyes beamed as he listened.

"Yes," their new friend continued, "the children have their soup every day, and rice, or macaroni, or beans. Most of them grow fat and rosy, because they have enough to eat. They learn lessons every day, and the older ones are taught to print. And they have the love without which children can not be good and happy."

"Oh, take my boy in!" cried Theresa. "Oh, take him to this Home, and then I shall be free to work—shall be stronger to do it when I know that



he, at least, is not starving! Ah, it would break my poor mother's heart if she knew what we have suffered! But he has been so patient! And who is Mrs. Gould? May I see her? May I thank her? Ah! how could she know that there are little children whom their mothers would care for, if they could, but that they, too, have no home?"

"Alas!" said her kind friend, "our dear Mrs. Gould is no longer living, save as she lives in this kind work of hers. She had resided for many years in Rome, and seeing how much helpless poverty there was, and how the poor children suffered, her heart was moved for them."

"And could I learn to print?" exclaimed Maso, who had followed every word with eagerness. "Oh! let me go there now, if Mamma can come to see me! I want to learn to help her. I want to be made *right smart*!"

"Ah, it is American you talk with your little boy," said the lady, as she turned to Theresa, who was smiling at Maso's words. "But I knew you to be an American before you spoke."

"Yes, he is a Yankee boy," said Theresa. "We call him Tommy at home; but his father always called him Maso, and it has seemed more natural here. And I don't know why, but something in your voice made me know you to be an

American, and that was why I shrank at the thought of an American seeing me begging."

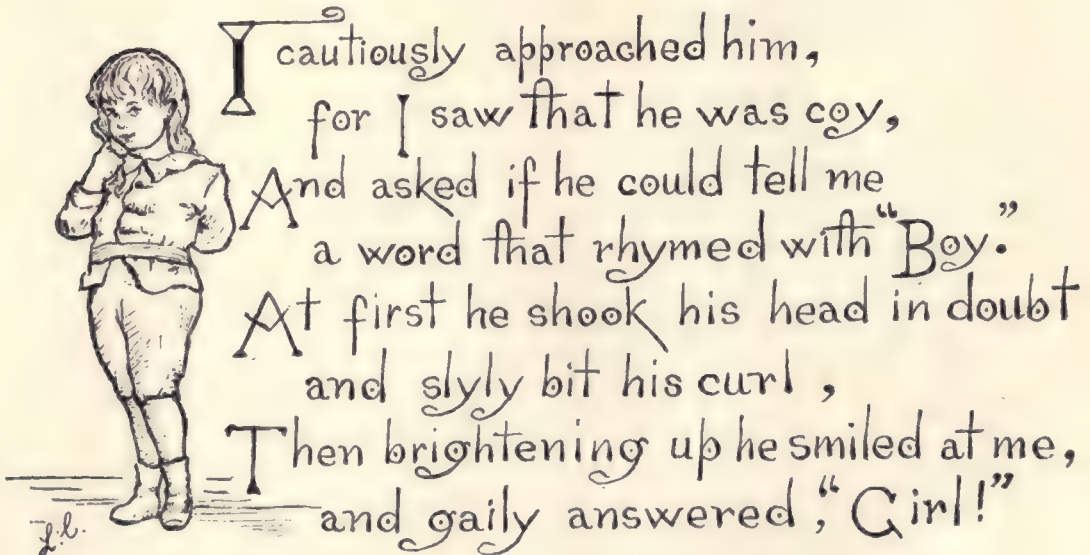
Theresa had told already the whole story of that day.

"You looked so pale and sad," said the lady, "I could not help following you."

"Ah, indeed! I must have been a beggar with my looks," said Theresa, with tears in her eyes. "But you will help me find work, will you not? I might have found work, perhaps, but I could not speak the language; and I was so anxious for Luigi that I was scarcely fit to undertake anything. But I can work—you will let me? And if it is a home for Maso, it must be best for him. Food for my boy! Ah! I have often had to put him to bed to make him forget his hunger. Yes, food and a good home for my poor, starving boy!"

This little boy, born in New York, the son of an American mother, rescued from starvation, was indeed taken to the Gould Home, where he is being taught to be, as he asked, "right smart."

Mrs. Gould little thought, when she planned a home for "foreign" waifs, that she would be able to give Christian help to the poor American mother who found herself destitute in the Eternal City, under the shadow of St. Peter's.



## "WHOOOP-EE!"—HOW I FRIGHTENED THE BEARS.

BY AN OLD CALIFORNIAN.



YEARS ago, when Indians and bears were plentiful in California and white men were not, on my way to San Francisco I was riding through what were known as the *tulé* marshes, bordering the San Joaquin River near its mouth. Those were days before railroads, steam-boats, or even ordinary sailing vessels, when journeys of four or five hundred miles were made on horseback—swimming streams when you came to them, or “canoeing” them when they were very wide, and leading your horse from the stern of the “dug-out.”

I was to cross the San Joaquin in this latter fashion, and was approaching the point from which travelers shouted to the Indian ferryman on the opposite shore, and called him over in his cranky craft.

The sun of a brilliant summer's day was setting behind me, and his dazzling rays, already nearly

level with the tops of the bushes that sprang up by the horse-path, lit up the tall, sturdy trunks of the forest trees that stretched far to my right. I was about breaking the silence of the vast solitudes by shouting with all my might, “Whoop-ee!” which was the ferry-call, and had just turned my horse's head toward the river-bank, when two bears, which had come down from the woods for their evening drink, and had been concealed from my view by the bend in the road and the tall bushes, suddenly appeared not twenty paces in front, scratching for roots in the middle of the road. Now, horses love bears about as much as do little children who have heard nurses' stories of them; so, no sooner had the beast on which I was riding caught a glimpse of the great, shaggy intruders, than he gave a snort of surprise, and whirled so suddenly in his tracks that I went over his side, saving



myself from a tumble only by clutching the high pommel of my California saddle and holding on for dear life. Back up the road scampered my flying steed, while I clung like a Camanche to his flanks. Righting myself in the saddle, however, I brought the heavy Spanish bit to bear, and soon reined in the frightened animal. I had much difficulty in making him face about, but the great, jingling spurs which we wore in those days were very persuasive, and, though with fear and trembling, the poor horse, puffing like a locomotive, began to retrace his steps.

We had gone back only a few yards when we saw the bears again, and, despite my own and the horse's nervousness, I burst out laughing at their comical appearance. They had been as much frightened, probably, as we, but seeing our cowardly flight, had taken courage and trotted up the road after us, until they came into the full glare of the sun; and there they both stood, motionless, on their hind legs, side by side, each shading his eyes with his right paw and apparently transfixed with wonder and amazement. Horses they were familiar with, because the plains of the San Joaquin were covered with roving bands of wild horses;

Indians they had occasionally seen and put to flight; but what that white-faced object, with the blue shirt and colored handkerchief around his neck, was, must have been to them, just then, the one absorbing inquiry of the bear intellect, for they were certainly taking their first look at a white man. The left paw of each hung by his side, limp and nerveless; and, under the paw which deftly and with a most ludicrous effect shaded the vision, the little, wide-open, piggish eyes were, in their puzzled expression, irresistibly comical.

I had no gun with me, and I don't think I should have used it if I had had one; but I bethought me of the ferry-call, and yelled, "Whoop-ee!" at the top of my lungs. That broke the spell and interrupted their gaze at the same moment, and two more frightened bears never got down from their hind legs and took to the woods.

The Indian ferry-man across the river gave me the answering shout, "Hy-yar!" and I shouted "Whoop-ee!" again. I heard the bushes clash and snap and break, as those two utterly astonished bears burst madly through them in their flight. I did not call them back.



## WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. IV.

## A PAPER BOAT.

BY DE COST SMITH.



ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF A PAPER BOAT.

DURING my last summer's vacation among the lakes of Central New York, I resolved to make, if possible, a paper boat which should be easy to row or paddle, light enough to be carried short distances with comparative ease, and, at the same time, safe and even durable if managed with reasonable care.

A short description of this boat, and the manner in which it was made, may be interesting.

It was to be twelve feet long. The first thing was to make a frame-work (Fig. 1—page 465), on which to stretch the paper. A board about a foot wide, an inch thick, and eleven feet six inches in length, was taken as a sort of keel, or backbone,

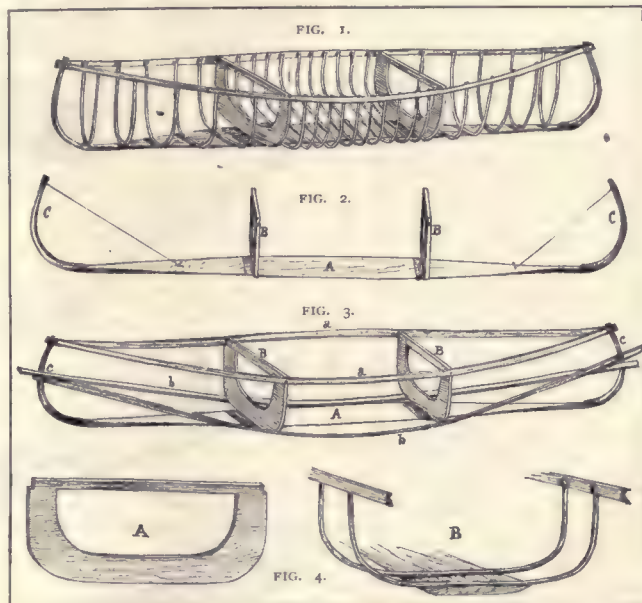
and was cut tapering, for about a third of its length, toward each end, and beveled on the under edges (A, Fig. 2). The cross-boards (B, B, Fig. 2) were next sawed from a pine plank one inch in thickness. These were shaped, as shown by A, Fig. 4, thirteen inches wide by twenty-six long, and cut away in the center to avoid useless weight. They were fastened cross-wise to the bottom-board, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2, with long, stout screws, so as to divide the keel into three nearly equal parts. Then the stem and stern pieces (C, C, Fig. 2) were added. These were of green elm, screwed to the bottom-board, and bent, as shown in Fig. 2, by means of a string or wire, fastened to a nail driven



into the bottom. I used elm because I found it tougher, and less apt to be broken in bending than any other wood at hand, and preferred the green wood because, on drying, it would retain, to a considerable extent, the shape into which it had been bent. For gunwales (*a, a*, Fig. 3), I procured, at a carriage factory, some light strips of ash, about twelve feet in length, an inch and a half wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick. They were nailed to the cross-boards and fastened to the end-pieces (*C, C*) in notches, by several wrappings of annealed iron wire (as shown in Fig. 3), although copper would have been better, because less apt to rust when exposed to dampness. For fastening the gunwales to the cross-boards, I used nails instead of screws, because they are not so apt to loosen and come out. The ribs, which consisted of long, slender switches of osier willow, were next put in, but, before doing this, two strips of wood (*b, b*, Fig. 3) similar to the gunwales were bent and placed as in Fig. 3. They were only used temporarily as a guide in putting in the ribs, and were not fastened, the elasticity of the wood being sufficient to cause them to retain their position. The osiers averaged a little more than half an inch in thickness at the larger end, and were cut, stripped of leaves and bark, and put in place while quite green and fresh. They were attached to the bottom-board by means of shingle-nails driven through holes which had been previously made in them with an awl, then bent down until they touched the strips of ash (*b, b*, Fig. 3), and finally cut off even with the top of the gunwales, and notched at the end to receive them (*B*, Fig. 4). Between the cross-boards, the ribs were placed at intervals of two or three inches, while in other parts they were as much as five or six inches apart. The ribs having all been fastened in place, as described, the loose strips of ash (*b, b*, Fig. 3) were withdrawn, and the frame-work appeared somewhat as in Fig. 1. In order to make all firm, and to prevent the ribs from changing position, as they were very apt to do, I bought some split cane, or rattan, such as is used for making chair-bottoms, and, after soaking it in water for a short time, to render it soft and pliable, wound it tightly around the gunwales and ribs where they joined, and also interwove it among the ribs in other places, winding it about them here and there, and forming an irregular net-work over the whole frame. Osiers

are probably as good as anything for the ribs, but no doubt twigs of some other trees, such as hazel, or perhaps birch, might answer very well. For the ribs near the middle of the boat, twigs five or six feet long were required, and it being rather difficult to get these of sufficient thickness throughout, I used, in several cases, two twigs for one rib, fastening the butts side by side on the bottom-board, and the smaller ends to the gunwales, as before described. In drying, the rattan became very tight, and the twigs hard and stiff.

The frame-work was now complete, and ready to be covered. For this purpose I bought about eighteen yards of very strong wrapping-paper. It was of a light cream color, smooth on the surface,



and very tough, but neither stiff nor very thick; and, being made in long rolls, it could be obtained of almost any length desired. It was only about a yard wide, so that it required two breadths to reach around the frame in the widest part. I cut enough off the roll to cover the frame, and soaked it for a few minutes in water. I then turned the frame upside down and fastened the edges of the two strips of paper to it, by lapping them carefully on the under side of the bottom-board and tacking them to it, so that the paper hung down loosely on all sides. It was then trimmed, lapped, and doubled over as smoothly as possible at the ends of the frame, and held in place by means of small clamps. Along the edges it was drawn tight, trimmed, and doubled down over the gunwale, where it was firmly held by slipping the strips of ash (*b, b*) just inside

of the gunwales into notches which had been cut at the ends of the cross-boards. The shrinkage caused by the drying would stretch the paper, thus fastened, tightly over the frame-work. As soon as thoroughly dry, it was varnished, inside and out, with asphaltum varnish thinned with turpentine, and, as soon as that had soaked in, a second coat of the same varnish was applied, but with less turpentine; and, finally, the laps or joints of the paper were covered with pieces of muslin stuck on with the unthinned varnish. The loose strips of ash (*b, b*) were now removed, and another layer of paper was put on, and fastened along the edge of the boat by replacing the strips as before. When the paper was dry, the laps were covered with muslin, as had been done with the first covering, and the whole outside of the boat was varnished several times, until it presented a smooth, shining surface. I then took some of the split rattan, and, after wetting it, wound it firmly around both gunwale and inside strip, passing it through small holes punched in the paper just below the gunwale, until the inside and outside strips were bound together into one strong gunwale. A piece of oil-cloth was then put into the boat, between the cross-boards, and tacked to the bottom-board. This was intended to protect the bottom of the boat, for which purpose it answered very well.

In this way a canoe was constructed which seemed, at first, a success; being light, perfectly water-tight, and much steadier in the water than I had anticipated; but in a few days I was disappointed at finding that it was becoming leaky, the muslin having loosened at some of the joints. After several unsuccessful attempts to stop the leaks separately, I covered the whole boat with unbleached muslin, sewed at the ends and tacked along the gunwales. It was then tightened by shrinking, and finally received three coats of a mixture of varnish and paint. This stopped the leaking entirely, and added but little to either the weight or cost.

Although, since receiving this last coating, it is not, strictly speaking, a "paper boat," I continue to call it so, because there is still twice as much paper as cloth in its composition.

A double-bladed paddle (*D*, Fig. 5) was at first used to propel it, and answered the purpose, but was found to be awkward, the boat being rather too wide. It was afterward rigged with wooden, and finally with iron, rowlocks (*B, B, B*, Fig. 5) and light oars. I also put in several extra thwarts or cross-sticks, fore and aft, and made a movable seat (*A*, Fig. 5). With these improvements it is so satisfactory that I have since made no changes.

The lake on which, as before stated, my summer was passed, is one of the largest in the eastern portion of the group. Most of them are situated within short distances of each other. About

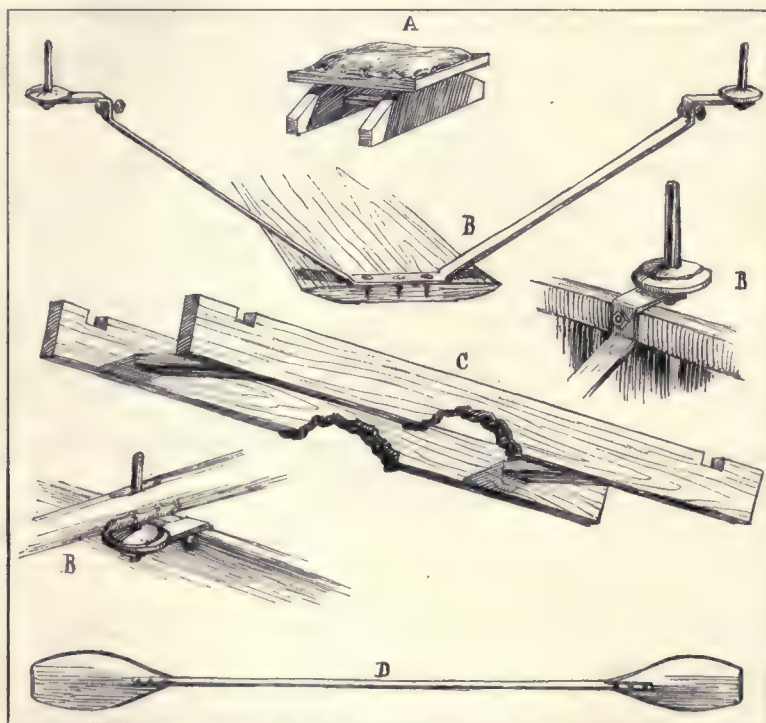


FIG. 5.

three miles and a half (in a straight line) east of our lake is a smaller one, surrounded by high hills. It is a very picturesque sheet of water, abounding in fish, water-fowl, immense frogs, and innumerable mosquitoes. Having seen this lake from a distance, and not knowing much about it, except by hearsay, I thought I would tramp across country with my canoe and explore it for myself; but as I should have to carry blankets and provisions, besides my boat, and travel, by the shortest road, at



least five miles, over a very hilly country, I hesitated for some time about attempting it. At last, however, one beautiful morning in the early part of September, I started, having got together my baggage the night before. The boat was launched, and my "traps" were stowed carefully away in convenient places in the bow and stern. My outfit consisted of two India-rubber blankets, a large army blanket, a double-barreled gun, ammunition sufficient for twenty shots, cotton, arsenic, knife and scissors (for removing and preserving the skins of birds, in case I should shoot any), provisions for two or three days, cup, sketch-book, soap, towel, and other necessary articles. For carrying the boat, I also took a sort of yoke (C, Fig. 5), which brings all the weight upon the shoulders, and in that way lightens the labor. Between me and the shortest "portage" lay some four and a half miles of water. This was perfectly plain sailing, or rather rowing, but, as I had been over the same route several times before, it was not very interesting. After landing, tying the larger articles, such as blankets and oars, inside the canoe, and putting the smaller ones into the pockets of my shooting-coat, I took a short rest, then shouldered my boat, and started on the road. It was shortly after noon; the mercury ranged among the nineties, and the first half of the way was all uphill. By the time I had gone two miles, I began to think that I had undertaken a rather difficult and uncomfortable task; but, encouraged by the constant assurance of the boys and farmers along the road that it was "jest on ahead," I persevered. Passing through one or two small hamlets, I arrived, about sunset, at the foot of the little lake, which lay quietly sleeping, without a ripple on its surface, surrounded by high hills, which seemed like immense giants silently watching over its slumbers. The twilight deepened, and by the time I had arranged my things, and launched my boat (for I had decided to camp about half a mile from the foot of the lake), the moon was shining brightly. It was a beautiful night. The sky was perfectly free from clouds, and the air clear and delightfully cool after the broiling heat of the day that had just passed. As I rowed along, slowly, in order to avoid striking against stumps and snags, the intense silence was broken, at intervals, by the deep bellowing of some yellow-throated frog among the reeds, or by the shrill chirping of the crickets in the fields beyond. At times, a perch or pickerel, basking in the moonlight, near the surface of the water, alarmed by the boat's approach, would turn suddenly downward, causing a slight ripple to break under the very bows; or farther ahead, the track of a swimming mink or muskrat would be marked by

a flickering line of silver light. A strange, fascinating weirdness seemed to enhance the beauty of the scene.

Coming to a good camping-place, the canoe was unloaded, lifted from the water, turned over, and propped up on one side with the oars; then, spreading my blankets underneath, I turned in and slept till morning. I awoke and breakfasted early, intending to row to the other side of the lake, but, in turning over the boat, one of the rowlocks (which were then of wood) was broken. Having no means of successfully repairing the injury, this was at first rather discouraging; but, launching the canoe, I paddled about half a mile to a small village on the east shore, where, after a short search, I found a carpenter, who very kindly lent me the necessary tools, and even allowed me to take them away to the shore. I have frequently noticed, in wandering about in this way, the kindness of the people in the country districts. I wore an old straw hat, a dirty brown shooting-coat, a pair of disreputable-looking blue pants with an immense tear in one knee, and shoes which had quite forgotten the sensation of being blacked. But in spite of this costume, which was too uncouth for anybody except, perhaps, a very unambitious tramp, and although a perfect stranger, wherever I went every one received me with the same kindness. After mending the rowlock, I returned the tools, shoved off, and rowed to the head of the lake (which is about five miles in length), fishing with a spoon-hook as I went, and catching a fair string of perch and pickerel. By this time a strong wind was blowing from the foot of the lake, and the waves were rolling so high as to make rowing difficult. I therefore landed and waited, knowing that in an hour or so it would become calmer. I built a fire, and when it had burnt low, dressed two of the smaller fish, rolled them in large green leaves, and, laying them among the hot coals, covered them over. Fish cooked in this way are excellent, if they are first split open to the backbone from beneath, and well salted and buttered inside. But, unfortunately, I had no salt. After dinner, I sat down under a tree on the shore, and amused myself, until the wind slackened, by watching the gulls flying about over the water, and noting the methods of a solitary kingfisher, which sat fishing on an old tree-trunk near by.

I returned to the foot of the lake, and ate supper, which consisted of a pickerel with salt (for I had begged some at a farm-house since my last meal), and some roast corn, besides what I had brought from home. I slept under the boat as before, but not very comfortably; for during the first part of the night the mosquitoes were very

numerous and persevering, and toward morning, when they disappeared, it became so much cooler that I had some difficulty in keeping warm. Just before daylight, as I lay about half asleep, I was aroused suddenly by the whistling of the wings of a flock of ducks, which, judging from the sound, must have passed directly over the spot where I was lying. I kicked off the blankets, grasped my gun, and crawled out into the frosty air; but,

and examined the boat carefully, and then, turning with a most comical expression of amazement on his face, exclaimed: "Wall, I swan, if it aint made o' paper!" The nine miles that lay between us and home were soon traversed, and I got back, after my two days and nights of "roughing it," in comparatively good order.

The time selected for my cruise was not a very good one; my bed was not so comfortable, nor my



STARTING ON A CRUISE IN A PAPER BOAT.

although I strained my eyes in all directions, I could see nothing on account of the darkness. I waited a few minutes with the hope that more might follow, but at last gave it up, rolled myself in the blankets, and went to sleep. When I again awoke it was broad daylight, but, owing to the cloudiness of the sky, the sun had not made its appearance. Two woodchucks were feeding on a hill-side some two hundred yards away, rising on their hind feet at times to reconnoiter; a song-sparrow, in spite of the dreariness of the weather, was singing cheerfully in a thicket near by, while out on the lake ducks and other aquatic birds could be seen, feeding a few minutes in one place, then changing to another, with short, restless flights. They seemed so wild that I made no attempt to shoot them, although I bagged a grebe which incautiously allowed me an excellent chance for a shot.

On account of the sudden fall of temperature, and the alarming lowness of my stock of provisions, I determined to go home at once, and had no difficulty in finding some one to drive me over, boat and all, for a very reasonable price. The horse was soon hitched to a light "democrat" wagon, and driven to the lake, where my "traps" had been previously arranged. While engaged in loading, an old farmer who came along stopped

meals so good, as they would have been at home, where I might have staid, reading a book, swinging in the hammock, or doing nothing. But, notwithstanding all this, I enjoyed the trip, although I suppose most boys would be unable to understand how any sane person could have taken it unless constrained by the most dire necessity. Although I saw nothing extraordinary, the fish, birds, plants, and animals were all interesting to me; while the new scenery and the novelty of the entire situation were very pleasing for a change.

During the three months that I have used my boat, I have often landed it, through heavy breakers, on a very stony shore, besides running it against a fair number of submerged snags and stones, sometimes with considerable force, but, owing to its lightness and toughness, it never received the slightest injury. I have been out in it in very heavy seas, and have found it much easier to manage at such times than a heavier boat. In rowing parallel to high waves it is apt to ship a little water occasionally, unless carefully managed, but all small boats with low sides experience this difficulty. As the sides of my canoe are only twelve or thirteen inches high at the lowest part, I don't think it surprising that a little water should get over in a heavy sea. When not in use, I usually left the boat out-of-doors, turning it bottom up, and put-



ting a block of wood, or some other object, under each end, to keep it off the ground.

The approximate cost of the materials used in the construction of the canoe was as follows:

Varnish, 5 qts. ....	\$1.90
Paper, 18 yds. ....	1.20
Cloth, 8 yds. ....	.72
Bottom-board. ....	.60
Gunwales. ....	.50
Cross-boards. ....	.25
Paint. ....	.50
Split rattan. ....	.25
Nails, screws, wire, etc. ....	.25
Total. ....	\$6.17

The paddle that I used at first cost little or nothing, but the oars and iron rowlocks were made to order for four dollars.

Since the foregoing article was written, I have had a second season's experience with this curious boat, and believe more firmly than ever in its convenience and practicability. It has proved strong

and durable; and has been used for fishing, shooting, and ordinary boating, being equally serviceable in either case. Perhaps the best evidence in its favor is the fact that there are at present, in the village where it was made, some eight or ten boats, in most respects like the one described, all of which, with the exception of one or two which were carelessly constructed, have been entirely satisfactory, and no accidents have happened. The builders were all boys, most of them quite young, and some of the best boats were made by the younger boys. The most popular model seems to be a shallow, sharp-pointed canoe, propelled with a double-bladed paddle; the principal objection already mentioned—that of shipping water in a heavy sea—being effectually obviated by a light decking fore and aft.

Like all light boats they must, of course, be carefully managed; but I consider them quite as safe as a round-bottomed, wooden boat of the same size.

## BUTTONS.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

"BUTTON, button, who has the button?" asked a glove that had been dropped on the toilet-table.

"I've got it," answered Jimmy's jacket. "I've several buttons, in fact."

"No," put in the closet-door, "I have it myself; the carpenter gave it to me."

"I *had* a dozen or so," said a boot, looking rather down at the heel.

"And I have a hundred or more," yawned the easy-chair, "but they don't button anything; they don't belong to the working class."

"Here's a bachelor's button," remarked a vase of flowers on the bureau.

"There's a button-wood tree in the garden," said the button-hooker. "I suppose you all grew there."

"I know better than that," pouted the closet-door. "Mine grew in the veins of the earth, where all the precious metals are found. It's a poor relation of theirs."

"And we," added a pair of ivory sleeve-buttons, "we grew in the land of the white elephant. We were carved from the tusks of the leader, who threaded the jungles and swam the rivers at the head of his troops."

"My buttons," said the glove, "were nearly related to the gem which Cleopatra dissolved for Antony. They were mother-of-pearl, grown in the shell of the pearl oyster, for which divers risk their lives."

"That's something of a fish story," thought Jimmy's jacket. "My buttons are only glass; but glass is sometimes made of sand, and who knows but their atoms may have been swept down to the sea-shore from 'farthest India?'"

"And I," whispered the bachelor's button, "I sprang from a tiny seed, with all my splendor of blue and purple wings, like the Afrite from the jar which the fisherman found on the beach. It is a miracle how I was packed away there!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

—“THIS, of a truth, I always note,  
And shape my course thereby:  
That Nature has never an overcoat  
To keep her furrows dry.

“And how should the hills be clothed with grain,  
The vales with flowers be crowned,  
But for the chain of the silver rain  
That draws them out of the ground.

“There 's time for the night as well as the morn,  
For the dark as the shining sky;  
The grain of the corn and the flower unborn  
Have rights as well as I.”

## MOTHS AND FALLING WATER.

YOU all have seen the poor moths flutter about the candle or lamp, blinded and yet hopelessly attracted by the light, until at last they fall into the flame and perish. Well, I'm told that in Iceland the gleam of waterfalls attracts the moths in just the same way, and that moth after moth flies deliberately into the cataract. I've heard say, too, that one reason why Iceland offered advantages for observing such things is because there is no night there in summer! But that, I suppose, is too ridiculous to be believed. What say you, young philosophers?

## JACK'S LITTLE PARABLE.

A DEAR little escaped canary-bird once told your Jack-in-the-Pulpit that the reason he fled from his wire home near the window was because he wanted to go up and see other cages hanging from the sky—and he knew there must be thousands hanging there, because thousands of birds were flying down from it every day. Poor little thing! He did n't

even know that he was a prisoner, and that all the other birds were free!

It is a foolish notion of mine, perhaps, but, do you know, I think we children are somewhat like that little canary-bird. We all reason from our cages.

Now, if any one of my youngsters knows exactly what I mean, or even guesses at it, let him rise and explain.

## THAT CLOUDY SATURDAY!

OH, yes! April is here again, and it is a year since your Jack first mentioned that “cloudy Saturday” theory. Well, it was rather a pretty theory, but the weather of this spring season has evidently been too much for it. Here are two letters out of many of the same sort. We may as well admit that, in several portions of this country, the clouds insist on having the sky entirely to themselves throughout more than one Saturday in the year.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6, 1883.

DEAR JACK: In the April number you told us that some one had said that there is only one Saturday in the whole year in which the sun does not shine at some time during the day. I have watched the Saturdays this year, and it is not so; for the sun did not shine at all here on either the first or the third Saturday of January.

Your friend,

SUSIE E. M—.

ARLINGTON, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1883.

DEAR JACK: I have been watching the weather closely on Saturdays, and on January 20th was rewarded by seeing a Saturday come and go without giving us a glimpse of “Old Sol.”

For January 27th we had planned a skating party; but, at night, I had to record the fact that, on two successive Saturdays, the sun had failed to shine.

As our skating for that day had to be given up, we decided to go the next week.

But February 3d came and went, without one ray of sunlight.

Whether we have a chance to air our skates on February 10th, remains to be seen.

We may not see another sunless Saturday in a year, but I am rather skeptical about the truth of the statement that “there is only one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine.”

Yours truly, B. V.

## A GIRL WHO NEVER SAW A SNOW-BALL!

BEFORE we say good-bye to this Saturday subject, here is a letter that may interest you:

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, Jan. 20, 1883.

DEAR JACK: I am one of your constant readers. I see some of the boys have been watching for the one Saturday in the year on which the sun does not shine. I am sure it would be useless to watch for it in San Diego, or on any other day of the week, either. I got my papa to ask the signal service man here, and he says he can not remember any day, during the years he has been here, on which the sun did not shine. I am twelve years old, and have never been in any town but this, and have never seen a snow-ball; but some winters we can see the snow lying on the mountains 40 or 50 miles from here, and on Christmas morning, three years ago, I saw a cake of ice a quarter of an inch thick, which formed on a bucket of water that had stood out-of-doors during the night. We have a machine here now for making ice, which they go around selling in December; but I would like to go where they have the snowy winters, and see the skating and sleigh-riding that we read about. I suppose Mr. Santa Claus takes off his fur clothing when he comes here. At any rate, I am sure he can not use his sleigh; but he fills our stockings all the same. My brother and I get all our pieces that we speak at school, on recitation day, out of our old ST. NICHOLASES.

Your friend,

ANNIE KEILLER.

## THE DEACON'S LETTER.

I DON'T know why, but there was something not quite natural about the Deacon's manner as he handed your Jack this letter. There seemed (between ourselves) to be a little more pride than



usual in his dignified air. It was n't exactly *bombastic*; and yet—well, I may have imagined it all. Or, maybe, the letter,—ah, yes! I actually came near forgetting it—perhaps the letter will explain. Here it is:

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 30, 1883.

DEAR DEACON GREEN: A short time ago we came across an explanation of the word *bombast*, and seeing your question in the ST. NICHOLAS, I thought I would write and tell you what I know about it. The old meaning of the verb *bombast* was to inflate, and the noun meant cotton used to stuff out clothes.

An old writer, in a book about plants, calls the cotton plant the *bombast tree*; and another queer old book, called "Anatomic of Abuses," tells of doublets "stuffed with four, or five, or six pounds of *bombast*, at least."

It gradually became applied to a certain kind of writing, and an old English writer says:

"The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full and strong—  
Not *bombasted* with words, vain ticklish ears to feed,  
But such as may content the perfect man to read."

Now, dear Deacon Green, we all like you so much, and have made a great many speculations as to what you look like! I imagine you are just a little like what Prince Hal called Falstaff,—"*A sweet creature of bombast*,"—but not in the present meaning of the word. Oh, no! My brother Ned says he likes to think of you as being fat and jolly.

But, whether thick or thin, I hope you will long continue to write for the ST. NICHOLAS.

I am your faithful reader, BLANCHE McC.

#### THE WASP'S GYMNASTICS.

WOULD ever you think,  
You dear little chicks,  
In what way a wasp  
To the window sticks?

I'll tell you just how:  
I watched him myself,  
And sat still, close by,  
On the window-shelf.

He opens his mouth,  
And, what do you think?  
He puts out his tongue,  
And, quick as a wink,

He lifts up his leg  
And gives it a *lick*;  
And *then*, dears, he can  
To the window stick!

L. E. D.

This may be correct enough as poetry—your Jack does n't pretend to be a judge on that point—but, when it comes to *facts*, he has the birds and the Deacon and the Little School-ma'am to back him when he says that wasps generally hold on to glass as flies do—that is, by the aid of the little disks with which their feet are supplied. Some say that these disks act as suckers; others, that they secrete a sticky fluid;—but, in either case, it is to these disks that wasps and flies owe their power of climbing window-panes and walking on the ceiling with backs downward. The Deacon says he knows that wasps are very neat, and that, like many other respectable insects, they keep their bodies and their nests as clean as possible; and he suggests that what L. E. D. saw was the performance of the wasp's toilet, as other insects are known to cleanse their legs and antennæ after the manner described in the last of these verses.

#### A REMARKABLE LILY.

THE Little School-ma'am has heard of a remarkable lily, and has handed your Jack this extract from a letter written by a gentleman who seems to know all about the wonderful flower:

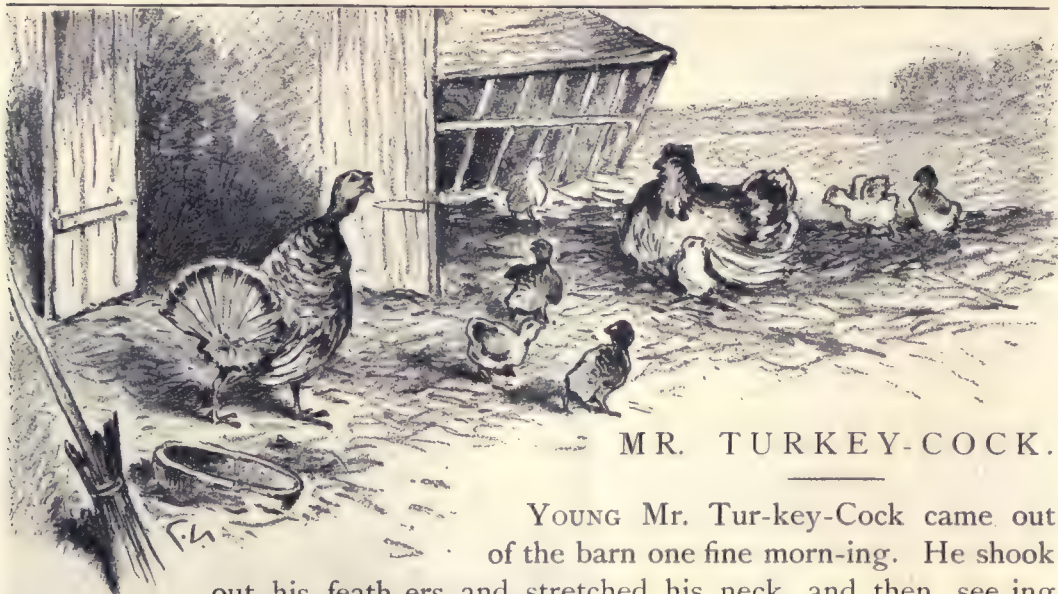
"There is a remarkable lily, popularly known as the 'Easter Lily of Bermuda,' which is supposed to have been brought many years ago to Bermuda from 'the Cape,' by Gov. Lefroy, one of Bermuda's earlier governors, and which is now grown in great quantities upon those lovely islands. It is much sought after for the decoration of their parish churches at Easter, and at this,



ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE BLOSSOMS ON A SINGLE STALK.

SIDE AND TOP OF SINGLE BLOSSOM.

their season of bloom, the air is heavily laden with their delightful perfume. This lily is noted for the freedom with which it blooms, often producing twenty or thirty flowers on a single stalk, which seems to us, accustomed to seeing only three or four, a very large number; but not long ago a remarkable specimen was sent on here from Bermuda, having one hundred and forty-five perfect buds and blossoms, nearly all of which were in full bloom at one time. The stalk, which was about one inch wide and two broad, was thickly clothed with narrow, dark-green leaves for its entire length (about four feet). Surmounting this were grouped thickly the snow-white, trumpet-shaped blossoms, a mass of snowy white."



MR. TURKEY-COCK.

YOUNG Mr. Tur-key-Cock came out of the barn one fine morn-ing. He shook out his feath-ers and stretched his neck, and then, see-ing some ti-ny lit-tle chick-ens close by, he ran to-ward them with his tail set up proud-ly like a fan, and mak-ing a sort of drum-ming noise with his wings. The lit-tle things, who had left their egg-shells on-ly the day be-fore, were fright-ened, and ran a-way as fast as they could to the old hen, who spread her wings o-ver them. This as-ton-ished the young tur-key-cock, who had nev-er be-fore sup-posed that a-ny one could be a-fraid of him.

"I won-der if I could make a-ny-thing else run a-way," thought he. He looked a-round the barn-yard, and saw a lit-tle calf; so he walked qui-et-ly o-ver to it, with his feath-ers ly-ing smooth. The calf looked up, and then tu-ined a-way and rubbed a fly off its side with its nose. Then Mr. Tur-key swelled up his feath-ers, and gave a long "gob-ble," and rushed drum-ming up to the calf. Boss-y gave one quick look, then jumped side-wise, and took an-oth-er look, and then shook its head, kicked up its heels, cut two or three fun-ny cap-ers, and ran a-way.



Now the tur-key was proud in-deed, for he had fright-ened the calf, which was big-ger than he. So he looked a-bout to find some oth-er creat-ure to try his trick up-on. At last he saw a horse crop-ping the grass. So he flew down and walked qui-et-ly to-ward it. When quite close, he ran at it, gob-bling and drum-ming, and the horse, which had not seen him com-ing, gal-loped a-way in a fright.



"Ah!" thought Mr. Tur-key, "I can scare ev-ery-thing! What fun it is!" — Just then a long, shrill whis-tle was heard, and an en-gine came a-long on the oth-er side of the mead-ow, draw-ing a train of cars. Mr. Tur-key knew noth-ing a-bout trains or rail-roads, and he looked hard at the en-gine.



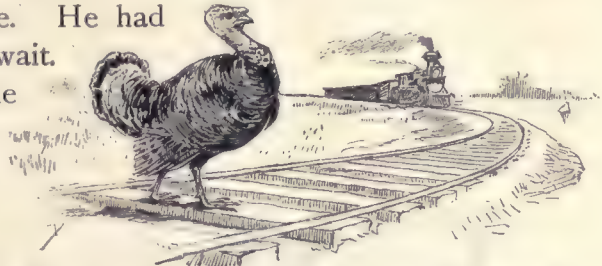
"That can be noth-ing but a ver-y big, black sort of a horse," thought he. "I will go o-ver there and wait for it to come back a-gain." So he strut-ted a-cross the field, think-ing all the time what a splen-did bird he was, since ev-ery-body was a-fraid of

him. He walked a-long the rail-road track, all read-y to run at the black i-ron horse when it should come. He had not long to wait.

The whis-tle

was heard, and he puffed him-self up and ran at the great black thing as it came whizz-ing a-long. Did the en-gine run a-way? Yes, but it car-ried Mr. Tur-key with it, which was more than he had bar-gained for. A great wind seemed to sweep him up on a big black thing, and he was car-ried bell rang, and the train stopped at "Hel-lo! look at that tur-key

Mr. Tur-key got safe-ly est day of his life, he fright-en e-ven a



a-long at a ter-ri-ble rate un-til a sta-tion, and a man shout-ed :

on the cow-catch-er!" home, but, to the lat-nev-er a-gain tried to chick-en.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

## ANOTHER COMPOSITION OFFER.



"A SHARK IN SIGHT!"

INSTEAD of the usual four subjects for composition, we give this month two picture-subjects — "A Shark in Sight" and "The Birthplace of Robert Burns." The most acceptable composition on either one of these two subjects, not exceeding 750 words in length, written and composed entirely by a boy or girl under 16 years of age, and received at this office before April 15th, shall be printed, with the picture to which it was written, in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS, and paid for at the rate of \$5.00 a printed page.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.

The composition for the second picture may be entitled simply "Robert Burns," if desired.

Those who desire the return of their compositions, if unsuccessful, should notify us to that effect when sending us their MSS., and should inclose sufficient postage for the purpose.

SOME of our boy-readers who are lovers of Natural History will be interested in these two letters relating to an article which we printed last October:

## MORE ABOUT THE PICUS.

CHELLENHAM P. O., PA., Oct. 2, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I notice in your October number an article entitled "A Picus and his Pots," in which the author upholds the very erroneous theory that the smaller American woodpeckers — I suppose he means the "*Picus villosus*," "*Picus pubescens*," and "*Centurus Carolinus*," or hairy, downy, and red-bellied woodpecker — subsist, in a very poetical way, by drinking the sap of various trees.

I feel it my duty, as a lover of birds, to absolutely contradict this

whole theory; and the author could certainly never have been led into believing such a fallacy if he had ever examined the contents of the stomach of any woodpecker, which would at once convince him of the fact that all the members of this family live on insects, with occasionally a little corn or fruit. Or the structure of the tongue alone would overthrow at once the above fallacy, for what use could a sap-drinking bird have for a tongue such as belongs to the woodpecker family? It is long and narrow, and covered above with sharp spines, set pointing back into the mouth, and it is kept moist and sticky by a viscous liquid which exudes from two glands, situated one on each side of the head.

It is well known that the woodpeckers drill holes in apple and other trees, apple-trees particularly; but if any one will examine the stomach of a bird killed while engaged in this occupation, he will find that it contains, not the sap of the tree, but numbers of minute



insects, larvæ, and eggs, which, if allowed to remain in the tree, would certainly injure it, and in time destroy it utterly.

I hope none of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have been led (or rather misled) into believing that a bird formed preëminently for the destruction of insects should subsist upon, or even drink, the sap of any tree. If any one has been so misled, I would refer him to the writings of Wilson (in his description of the downy woodpecker), Nuttall (in his description of the same), or to the large work of Baird, Brewster, and Lawrence (vol. II., p. 512), all of whom have studied the matter much more fully than

Yours truly,

WM. J. HAINES.

MR. THOMPSON'S REPLY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mr. Haines is the one who is mistaken. He refers to books and tongues; I refer to the acts of the bird (*Picus varius*), as I have seen them with my own eyes. But Mr. Haines can console himself that he errs in good company. Alexander Wilson, curiously enough, falls into the mistake of asserting that the downy woodpecker (*Picus pubescens*) is the bird that bores the rings of pits in the holes of our apple trees, when, in fact, it is the yellow-bellied woodpecker (*Picus varius*) that does it. The hairy woodpecker (*Picus villosus*) and the downy woodpecker (*Picus pubescens*) never peck in green, healthy wood, as they find the insects, larvæ, and eggs upon which they feed in dead, decaying wood. The picus of which my paper treated (*Picus varius*) is the true "sap-sucker." He pecks green wood, and prefers a perfectly healthy tree, which is full of sap. I have had my eyes within three feet of this bird when it was drinking from its pits. I have carefully noted its habits, for fifteen years, in the woods, from Georgia to Michigan, and I know I am not mistaken, and that Mr. Haines and his teachers are mistaken. I do not deny that the yellow-bellied woodpecker (*Picus varius*) eats insects, larvæ, and insect eggs; I do assert that it drinks sap out of the pits it makes. The red-bellied woodpecker (*Picus carolinus*) occasionally drinks sap,—this I have seen it do from the troughs in a maple orchard or "sugar-camp,"—but it does not peck green wood. The great ivory-bellied woodpecker is the only woodpecker (save the yellow-bellied woodpecker) that I have ever seen pecking green wood, and then it was done to reach a hollow where winged ants were lodged. The bright-eyed boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS can, if they live in the country, satisfy themselves on this subject this winter, as follows: Take a good opera-glass and go watch in any grove of cedar trees until you find my bird (*Picus varius*) sitting below his ring of pits. Train your glass upon him, and patiently observe him delicately dipping his bill into the little wells of aromatic juice. You can't be mistaken; he finds no insects there; the wood is green and sound; the pits are full of liquid—he is drinking his nectar! I have seen one of these birds stay for three or four weeks, almost constantly every day, on one tree, where it had pecked twenty or thirty pits. Could it get enough insects out of these pits to keep it alive so long? The wounds it had made in the tree kept bleeding and it kept drinking, that was all! Why does it take to the cedar trees in very cold weather? Because the cedar's blood does not freeze. Why does it peck in green, healthy wood if it is hunting for insects? Picus is no fool; he knows what is good! Mr. Haines might as well look into Ben Franklin's books for a true account of the telephone, as to look into Wilson's or Audubon's or Baird's books for all the facts of nature. One must use one's own eyes and ears. If I see a bird drink sap, see the same thing over a thousand times, must I refuse to believe my senses because Wilson did not happen to record the fact?

Then Mr. Haines is again mistaken if he thinks our particular picus eats corn. I might safely offer him a moon-stone, or some other great prize, for every grain of corn he will ever find in the stomach of this bird.

Wilson, in his eagerness to contest the sap-drinking theory, says: "The bird pecks its holes only in the autumn and winter, and most often on the south and west sides of the tree-boles." The south and west sides of trees are the warm sides, and there the trees bleed most freely when punctured. But Wilson, himself, asserts that the birds choose the healthiest trees in which to peck their pits, and yet he thinks they are after worms, etc., etc., and he is quite sure it is *Picus pubescens* that does the work. He is wrong all around! I could fill ST. NICHOLAS with facts in proof of my bird's tipping habit. I may note one more glaring error in Wilson's account of this picus: He says it associates with the downy and the hairy woodpeckers, which is not true. *Picus varius*, as he names it, is a lonely bird, curiously solitary in its habits, except in the mating season. It never, at any time, place, or season, "associates with" the other little woodpeckers.

In still another particular Mr. Haines is wrong. He says: "The structure of the tongue alone would overthrow at once the above fallacy, for what use could a sap-drinking bird have for a tongue such as belongs to the woodpecker family?" Now, let me answer this: The red-headed woodpecker (*Picus erythrocephalus*) and the golden-winged woodpecker (*Picus auratus*) live mostly on berries and fruits and grain in summer and autumn. What use have they for the woodpecker tongue, according to Mr. Haines? In fact, the two last-named species have almost ceased to peck wood at all for food. They have not left the country because the woods have been cut down, as the ivory-billed and pileated species have; but have

adapted themselves to the new environment, eating cherries, berries, apples, corn, and seeds.

Again, the red-headed species is an expert fly-catcher, and may be seen taking insects on the wing as deftly as a pewee; but what use has a fly-catcher for a woodpecker's wedge-shaped bill—according to Mr. Haines? Again, the *Picus auratus* bores in the ground for grubs and worms, just as the woodcock does—why is n't its bill like a woodcock's?

The fact is, boys, Mr. Haines might as well tell you that a red-headed woodpecker does n't eat ripe mulberries because its bill is wedge-shaped, as to tell you that a *Picus varius* does n't drink sap because its tongue has barbs on it! MAURICE THOMPSON.

We made space in the December Letter-Box for some samples of the hearty and cheering letters about ST. NICHOLAS that come pouring in upon us like a tide, and we can not refrain from printing a few more here. We wish we could print them all, but we have the more reason to be grateful to the hosts of our friendly correspondents because their welcome compliments do not decrease in number or heartiness, despite our inability to make room for more than a very few out of the mass.

This time, we shall head the list with this appreciative and kindly greeting from a father:

PHENIXVILLE, PA., Dec. 18, 1882.

DEAR EDITORS: \* \* \* \* Allow me to add that our little daughter, too, belongs to that great army of little people to whom ST. NICHOLAS has become a dear old friend and companion, as well as an instructor and educator. Full of impatience and expectation, she always looks forward to the appearance of the new number, and does not mind to take the long walk to the bookstore as often as three times a week, about the time it is due, and great is her disappointment when she returns home without it.

Permit us to do what no doubt many parents have done before us: to express to you, and all those interested in the publication of this excellent periodical, our full appreciation of, and sincere thanks for, the noble and successful efforts you are making to instruct, educate, and entertain our children.

With the highest regards from Mrs. L. and myself, I remain

Your obedient servant,

M. G. L.

And not less encouraging is this cordial and interesting letter from an "island home" in the beautiful Lake Erie:

December 6, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not live in the "piney woods" of Florida, nor at an Indian frontier-post, as some of your charming little readers do, but dwell with five small boys, on an island in the middle of Lake Erie.

My urchins range from baby in the crib to Hugh, a ten-year-old, but each and all of the five, in varied fashion, welcome joyfully the monthly coming of ST. NICHOLAS to our island home.

Would that the power in pen or pencil were mine to give to your chaste, cheerful pages pictures of and among these grape-growing islands of the West, where summer lingers longer and Jack Frost arrives later than at any like latitude on all this broad continent of ours. The waters, heated by the summer's sun, retain their latent heat, and this heat, given off as cooler days creep on, softens the air and preserves for weeks our flowers and garden-plants in native greenness, when far south of the Ohio the touch of winter is upon the land.

Pardon the digression, and permit me, as by first intention, to thank you most heartily for the pure pleasure and solid teaching which you, as the "Great School-ma'am," are giving to thousands throughout this world of ours, my own little flock among the growing number.

I have but to add that we are Canadians, living at the extreme southern point of the New Dominion; but I believe that glorious old Santa Claus knows no lines of latitude or politics.

I beg to remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for the boys and myself,

Sincerely and faithfully yours,

F. B. Mc.

Next comes this frank letter from "another nineteen-year-old":

OSWEGO, January 4, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On looking through the Letter-Box of the December number of ST. NICHOLAS, I find one letter written by Julie B., who is nineteen years old. I am nineteen also, and do not feel a bit "grown up" either, and enjoy ST. NICHOLAS immensely. My brother and I commenced taking it when it first started, and now my little sister takes it. She had read the old numbers, which we have bound, over and over again, and so, when Christmas came, and

she found ST. NICHOLAS in her stocking, she was so delighted! Of all her presents, I think she liked that best. Your true friend, N. H.

Then here is a hearty missive from a high-school girl at the other side of the continent:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 6, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very happy that there is in existence such a magazine as the ST. NICHOLAS; though I am in the senior class of the high school, yet I take great pleasure in the ST. NICHOLAS. I live in a city noted for its cable roads, there being five roads which scale the numerous hills which abound in San Francisco. Among the course of studies which I pursue are chemistry, geometry, literature, Latin, rhetoric, zoology, astronomy, and history. I am seventeen years old, and I remain,  
Your ardent reader and subscriber, ELISE F.

Perhaps Elise and others may not know that ST. NICHOLAS once described the cable roads of San Francisco (see ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1878), and that, since that article was published, a cable road has been built and is now in operation in the city of Chicago.

From the pile of hearty letters written by dear young friends between the ages of ten and fifteen, we have room for only a half-dozen, selected at random. And we shall begin with this cordial greeting from an English girl:

CARLTON ROAD, KILBURN, N. W., LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in London, or rather a suburb of London.

Four years ago, Papa brought me home a copy of ST. NICHOLAS, and I had my choice of that or another magazine, but directly I had read one number, I chose dear old ST. NICHOLAS, and I have taken it ever since, and think there is no magazine to equal it, in either England or America.

The nicest tales, in my opinion, are "Donald and Dorothy" and "Jack and Jill."

I hope I shall always take it, for I sometimes think I shall hardly ever get too old to enjoy it. A friend of mine was taking an English magazine, and I recommended ST. NICHOLAS to her, and she thinks it is the nicest magazine she ever read. I should think it must be jolly in America. If I could pop corn once, and help pull candy, and have a good coast and some snow-balling, I should be quite happy, for our snow melts here as soon as it comes down.

And I should like to be in America on the Fourth of July and on Thanksgiving Day.

In fact, I should n't mind living there at all. But now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, good-bye. From your loving and constant reader,  
FLO. A.—.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 27, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old; and never had a magazine of my own before last Christmas, when I was delighted to find ST. NICHOLAS among my presents. I was very much amused with the "Brownies' Ride," for my teacher calls me "Brownie," because I have brown eyes. I am just aching for the March number: so please hurry it up, and oblige  
Your little friend, H. H. E.

BRANDENBURG, MEADE CO., KY., Jan. 14, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you nearly four years. You were first given to me as a Christmas present by my brother; I do not know how we could do without you. We live in the country, five miles from our post-office. My little brother, nine years old, goes to the post-office the most. The first sound he hears when he returns is, "Did you get the ST. NICHOLAS?" If the answer is "Yes," all crowd around to get the first look. We can scarcely wait until our lessons are studied, to read it. Then I, being the oldest, read aloud. The next month always seems so far off, so long to wait to get another ST. NICHOLAS. Every one, from my teacher to my baby brother, two years old, hails ST. NICHOLAS with delight.

I think your stories are just splendid, "Donald and Dorothy" especially. Dorothy's picture is perfectly lovely.

I am very thankful for the composition subjects you have every month. I dislike very much to write compositions, and it does n't seem so hard when I get the subjects from you.

Yours truly,

NELLIE G.—.

"FRASCATI," VA., Feb. 5, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot tell you how delighted I was when I awoke on Christmas morning and found the ST. NICHOLAS among my many other presents. I appreciated it more than any of them. The first time we ever got the ST. NICHOLAS a friend made it a present to my sister and myself for the whole year. My aunts all thought it such an excellent paper. We enjoyed reading it so much, that the next year they subscribed to it for us. This is now

the third year we have taken it, and I hope we will subscribe to it a great many more years. I think it is the best magazine for children that has ever been published. Sister and I both thought "Donald and Dorothy" a lovely story, and were very sorry when it ended. When the ST. NICHOLAS comes, she and I rush for it; first we each look at the pictures, and then the one who first got it reads it. My sister and I are two little girls who have lost our dear papa and mamma, and so we live in the country on a large farm with our grandpapa and aunts. We have plenty of horses, and we often go out riding on horseback. I have often ridden on horseback by myself to our post-office, which is only one mile from us, to get the mail. We have three dogs and three cats, which are our pets. We have chickens also, but of all the many pleasant things we have to entertain ourselves with, the ST. NICHOLAS is the nicest and the best.  
Your constant reader, CORINNE LOUISE K.

MADISON, WIS., Dec. 11, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years of age, and for the past five years I have been a constant reader of your magazine, and think, with many others, that it is the best one I ever read. I have learned many beautiful pieces of poetry from it, and last week, at the close of school, I repeated "Little Guido's Complaint." It is in the October number for 1882. JANIE H. H.—.

Last of all, we must add these two letters from young wanderers, for it seems their writers have, indeed, seen something of the world:

FORT D. A. RUSSELL, WY. TER., Dec. 6, 1882.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. My papa is a doctor in the army. I was born at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and since then I have been North, South, East, and I am now West again. We live right on the prairie. It blows here all the time. I take your ST. NICHOLAS, and think it perfectly lovely. My sisters Edith and Lisa delight to hear the baby stories. And when we get through I send it to my five cousins in Ireland, who love to read it too. With many thanks for such a lovely book, I am your grateful little friend,  
AILEEN MAY V.—.

FORT ELLIOT, TEXAS, Jan. 14, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You get so many letters from little children all over the world, I thought I might write a letter also. I had ST. NICHOLAS first at White Earth Reservation, Minnesota, way out in the Indian country. In summer it was awfully hot—I could n't run hardly—and in the winter it was very, very cold. I saw Indians nearly all the time. I was a little frightened at first. I was staying at a hospital. A few Indians were very kind to me, and one Indian named Me-Shig-Ke-Ge-Thig was a great friend of ours. Emme-Gah-Bouh, the Indian clergyman, was so good, and we liked him very much. The Chippewas are good Indians. Last year I was in Europe, and in Switzerland. I was so glad to see ST. NICHOLAS again. It had a different blue cover outside, and in Germany and England it had a different blue cover. Very many little English children take ST. NICHOLAS, and German children too, and American children buy it over there, and all that buy it like it very much, usually. I think more of it now than I ever did before, and I should feel very badly if I could not see it. Papa got a Christmas number for me for one of my Christmas presents, and I like that very much too. Now I am way out in Texas. It is a long, long way from the railroad. We have lots of "Northers," very bad winds, and we have some prairie fires here. They were n't very bad, for the grass was not long enough. We had a fire here—a pile of wood took fire. I like the post very well, but I had rather be at my own grandpa's. There are four companies of soldiers. We have a little Agassiz Association. We have nine members. I hope I will always have a copy of ST. NICHOLAS. Good-bye. From your loving friend,  
WILLIE T. P.

LUCY C. AND OTHERS.—We can not direct you to any purchaser of canceled or used postage-stamps, which, so far as we know, are worthless.

READERS of the clever story of "Louis's Little Joke," in this number, will be interested in this extract from a letter which the author sent with her MS.:

"The story was suggested by my seeing in the laundry, one morning, suds which had stood for hours, the froth white and pure, and strong enough to be sliced off with a knife. It looked wonderfully like the beaten whites of eggs, and kept its form when transferred to a plate. I suppose it was the force with which the suds had been driven through flannel by the strong arms of the washer-woman that made it so lasting. I have seen foam stand for hours on a lake-shore after a heavy gale."



THE Gould Memorial Home and Schools, mentioned by Miss Hale in her story, "Alone in Rome" (page 460), is a beautiful charity in Rome, which was begun by Mrs. Emily Bliss Gould, and after her death continued, in her name, by a society of ladies and gentlemen. It is supported chiefly by the gifts of American and English friends. A club of young people in Boston, called "The Italian Band," does much to help, and other cities in this country also contain associations in aid of the Gould Home and Schools. There are individuals, besides, who gladly give the eighty dollars a year necessary to support a child in the Home. The institution has been in existence about ten years, and usually has in its care some forty children, who receive daily instruction in needle-work, dress-making, housekeeping, tailoring, shoe-making, etc., beside all the care and comforts of a real home. An English lady, Mrs. Edgecombe Edwards, is now the president of the executive committee which has the actual supervision of the work.

L. M. D.—We can answer your question ourselves. You can buy (or order "Through the Looking-Glass" at any bookstore, and the price of the most popular edition is \$1.50.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The suggestion concerning the use of Christmas cards on a screen I have adopted, and modified in this way: Taking an old green baize screen, light blue silesia (a prettier background than canvas) was tacked over it on one side, and the cards adjusted by means of a fine silver wire—surgical wire. We made the holes for the wire with a small awl. The wrong side of the screen was finished with pink silesia, plaited and tacked. The whole completed, a pretty plush gimp was put on over the tacks, and the black-walnut edges of the original screen gilded. This was done with a bottle of gilt-paint, and powder and brush (costing about 50 cents).

It may seem strange to the boys and girls that a mother, with three little ones not old enough to read, should watch for the pretty St. NICHOLAS with avidity. I do, however. Have many readers of the magazine ever thought of passing it on to those unable to see it otherwise? Our copy goes to a cripple in the Hartford Hospital after we finish it, and affords a double pleasure.

Yours sincerely,

"AUNT LOTO."

#### AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—TWENTY-FIFTH REPORT.

IT gives us great pleasure to note this month a larger accession of Chapters and new members than in any one previous report. Their addresses will be found below. We are also pleased to print the following very kind responses to our hint in the February report. The first is from the President of the Rochester, N. Y., Nat. Hist. Society:

"You may refer to me questions on parasites, infusoria, and pond-life. The only trouble is that replies may be delayed at times, owing to my frequent absence from home.

"Yours truly,

H. F. ATWOOD.

"Office German Insurance Co."

The next is from an enthusiastic member of the Ottumwa Chapter:

"I have had considerable experience with fossils—have labeled the collection in a large public museum in this city. I will gladly undertake the identification of any specimens sent me.

"W. R. LIGHTON, Ottumwa, Iowa."

The third comes from Professor Dudley, of Cornell University:

"ITHACA, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1883.

"I have not yet outgrown my sympathy for the younger people. I will gladly answer their questions so far as time will permit, and will make time for their sakes, even when I am busy. My especial department is certain parts of Phenogamic and Cryptogamic Botany; among other things, the *grasses*, *ferns*, and *mosses*.

"I shall always be delighted to serve the boys and girls, even at the busiest moments.

WILLIAM RUSSEL DUDLEY."

This will make the eyes of our young microscopists, fossil-hunters, and botanists sparkle with delight. But we caution them that, when they avail themselves of these most generous offers, they must observe two invariable rules:

*First.* Never write for assistance on any question until you have fairly exhausted all your own means for learning the answer.

*Second.* Always inclose sufficient postage for the return of your specimens, and also an envelope stamped with a three-cent stamp, and addressed to yourself. We hope that we shall be able before long to refer students in all departments to equally satisfactory sources

of information. The call is now particularly urgent for a competent mineralogist, conchologist, and entomologist. Members of the A. A. will kindly call the attention of their elder friends to this need of our Society, as they may very likely not read St. NICHOLAS.

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
397.	Mansfield Valley, Pa. (A) . . . . .	8.	Mr. Prestley.
398.	Roseville, N. J. (A) . . . . .	22.	Miss Sara Darrach, 31 N. 11, Newark, N. J.
399.	New York, N. Y. (I) . . . . .	4.	E. B. Lent, 221 E. 39.
400.	Fargo, D. T. (A) . . . . .	6.	Frank Brown.
401.	Louisville, Ky. (A) . . . . .	7.	James Speed, 836 4th Ave.
402.	Cayuga, N. Y. (A) . . . . .	10.	H. D. Willard, Box 94.
403.	Newark, N. J. (B) . . . . .	4.	Chas. Barrows, 168 Market st.
404.	Baraboo, Wis. (A) . . . . .	7.	Miss Dora Coffall, Box 1313.
405.	Lexington, Ky. (A) . . . . .	6.	(Not furnished.)
406.	Fort Elliot, Texas (A) . . . . .	9.	Thos. Hood, care Capt. Hood.
407.	New York, N. Y. (J) . . . . .	7.	A. C. Weeks, 120 Broadway.
408.	Hartford, Ct. (E) . . . . .	12.	W. H. St. John, 194 Farmington Ave.
409.	Sag Harbor, N. Y. (A) . . . . .	10.	C. R. Sleight.
410.	Princeton, Ill. (B) . . . . .	10.	Miss E. M. Richardson.
411.	New Salem, Mass. (A) . . . . .	12.	D. F. Carpenter.
412.	Syracuse, N. Y. (B) . . . . .	8.	B. Burnet Nash.
413.	Denver, Col. (C) . . . . .	5.	H. W. Henderson, 454 Cal. st.
414.	New York, N. Y. (K) . . . . .	6.	H. Ries, 139 W. 49.
415.	Waterbury, Conn. (C) . . . . .	5.	Wm. Carter.
416.	Racine, Wis. (A) . . . . .	4.	J. McColman, 926 Main.
417.	Keyport, N. J. (A) . . . . .	6.	Phelps Cherry.
418.	Boston, Mass. (D) . . . . .	18.	Harry C. Sanborn, 49 Lawrence street.
419.	Chicago, Ill. (M) . . . . .	8.	Geo. Lynne, 107 Sedgwick st.
420.	Hanover, Ind. (A) . . . . .	8.	C. Danner.
421.	Petaluma, Cal. (A) . . . . .	19.	Miss Mary Denny.
422.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (G) . . . . .	4.	R. C. Avery, 98 Second Pl.

#### EXCHANGES.

Florida shells, for minerals.—S. A. Howes, Battle Creek, Mich. Correspondence in South and West and in British America desired, with view to exchanges.—H. N. Johnson, Waterbury, Conn.

Common opal, for other minerals.—S. B. Arnold, Whipple Barracks, Arizona Territory.

Minerals, fossils, and woods, for foreign, Southern, and Pacific coast woods.—L. L. Lewis, Box 174, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Insects and birds' eggs, for insects and minerals; send for printed list.—E. Hamilton, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Birds' eggs.—Wm. Sicard, 1404 L st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Fossils.—C. R. Eastman, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The address of Chapter 388 should read as follows: C. F. Gettemy, Galesburg, Ill.

Attacus Cynthia cocoons, for cocoons of Io, Luma, Polyphemus, and Cecropia.—A. C. Weeks, 120 Broadway, N. Y.

Ores, for ocean curiosities or insects.—Eddie Boynton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Dakota grain, grass, and prairie flowers, for sea-shells or minerals.—Jesse French, Grand Rapids, Dakota.

Polyphemus, Cecropia, Promethea, and Io cocoons, for lepidoptera.—Fred. A. Brown, Malden, Mass.

Insects and minerals.—Lillie M. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Petrified wood, buffalo teeth, for iron pyrites or buhl-stone.—Frank Brown, Fargo, D. T., Box 1769.

Cocoons of Promethea and Cecropia, for minerals.—Henry Gilbert, 27 Inman st., Cambridge, Mass.

Celebrated Spanish poison-plant, "Loco," for sea-shells or birds' eggs.—Thomas S. Hood, Fort Elliot, Texas.

Woods, for pressed ferns from West or South.—Harry G. White, 39 Union st., Taunton, Mass.

Chapter 351, East Boston, Mass. (B) has 26 members, instead of 6.

Robins' and bluebirds' eggs.—Helen Montgomery, Box 713, Saco, Maine.

Edelweiss, for pressed autumn leaves.—Alice M. Guernsey, Wareham, Mass.

The address of Chapter 374 should be changed to F. E. Cocks, Sec. Brooklyn E., 126 Seventh st.

Colorado minerals, for eggs or insects.—R. W. Anthony, 796 Welton st., Denver, Col.

Nest and eggs of yellow-headed blackbird, for eggs or insects.—W. I. Strong, 804 Cal. st., Denver, Col.

Florida moss, shells, cocoons.—Box 14, Beverly, N. J.

Correspondence on entomology.—John P. Gavit, 3 Lafayette st., Albany, N. Y.

Pentremites, for petrified wood.—Miss Jessie P. Glenn, Bowling Green, Ky.

Flint, satin slate, asbestos, serpentine.—C. Hadden, Jr., 69 Remsen st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cocoons and chrysalids.—Jas. P. Curtis, 57 Seward Ave., Auburn, N. Y.

Agatized wood and minerals.—L. Wadsworth, Box 2772, Denver, Colorado.

## REPORTS FROM MEMBERS AND FRIENDS.

Did you ever hear of pussy willows in October? On October 5th, I found a tree with pussy willows on nearly every twig.  
SACO, MAINE. HELEN MONTGOMERY.

CANTON, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1883.

I caught a chipmunk in my squirrel-trap, and was about to let it go, when I saw on the lower part of the abdomen a bunch as large as the end of my finger, with a black thing as large as half a pea sticking out. It felt like an acorn. The black thing that stuck out was ringed like a cocoon. It fell out of the chipmunk, and looked something like this:



It was sparingly covered with short, stiff, light-colored hairs. When I touched it, it moved a little. I took it home and laid it in a box, but when I went again for it, it was gone. MARK MANLEY.

[Will some one name this parasite? We venture to suggest a species of *Acarina*, in spite of the apparent articulations.]

NORWICH, CONN.

How the statement became established that *Citheronia regalis* (see Jan. report) is rare in N. E. (and I confess it has authority), I do not know. The observations of naturalists here do not warrant it. The larvæ are plentiful on butternut trees in New London, Conn., and are also found feeding in freedom on bayberry. Last season a friend of mine, who offered 25 cents each for full-grown caterpillars, was surprised to have a youth bring him 40, as the result of one day's hunt. A company of three have at least 150 of the larvæ feeding, but the result can not be known until spring. The larvæ suffer terribly from ichneumons, and the per cent that survive is small. Larvæ of the Pine moth (*Ecates imperialis*) were also plentiful last season. They were found by me feeding upon white pine, arbor vitae, maple, ash, hickory, and bayberry. The caterpillar was uniformly green, tending to black, on all food-plants but hickory and bayberry. On these they were in second and third stage, and were red. A. W. PEARSON.

D. M. Perine asks about a red speck on a house-fly. It is a parasite that is common on flies late in summer. It has three pairs of delicate legs, which are little used. It adheres to the fly by means of its mouth, which is a strong sucker. Very often the body will break before the sucker will let go. I have taken thirteen from one fly. I can not give you the name of the little fellow: in fact, I question if it has ever been christened. There is a good field for some of your amateur entomologists in studying its life history, structure, and habits. The house-fly is infested by two other parasites. The first is a minute worm, called *Filaria*, which is often found in the fly's head or proboscis. The other is a vegetable growth (*Empusa musci*), a sort of fungus, like the mold on stale bread. The mycelia of this fungus, which are analogous to stalks of higher growths, penetrate the tracheæ, and, filling them, suffocate the fly.

You may often see adhering to the window a fly with a whitish deposit around it for half an inch. This is made up of thousands of spores, the fruit of the fungus. A.

["A." will please accept our thanks for his kind answer.]

H. A. Cooke, of North Brookfield, Mass., asks what is a "hair-snake." The scientific name is *Gordius aquaticus*. It is called Gordius from its habit of tying itself into a sort of "Gordian knot." As found wriggling its seven inches about in a pool, it is in its *imago* state, and is free. Not so, however, in its larval condition. It was then a parasite, and lived inside of some insect. Of course, no member of the A. A. accepts such boyish fallacies as that a horse-hair transforms itself into a hair-snake. GENESEE.

PITTSBURY, N. J.

I should like to know the scientific name of a bug that swims about on top of the water, and, when it is disturbed, goes under water. It is black, about half an inch long. We call them "eel-bugs."

H. E. DEATS.

[They are a genus of Coleoptera called *Gyrinida*. Common name, "whirligigs."]

VICKSBURG, MISS.

DEAR SIR: The curious "bug" described by Bina J. Ray in your September number is generally known as the "Devil's Coach-horse." It is quite common in this latitude. It is sometimes of a green color, and at other times is brown, and I think possesses the property of the chameleon in the power to change its color.

It is very pugnacious, and its bite quite painful. I have seen two of them, placed in a cage with a full-grown mocking-bird, make a determined fight, catching and sticking close under the bird's wings. It was only after a protracted conflict, and with considerable difficulty, that they were overcome by the bird and killed.

The head of this insect appears to be composed entirely of mouth and eyes, the latter protruding like round knobs. The neck is very small, and the abdomen bulbous-shaped. It is provided with wings, which are used readily. The head turns easily on the neck in any direction without moving the body; and the insect follows with its eyes every movement of an enemy, by turning the head only, like an owl. This gives it a comical, and at the same time a rather formidable, appearance, when angry or alarmed. OLD BOY.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I write to inform you of the organization of a Chapter of the Agassiz Association in Salt Lake City. Several of us boys have been more or less interested in natural history for some time, and when we read about the A. A. in ST. NICHOLAS, we thought that it was just what we wanted. So on Wednesday, August 2d, four of us met and organized the Chapter.

We have already taken several tramps after specimens. On the first one we found the terminal moraine of a glacier, and our honorary member gave us a long description of glaciers—the manner of their formation and movements, and the way in which moraines are formed. Our last trip was to a mining district situated 9300 feet above the sea. It lasted five days, and we walked sixty miles, and found many rare alpine plants, fossils, minerals, and bugs.

FRED. E. LEONARD, Box 265.

No abatement of interest. We are working up an entertainment, with the profits of which we intend to get a room. At one meeting we debated the question: "Resolved, That specialists accomplish more in natural history than generalists." We should like to have other Chapters take it up and let us know what they make of it. I have always read that quartz has no "cleavage," but I have a specimen of milky quartz which shows a remarkably fine plane of cleavage—4 by 2½ inches. W. R. LIGHTON, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Questions from Albany, A: How does a cat purr? Tell something of a singing mouse. What are the differences between butterflies and moths?

I desire to obtain some popular science monthly or weekly, that treats, in a popular way, all the natural sciences. *The American Naturalist* is more technical than I wish. W. STRIBLING.

[Any one who will recommend a good paper to us, answering this description, will confer a favor.]

HYDE PARK, ILLINOIS.

I am happy to inform you that a Natural History Association has been formed in our high school. We have 17 members, all of whom are very enthusiastic in their work. We all desire to connect ourselves with the A. A. We had a cabinet made, which cost \$25.00. The Board of Education has kindly advanced the cost of this, provided we leave our collection in the building. They also allow us to meet in the building. We have an entrance fee of 50c., in order that none but "workers" may join. We are very careful about electing new members. Address W. R. GWYNN, Box 237.

The special work of the term in Wareham, Mass., Chapter A, has been determinative mineralogy: we purchased 10 different minerals, and have analyzed them. We have a cabinet which has a number of specimens in it, together with several books, some purchased by the Chapter, and others presented by the Smithsonian Institution and the Department of the Interior.

We receive, through Mr. Glosser, the following report of Chapter C, No. 109, Washington, D. C. Listen to what the members have learned in one month:

Amber contains the fossil remains of 800 species of insects; and many kinds of plants.

Some snails breathe through an orifice which is on the right side in dextral and on the left in sinistral shells.

Deposits of metalliferous rock are formed in layers, beginning at the walls of the seams, which are sometimes highly polished. The central layer is composed of interlacing crystals.

The shark family contains the largest fishes. Sharks are nearly the only viviparous fishes, and the female is larger than the male.

Most of the movements of plants are independent of their growth. The ends of morning-glories revolve until they strike something, which they twine about.

In concluding this report, we wish to remind the Association of the prize offered in February for the best essay on evidences of design in Nature. We now fix the date at which all essays must reach us as May 15. We hope for a large number of papers. Chapters will bear in mind Agassiz's birthday, on the 28th of May. Longfellow's poem on A.'s 50th birthday, and Whittier's "Prayer of Agassiz," are among the most appropriate selections for reading or recitation. We hope to have full reports of the manner in which the day is observed.

Some time ago we hinted that we wished to receive photographs of all members of the Society, for an A. A. album, but only a few understood what we meant. We have, however, made a beginning, and shall be pleased to receive a group picture of each Chapter, and individual photographs of as many members as possible.

We must remind new members (and some older ones) that an inclosed, self-addressed envelope (*stamped*), or a postal card, are conditions of correspondence. No answers to postal cards. Reports and letters should be written on ordinary commercial notepaper—not foolscap—and on one side of the leaf. Address all letters to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.



The central picture in the above illustration may be described by one word of ten letters. With these letters words may be formed describing each of the smaller pictures.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials spell the Christian name, and my initials the surname, of a famous novelist.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Gladdened. 2. One-half of a romp. 3. A sea east of Italy. 4. A bird similar to a crow. 5. Profitable. 6. To amuse. 7. Greet.

"MARGUERITE."

## REVERSIBLE WORDS.

I. READ forward, I am always present; read backward, I never can be lost.

II. Read forward, I am a recompense; read backward, I am part of a bureau.

F. J. M.

## RIDDLE.

BOTH of the following verses may be answered by words sounding alike, but spelled differently:

Covered by me  
The prisoner bows his head.  
His fate is fixed—  
His life-long doom is read.

Covered with me  
E'en dullest things look bright,  
A contrast this—  
From darkness into light.

F. J. M.

## GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

ONE day I called my (1) *principal tributary of the Amazon servant*, whose name was (2) *a county of Georgia* and told him he was a lazy fellow, and deserved to be punished for allowing the (3) *division of Western Africa* fowls in the garden. The (4) *sea-port city of China* rooster had spoiled my pansy bed, and the little (5) *celebrated town of Java* were ruining the pinks. (6) *A county of Georgia* showed no (7) *cape on the Carolina coast*, but promptly repaired the damage as well as he could. I then sent my (8) *cape of Florida* servant to tell the æsthetic Miss (9) *county of Idaho* (10) *county of West Virginia* that I had a fine (11) *county of Mississippi* for her. He soon returned, saying she would be with me as soon as she had finished practicing a Christmas (12) *county of Ohio*.

At this juncture my brother, who was a famous hunter, returned from a hunting expedition, with the news that he had killed a (13) *county of Kentucky*, a (14) *lake in British America*, and a (15) *city of New York*; and had accidentally shot a neighbor's (16) *county of Alabama*. As we were both becoming (17) *a kingdom of Central Europe*, we sent word to the (18) *county of Illinois* to serve dinner. Miss (19) *county of Idaho* now appeared, with a (20) *country of East Africa* on her head, and an (21) *inhabitant of Afghanistan* thrown over her shoulders.

Our dinner consisted of (22) *county of Minnesota* soup, a fine boiled (23) *river of Idaho*, and a roasted (24) *country of Europe*. The vegetables were served on the finest (25) *country of Asia*. For dessert we had (26) *county of New York* ice, (27) *sea-port city of Spain* grapes, (28) *country of South America* nuts, and last of all, some delicious (29) *sea-port town of Arabia* coffee.

ELSIE E.

## NINE DIAMONDS.

TOP ROW: I. 1. In quire. 2. A gleam. 3. One who uses an agricultural implement. 4. A word expressing affirmation. 5. In quire. II. 1. In quire. 2. A sharp blow. 3. A sharp instrument. 4. A large metallic vessel. 5. In quire. III. 1. In quire. 2. Three-fourths of a small brook. 3. A large stream. 4. A sheltered place. 5. In quire.

MIDDLE ROW: I. 1. In quire. 2. Uppermost. 3. A wanderer. 4. An inclosure. 5. In quire. II. 1. In quire. 2. A wooden vessel. 3. A governor. 4. To entreat. 5. In quire. III. 1. In quire. 2. To bind. 3. A cavalryman. 4. An edible fish. 5. In quire.

BOTTOM ROW: I. 1. In quire. 2. A vehicle. 3. A contestant. 4. A color. 5. In quire. II. 1. In quire. 2. To fold. 3. More uncommon. 4. To fondle. 5. In quire. III. 1. In quire. 2. A dandy. 3. A boatman. 4. A wooden nail. 5. In quire.

"A. F. OWDER, JR."

## PROVERB REBUS.

THE answer to the accompanying illustration is an oft-quoted proverb.

## NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the first line of letters will spell the surname of a much-loved poet, and the third line, the name of one of his poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The part toward which the wind blows. 2. Very plain. 3. Closest at hand. 4. The first book of the Bible. 5. Acting as a drudge for another at an English school. 6. A precious stone. 7. That which quiets. 8. Freedom from business. 9. A public conveyance. 10. To coax.

HELEN F. T.

## PI.

Ryeve rate si dewersan yb a slomsob,  
Ryeve gish hitw nossg dan hertulag denb,  
Pealp-slombo puno eth bezseer sost hetm,  
Pilar skown erh won, nad si tentiont.

H. V. W.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifty-seven letters, and am a quotation from the *Merchant of Venice*.

My 49-3-43-27-13 is to squander. My 45-2-56-2-18-42 is a day of the week. My 55-41-11-44-9-25 is to entice. My 34-29-51-40 is a multitude. My 53-31-20-46 is a pronoun. My 8-38-12-4 is a small horse. My 36-32-15 is misery. My 53-16-19-1-57-50 is a fleet of armed ships. My 7-21-39-10-23-28 is to help. My 30-35-24 is to scatter abroad. My 33-48-26-6-17-54 is to pull with a twist. My 14-5-37-47 is sin.

"CESARIO."



## CHARADE.

We loaded the *first* at the station,  
With barrels and barrels of flour;  
The busy freight agent had told us  
The train would *last* in an hour.

We hurried about pretty lively,  
And piled up the barrels so fast  
That, when the long train reached the station,  
Our *whole* was quite ready to *last*.

"HIAWATHA."

## CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence.  
1. Hal was discouraged, for his three ventures all proved disastrous. 2. Shall Percival or Reginald go for the parcel? 3. The lateness of the hour prevented Anna from making the call she had intended. 4. She was not especially entertaining. 5. All the theaters seemed well patronized.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

## TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

I. My first is in strive, but not in vie;  
My second in prove, but not in try;  
My third in awkward, but not in sly;  
My fourth is in sing, but not in cry;  
My fifth is in nature, but not in sky;  
My whole holds castles for which we sigh.

II. My first is in leopard, but not in cat;  
My second is in thin, but not in fat;  
My third is in board, but not in slat;  
My fourth is in stood, but not in sat;  
My fifth is in fly, but not in bat;  
My sixth in carpet, but not in mat;  
My whole is something to puzzle at.

"SIDNEY AND IDA," AND "ELSIE E. B."

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

## ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

Why do we dread to-morrow, and so destroy to-day?  
For if we borrow trouble, we surely have to pay.

(These words will appear by holding the picture near and on a level with the eye. The second line may be seen by reading from the right-hand side of the picture.)

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Robert Burns; finals, Tam O'Shanter. Cross-words: 1. RioT. 2. Opera. 3. Blossom. 4. Echo. 5. Reckless. 6. Trash. 7. Banana. 8. Unicorn. 9. Revolt. 10. Novice. 11. Scour.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. 1. T-rib-une. 2. R-even-ue. 3. Ma-lad-y. 4. Be-wild-er.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, lines 297 and 298.

RHOMBIC. Across: 1. Inert. 2. Overt. 3. Eneid. 4. Tales. 5. Dents.

CYNTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Aristotle: 1. He-A-rd. 2. Ha-R-sh. 3. Na-I-ve. 4. Re-S-in. 5. Me-T-al. 6. St-O-op. 7. Pe-T-er. 8. Ha-L-ve. 9. Sk-E-in.

LATE ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES were received from F. W. Islip, Leicester, Eng., 10—Sydney Bilbans, Bonchurch, Eng., 1.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Fannie S., 1—C. A. M., 6—C. A. Neff, 11—Percy Merrell Nash, 3—Helen M., 2—Hattie I. Weisel, 2—Carry H. Bailey, 1—Sallie Seaman, 3—Frank R. Gadd, 1—John Burnet Nash, 1—Roy Guion, 4—E. L. B., 3—"Curiosity," 1—Philip Embury, Jr., 5—J. Webb Parker, 3—Stiles A. Torrance, 1—Leila L. Parsons, 1—J. M. L., 4—Alicia and Jessica, 9—Alice L. P., 1—Daisey Osbi, 1—R. H. Murphy, Jr., 4—Theodore H. Piser, 1—Edith Howland and Willis Brower, 1—Frank Osborne, 1—Carleton V. Woodruff, 5—Paul Reese, 8—"Alciabades," 7—Lillian Byrne, 4—Willie Koehnle, 8—Edith Sinclair, 1—Etta M. Taylor, 2—"Brooklyn," 6—"Oscar" and "Harry," 3—Tom Orrow, 3—J. X. Watson, 2—Charlie M. Philo, 1—Nannie McL. D., 4—Daisy and Dandelion, 2—L. I., 9—Dillaye G. Thompson, 2—Gracie A. R., 6—Minnie A. Olds, 4—"North Star" and "Little Lizzie," 4—J. B. Whitehead, 4—Edith Howland, 3—"The Stewart Browns," 7—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Isabella Purington, 3—Willie Frawtine, 4—L. E. and C. Yelkni, 9—L. Wager, 1—Helen and Harry, 3—Warren Dickinson, 9—Livingston Ham, 1—Harry B. Sparks, 7—Sam Pell, 8—E. Reyemilae, 5—Florence G. Lane, 7—Nellie Caldwell, 5—D. B. Shumway, 8—Harver and Mazy, 6—Lullie M. Bradley, 1—Joe B. Sheffield, 2—G. Mather, 5—Mamma, Madge, and I, 6—"Queen Bess," 8—"M. N. Bank," 2—E. Riley, 2—Vin and Henry, 6—Appleton H., 7—L. Gilman, 6—A. D. Close, 4—Hazel, 8—B. Stromenger, 3—Dyic, 6—Pernie, 9—J. A. Nowland, 3—K. B. and A. B., 9—B. and C. Wehl, 6.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Delia Marble—"Lode Star"—Sallie Viles—Philip C. Kennerly—H. A. Davis—"Arabi Bey"—Harry L. Reed—Amy Slade—R. R. R.—"Vere-de-Vere Vaughan"—Clarence A. Cobleigh—Belle Bartholomew—Minnie B. Murray—Helen Smith—Maggie M. Perkins—R. T. Losee—"Two Subscribers"—L. V. Pirson and H. W. Faulkner—Helen F. Turner—Mamma and Weddie—Howard S.—Neely and Frank—"The Houghton Family"—Pinnie and Jack—"Professor and Co."—Louis R. Custer—John C. and Wm. V. Moses—"A. P. Owder, Jr."—Grandma, Frank, and Anna—Katie Schoonmaker—"Ursa Major and Ursa Minor"—Heath Sutherland—"Town and Country"—Tom and Ida—Eugene and Bessie Smith—Papa, Mary, Anne, and Belle Casal—"Mama and Bae"—Sarah C. Dwight—Pearl Stevens—Scrap—Teresa and Elizabeth—Dexter S. Crosby, Jr., and Harry W. Chandler, Jr.—Cuchee Smith—Sadie and her Aunt—"Three"—Lillie C. Lippert—Francis W. Islip—K. M. B.—Mary Ingham—Lizzie Owen—"Erasmus"—Edward J. Colgate—C. J. Child—Papa, Elida, and Samuel Whitaker—G. Lansing and J. Wallace—G. L. Waterhouse—H. M. Baynes—Grace Eddington.

WORD SQUARES. I. 1. Inert. 2. Never. 3. Evade. 4. Redan. 5. Trent. II. 1. Abhor. 2. Brave. 3. Haven. 4. Overt. 5. Rents.

III. 1. Grate. 2. Raven. 3. Avert. 4. Terse. 5. Enter. ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. C. 2. Aha. 3. Chart. 4. Art. 5. T. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. T. 2. Era. 3. Trend. 4. Ant. 5. D. Central Diamond: 1. T. 2. Tea. 3. Tepid. 4. Aid. 5. D. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. T. 2. Via. 3. Timid. 4. Air. 5. D. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. D. 2. Dew. 3. Depot. 4. Won. 5. T.

## PICTORIAL CHARADE. Letter-Box.

An abiding place for soap, or starch, or cuffs, or paper collars  
Is number *two*, which holds three things you use for number one;  
Our *one* and *two* combined bring the nation many dollars,  
Paid over by all those who have much letter-writing done.

TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS. I. Pan. II. Ida.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, marine; 2 to 6, enrage; 5 to 6, serene; 1 to 5, morals; 3 to 4, retain; 4 to 8, Norman; 7 to 8, ensign; 3 to 7, Racine; 1 to 3, moor; 2 to 4, earn; 5 to 7, sole; 6 to 8, even.

DIAMOND. 1. L. 2. Sec. 3. Shore. 4. Leopard. 5. Erase. 6. Ere. 7. D.—CHARADE. Naughty.



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(By permission, from the engraving by Bertinot.)

ANTON VANDYCK.

[See "Stories of Art and Artists," page 509.]



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## AMONG THE POLLY-DANCERS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

To children in towns, anything that suggests the wild woods and breezy hills is oftentimes even more than the woods and hills themselves are to those who live among them. From a city window, I have seen children, playing in a vacant house-lot overrun with weeds, plucking and rejoicing over the rough, homely things as if they were the fairest of flowers, and, with delight that was almost ecstasy, sorting over the faded evergreens thrown there from some neighboring chapel, where they had long served as decorations.

The very word "evergreen" seems full of all manner of woodsy sights and sounds and smells.

When a bit of a child myself—almost a baby—I remember that one day my father called me to the low table, which was just about on a level with my eyes, and said:

"Look at the Polly-dancers!"

He had brought in a green pine-twig from the wood-pile, had cut off half a dozen brush-like little tufts, had trimmed their tips, and then, blowing upon them gently, had set them dancing about the table as if they were alive. They floated this way and that, each taking its own direction; and when one moved too near the edge of the table, a light puff from his lips would send it back again. They seemed to me like tiny green-skirted sprites having a frolic together, and I was charmed with them more as playmates than as playthings.

I had a large family of rag-babies of home manufacture, featureless and limbless, which either wore their only night-gown all day or had squares of

bright calico (their entire wardrobe) pinned about their shoulders, shawl fashion; and for each of these I felt a separate motherly affection. There was also a London doll laid away in a drawer, which I was told belonged to me, but whose rosy cheeks and flaxen curls I was forbidden to touch. For this fine lady I had a great admiration, without any feeling of attachment, and when she finally fell into my hands, my ill-treatment of her soon brought her down to the level of my humbler darlings.

But I wholly forgot rag-babies and London dolls in my rapture over the Polly-dancers.

No matter if they had neither heads nor feet, they could move like living creatures. The lack of motion and life is what makes dollies, however dear, unsatisfactory to a sensible child. All the imagining in the world will not make them stir. But a dolly that could flit hither and thither at a breath, it was no matter whether she had a visible head of her own or not, since there was one ready to grow for her, at any moment, out of her little admirer's brain.

When I asked, "Where did the Polly-dancers come from?" and was answered, "From the woods," a whole new, unexplored world rose before me.

There was a dark-blue outline against the sunset, across the river, and another heavier line of purple-green in the north, toward the sea, which I had heard called "the woods." The name had been full of mystery to me, before; but from that

moment it stood for a wonder-land—the home of the Polly-dancers! How I longed for the time when I should be old enough to go to the woods! And when one summer day, a year or two after, my brother asked and gained leave to take me with him a-berrying, was not I a happy girl?

The walk was through a long street, past a great many houses, and then over an open, unshaded road. But at last we were there. When the cool, lofty greenness closed us in, and fresh earth-smells came up from the moss and ferns beneath our feet, I seemed to know it all as if I had been there before. These were really “the woods” of my dream!

My brother seated me on a great rock covered with lichens, and told me not to move from the spot until he came for me. Then he went out of sight with his basket, whistling. I felt like crying for loneliness when I saw him disappear, but the stillness around me inspired a feeling of awe that made me afraid to utter a sound. And presently I began to feel at home in the wonderful place. There were soft whisperings all about me, that seemed like kind voices of unseen friendly people, rustlings as of gossamer garments.

Nothing would have tempted me from my perch, for I had read of elves and gnomes and fairies, and I firmly believed in them. They always lived in the woods; and though I would gladly have stepped inside a fairy-ring, just once, I would not for worlds have done so without first feeling my hand fast in my brother's, else I was sure I should never see home again. But he did not believe in fairies, and I soon forgot that I did as I listened to the song of the Polly-dancers.

For there they were, thousands and tens of thousands of them, up in those great trees, dancing with their feet out to the sky, and making such music together, low, sweet, and solemn! I have never forgotten how it sounded to me that first time I heard it. It seemed to tell me that the world was a larger and lovelier place than I had dreamed, and that it would always have awaiting me something grander than I could guess. Of course, I had no words for my feelings then; I did not even know that I was having “feelings” at all. A child never does, until long afterward. But the feelings come back, and we remember the moments when we began to be acquainted with the world and with ourselves.

My brother and I walked home, two merry, tired, matter-of-fact children. He had left me only a half-hour or so alone; and he did not confide to me until we were almost home that his basket, which seemed brimful of huckleberries, was really crammed with fresh leaves, and that there was only a thin layer of berries on the top! I re-

member thinking what a remarkable boy he was to have conceived such a clever artifice. But he had not liked either to take me into the bushes or to leave me long alone; and he did not wish to appear unsuccessful in his search for berrfes, if he should chance to pass other boys. He little dreamed how much more than berries I had found in the woods that day!

For the pine trees have been like dear friends to me ever since. Every summer I go to visit them in their homes on the mountain-sides, where they best love to be, and where they are always ready to give those who love them a hospitable welcome.

I do not know of any tree that seems so much like a human being as a pine tree. Every one of its myriad little needle-like leaves vibrates like a sensitive nerve to the touch of the breeze, and its great song is a chorus of innumerable small voices answering each other, and carrying the anthem on into limitless space. It distills rich gums, and sends out spicy odors to make the air around it healthy and sweet, and it throws down its leaves to make a dry bed on the damp earth, where we can rest on hot midsummer days. There is no outdoor repose sweeter than that we find under its shadow, looking up through its boughs into twinkling breaks of blue sky. I always feel like a little child again when I find myself in that friendly solitude.

There are companions all about me, happy, living creatures, and the most neighborly of these are the squirrels. They and the Polly-dancers seem very fond of each other. A squirrel runs out to the very tip of a long bough over my head, and a little gust of sound, that might be a laugh or a sigh, steals softly down to me. Is that distant chatter of the squirrels frolicking or scolding? I can not always tell. But once I saw a pitched battle between two chipmunks, high up in the tree-tops, and suddenly one of them fell with a light thud on the ground beside me, fifty feet or more below the scene of the fight. He did not seem the least bit hurt or discomfited, but was flashing up the next tree in an instant, after his victorious foe.

It is wonderful how the squirrels know at once when any one has come into the woods. Let the intruder be ever so quiet, in a minute or two there is an approaching “chip-chip-chip!” a clattering down the loose bark of a tree, as of somebody whose shoes do not fit very well, and two small, bright eyes are staring at him inquisitively from a safe distance.

Sitting perfectly still on the ground, I have eyed a squirrel ten minutes at a time—he as still as myself and gazing into my eyes as steadily as I into his. I have usually had to be the first to look away; then he would perhaps venture a little nearer, or possibly would take alarm at my move-



ments, and run up into his tree, quivering with excitement. Once I caught the eye of one sitting on a pine-scrub near me, with a nut or acorn in his mouth, which fitted in exactly and gave it the shape of the letter "O." He staid there a long time quite motionless, with his tail in the air, and his paws uplifted to his cheeks, stuffed out with the nut, which he did not attempt to eat or to drop, until I turned away. It was very comical, the three interjections that his eyes and mouth made as he watched me. I tried to talk to him in squirrel-language, and he seemed to listen, but not to understand, for he gave no answer; I suppose he was laughing inside at the ridiculous mispronunciations of the intrusive foreigner. But I have had long talks with squirrels that came down to within a few feet of me, and told me unmistakably that they had better command of their own vocabulary than I, and that I had better leave their premises at once.

Squirrels in their native haunts are sometimes very tame. At a picnic in the woods, I have seen one come and take away a slice of cucumber almost from the hand of the person who laid it on the ground for him. We hoped he did not have to send for a squirrel-doctor, after eating the indigestible morsel. And one actually jumped from a tree down upon the shoulder of a lady who sat there talking with a friend.

This was in the Maine woods, which, perhaps, are no lovelier than the woods of any other State, though they seem lovelier to me because I have passed so many peaceful, almost perfect, days in their shade. The ground all carpeted with delicate linnea-vines, interwoven with trailing arbutus and snowberry streamers, wherever the pine-needles had not fallen too thickly to let them through; checkerberry and bunchberry dotting the deep verdure with scarlet drops; the note of some belated bird now and then floating down the hill-side; the great tree-trunks before me framing

in the river and vast green meadows, and the grand, far-off mountain ranges tinted with azure and purple and pearl—it takes but a thought to carry me thither, and I journey there often through closed doors and windows. For memory and fancy are like the magic traveling-rug of the "Arabian Nights," and much pleasanter conveyances than steam-boat or railway car.

I think there is some secret league between the Polly-dancers and the mountains. They are always found together; and they perhaps like each other because of their differences, as persons sometimes do. For what is so airy, so easily stirred, as the needle-like foliage of the pine tree? and what is so immovable as a mountain?

Yet the far blue summits and the gray crags and precipices seem to speak through the pine tree. They are dumb, but they make its wiry leaves their harp-strings. The west wind steals down from the peak and breathes through the pine in a monotone, as if the mountain were thinking aloud, while the stormy blast wakens there a surging music as from vast organ-pipes. And the somber green of the pine-groves is never so picturesque as when contrasted with the misty tints of a hilly background. To know the pine trees well you must live with them on the mountain-sides.

When the pine tree sings, it wakes an echo in the heart of the smallest child who listens beneath its boughs. What is its song?

That every little, firm, green thread, set so close upon its branches, delights to take its part in the grand music of creation, to breathe out the story of life all around it, larger and stronger than itself—life that it feels thrilling up from its hidden roots and out of the infinite spaces of the sky. And this song is so full of deep meaning to every human being who aspires to live truly, it seems so full of our own inmost longing, that we almost feel while we listen as if the pine tree had a soul.

This I have learned among the Polly-dancers.



## A FABLE FOR BOYS.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING."

AS SOON as a boy leaves school and looks about to see what he shall do next, he is very likely to be told by some unwise person, "The world owes you a living." This probably strikes him as being a very wise remark, and the boy says to himself, "If it is true that the world owes me a living, then I'm all right." He finds a place, and goes to work manfully; but after a time he concludes that there is no fun in it, and he stops to consider: "If the world owes me a living, why should I trouble myself? Let the world pay its debt to me." Suddenly he loses his place and has nothing to do. He is surprised, and wonders why the world does not give him his due. "A nice bed, warm clothes, and regular dinners are good things, and I ought to have them. The world owes them to me, and if I do not get them I've been cheated out of my rights."

A fable is a story that has been "made up"—an imaginary story that is not really true. The saying that "the world owes every man a living" sounds very deep and wise, but it is only a fable. It is not true.

Come, boys, get your hats and walking-sticks, and let us take a tramp and see what we can find. We will start in the country and walk to town by the brook, along the river-side and over the canal. This is a pretty good road. It leads toward the city. It is smooth and hard, and the teams we meet roll along swiftly and easily. Yonder is a horse dragging a cart through some plowed land. He has a hard time of it, but as soon as he reaches the road he will trot off merrily enough.

Here's a stone bridge over a brook. See how nicely all the stones have been laid, one over the other, to make the arch that spans the water. The brook is deep and muddy, and it would not be much fun to wade it to reach the other side. But having the bridge, there is no need of that.

We walk on, and presently come to another bridge. Ah! this is the canal. It looks like a narrow river winding through the country. There is a path on one side for the horses, and here and there are locks. Here's a boat coming. First comes the horse stoutly pulling on the long rope, and the great boat slips silently through the water behind him. A horse is able to drag on wheels a load which, if he walks all day, is equivalent to moving ten tons one mile. This horse pulling the canal-boat moves a load of five hundred and fifteen tons the same distance in the same time. That was certainly a good idea in some one to make a watery road and put boats, instead of carts, upon it, and thus make such a gain in the work of the horse. The canal looks like a river, but it is not. Thousands of men worked hard for a long time to dig the ditch and fill it with water, that the boats might travel from town to town.

Here's a lock. Let us stop and see the boat pass through. There are two great gates, arranged in pairs, at each end of the lock. The lower gates are open, and the lock is empty. At the upper end we find that the water is much higher above the lock than in it. The boat glides into the lock, and the lockman closes the gates tightly behind it. Then he turns a crank, and immediately we hear the water rushing into the lock. How wonderful! The great boat rises slowly till it is level with the water above the lock. Then the



man opens the upper gates, and the boat slips through and goes on its way. Here one man lifted, alone, a load of over five hundred tons, and moved the boat from one level of the canal to another. Certainly, some one must have been a wise man to make such an admirable contrivance.

Let us go on, for there is much more to be seen. We walk along the road and the houses become thicker, and there is a nice graveled sidewalk, with rows of trees on either side. Ah! There 's the river. Let 's turn aside and look at it. The banks are lined with stone to keep the waves from washing the soil away, and out in the stream are red-and-black beacons to mark the channel for the steam-boats. There is one coming now. How swiftly it moves along! What a very clever invention it is! There 's a sloop beating up stream against wind and tide. The sail-boat finds it difficult to make a mile while the steam-boat is going ten.

We trudge along, and presently come to a horse railroad leading into the town. Twenty-two people in the car, and only two horses. Two horses in a carriage find it quite enough to drag four people on a sandy beach or rough road, but when the carriage runs on smooth iron rails they can drag sixty people or more. Certainly, somebody must have been very bright to find out this and to put it into practice.

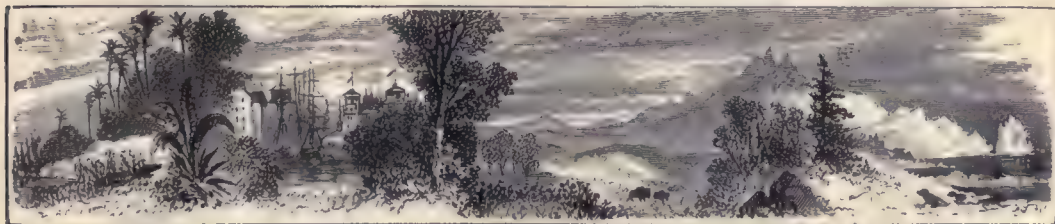
Here we are in the city. There 's a policeman standing guard on the corner, to keep the thief and pickpocket from entering our house or stealing our purse. Here 's a fine, large school-house, where a hundred children are getting an education free. Next door is a free picture-gallery and a public library, and here 's a fountain in the street where men, horses, and even dogs, can have a drink of pure water at any time. Not far away is an engine-house, and we may stop at the door and look in at the beautiful and intelligent horses, trained to put themselves into place before the engine the instant the bell rings. What a fine

How finely the streets are laid out, paved, and lighted with gas, and provided with signs on the corners to point the way. If we go down-town, we shall see great docks, with swift and beautiful ships floating in the harbor and great steam-ships ready to take us to any part of the world. There are the forts, where the soldiers mount guard day and night the year round. See that white tower in the distance. That is the light-house to guide strange vessels to the port. Yonder is a war-ship, with rows of black guns looking out of its sides—a noble sea-dog, ready to repel any invaders who dare come to our shores bent on mischief. There are many more things to be seen, but perhaps this is enough. Let us take the cars and go home. We pay a few cents, and are brought back to the country safely, quickly, and cheaply.

Now, boys, what do you think of it? We had a good road to walk upon, and a bridge to help us over the brook. We saw the water-road called a canal, and the river kept in fine order for boats. We saw the horse railroad, the steam-boat, the streets, the docks, the fort, and the light-house, the gallery and school; and beside all these were many more wonderful things we did not have time to examine.

We read that in certain countries there are no roads, towns, or even houses. Bears and wolves roam through the wilderness, and the few men who live there have a hard time to find food to eat and skins enough to keep out the cold. Were you carried there and left to take care of yourself, you would soon starve. There might be fish in the water, and grapes on the vines, and birds among the trees. But would the fish come up to be cooked and eaten, would the grapes drop into your hand, or the birds stay to be caught? Not at all. Nature would simply let you starve. The world would see you faint with hunger or perishing with cold, and not a living thing would seem to care whether you lived or died.

Put a line in the sea and catch the fish, and he



piece of machinery is the engine—and the men, too. They look like able workmen, and, no doubt, when the need comes, they will risk their lives with a noble courage we can not help admiring.

will make a hard struggle to get away. Only because you are stronger, only after you have killed him; can you eat the fish. Only by climbing the vine can you get grapes, only by trapping the birds

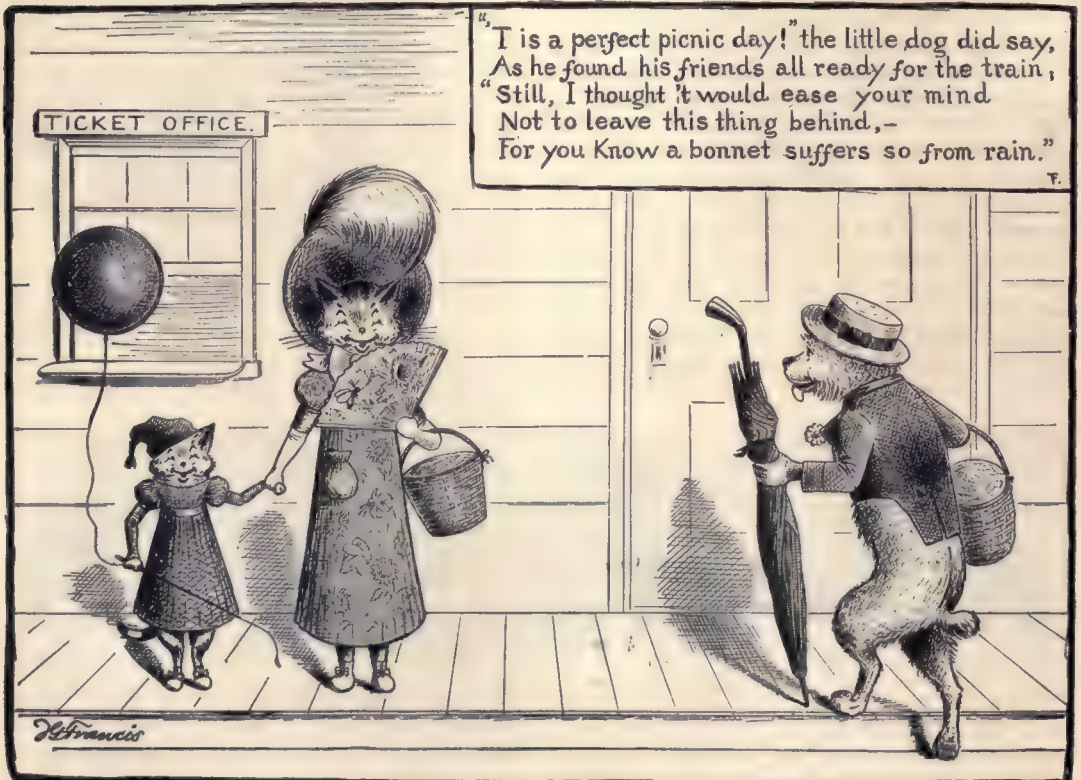
can you eat them. This seems hard and cruel. Why does not Nature make fried fish to come up to the shore? Why should not the grapes grow close to the ground? Why do not the broiled ducks and boned turkeys hop down into our plates? I do not really know why not, but it is certain they never do.

At one time this country was a wilderness, where no man could live, save by fighting the wild beasts. Some one chased away the bears and wolves, cut down the forests, laid out roads, built towns, and dug canals. Somebody spent vast sums of money in constructing railroads, steam-boats, docks, light-houses, schools, libraries, and all the fine things you enjoy so freely. More than this, somebody pays the policeman, the fireman, the soldier, sailor, the light-house keeper and school-master.

From the day you were born your father and mother have fed, clothed, and sheltered you. It has cost you nothing. None of these great public works, roads, canals, towns, navies, and armies cost

you anything. How can you say the world owes you a living? Is it not you who are in debt? What has a boy done to deserve all this? Not a thing. It is you who must pay—not the world.

Ah! boys, he was a foolish creature who first said, "The world owes me a living." He told a very silly fable. The world owes no man a living till he has done some worthy deed, some good work to make the world better and a fairer place to live in. Those old fellows who dug canals and laid out towns, who built cities and invented all these splendid things,—these telegraphs, these ships, these magnificent engines,—had the right idea. They worked manfully, and the world at last did owe them a living, and paid it many times over. If you mean to get out of the great debt you owe the world, do something, go to work and show you are a man. Then, when you have shown the world you can work, it will gladly pay you a living, and the finer and more noble your work the greater will be your reward.







BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.\*

ROBIN HOOD has been called a robber; but, in fact, he was not a robber at all, in the true sense of the word. He was a patriot against whom the decree of outlawry had been uttered by a tyrannical king.

In the year 1265, on the field of Eves-

ham, the patriots, who were struggling against the tyranny of Henry III., came to grief. They were utterly defeated and many of their noblest leaders slain. The most notable of those who survived the battle were outlawed and their homes and property confiscated. Robin Hood, who, under the leadership of De Montfort, a nobleman (Earl of Leicester), had shown great bravery and skill as an archer, was especially hated by the tyrant, and forced, in order to

save his life or to avoid banishment from his beloved country, to take refuge in the vast wild forests of Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire, where he soon called about him a band of brave, but unfortunate lovers of liberty, who vowed never to surrender to the invaders of merry England. These men were of the good, substantial middle class of Englishmen, called yeomen, whose delight it was that they were free-born and had the right to bear the English long-bow and arrows as their arms and the badges of liberty.

In those days life and property were not so secure as they are now, and governments were less stable.

The wealthy men and hereditary nobles of England fortified themselves in vast castles surrounded with solid walls and moats filled with water, whence they now and then went forth, with their armed retainers, to do all manner of evil deeds. And these enemies of the people had given their allegiance to the invaders and conquerors of England.

So it may be easily seen how Robin Hood and his compatriots were situated in their enforced exile. They had fought for freedom, and had been defeated. To surrender was death or banishment for life. They were in the wild greenwood, with their weapons in their hands, and they resolved not to surrender to the tyrant, whose very name was hateful, and whose heart had never known mercy. They were free men and loved England, and they

ham, the patriots, who were struggling against the tyranny of Henry III., came to grief. They were utterly defeated and many of their noblest leaders slain. The most notable of those who survived the battle were outlawed and their homes and property confiscated. Robin Hood, who, under the leadership of De Montfort, a nobleman (Earl of Leicester), had shown great bravery and skill as an archer, was especially hated by the tyrant, and forced, in order to

could not bear the thought of being put to death by a king who had gathered about him a foreign court, and had unsparingly oppressed the yeomanry of his realm.

At first, Robin Hood and his men sought to live by killing game in Sherwood forest; but the tyrant would not allow this, rather choosing to send companies of armed men to scour the wood in search of them, with orders to take them dead or alive. Resistance became necessary, and Robin and his brave fellows fell upon some of these companies, and drove them from Sherwood with the loss of many men.

A reward was offered for Robin Hood's capture. The rich nobles and even some of the ecclesiastics joined the King in his oppressions, doing everything in their power to bring Robin to his death.

So it came to pass that at last this brave forester called his band together and gave the following orders, which were adopted as the law to govern their actions:

"See that you do no harm to any husbandman that tilleth with the plow, or to any good yeoman, or to any knight or squire that is a good fellow; but those that live upon the fat of the land, and subsist by plundering the poor, you may beat and bind them. The High Sheriff of Nottingham, too, you may bear in mind, for he is no friend to any of us."

This simple proclamation gives us an insight into the situation. The yeomanry and the knights and squires of England had mostly been on the side of freedom in the late struggle. They and the honest tillers of the soil sympathized with Robin and his band. The official class, as has been said, had always been the robbers of the poor and the auxiliaries of the tyrant. As for the Sheriff of Nottingham, he, no doubt, was desirous of capturing Robin and his men for the sake of the reward offered by the Government and the rich oppressors against whom Robin had leveled his attacks.

Bearing in mind these prominent features, the reader is ready to go into the greenwood where this dauntless band of archers have their home, and there witness those exploits which have rendered the name of Robin Hood a household word in the homes of merry England for seven centuries or more.

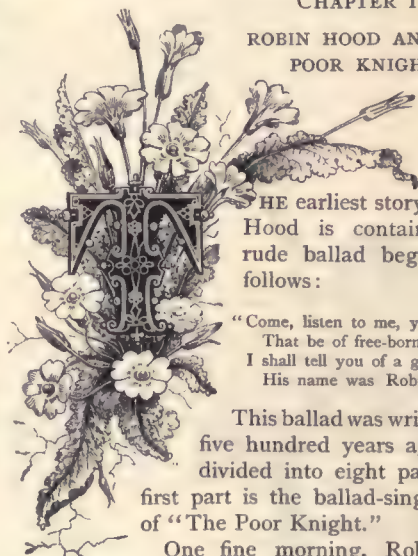
What shall interest you in all this? Why, you shall go where the summer breezes sing, and the brooks ripple, and the wild birds carol in the shady groves. You shall hear the twang of the bow-string and the hiss of the flying arrow as the merry woodsmen hunt the deer, the wild swan, the pheasant, and other game. You shall see them catch the trout in the sweet, cold brooks. You shall be

with Robin and his bold men in many a skirmish with the emissaries of the King, and you shall witness their kindness to the poor and their noble tenderness to women.

You will keep in mind, however, that the days of honorable outlawry are gone by—that what was justifiable in the times of the tyranny and lawless conquest of kings would be robbery, punishable with imprisonment and disgrace, in this free and happy land of ours. And you will draw from the story of Robin Hood a fuller knowledge of the happiness you derive from living in an age of real freedom, and in a land where the Government protects the people instead of joining with their enemies to oppress them.

## CHAPTER II.

### ROBIN HOOD AND THE POOR KNIGHT.



THE earliest story of Robin Hood is contained in a rude ballad beginning as follows:

"Come, listen to me, ye gentlemen  
That be of free-born blood:  
I shall tell you of a good yeoman,  
His name was Robin Hood."

This ballad was written about five hundred years ago, and is divided into eight parts. The first part is the ballad-singer's story of "The Poor Knight."

One fine morning, Robin Hood stood under a tree in the depths of the forest. He was leaning against the bole of the tree and must have looked weak and hungry, for one of his best men, who was called Little John, said to him:

"Master Robin, if you would eat a good, hearty dinner, it would do you much good."

"I have no desire to eat," said Robin Hood, "and shall not dine unless I have some stranger for a guest who can pay for his meal."

In fact, Robin and his band had been so harassed of late by the sheriffs of the King, and by bodies of men-at-arms sent to kill them, that the outlaw felt a keen desire to avenge himself.

"Well, what must we do?" said Little John, who was a great eater, and who was growing very hungry. "Give us our orders." And Robin answered:

"You and Much, the miller's son, and William Scathelock, take a walk up to the dwarf-willow thicket and watch the highway called Watling



street, and take the first man that comes along, be he baron, or abbot, or knight, and bring him here to me. I'll have dinner all ready by the time you return."

Then the three men strung their long yew-bows, and, bowing to Robin Hood, went to do his bidding. They were strong men, especially Much, the miller's son, who was a match for several ordinary men. They must have shone bravely, as they stepped along through the summer woods, for they wore green mantles and gay hoods, and in their broad belts their arrows gleamed brightly. Robin watched them with pride, for they were the truest, the bravest, and the strongest of his men.

When they had hidden themselves in the willows, or sallies, which overlooked the highway, they began watching for some passer-by, but for a long time saw none. At last, however, a knight, shabbily dressed and evidently in a sad mood, came slowly riding by, with one foot in stirrup, the other carelessly dangling free, and with his hood pulled low over his eyes.

Little John stepped forth from his hiding-place, and, bowing before the knight in a very courteous way, said:

"I am glad to meet you, Sir Knight, for my master has been waiting dinner for you these three hours. You will be right welcome, gentle knight, to our feast under the greenwood tree."

The knight reined up his horse and said:

"And who is your master, my good yeoman?"

"Robin Hood," replied Little John.

"Robin Hood, the brave patriot? I have heard much of him," said the knight. "He's a good yeoman, and I will go to him with you, although I was to dine at Doncaster to-day."

"My master will give you better fare than any inn-keeper at Doncaster," said Much.

"That he will," said Scathelock.

As they went along through the forest toward the tree where they had left Robin Hood, Little John and his companions noticed that the knight was very sad, and that the tears now and then dropped down his cheeks. They wondered what was the cause of his trouble, but kindly forbore to question him.

At the tree Robin stepped forward, and, taking off his hood, bowed before the knight and said:

"You are welcome, Sir Knight, to my greenwood home. I have been waiting three hours to dine with you."

"Ah, thank you, good Robin Hood!" said the knight, graciously bowing and smiling sadly. "God save you and all your men."

They gave the stranger such accommodations as they had. He and Robin went to the brook, and bathed their hands and faces side by side, and

dried them upon the same towel. Then they dined together under the tree. And what a dinner it was! There was fat venison and wine and pheasants and river-fowl, and the ballad goes on to say:

"And there wanted never so little a bird as ever was bred on brier."

The knight ate ravenously, and when his hunger was appeased, said:

"Thank you, sir; for three weeks I have not had such a meal. I must be going now, but if I ever have the chance I shall repay your kindness by giving you just as good a dinner as this."

"You must pay before you go," said Robin, who suspected that the knight might be a King's officer in disguise.

At this the stranger looked chagrined, and said: "I have no money." His voice trembled and his eyes grew gloomy again, as if some deep distress had almost worn out his spirit.

"If that is so," said Robin Hood, "you shall go free. Upon your knightly honor, Sir Knight, how much have you?"

"I have but ten shillings," said the poor knight, blushing for shame at his poverty.

Robin was touched, but he wished to be sure, so he told Little John to search the knight. Sure enough, there were but ten shillings in his purse.

Then Robin passed around the wine, and they drank the knight's health.

"I wondered what made your clothes so thin," said Robin, "and now tell me—(I'll keep the secret)—were you made a knight by force or from the yeomanry, or have you lived an uproarious life and wasted your fortune in debauchery?"

"I have not lived a sinful life," said the knight, "and my ancestors have been knights for more than two hundred years."

Then he went on to tell Robin how he had been good to his neighbors and had had a living of four hundred pounds a year, and how he had lost his wealth through his son's misfortune in a tourney where he had killed a knight and a squire. To save his son from the consequences, his goods had been sold and all his land mortgaged to the Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey.

"And when must you repay the Abbot in order to save your estate?" said Robin Hood.

"A few days are left me yet, but I shall not be able to get the money," was the sorrowful reply. "My poor wife and children must suffer."

"How much do you owe the Abbot?" Robin demanded.

"Four hundred pounds," replied the knight.

"And what will become of you if you lose your land?"

"I shall sail away to Palestine," said the knight, "to the land where Christ lived and died on Cal-

vary. My fate is hard. Farewell. I shall never be able to repay you. You have been very kind to me." He was shedding tears as he spoke, and he turned to leave them, his head bowed and his face deeply lined with trouble.

Robin Hood's three sturdy men stood by and wept at this.

"What friends have you who will become your surety if I lend you the four hundred pounds?" Robin asked.

"Heaven is my only friend," replied the knight. "Since my poverty has come upon me all men have deserted me."

"But you offer no security," insisted Robin.

"I have none to offer," answered the knight—"except my knightly honor."

Robin Hood was wise. He knew human nature.

"I will lend you the money," he said, quickly.

So he sent Little John to his hidden treasury to fetch the money. Not only this, at Little John's suggestion, the knight was given three yards of every color of cloth contained in the outlaw's rich store. Much grumbled at Little John's free measurements, seeing that he used a six-foot bow for a yard-stick, and gave three feet over at each length; but Scathelock laughed and said, "Little John can afford liberal measure, as the cloth did not cost him much!"

"Master Robin, you must give the knight a horse to pack all these goods upon," said Little John, eying the enormous pile of green and scarlet and gold and blue cloth.

"And a palfrey," said Much.

"And a pair of boots," added Scathelock.

"And these gilt spurs," cried Little John.

The knight stood silent, much moved by this great generosity.

"Now, when shall you expect me to pay back this money?" he asked, as he prepared to depart.

"On this day, a year hence, under this greenwood tree," replied Robin.

Then the knight bade them good-bye, and was about to go, when Robin spoke up and said:

"It would be a shame for so fair a knight to ride through the land with no squire, or yeoman, or page to walk by his side. I will lend you Little John to be your servant, and to stand in the stead of a yeoman, if you need one."

And then the knight rode gladly away, with Little John by his side, while the birds sang in the green trees, and the sweet breeze whispered, and the brooks bubbled, and the deer bounded across the grassy glades.

"Now," said the knight to Little John, "I must be in York to-morrow, at the Abbey of St. Mary, so as to pay the Abbot this money, or I may lose my estates forever."

He was thinking how happy his wife and children would be when their home could again be called their own. He smiled so happily that it made Little John glad and proud of the part he had taken in befriending him.

When they reached the great highway which led to York, they followed it, meeting on the way, no doubt, many noble knights, clad in shining steel armor, and many lords and ladies and ecclesiastics.

The knight reached the Abbey just as the Abbot was considering what was to be done about the pledged estates.

He was rather surprised at seeing the four hundred pounds counted out, and it was not with much pleasure that he surrendered the knight's lands, free of all encumbrance.

But it was a happy day for the good knight, and a proud one for Little John. The two left the Abbey and went to the knight's home, where the latter's wife was sorrowfully waiting for him. They made her joyful with the news they bore, and she blessed the name of Robin Hood, and wished him and his noble men long life and great success.

The knight and Little John sang merry songs. The whole world looked bright to them, as it always does to those who receive great benefits and to those who do noble deeds.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW THE GENTLE KNIGHT REPAID ROBIN HOOD.



LITTLE JOHN was to remain in the employ of the knight for one year, at the end of which he was to return to the greenwood and report to Robin Hood.

The knight had no sooner secured his estates from the greed of the

Abbot than he began making every effort to get the four hundred pounds necessary to meet his promise to Robin Hood when the year should expire.

Days passed on, and Little John found his new master a kind and generous one, who allowed him to enjoy himself in any way he chose. One day the Sheriff of Nottingham was standing in a field, near some marks at which a number of archers were shooting. Little John joined in the game,



and hit the center of the mark every time he shot. The Sheriff, who was anxious to get into his service archers who could equal Robin Hood and his men, at once offered him twenty marks\* for a year's service. This offer the knight permitted Little John to accept.

The reader must remember that Robin Hood and all his band were at war with the King, and

five miles to join his master, the Sheriff, who was hunting deer in a wood.

"Master!" he cried, when he found the Sheriff, "I have been deep in the forest, and I have seen a glorious sight—the fairest sight these eyes ever saw. I have seen a fine hart, and with him no less than sevenscore deer! He is of a green color, and his antlers have full sixty points."

This declaration, together with Little John's breathless and excited condition, aroused the Sheriff's curiosity.

"I should be glad to see such a sight as that," he said.

"Come with me, then," cried Little John earnestly, "and I'll show you the green hart and all the deer. They are but five miles away."

The Sheriff bade Little John lead on, and, forthwith leaving his comrades of the chase, he followed the wily outlaw directly to Robin Hood, who, with a green mantle on his shoulders, stood by the oak called the "Greenwood Tree" or "Trys-tal Tree," which was the spot where he and his band usually met.

"Here is the fine green hart—the master of the herd," cried Little John, pointing at Robin.

The Sheriff turned pale and began to tremble. He knew he was trapped by Little John, and expected nothing but death at the hands of Robin Hood, whom he had so long and so shamefully persecuted. But, to his surprise, he was asked to dine, and was courteously treated. All that Robin Hood required of him was to sleep one night on the ground wrapped in nothing but a thin green mantle, so that he might know how the hardy patriots were accustomed to fare. Then, on the morrow, Robin administered an oath to the Sheriff that he would never molest any of the band, and that he would help whomever of them should need assistance. The Sheriff took this oath solemnly on Robin's sword, as was the form among the outlaws, and was allowed to return to Nottingham.



BRINGING IN BOOTY.

that the Sheriff was the King's representative. It is said, and usually acted upon, that any strategy is fair in war. Little John, in going into the Sheriff's employ, gave his name as Reynold Greenleaf, and did not hint that he had ever been with Robin Hood. The Sheriff gave him a fine horse to ride, and showed him marked favor. But Little John remembered well the many noble and patriotic fellows this Sheriff had caused to be slain or banished, and he was only watching for a chance to punish him, and relieve the people from his oppression. This chance soon offered. Little John formed a plot with the Sheriff's cook, by which it was arranged to carry away to Robin Hood all the Sheriff's money and silver plate. The plot was successful. The cook and Little John got safely into the greenwood with three hundred pounds in money and a large amount of plate. They were gladly welcomed by Robin and his men, and the cook was taken into the company.

When this was accomplished, Little John ran

\*A mark is thirteen shillings and four-pence—or about three dollars and twenty cents.

The outlaws were now very happy, thinking they could henceforth live in the greenwood without fear of persecution from the Sheriff. The year rolled around, the merriest year they had ever seen. They met in the glades, and held shooting tournaments with their bows and arrows. Robin Hood himself joined in their sports, and was always the best archer among them.

But when the day came for the knight to repay Robin's money, the chief looked in vain for any sign of his approach. Dinner was delayed, for Robin wished to have the knight at table with him. Little John got very hungry, and kept insisting on proceeding with the meal.

"I fear greatly," said Robin, "that the knight has failed me, for he is not come, and my pay is not sent to me."

"Never doubt," said Little John; "the sun is not yet down by three hours, and the money is not due till then. I know the gentle knight will not break his word."

Then Robin said to Little John and Much and Scathelock:

"Take your bows, and go to the sallies and Watling street, and bring me the first stranger that you see, and if he shall chance to be a messenger, or a minstrel, or a poor man, he shall partake of my bounty."

And they went, and after a time returned with a fat fellow, whom they had captured along with his pack-horses and two attendants. This man proved to be the high cellarer of Saint Mary's Abbey, to which the poor knight's land had been pledged.

"And so you belong to that Abbey, do you?" said Robin, and then he ordered Little John to search the fellow's coffer, a thing which Little John was glad to do, for he knew how hard this same high cellarer had tried to defraud the poor knight, and how he had oppressed all the good yeomen of the county.

There proved to be more than eight hundred pounds in his coffer. In fact, when captured he was on his way as a messenger to a council of the King's advisers, and was commissioned to urge the

confiscation of the poor knight's property, and to plot the destruction of Robin Hood and his merry men. So our hero simply turned the tables, so to speak.

"Now, go to your masters," said Robin, as the man was leaving, "and tell them I shall be glad to have one of their cellarers to dine with me every day."

With a light coffer and a heavy heart the fellow went his way from the greenwood tree.

The sun was now nearly down, but its bright rays were still flashing on the tops of the tallest trees when the poor knight was seen approaching. He dismounted, and taking off his helmet bowed low before Robin Hood.

"May heaven bless you and your brave men, good Robin Hood," he said, in a tone of great respect.

"Welcome, very welcome, gentle knight," cried Robin; "but what has kept you so long?"

"I stopped at a wrestling match, as I came along," said the knight, "and I saw a poor yeoman, who had no friends present, being set upon and badly treated, so I stopped to assist him."

"You did! I thank you, Sir Knight, for that deed. I shall always be the friend of him who helps a good yeoman at need," said Robin, his face beaming with pleasure. And when the knight tendered the four hundred pounds that he had borrowed, Robin would not take the money.

"Keep it yourself, gentle knight," he exclaimed. "Fortune has already paid me my money. She sent it to me by the high cellarer of Saint Mary's Abbey."

Then, at a signal from the knight, a hundred men dressed in white and red came forward, and offered Robin Hood a hundred new bows and a hundred sheaves of arrows, in token of the knight's gratitude for the kindness of the outlaw chief and his comrades.

Robin Hood was overjoyed, and for many days after the knight's departure he and his merry men sang gaily wherever they went. Their hearts were light, and they felt secure since the Sheriff of Nottingham had taken an oath to help them at need, and to never again molest them in any way.

(To be continued.)





## MR. AND MRS. CHIPPING BIRD'S NEW HOUSE.

BY H. H.

MR. AND MRS. CHIPPING BIRD  
Came from the South to-day;  
And this is what I saw them do,  
And almost heard them say:

Their last year's house stood empty still—  
'T was in Crab Apple Row,  
On Grape Vine corner, where the grapes  
In autumn sweetest grow.

The house was only one year old—  
Last spring they built it new;  
But snow and rain all winter long  
Had drenched it through and through.

Upon my word, my dear, I think  
That we can make it do!"

"Humph!" said the wife (at least she looked  
As if that were the word)—

"I think you must have lost your head,  
Dear Mr. Chipping Bird!

"To patch up such a shell as that  
Is worse than building new.  
I doubt if we could mend it so  
'T would last the summer through!"

"My dear, you 're wrong. 'T is not so bad—  
'T is all your silly pride!



And winds had rocked it back and forth,  
And torn it on one side;  
'T was but a shabby little house  
It can not be denied.

Still, if 't were patched, as birds know how,  
It might do one more year;  
And Mr. Chipping Bird, I think,  
Believed that this was clear.

Eying it round, and round, and round,  
He hopped about the tree,  
And chatted gayly to his wife,  
As pleased as he could be.

"A little here and there," he said,  
" 'T will be as good as new!

'T will answer!" Mr. Chipping Bird  
In shriller accents cried.

"Ha! Will it?" chirped the little wife,  
And at the tree she flew,  
And in a jiffy, with her feet,  
She tore the house in two!

"Now let's see you mend that," she said,  
"Smart Mr. Chipping Bird!"  
And then she cocked her eye at him  
And never spoke nor stirred.

Wise Mr. Chipping Bird, he laughed;  
What better could be done?  
And off they flew, and in an hour  
The new house was begun!

## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE MAN IN BLUE AND THE MAN IN GRAY.

No doubt Tilly Loring hoped Rush would follow her into the tree, and, by some soothing explanation, atone for the shock he had given her. That is what almost any other girl in her place would have wished and would have had a right to expect, if what he had said was only an ill-timed jest.

But he merely called after her, "Letty will tell you all about it!" and walked into the mill, looking terribly offended, Tilly thought.

"What have I done?" she said to herself. "They will never forgive me! I know now why Letty nudged me at the table—she wanted to stop my tongue. I never was in such a scrape in all my life! To think how I talked to them—I, their guest!"

She heard footsteps coming along the bank, and, looking up, saw Letty bringing hats and wraps.

"O Letty!" she implored, "say it is n't so!"

"Why, Tilly!" began Letty, guessing what Rush had been telling her.

"This *is* n't the dam the Dempford people are excited over, is it? Say it is a mistake!"

"I wish I could," said Letty. "For you've no idea how we all feel about it. All but Mother. She does n't know of it yet."

"Oh! oh! oh!" said Tilly. "How I did talk to your brothers! How they must all hate me!"

"No, indeed!" Letty threw a hat over her friend's agitated curls. "Of course, you did n't understand."

"Understand? Why, I know no more of the rights of the case than the Queen of China—if there *is* a Queen of China! Your brothers could n't have built the factory; they have n't been here long enough. It looks as old as they are!"

"It is, almost. So is the dam. It has been where it is for years. And nobody ever thought of making a fuss about it till lately. It has a right to be there; and it would ruin the boys—it would ruin us all—it would be the cause of Mother's losing every dollar of the money which she has put in the place—if the dam should be taken away."

"Why, Letty!" Tilly exclaimed, indignantly. "The Dempford folks know nothing of this."

"Certainly they don't! Or they don't want to know. The prejudice against the dam, and against the boys on account of it, is just frightful!"

"But is there no way of letting the boats through?"

"To be sure there is. The new Commodore's new yacht went through yesterday. There are two boards, next to the platform by the mill; can you see? They pull up, and make an opening wide enough for the widest boats. And Lute has offered to build a regular lock, though there would be a great deal of work in it."

"I should think that ought to satisfy them."

"So we think," said Letty. "But, no! they must have the whole width of the river, no matter who suffers from the loss of the water-power."

"I had no idea they could be so unreasonable as that!"

"Why, they act like fiends! A few nights ago some of them came—when everybody in the house was asleep, of course—and, not satisfied with injuring the dam all they could, broke the water-wheel of the mill, and did a great deal of mischief."

"How mean! how cowardly!" exclaimed the sympathetic Tilly. "How little we know of a story when we have heard only one side!"

"You thought the mill-owners were monsters," laughed Letty. "As obstinate as they were mean; was that the phrase?"

"Don't speak of it!" Tilly threw her hands up to her face. "I never was so ashamed of anything! I can never look them in the face again."

"Don't feel so about it; they will take it as a good joke, that's all. O Tilly! I believe there never were such brothers as these of mine. They are so good to me and Mother! and I know, I know they would never do wrong, even to an enemy."

Tears sprang to Letty's eyes, while Tilly exclaimed fervently:

"I am sure they would n't!"

"But see how they are hated—just because they have rights and interests that are in the way of those selfish Argonauts!"

While they were talking, a man in a blue coat and a cap, with a metallic badge on his breast, came strolling up the Dempford side of the river. He crossed the bridge above, and walking up the road met a man in a gray coat and a hat, coming from the direction of Tammoset village. The



man in gray, it should be said, also had a metallic badge on his breast.

Now when the Dempford man in blue met the Tammoset man in gray, they exchanged smiles and looked at their watches, much as if they had come to that particular spot by appointment; then turned together into the by-road leading to the mill.

"There comes the man we saw on the other side of the river," said Letty. "Another man with him. Business with the boys, I suppose. Oh, I hope it is n't that same old trouble!"

Seeing the girls in the tree, the two strangers turned their steps that way; and the Dempford man in blue, lifting his cap respectfully, inquired:

"Is Mrs. Tinkham here?"

To which the Tammoset man in gray added, also touching his hat with clumsy politeness:

"Mrs. Letitia Tinkham—is she at home?"

"That is my mother. She is in the house. Do you wish to see her?"

Letty, somewhat wonder-struck, had started up from her seat in the willow, and stood at the end of the plank.

"If you will be so kind," said the Tammoset man in gray.

Each at the same moment extended his document toward the astonished Letty with one hand, and touched hat or cap with the other.

She advanced along the plank to the turf, and received the two envelopes, one in each hand.



THE DEMPFORD MAN IN BLUE  
MET THE TAMMOSET  
MAN IN GRAY.



LETTY DELIVERS THE DOCUMENTS.

"I have a document for her," said the Dempford man in blue.

"A document for her," repeated the Tammoset man in gray.

Each at the same time drew from his breast-pocket an official-looking envelope of large size.

"Please hand it to her," said the Dempford man.

the Dempford side of the river, while the gray coat and the hat took the road to Tammoset.

"What does it mean? What shall I do with them?" said Letty, in a tremor of doubt over the suspicious-looking envelopes. "Oh, here is Mart!"

"I don't exactly fancy such things just now," said Mart, with a puzzled and scowling expres-

"If you will be so good as to give it to her at once; very important," said the Dempford man in blue.

"Quite important; thank you," said the Tammoset man in gray.

They then retired along the walk, and parted at the end of the by-road, after a brief parley; the cap and the blue coat returning down

sion. "I wonder what sort of dynamite, or other explosive material, those mysterious packages contain."

"Could n't you open one?" Letty asked.

"No, my dear." Mart shook his head. "I never could break a seal addressed to Mother. There's but one thing to do, happen what will. They must be put into her own hands. Lute!" he called, "come into the house with me."

Still looking at the envelopes, he walked slowly toward the door, quickly followed by Lute, who was followed by Rush, who was followed in turn by the two smaller boys.

Lute and Rush, on coming up, also examined the envelopes. They were then returned to Letty.

"They were handed to you, and I'll let you deliver 'em," said Mart. "Go on alone. We'll be at hand if there's need of us. Keep back, you young Tinkhams!"

Tilly, ashamed to face the brothers, remained in the tree.

The widow, seated, with her crutch leaning against the window-pane at her side, had just taken up her sewing, when Letty came into the sitting-room.

"You're a person of great importance all at once, Mother!" she said, with a laughing air. "See what two men have just brought you."

"Brought me?" said Mrs. Tinkham, taking the missives. "This is strange."

She saw the words, "Town of Tammoset," printed on one of the envelopes, along with the town's coat-of-arms,—a flag-staff with crossed swords,—and added, with a smile:

"Oh! something about taxes, I suppose."

But, before breaking the seal, she looked at the other envelope. That also bore a coat-of-arms,—an Indian in his canoe on a river,—with the words, "Town of Dempford."

"But I don't owe any taxes in the town of Dempford, do I? Of course not."

With hands beginning to tremble she tore the wrapper, and took out a large sheet of letter-paper. The date was filled in after the printed form, "Office of the Town Clerk, Town of Dempford"; then followed the written message:

"MRS. LETTIE TINKHAM.

"MADAM: This is to notify you that the mill-dam appertaining to your property in Tammoset, which said dam abuts upon the shore of this Town of Dempford, and obstructs the passage of the river, has been declared a nuisance by the authorities of this said town, and you are hereby required to remove said dam within six days from this date.

"Signed by the Town Clerk, by order of the Selectmen."

Instead of trembling more, the widow's hands seemed to grow firmer as she opened the second envelope, and with sparkling eyes and compressed lips read the Tammoset document:

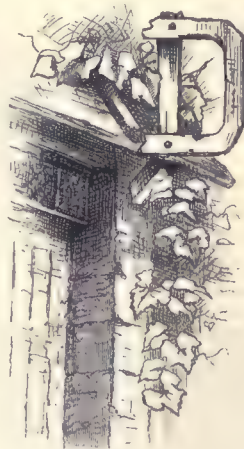
"DEAR MADAM: Complaint being made that your mill-dam on Tammoset River, in this town, prevents the free passage of yachts and row-boats up and down said river, which is a natural public way, open to all, it is therefore ordered that the obstruction be at once demolished and removed.

"Signed by the Town Clerk of the Town of Tammoset, by order of the Selectmen."

"Where are the boys?" said the widow, in a quick, suppressed voice, looking up from the papers.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE CRISIS.



READING the effect of the papers upon their mother, the brothers came thronging into the room, and formed an anxious group around the widow's chair.

"Well! here's something pleasant!" she said, handing the papers to the two oldest. "They've been trying to scare you boys, and now they think they can frighten your poor old crippled mother!"

"What is it all about?" cried Rush. "What do

you mean by their trying to scare us boys?"

"Why, Rocket!" she said, with a bright smile.

"Do you imagine I am so stupid as not to have known anything of your troubles all this time? Oh, you dear, deceitful, naughty, precious children!"

And the bright eyes flashed through tears.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Letty, "have you known?"

"Yes, child; from the very first. I can hardly tell how I found out. It was in the air, as they say. Then I overheard Rupert whispering to Rodmán about something I was n't to know, for fear it would make me unhappy. But you see I have n't been so very unhappy, after all."

The tears were dashed resolutely away, and the smile was there still.

"You have kept up, and have let us believe we were hiding it all from you, because you thought that would make us happier! Oh, Mother!"

And Letty fell sobbing upon her neck.

"There! there! This is no time for crying!" said the widow, crying with her the while, and caressing her with fervent affection. "There! Why, I'm as much a baby as you are! You'll spoil my clean collar!"

"You're the most wonderful woman in the



world!" Rush exclaimed, in a gust of feeling that filled his voice and his eyes. "And the best!"

"Did you think the mother of such children would show herself a coward?" cried the widow. "But I let you amuse yourselves with your devices to keep me ignorant, and all the while I was watching you, deceiving you, loving you! What do you say, boys, to those formidable town documents?"

Unmanly as it may seem, those big sons of hers had half forgotten the launched thunderbolts of the local authorities which they held in their hands, and were winking their moist eyes over her surprising revelation.

"You knew Tilly Loring was talking about our dam?" said Rupert.

"Certainly I did! And the young men who came that day to the mill, and the two girls who came the day before—it was all about the dam, was n't it? And don't you sleep in the mill, one of you, every night? I was sure of it!"

"You're a w-w-itch, Mother!" said Lute, wiping his misty spectacles.

"I should n't be the mother of the Tinkham boys if I was a fool! Come in, come in, Tilly!" called the widow, seeing the visitor's face pass the open door. "There are to be no more secrets. You and I have known only a part of the truth; now we are to know all."

"I've told her," said Letty.

"Then I am the only one kept in the dark! Well! I forgive you, because I know you only meant to spare me. What are you afraid of, Tilly? My boys are not the hard-hearted wretches they are thought to be over in Dempford."

"I never was so ashamed of anything in all my life!" said the remorseful Tilly, coming reluctantly into the room.

"You need n't be; it's a part of the fun," laughed Rush.

Hardly re-assured by the cordial pleasantry with which she was received, Tilly sat down quietly in a corner, and heard a history of the troubles, as the boys told it to their mother.

Dushee's duplicity, Buzrow and his crow-bar, the work of the night marauders, the interview with the Argonauts' committee, and, lastly, the missives of the town officers—everything was discussed; and poor Tilly, in listening, burned anew with anger and shame at what she had heard in Dempford, and with sympathy for this noble mother and these brave boys.

"I want to go right back to Dempford," she spoke up earnestly, "and tell my friends there what I now know."

"It would n't be of any use," said Rush. "You could n't do more than Lew Bartland could.

Both towns have gone mad, I believe! Look at these papers!"

"It seems to be a pretty good day for t-t-town clerks and selectmen," said Lute. "Brave in 'em, is n't it, to join in making w-w-war on a woman!"

"I suppose they addressed Mother, because the property is in her name," said Rush. "But look at the meanness of it! Do we live in a free country? or under a tyranny, in an age of persecution? Who is going to obey their royal edicts, anyhow?"

"Mother, of course!" said Rupert. "She's going out there on her crutches, with shovel and tongs, to tear the dam away, because some old fools say she must, I fancy!"

"Or she can tell you and me to do it, Rupe," said Rodman. "And we will—when we get ready."

"Snap your fingers at the Dempford and Tammoset selectmen. I would!" Rupe rejoined.

"Snapping our fingers is all very fine," said the widow, once more reaching out her hand for the papers. "But let's see first what ground we have to stand on while we snap. This action of the two towns makes the matter look serious. What right have they to order the dam away?"

"About as much, I imagine," said Mart, handing the papers, which he had been studying in silence, "as they would have to order us to take our house away because it cuts off somebody's view. That is, if our dam has a right to be where it is. That's the main question."

"If the Argonauts have no right to meddle with it, then all the towns in the c-c-county have no right," said Lute. "They are just trying to b-b-bluff us; that's all."

"You have n't been much frightened yet, boys; and I glory in your spirit. But I'm afraid there's no shirking the fact that we have got into a terrible situation here by buying out Dushee. We have everything at stake; and in maintaining our rights, we must know just what our rights are. One of you must go to town at once and see your uncle's lawyer, who looked up the title for you."

All concurred in the wisdom of this step. The mother thought Martin should attend to a matter of so much importance. But he said:

"It stands us in hand to keep as strong a force as possible here at the dam, about these times. Rocket is quick with a bean-pole; but I suppose I could do more effective work, in case of an attack. In matters of business, though, he's as level-headed as any of us; and I say, let him slip into town and talk with the lawyer."

"You're right," said the mother; "Rocket shall go."

Rush shrank from so great a responsibility.

"Just think," he said, "what a fix I have got you all in, by hunting up this place and making you buy it! Don't trust me again."

"Tut! tut!" cried the widow. "Nobody blames you for that, and you sha'n't blame yourself. See what train you can get, and be off."

In half an hour he was on his way to town. Mrs. Tinkham was left alone with Letty and their guest, and the older boys had returned to the mill.

In the interval of slack water, that afternoon, they showed their determination to keep the dam, and their defiance of the authorities of both towns, by an act which astonished some Argonauts who witnessed it, on going up the river.

Without waiting for Rocket's return with the lawyer's latest counsel, they rebuilt the platform at the end of the dam, and put in the required fish-way.

"We'll let 'em know we mean b-b-business," said Lute.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### WHAT THE LAWYER SAID.



IT was late that evening when Rush returned home and entered his mother's room with an unusually serious air. He found Mart talking with her, and Lute followed him in.

"What makes you so sober, Rocket?" Lute asked. "No bad news from the l-l-lawyer, I hope?"

Rush explained. He had found Uncle Dave in his shop, and they had gone together to the lawyer's office.

"Then I went home to supper with Uncle; and I have just spent an hour in Cousin Tom's sick-room. I can't help feeling bad, for I don't expect ever to see him alive again."

Then he had to tell all about their cousin before the business was again mentioned which made them all so anxious.

"As to that," Rush then said, brightening, "it is all right! I had a long talk with Mr. Keep in Uncle's presence, and I have written down the most important things he said."

Mrs. Tinkham nodded approvingly, as he drew from his pocket a paper, which he unfolded.

"He says, since we own one bank of the river, and have secured by purchase a privilege on the opposite bank, we have a right to construct and maintain a dam which does not change the course of the stream, nor injure anybody by setting back

the water. Of course, I told him, nobody claimed that we do that."

Rush continued, bending toward the light on his mother's table, and looking over his memorandum:

"He says, if we have n't that right, then nobody has a private right to dam any mill-stream in the country. A dam, wherever placed, is liable to be in the way of somebody; but if the fisherman or boatman who finds it an obstacle has a right to destroy it, where is there an unchartered dam that would be safe? The fact that, instead of two or three persons, two or three hundred wish it away, or even all the inhabitants of two towns,—that, he says, makes no difference. If we have a right to our mill-power against the wishes of one individual, we have a right to it against the world. Only legislative enactments can touch it."

Lute clapped his hands gleefully.

"Let the Argonauts put that in their pipe and smoke it," drawled Mart. "Go ahead, Rocket."

"There is only one question—is this a navigable stream? For, of course, no person has any right to obstruct navigation."

"He told us once it could n't come under the legal definition of a navigable stream," said Mart. "That's what I've relied on."

"You can rely on it still," replied Rush. "To make sure, I had him show me something on the subject he quoted from Chief-justice Shaw; and I copied it."

"Rocket, you're the joy of my heart!" cried his mother, delighted.

"In the case of Rowe *versus* Granite Bridge Company, Chief-justice Shaw says: 'It is not every small creek, in which a fishing-skiff or gunning-canoe can be made to float at high water, which is deemed navigable. But it must be navigable,'" Rush went on, reading with emphasis, "'to some *purpose useful to trade or agriculture.*'"

"P-p-precisely!" stammered Lute.

"The business of these pleasure-boats that find our dam a nuisance," Mart remarked, in his dryest manner, "is trade and agriculture at a tremendous rate!"

"He showed me something similar in two or three other cases," said Rush. "Important decisions, all to the same effect. Boys!" he added, triumphantly, "if language means anything, and if Chief-justice Shaw knew more law than the Argonauts, then this is not a navigable stream, and we have a right to dam it."

"What did he say to the orders sent us by the two towns?" Mrs. Tinkham inquired.

"He laughed at 'em. He said just what Mart said—that they might as well order us to take our house or barn away. The fact that the dam has been there so many years, without being seriously



objected to, makes our position all the stronger," Rush added, again referring to his memorandum.

"And the other question—about defending it?" Mart asked.

"You have the same right which every man has to defend his property. You can use all the force necessary to drive away assailants. Knocking them on the head will be good for 'em.'"

Rush laughed as he read. He had even that down in his memorandum.

"I trust it wont come to that," drawled Mart. "But it's well to know just what our rights are. 'Strong reasons make strong actions,' as Father used to say."

"And as Shakespeare said before him. Your father was a reader of Shakespeare," said Mrs. Tinkham. After a pause, she added: "But, oh, boys! it does seem as if there must be some way to settle these troubles without a resort to brute force! What did your uncle advise?"

"To keep within the law, and get along peacefully if we can, but to fight it out if we must."

"Exactly our p-p-position all the time," said Lute.

"He thinks we should try to influence public opinion by talking with prominent men, and by making a candid statement of our case in the newspapers."

"Excellent advice," said the widow. "I am sure the prejudice against us all arises from a misunderstanding. We will begin with that."

"We may as well reason with the w-w-wind," said Lute. "Though it wont do any harm to try. If we knew how to g-g-go to work."

"I'll think it over," his mother replied. "We can do nothing now until Monday."

But before she slept that night the widow had written for the two-headed local newspaper an appeal to the public, full of plain facts and good sense, yet burning with the eloquence of a mother pleading for justice to her boys.

"One thing," Rush said to his brothers as they went out together, "I forgot to mention. See here!"

He picked up a small bundle, which he had dropped by the doorstep on returning home.

"What in time is it?" said Mart.

"It's the lasso Cousin Tom brought home from Texas two years ago, and which he tried to teach us how to throw, you remember."

"The lasso! Ho, ho!" said Mart. "I do remember; and I don't believe I've forgotten our practice, either."

"It's the b-b-best hint yet," said Lute. "I wonder it had n't oc-c-curred to us."

"He said it might come in play," laughed Rush.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### WHAT THE LOCAL EDITOR SAID.



MRS. TINKHAM'S appeal to the public having been read and approved by the boys, it was decided that it ought to go into the next issue of the Janus-faced newspaper. It was put into Rush's hands, and early Monday forenoon he took it to the printing-office in Dempford.

He found the editor in his shirt-sleeves, setting type for his paper with his own hands. As that guardian of the public interests of two towns seemed inclined to finish his stick before attending to other business, Rush could not help glancing at the "copy" he was at work on—a strip of manuscript, stuck up before him on the case.

It was entitled, "A New Yacht and an Old Nuisance."

"Something for Mart's scrap-book," Rush said to himself. And, since it was evidently designed for the public eye, he ventured to read a little of it in advance.

He had skimmed along far enough to see that it was extravagantly laudatory of Commodore Foote and his yacht, and violently abusive of the dam, "which proved a serious hinderance to that fine new craft in its passage up the river last Friday," when the type-setter looked up and saw what he was doing.

But that personage did not appear in the least displeased; on the contrary, he smiled at Rush's indiscretion, remarking:

"Guess that'll tickle the boys some, wont it?"

"No doubt it will tickle a good many," replied Rush. "But there are some it wont tickle."

"Who are they?" inquired the editor, in some surprise.

"The Tinkham boys," said Rush.

"Who cares for the Tinkham boys?" said the editor. "They've got no friends."

"They're not overrun with them," said Rush. "If they were, I suppose we should see fewer articles of that sort."

"Well!" exclaimed the editor, turning, and for the first time looking the visitor full in the face. "I thought I knew you, but I see I don't. You're a curiosity!"

"Am I, though?" said Rush, smiling.

"Yes!" said the editor, with good-humored frankness. "You're the first fellow I've seen take their part."

"You have n't seen me take their part," replied Rush. "Though I don't know why I should n't."

"You know them?"

"Pretty well. I ought to. I am one of them."

"Is it possible!" said the astonished local editor. "You! I thought they were great rough rowdies!"

"Am not I a great rough rowdy?" Rush asked.

"Well, I have two brothers older and larger than I, but not a bit rougher or more rowdyish. I felt sure that you had been misinformed in regard to us, and for that reason I have called to see you."

"Walk in here; sit down," said the local editor, showing a door that opened into a small, littered editorial room. "I shall be glad to talk," removing some newspapers from a chair. "What can I do for you?"

"Justice, I hope. That's all we ask."

Rush smiled to see that his presence was embarrassing to this disseminator of local prejudices.

"Here is a brief statement of the facts in our case," taking his mother's appeal from his pocket, "which we should like to have you print. If you will take the trouble to read it, you will see what I mean."

The editor looked it through with a perturbed countenance, then appeared to be bracing himself for an act of firmness.

"Do you expect me to put such an article as that into my paper?" he asked, turning to Rush.

"We hoped you would. We supposed you would wish to be fair to both sides."

"Fair—certainly! But"—the editor struck the paper on his desk—"I could n't print an article like that for any consideration!"

"Why not?"

"Because—obviously—don't you see?—it would n't do!"

Rush persisted in wishing to know why it would n't do.

"You never had experience with a local weekly, or you would n't need to be told," said the editor, showing some irritation. "My readers would n't stand it, and it would make a hum about my ears that I could n't stand."

"Then you print only what you think will please your readers?" said Rush.

"In one sense, yes," replied the editor, frankly.

"Excuse me," said Rush. "I thought the

business of a newspaper was to lead public opinion, and to correct it where it was wrong."

This was one of the phrases his mother had armed him with, and it came in aptly here. The editor colored deeply through his thick, sallow skin.

"That is incidental. We publish a newspaper mainly for the same reason that you make dolls' carriages."

"We try to make good, honest dolls' carriages," said Rush—"genuine in every part. We would n't make any others."

The editor coughed, colored still more confusedly, glanced once more at the article, and finally handed it back.

"I should lose forty subscribers if I printed it; and of course you can't expect me to be such a fool. I wish to be fair to both sides, as you say; but in this matter there is really but one side—that of the public interest. Ninety-nine persons out of every hundred in this community wish the dam away, and I am not going to swamp my business by opposing them. I don't know anything about you and your brothers; I've nothing against you, personally. But you're in an unfortunate position, and you must get out of it the best way you can. That's my candid opinion."

"Thank you!" Rush returned the paper to his pocket, and was taking leave so quietly that the editor followed him to the outer door, thinking he saw a chance for a little stroke of business.

"I believe your family is not represented in my list of subscribers."

"I rather think not!" replied Rush, with a smile.

"You'll find my columns full of matters of local interest; always fresh and timely. I should like your subscription."

"We'll think of it," said Rush, dryly, and withdrew in the midst of the editor's explanation that the *Tammoset Times* and the *Dempford Gazette* were the same paper, and they could have it, under either name, at two dollars a year, in advance.

"I've kept my temper, and that's about all I have done," thought Rush, as he walked away.

The editor meanwhile returned to his case of type, and resumed work on the "fresh and timely" article concerning "A New Yacht and an Old Nuisance."

The Tinkhams made two or three more attempts to combat the general prejudice, but succeeded only in discovering how strong and how widespread it was, and how completely men of influence were under its control. Politicians and public officers were, in fact, as fearful of losing place and votes as the editor had been of losing subscribers,



by seeming to favor in any way the cause of the widow and her sons.

Then came a sudden interruption to these efforts. A dispatch was received, announcing the death of Cousin Tom; and the boys must attend his funeral.

"We'll risk the dam for an afternoon," said Mart, "no matter what happens."

The Argonauts had continued so very quiet, and the brothers had got the idea so firmly fixed in

their minds that the next attack would be in the night-time, that they did not consider the risk very great.

All the family accordingly attended Tom's funeral, except the mother, who staid at home on account of her lameness.

She afterward had reason to wish that she had gone, too. Better have been anywhere that afternoon, she declared, than at home without her boys!

(To be continued.)

## SIGNS OF MAY.

By M. M. D.



MAY day and June day,  
 Spring and Summer weather,  
 Going to rain; going to clear;  
 Trying both together.  
 Flowers are coming! No, they 're not,  
 Whilst the air 's so chilly;  
 First it 's cold, then it 's hot—  
 Is n't weather silly?  
 S'pose the little v'lets think  
 Spring is rather funny,  
 So they hide themselves away,  
 Even where it 's sunny.  
 S'pose the trees must think it 's time  
 To begin their growing.  
 See the little swelling buds!  
 See how plain they 're showing!  
 S'pose they know they 're going to make  
 Peaches, apples, cherries.  
 Even vines and bushes know  
 When to start their berries.  
 Only little girls like me  
 Don't know all about it:  
 May be, though, the reason is  
 We can do without it.  
 Winter-time and Summer-time  
 We keep on a-growing;  
 So, you see, we need n't be—  
 Like the flowers, and like the trees,  
 And the birds and bumble-bees—  
 Always wise and knowing.

## A KANSAS NURSERY.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.



"THE baby?" we asked, as with mop and broom  
 Its mother came to the ranch one day.  
 "Oh, she's *picketed out* across the way!  
 I dare not leave her alone in the room."

And the busy mother looked for a tub,  
 While we saddled our horses and rode to see  
 How the lonely baby fared, while we  
 Had stolen its mother to sweep and scrub.



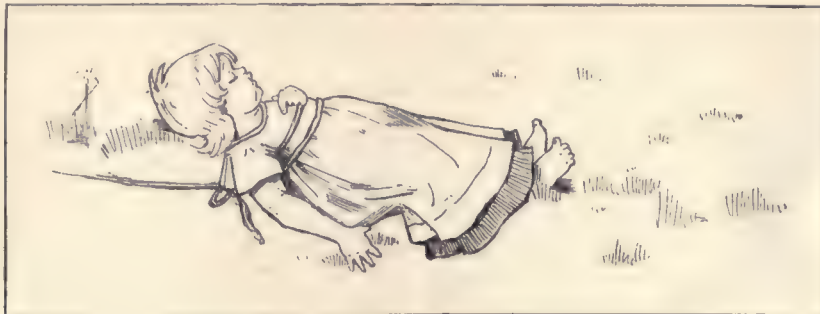
For the babies we were accustomed to  
 Could never have kept their silk and lace  
 And little be-ribboned hats in place,  
 With only a tree for their nurse, we knew.



But this Kansas baby had no hat;  
 And it laughed as if it thought silk and lace  
 Would have been entirely out of place  
 On a prairie,—or, for the matter of that,







Anywhere else. It could only go  
The length of the rope; but its little feet  
Pattered about where the grass was sweet,  
Just as it pleased; and that, you know,

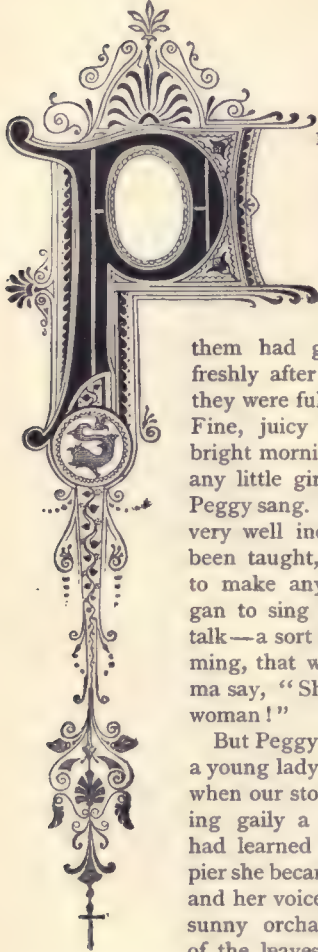
Is more than the city babies do:  
For, trundled under the city trees,  
They are carried just where the nurses please,  
Which I should n't like at all; should you?

As I thought it over, it seemed to me  
That a city darling has less to hope,  
"Picketed out" with invisible rope  
To a somewhat less reliable tree!



## PEGGY'S TRIAL.

BY CORA LINN DANIELS.



PEGGY was out in the orchard picking up apples. They were summer apples—yellow, crisp, and so ripe that they would crack open just as easy! And some of them had grown so fast and so freshly after the late showers, that they were full of water at the core! Fine, juicy apples and a clear, bright morning are enough to make any little girl happy. No wonder Peggy sang. And Peggy could sing very well indeed. She had never been taught, but that did n't seem to make any difference. She began to sing even before she could talk—a sort of pleasant little humming, that would make her grandma say, “She will make a cheerful woman!”

But Peggy was getting to be quite a young lady; and, on the morning when our story opens, she was singing gaily a pretty little song she had learned at school. The happier she became the louder she sang; and her voice rang out through the sunny orchard until the shadows of the leaves on the grass actually seemed to dance about with pleasure, and chase each other, first this way and then that, sometimes hitting a golden apple, sometimes darkening the rose in a clover-head, sometimes making a little mask on Peggy's upturned face, almost as if they would like to kiss her white forehead. I suppose it was the breeze sweeping softly among the branches that made the shadows dance so, but it seemed as if they danced to Peggy's singing. She had nearly filled her basket, and was about to pick up the last tempting-looking globe, when she saw something sparkle very brilliantly in the grass. Stooping quickly, but not ceasing in her song, she picked up the shining thing, and looking at it in amazement, became dumb with surprise. It was a lovely diamond ring! Peggy counted the sparkling stones. One, two, three, *eight* glowing, bewitching bits of color and shine, reflecting the trees and the sky, the apples

and the clover. She could see every shade of the rainbow in the precious jewel, and she was almost wild with delight. She slipped it on her finger, looking at it first in this way, and then in that. She could hardly take her eyes from it. “Well,” said she, “I *am* so glad!” Just then, “Peggy! Peggy!” came pleasantly from the house. “I must go,” said she to herself. “Grandma is calling. What will she say to this? Why, she will say it is not mine, and that I must not keep it; I know she will! But it *is* mine. I found it in our orchard, and I know it is mine. I will keep it. I never had so lovely a thing before, and I mean to *keep* it.” Peggy said this to herself out loud, and shook her head hard. Then she put the ring in her little pocket, and, picking up the basket, started for the house. “I will not tell her yet,” said she to herself. “I will think it over.”

When she got to the great, breezy kitchen, her dear grandma was “up to her ears in flour”—as she herself would have expressed it—making pies. “Oh!” said she, with a cheery laugh, when Peggy came in, tugging the heavy basket along in both hands, “my little ‘help’ has arrived. I am going to make a turn-over for my ‘help.’ But, Peggy, what is the matter? What has happened? Are you unhappy, dear?”

“No, ma'am,” said Peggy, rather sullenly, “I'm not.” And then she blushed. She thought to herself: “I wonder if it shows right in my face, that Grandma can see something *has* happened? I don't believe I am very happy, either. I don't feel so glad as I did.”

On the first opportunity she ran upstairs and hid the ring in her own little chest. It had a till in it—just the cunningest place to hide any little object! When she tucked it away, she again almost kissed the beautiful stones—they were so like icicles and sunsets, and everything pretty and fairy-like she had ever dreamed of.

She was eleven years old, and had been quite a reader. She knew that diamonds were very valuable, and had even read in her “Child's Philosophy of Little Things” of what they were composed, and how difficult it was to obtain them. “I have a fortune of my own now,” she said to herself, as she shut down the cover of her chest and turned the key. “I am a rich lady; and if I ever want to sell my beautiful ring I can buy ever so many things with it—books, and pretty dresses, and even a necklace like Cora May's! Hum! I guess



if the girls knew what I have got they would not put on so many airs over their little gold-heart rings and coral chains. I should just like to show *my* lovely diamond once!"

Then she began to sing, but in the very first line of the song she stopped. She turned a little pale, and stood looking out of the hall window with a strange sort of stare. Before her spread the summer scene. The old windmill swung its great sails about lazily. Robins and sparrows chirped and twittered busily. The old-fashioned garden, with its troop of herbs and flowers, its shrubs and bushes, half clipped, half straggling, sent up a subtle fragrance, and ever and anon the little brook could be heard rippling over the stones by the bridge, where she had so many times waded and "had fun" with her little friends.

But Peggy did not notice anything of this. She was thinking: "I don't feel like singing; but I can't, I *won't*, give up my splendid ring. If I tell of it, Grandma will tell all the neighbors, and the owner will be found and claim it. It is not the owner's any more. They should not have lost it. I found it, and now it is mine. I don't care if I can't sing. I can look at my ring whenever I please." Upon this she began to cry as though her heart would break, just to prove how happy she was in doing wrong. But in a few minutes she brushed away her tears, for she was a resolute little girl, and went down-stairs.

"Why, Peggy, you must be sick, dear. You have been crying, I am sure," said her loving grandmother immediately. "Or are you unhappy? Come to me, child, and tell me all about it. Do! I know I can help my little girl."

"Grandma," said Peggy, pettishly, "I have only a headache. I have nothing to tell." ("That was not true," she added to herself, with the justice and severity of a judge.) Peggy was no ignorant wrong-doer. She knew as well as you and I do, dear reader, that she was going away from all the pure and good things which she had ever been taught. Just then a neighbor came in. Her name was Mrs. Smart. She always knew all the news of the neighborhood just as soon as it happened—sometimes before!

"They've had a great time up to the boardin'-house," said she.

Now, Grandma did not like to listen to the stories which Mrs. Smart was so apt to tell. She knew that very often they turned out to be false, and in any case they were gossip. Every school-girl and school-boy knows what gossip is. When you grow up, I hope you will not get to be like Mrs. Smart. If you do, you will pry and peak and ask questions, and hint around until you find some little thing that you can twist into a story

against somebody,—(never *for* anybody, be sure of that!)—and then you will go from house to house to tell the evil thing you have imagined, thus doing injury to innocent people, and meddling with matters which do not concern you.

"Yes," said Mrs. Smart, "they've had a great time up there. One of the fine ladies has lost her diamond ring. It was stolen from her by a chambermaid. Poor gyurl! I do pity her, if she is a thief! There she sits a-cryin'! The lady knows it was that gyurl, for she was the last person in the room, and the lady is sure that she left her ring on the bureau, and when she came up to breakfast it was gone, and the gyurl herself said nobody else had been in the room! They've searched her trunks and can't find nothin', but they made such a fuss that Mr. Laird has discharged the poor thing, and she's agoin'."

"What lady was it?" questioned Grandma, for she was quite interested.

"'T was that Miss Dulcimer that was down here a-tryin' to buy your chiney t' other day. She feels very badly, too! 'T was her mother's ring, and folks say 't was worth four hundred dollars!"

Peggy trembled with excitement, but her voice was pretty calm as she said: "Which way did she go home from here, Grandma? Was it while I was at school?"

"Yes; it was day before yesterday, in the afternoon. She went up to the boarding-house through the orchard, because it was cooler, she said."

"Well," said Mrs. Smart, "I must go, for I want to see that guilty gyurl off. She was a-sittin' in the kitchen cryin' as if her heart would break, and a-tellin' how she never done no such thing; but you never can tell! Those gyurls are so deceivin'. I presume she's got the ring somewhere about her clothes now. At any rate, she won't get another place very soon. I kinder pity her, and yet it serves her right."

"Is she going away?" asked Grandma.

"Yes; in the stage,—why, I hear it now,—good-bye. I'm agoin' to see how she takes it when she goes!"

Peggy sprang upstairs like a deer. She went straight to her chest. Through the window came the rumble of the stage, nearer and nearer. In a minute or two it would reach the boarding-house, and go on. Peggy looked for the key. It was not under the mat, as usual. Where could it be? Peggy tried to think, but her head seemed in a whirl. "What *could* I have done with the key?" she sobbed. Putting her hand up to her neck, she happened to feel a little ribbon. "Oh, yes," she sighed in relief. She had tied the key to a ribbon, and placed it about her neck; for now that she had a diamond ring in her chest, she would have to be

more careful, she had said to herself. But the ribbon was tied in a hard knot, and was too strong to break. The ominous rumble had stopped; the stage had reached the boarding-house. "What *shall* I do?" groaned Peggy, her heart beating with fright and anxiety. "Oh! I *must* get into my chest." Then she saw a penknife on the table. In an instant she had cut the ribbon and unlocked the chest, caught up the ring, and run down-stairs. Her grandma called, "Where are you going?" but she dashed like a whirlwind through the kitchen, cleared the two steps at a bound, and went up the road like a flash. How she ran! Her heart beat like a trip-hammer, but her ears were wide open to catch the sound of the stage. Round the corner, by the end of the orchard, she still kept on; but just as she came in front of the trim croquet-ground, she saw the stage start off from the door.

After it she sped with all her might. The summer boarders were all collected in front of the house. Mrs. Smart was by the road, watching the last tears of the unfortunate maid; some fashionable city children, whom Peggy had always feared, and almost disliked, because they were so "airy," as she called it, were right in her path; but she went after the stage as if her life depended on it. "Whoa!" she cried. "Stop! Whoa! Driver! Driver! Stop!" ("Oh, dear!"—under her breath—"I can never make him hear. I can; I will!") "Stop!" she screamed, this time with all her little might, and, as she had almost reached the stage, the driver heard, and brought his horses to a standstill.

"Which is the girl?" said Peggy, breathlessly, adding, as she caught sight of the poor maid: "Here's the ring! You must get out and go back! You must! I found it. I'll tell them. Come!"

The girl gave a cry of joy, and immediately got out of the stage.

"Yes," said she to the astonished driver, "you must put my trunk down, for I shall not go. They will all see I did not steal the ring now!" and, as he complied with her order, she clasped Peggy to her heart and said: "You dear little girl! How good of you to run so! How glad I am you found it! I can never thank you enough."

Peggy was panting and half sobbing, but she went with the happy maid to the house, and handed the ring to the delighted Miss Dulcimer.

"Where did you find it, you splendid child?" said that gushing person, who had not been kind and just enough to make *sure* before she had had the unoffending maid discharged. "I want to make you a little present, to show my gratitude. Here are ten dollars, and I can not say how very thankful I am to you for being so honest and good."

"I was not honest at all," said Peggy, whose flaming cheeks and excited eyes made her look very pretty indeed. "I thank you very much, but I don't want any present. I don't deserve it. Yes, I will take it, though," she added; and, having taken the bill in her hand, she said to the maid, who was standing by, a silent witness of the scene: "You deserve it much more than I; keep it," and with a half laugh, half sob, she put the bill into the maid's hand, and fled out of the room and down the lane without another word. It was not very polite, but she really could n't stay there another minute. She wanted to get to her dear grandma, and be comforted and forgiven. She ran down home almost as fast as she had come up the hill; but this time she was not anxious or unhappy. She noticed the sweet smell of a bed of mignonettes in the door-yard, and heard one of her doves "co-roo, co-roo" on the roof as she went in. Grandma met her, looking worried and troubled. "Peggy," said she, rather severely, "how strangely you act this morning. What is the matter with you?"

Then Peggy put her arms around her grandma's neck, and told her everything about it—how she had found the ring and was bound to keep it, and felt so wicked, and then was so frightened for fear she should not be able to save the poor, wronged girl; and how she ran and how she made the driver hear, and all about it from beginning to end; and even how she could not sing as she stood by the window that morning. "But I can sing now, Grandma!" she exclaimed, and broke into a little trill as happy and free as any bird's.

"Yes, dear," said Grandma, with a smile, "you can sing even more happily than ever, for you have learned to-day what a terrible thing it is to carry, even for one moment, the sense that you are doing wrong, and also the peace that comes from resisting temptation and obeying the voice of conscience."

And when, next morning, Peggy went out into the orchard to pick up some more apples, she sang as blithely as ever, and had not a sad thought in her mind.





"SPRING"-TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

## STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS—TWELFTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

### ANTON VANDYCK.

THE greatest painter among the pupils of Rubens was Anton or Anthony Vandyck (or Van Dyck, as it is also spelled). He was born at Antwerp in 1599. His father was a silk-merchant, and his mother was a lady of artistic tastes; though she had twelve children, she yet found time to do much embroidery and tapestry work. She had a daughter named Susannah, and it may have been on account of this child that her finest work was a large piece on which the story of Susannah was represented. She was occupied with this before the birth of Anthony, who was her seventh child, and during his early years she skillfully plied her needle, and wrought her many-colored silks into landscapes and skies, trees and houses, men and

animals, with untiring patience and uncommon excellence.

It is easy to understand that this mother must have rejoiced to find that Anthony had artistic talent, and it is probable that it was through her influence that he became a pupil under the artist Heinrich von Balen when he was but ten years old. He was still a boy, not more than seventeen, when he entered the studio of Rubens, just at the time when the great master was devoting himself to his art with his whole soul, and had a large number of young students under his direction.

Vandyck soon became the favorite pupil of Rubens, and was early allowed to do such work as proved that the great artist even then appreciated the genius of the brilliant and attractive youth—for such we are told that Vandyck was. Among

other things, Rubens intrusted to Vandyck the labor of making drawings from his pictures, to be used by the engravers who made prints after his works, for which there was a great demand at this time. It was necessary that these drawings should be very exact, so that the engravings should be as

the school. After a consultation, they begged Vandyck to restore the injured picture. With some hesitation he did so, and to the eyes of the pupils it was so well done that they counted on escaping discovery. The keen eye of the master, however, detected the work of another hand than his own; he summoned all the pupils and demanded an explanation, and when he knew all that had happened, he made no comment. It has even been said that he was so well pleased that he left the picture as Vandyck had restored it. Some writers say that this accident happened to the face of the Virgin and the arm of the Magdalen, in the great picture of the "Descent from the Cross," now in the Antwerp Cathedral; but we are not at all certain of the truth of this statement.

In 1618, Vandyck was admitted into the Guild of Painters at Antwerp, a great honor to a youth of nineteen. In 1620, Rubens advanced him from the rank of a pupil to that of an assistant, and in 1623, when Rubens made a contract to decorate the Jesuit Church at Antwerp, a clause was inserted which provided that Vandyck should be employed in the work, showing that he then had a good reputation in his native city. It was about 1618 when an agent of the Earl of Arundel wrote to his employer: "Vandyck lives with Rubens, and his works are beginning to be almost as much esteemed as those of his master. He is a young man of one-and-twenty, with a very rich father and mother in this city, so that it will be very difficult to persuade him to leave this country, especially since he sees the fortune that Rubens is acquiring."

This hint was enough for the Earl of Arundel, who was a great patron of the arts, and he immediately began to make

such offers to Vandyck as would induce him to go to England. Rubens, on the other hand, urged his pupil to go to Italy; but at last, in 1620, while Rubens was absent in Paris, Vandyck went to England. Very little is known of this, his first visit there, beyond the fact that it is recorded on the books of the Exchequer that King James I. gave him one hundred pounds for some special service; and again, in 1621, the records show that Vandyck was called "His Majesty's servant," and was granted a pass to travel for eight months. It is not known, however, that he went again to England until some years later, when Charles I. was king.



HEAD OF A GRANDEE. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY VANDYCK.)

nearly like the original works as possible; and the fact that Vandyck, when still so young, was chosen for this important task, proves that he must have been unusually skillful and correct in his drawings.

Rubens left his studio but rarely, and when he did so, his pupils were in the habit of bribing his old servant to unlock the door of his private room, that they might see what the master had done. The story goes that, on one occasion, just at evening, when the master was riding, the scholars, as they looked at his work, jostled each other and injured the picture, which was not yet dry. They were filled with alarm, and feared expulsion from



In 1622, Vandyck was invited to the Hague by Frederick of Nassau, Prince of Orange. While there he painted some fine portraits, but he was suddenly called home by the illness of his father, who died soon after his son reached his side. The Dominican Sisters had nursed his father with great tenderness, and before his death he obtained a promise from Anthony to paint a picture for the Sisterhood. Seven years later he fulfilled his promise, and painted a Crucifixion, with St. Dominick and St. Catherine near by. There was a rock at the foot of the cross, on which he placed this curious inscription, in Latin: "Lest the earth should be heavy upon the remains of his father, Anthony van Dyck moved this rock to the foot of the cross, and gave it to this place." In 1785, this picture was bought for the Academy of Antwerp, where it now is.

Rubens advised Vandyck to devote himself especially to portrait-painting, and it has been said that he did this because he was jealous of the great talent of his pupil. But time has proved that it was the wisest and most friendly counsel that he could have given him. As a portrait-painter Vandyck ranks beside Titian, and they two excel all others in that special art—in the period, too, when it reached the highest excellence it has ever known.

When Vandyck was ready to go to Italy he made a farewell visit to Rubens, and presented him with three of his pictures. One of these, "The Romans Seizing Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," Rubens hung in the principal room of his house, and was never weary of praising it. The master returned his pupil's generosity by presenting him with one of his finest horses. Vandyck made his first stop at Savelthem, a village near Brussels. Here he fell in love with a girl named Anna van Ophem, and forgot Italy and his art while gazing in her face and wandering by her side through the fair valley in which she dwelt. But Anna regretted his idleness, and was curious to see the pictures that



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I. (BY VANDYCK.)

he could paint. Finally, he yielded to her persuasions, and painted two pictures for the parish church of Savelthem.

One of these was a "Holy Family," in which the Virgin was a portrait of Anna, while St. Joachim and St. Anna represented her father and mother. This picture he gave to the church. It has long since disappeared, and it is said that it was used to make grain-bags by French foragers. The second picture, for which he was paid, represented St. Martin of Tours, when he divided his cloak with two beggars. The saint was a portrait of Vandyck himself, and the horse he rode was painted from that which Rubens had given him. This picture was very dear to the people of Savelthem, and when, in 1758, they discovered that the parish priest had agreed to sell it, they armed themselves with pitchforks and other homely weapons, and, surrounding the church, insisted that the picture should not be removed. In 1806, however, they were powerless before the French soldiers, and though they loved their saint as dearly as ever, he was borne away to Paris and placed in the gallery of the Louvre, where he remained until 1815, when he was taken again to Savelthem and restored to his original place. It is also said that, in 1850, a rich American offered \$20,000 to any one who would bring this picture to him, no matter how it was obtained. Some rogues tried to steal it, but the watch-dogs of Savelthem barked so furiously that the men of the village were alarmed, and rushed to the church so quickly that the robbers scarcely escaped. Since then a guard sleeps in the church, and St. Martin is undisturbed, and may always be seen there dividing his cloak and teaching the lesson of that Christian charity for which his own life was remarkable.

When Rubens heard of this long stay in Savelthem he was much displeased, and wrote to Vandyck such letters as induced him to go to Venice, where he studied the portraits of Giorgione and Titian with great profit. His industry was untiring, and he made many copies, besides painting some original pictures. From Venice Vandyck went to Genoa, where Rubens had formerly been so much admired that his pupil was sure to be well received. Being welcomed for his master's sake, he soon made himself beloved for his own: for Vandyck was elegant and refined in his manners, and these qualities, in addition to his artistic powers, gained for him all the patronage that he desired. Many of the portraits which he then painted in Genoa are still seen in its splendid palaces.

When Vandyck went to Rome, he was invited by the Cardinal Bentivoglio to make one of his family. This prelate had been a papal ambassador in Flanders, and had a fondness for the country and its

people. He was therefore very friendly to Vandyck, and employed him to paint a Crucifixion, and a portrait of himself. This portrait is now one of the treasures of the Pitti Gallery, in Florence. A copy made by John Smybert, a Scotch artist, who came to Boston early in the last century, hangs in one of the halls of Harvard College.

Vandyck found that the Flemish artists in Rome were a rude and uncongenial company, and he avoided their society. This so affronted them that they became his enemies, and he shortened his stay in Rome on that account, and returned to Genoa two years after he had left it. There he found a charming friend in Sofonisba Anguisciola. She had been a noted painter, and though she was now blind and ninety-one years old, Vandyck was accustomed to say that he learned more of the principles of art from her than from the works of the most celebrated masters. Vandyck visited Palermo, Turin, Florence, and other cities, but spent most of his time in Genoa until 1626, when he returned to Antwerp.

It was some time before the artist met with any success at home which at all compared with that he had achieved in Italy. In 1628, he received an order for a picture of "St. Augustine in Ecstasy," for the Church of the Augustines in Antwerp. He painted the saint in light vestments, and the brotherhood insisted that they should be changed to black. This so interfered with the distribution of the light that the whole effect of the picture was spoiled.

Again he was employed to paint a picture for the church at Courtrai. It is said that the canons insisted upon seeing the work before it was raised to its place; and, not being able to judge of what it would be when hung, they were not pleased with it. They called Vandyck a "dauber," and left him. After a time they found that they had made a mistake, and asked Vandyck to paint two other pictures for them, but he replied: "There are already daubers enough in Courtrai without summoning those of Antwerp," and took no further notice of them. This story, however interesting, does not accord with the fact that one of his finest works is the "Elevation of the Cross," still in the Church of Notre Dame at Courtrai. It has been called "one of the most admirable masterpieces that the art of painting has ever produced."

During the five years that Vandyck remained in Flanders and Holland, he painted almost numberless portraits of royal and distinguished persons, and more than thirty religious pictures for churches and public places in the Low Countries. The value of many of these works is now almost fabulous. I must tell you one anecdote of this time: On one occasion Vandyck was at Haarlem,



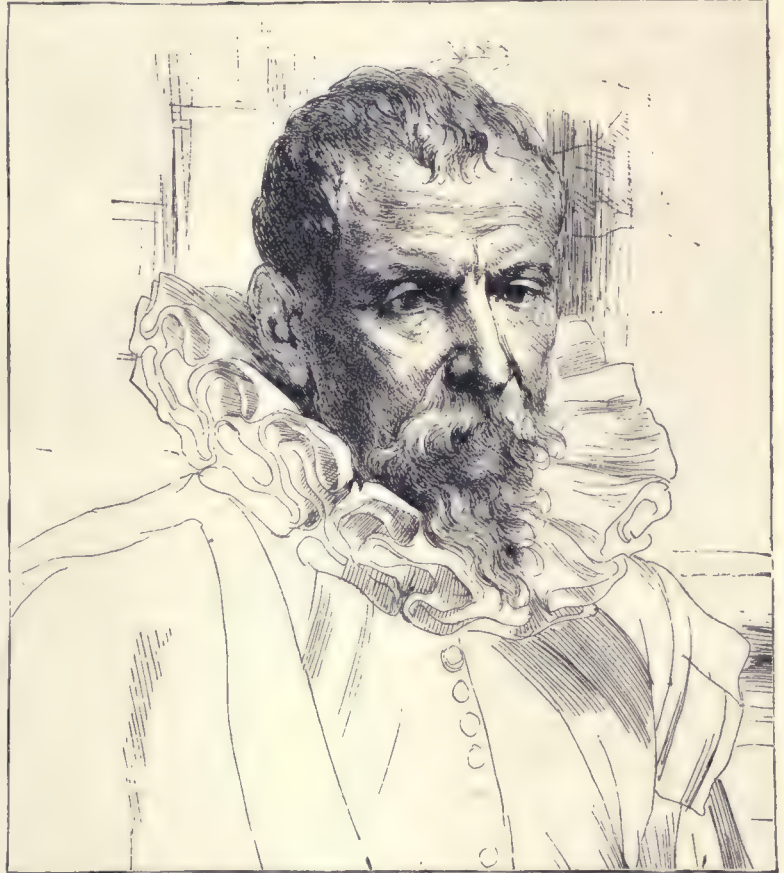


VANDYCK PAINTING THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

the home of Franz Hals, a noted Dutch portrait-painter. Vandyck went to his studio, but, as usual, Hals was at the tavern. Vandyck sent for him, saying that a stranger wished his portrait painted, and had but two hours to stay for it. Hals seized a canvas and finished the picture within the given time. Vandyck praised it warmly, and said: "Painting seems such a simple thing that I should like to try what I can do at it." Hals changed places with him, and the visitor painted the second portrait as quickly as the first had been made. When Hals saw the picture, he embraced the painter and cried: "You are Vandyck! No other could do what you have now done!"

In 1632, after many preliminaries, Vandyck was called to the service of Charles I. of England. He was welcomed by the King, who appointed him court-painter, with a salary of £200 a year, and three months after his arrival in London conferred on him the honor of knighthood. From the day he reached England, Vandyck was the fashion there. His elegant and courtly manners, and his style of living when in Rome, had gained for him the title of "*Il pittore Cavalieresco*" (the noble or generous painter), and now, in England, he indulged in lavish hospitality. He often entertained his sitters at dinner, in order to study their expression, and even the King visited his house without ceremony. He was liberal to musicians and men of genius, and made himself popular with many classes. As the result of all this, his studio became the resort of men of rank, and, in fact, a visit to Vandyck was, of all things, most desirable to the fashionables of the day, and men and women of rank and influence vied with each other for the privilege of being his sitters, until a list of the portraits which he painted is an endless repetition of titles and notable names.

His lavishness threw him into debt, and he was constantly in need of money, while his habits of life undermined his health and made him very low in his spirits. It is said that, with the hope of increasing his fortune, he spent much time over chemicals trying to discover the philosopher's



PORTRAIT OF PETER BRUEGEL. (FROM AN ETCHING BY VANDYCK.)

stone, which he believed would bring him limitless gold. The poisonous gases which he thus inhaled injured his already weakened health, and the King and his friends became alarmed lest he should die.

At length, the King resolved to persuade Vandyck to marry, and selected a beautiful Scotch girl, who had a position in the household of the Queen, as a suitable wife for him. Her name was Maria Ruthven, and she was a granddaughter of the Earl of Gowrie. Very little is known of the married life of the artist, but there is nothing to indicate that it was not a happy one. He had one child, a daughter, called Justiniana.

It is probable that Vandyck had frequently visited Antwerp while living in England. We



know that, in 1634, he was chosen Dean of the Confraternity of St. Luke in his native city, and a great feast was celebrated on that occasion; and when, in 1640, he took his bride there, the members of the Academy of Painting and many others received them with distinguished attentions.

In spite of all he had done, Vandyck's highest ambition as a painter had never been satisfied. He had long cherished a desire to do some great historical painting. At one time he had hoped to decorate the walls of the banqueting-hall at the palace of Whitehall. The ceiling had splendid pictures by Rubens, and Vandyck proposed to perfect the whole by portraying the history of the Order of the Garter beneath the work of his master. Charles was pleased with the idea, and asked Vandyck to make his sketches; but he finally abandoned the scheme, much to the regret of the artist.

While he was at Antwerp with his wife, the painter learned that Louis XIII. was about to decorate the large saloon of the Louvre. He hastened to Paris in the hope that he might obtain the commission for the work, but when he arrived it had already been given to Poussin. Greatly disappointed, he returned to England, to find the royal family, whom he knew and loved so well, overwhelmed with misfortune. In March, 1641, the Queen fled to France, while the King and his sons took refuge at York. In May the Earl of Strafford was executed, and all these disasters, added to his previous disappointments and the fact that the arts which the King had cherished were already fallen into dishonor, brought upon the artist a disease which proved to be fatal.

He continued to paint until within a few days of his death, and it was but eight days before that event that his daughter was born and he made his will. When the King returned to London, in spite of all his own troubles and cares, he found time to be true to his friendship for Vandyck. He offered his physician £300 if he could save the artist's life; but nothing could be done, and he died at his home in Blackfriars, December 9, 1641, at the early age of forty-two years. It is said that his funeral was attended by many nobles and artists. He was buried in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, near the tomb of John of Gaunt. When St. Paul's was burned, the remains of Vandyck were probably scattered. When the grave of Benjamin West was prepared in the crypts of the new St. Paul's, Vandyck's coffin-plate was discovered there.

The pictures of Vandyck are so numerous that we can here say almost nothing of them. They embrace a great variety of subjects, and are found in nearly all large or good collections. He left

some etchings, also, which are executed with great spirit. I have said that as a portrait-painter he is almost unrivaled; as a painter of other subjects he had also great merits. He had not the power of invention of his master, Rubens, and could not seize upon terrible moments and important incidents to give them the power which the pictures of Rubens had; but Vandyck gave an intensity of expression to his faces, and an elevation to their emotions, which excelled his master. His drawing was more correct, and his feeling for Nature more refined, so that, taken all in all, perhaps the master and pupil were very nearly equal as painters, though they differed in the qualities of their talents.

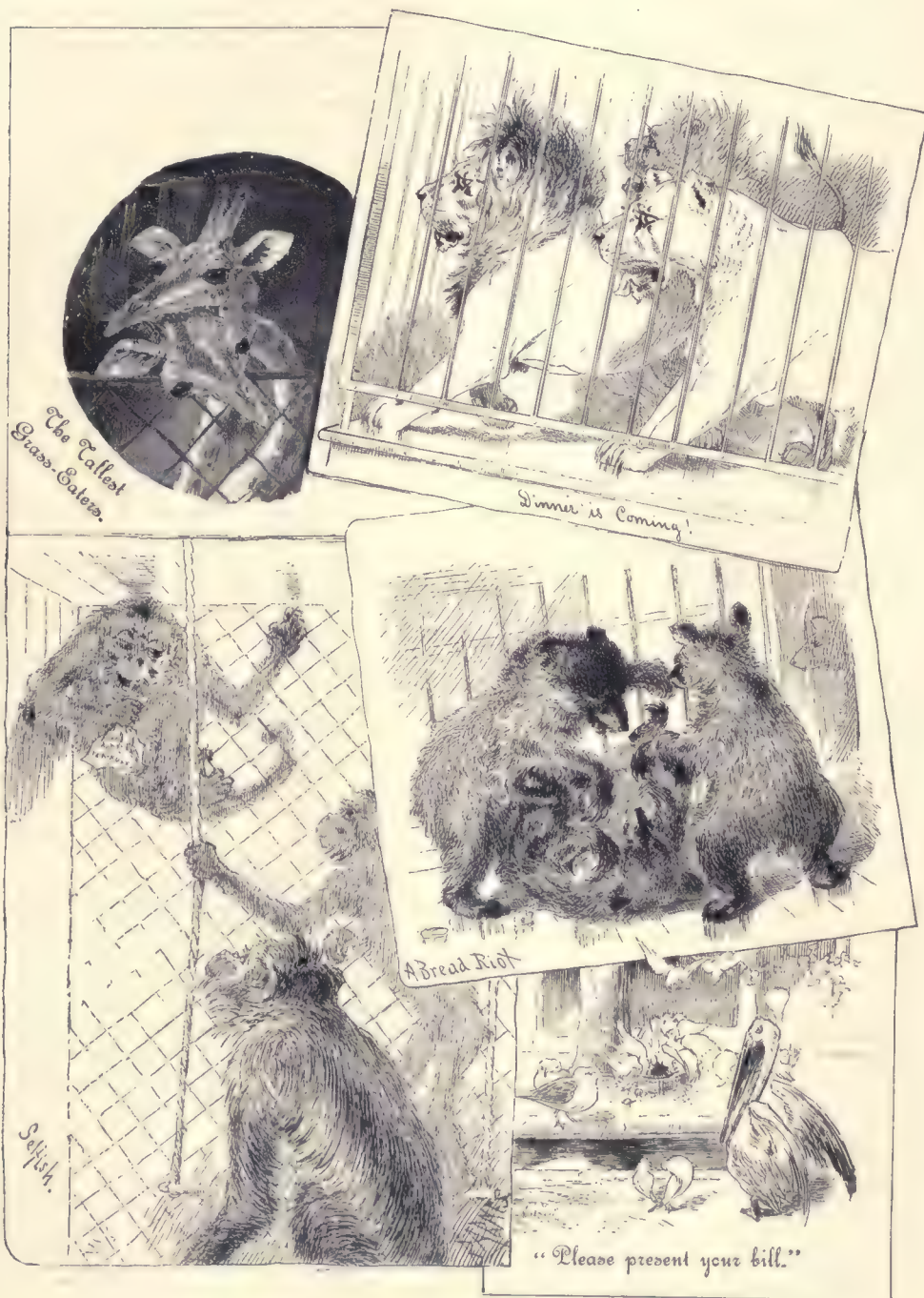
Vandyck may be said to have painted in three manners. The first was that of a rich and mellow color, which he acquired after visiting Italy to study the works of Titian and others. Sir Joshua Reynolds said of this style: "It supposes the sun in the room." The second manner is seen in the silvery color of his English pictures; they are brilliant and delicate at the same time that they are solid and firm in their execution. His third manner is that of his latest works, when poor health and low spirits caused him to be careless and to give but little attention to their sentiment or execution.

Among his most distinguished portraits are those of Charles I. and his family. Perhaps the most pleasing of these is the picture of the three children of the King—a subject which Vandyck several times repeated. One of these is in the gallery of Turin, others at Dresden and Berlin, and a small one at the Louvre, in Paris. His equestrian portraits are noble works, and many of his full-length figures exist in various galleries. The most magnificent collection in any one place is that of Windsor Castle, in possession of the Queen. It consists of thirty-nine pictures, all but three being portraits of single figures or groups.

The prices that are now paid for the works of Vandyck, on the rare occasions when they are sold, are enormous. A portrait of Anne Cavendish, Lady Rich, was sold at the San Donato sale, in Florence, in 1880, to Mr. Berners, for \$30,000. In 1876, a few of his etchings were sold in Brussels; and that from a portrait of the artist, both portrait and etching being his own work, brought about \$4000.

We have not space to speak here of the historical, mythological, and other pictures painted by Vandyck. Though they are not equal to his portraits, they are very interesting, and those of you who go to Europe will see many of them in the churches and galleries that you will visit.

## DINNER-TIME AT THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.





## MIKE AND I.

BY R. LATTIMORE ALLING.

WE were off for our summer vacation, Mike (my chum) and I. Mike took it rather quietly, but that is his way. People have different ways of talking; his was through his eyes, and how much they could tell a fellow! But I'm not the mum kind, and I wanted to talk to everybody — wanted to ask them if they, too, were going away from the hot, dusty city, to stay three long, restful, delicious weeks.

Finally, as we came near our journey's end, and packed ourselves away in the old stage which was to land us at the lake-side, I felt that I must talk or explode. I tell you, being shut up in a dingy little office in a dingy little street of a dingy big city for eleven months of the year makes one appreciate some things; so, when I sniffed the real country odors, and then caught sight of a pond through the trees, I gave Mike a rapturous shake; but he made no reply except to rattle the fishing-tackle in his pockets. This was expressive, but rather dull for steady conversation; so, in desperation, I began to scan my fellow-passengers, in hopes of finding somebody else who wanted to talk. There was a tall, good-natured man, his wife, big girl, little girl, poodle, and baby, and a jolly-looking boy, who sat cocking his eye at me in such a remarkably funny way that I laughed, which laugh seemed to act on him like an inspiration, for he immediately broke the silence by inquiring in a rapid voice:

"Where you going? We're going to the Lake View House — tip-top place — ever been? Splendid fishing — was there last summer — lots of fun."

I informed him that I was going there also, and then followed a spirited discussion as to the relative merits of grasshoppers or angle-worms for bait. As my experience with either was limited, this subject soon dropped, when he inquired, "Are n't any of your folks going to be there?" possibly envying me freedom from the sisterhood.

"None of my folks," I replied, "but my chum, my best friend; we're going to have fine times together. You'd like him; he's a capital fellow — when he is in the mood," I said, laughing, as I noticed him sitting silent and stiff beside me. "You must come up to our room some day," I added, as the stage stopped before our hotel.

I saw nothing of my new acquaintance for a day or two, and Mike, who had come out of his dumps, was such good company that I forgot all about the boy till, one afternoon, he came rushing down the

hall after me as I was returning to our room from a long tramp.

"Halloo! Where you been — fishing?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Yes," I answered.

"Catch anything?"

"Of course."

"Where 's your chum?"

"Mike? Oh, he is upstairs; he does n't like fishing. Come and see him. He will be in a gay humor when I show what I have. We will have a festive time. Come up?"

"Yes, guess I will. I'm sick of things here, anyway."

This was no uncommon boy. He was just like a thousand others — a rough-and-tumble sort of chap, but good-hearted, and ready to learn good or bad, just whichever happened to come his way. As I listened to his bright talk of his thrilling adventure with a pickerel, I congratulated myself that he would be quite an addition to my pleasure, for Mike, as I have intimated, was a queer one, not fond of the active part of fishing or hunting; but he did ample justice to the spoils, as I assured Bob — which I found to be the boy's name — when he made some damaging remark about my friend, to the effect that "Mike could n't be much of a fellow if he did n't fish." So I had to plead his cause as we ascended the last flight of stairs, declaring that he made up for this masculine deficiency by the host of things he knew. "Why," I said, "he is the most interesting company in the world; he tells the most wonderful stories, — more marvelous than the Arabian Nights, or Jules Verne, and all true, too, and he will keep at it as long as you have a mind to sit up of an evening." The look of disdain over Mike's deplorable lack of interest in those sports dear to the heart of every well-regulated boy had changed to one of lively interest when I promised, as I turned the key of 134 and flung open the door, to "set Mike a-going for his benefit." Mike was not visible, and while I disposed of my fishing apparatus, Bob surveyed the empty room with disappointment.

"Where is he? Trot him out," he demanded.

"Oh, I keep him locked up in a closet when I am gone out," I replied, stooping to draw off my muddy boots, and at the same time hide my amused face from the perplexed Bob, who exclaimed, "Gracious! you don't, do you?" Thinking the climax of his bewilderment was reached, I

proceeded to unlock the door of a black-walnut box standing on the floor, and drew out and set upon the table a microscope, announcing, as I waved my hand toward it, "Behold my friend, my chum, my blessed old Mike!"

Bob's face was a circus in itself. Many expressions struggled for the field, but disgusted disappointment gained the day, and he muttered, as he picked up his hat and started for the door, "Who wants to see your old telescope!"

"Hold on!" I cried—"stay five minutes; then you can go back to the girls and abuse me and my friend if you want to."

So back he shuffled, but slowly, and with a look of determined suspicion at me. I went about my affairs, feeling sure he would change his tune when once Mike had a chance to defend himself. The "catch" of my fishing, which was all contained in a small glass bottle with a wide mouth, I began to investigate by holding it up toward the light. Seeing some very small specks floating about, I took a glass tube, about as big and as long as a new slate-pencil; placing my finger closely over one end, I lowered the other directly over one of these specks, when, lifting my finger for an instant, out rushed some air, and at the other end up rushed some of the water, and with it the speck. This I allowed to run out upon a little slip of glass, called a slide, by lifting my finger again, when in rushed some air, and out went the drop of water. By this time Bob had lost his disgusted expression, and condescended to show slight interest in this new way of fishing. The slide, with the drop upon it, I then placed on the little shelf, or "stage," of my microscope. Looking through the long tube which is the main part of the instrument in size, touching a screw here, another there, and turning the little mirror, just under the stage, toward the light, I asked Bob to take a look also, at the same time remarking that I rather guessed I had beat him in fishing for that day. Bob squinted up one eye, peeped cautiously with the other, and forthwith exclaimed, "Jimminy Jinkins!" Jimminy failing to appear upon the scene, I did, telling him, while he looked and wondered, wondered and looked, that all the little fellows he saw had names and histories, and cut up the funniest capers imaginable.

But Bob interrupted with, "Oh! here's a huge one, and all tangled up in a great, long green stem, and kicking like mad! What's his name?"

"That is a *daphnia*," I said, smiling at his enthusiasm; "and now look carefully, and you will see that you can look right through him. Do you see something beating inside of him—eh? Well, that is his heart, and you can sometimes see that every time it contracts some colorless fluid is

pushed out through the body; that is the blood circulating, and——"

But here Bob broke in with wild excitement, "True as preaching, he's eating something, and I can see him swallowing it! Oh, is n't this fun!"

I could not help laughing in my sleeve to see this boy so wholly absorbed by my "old telescope," and suggested that he take his eye from the tube for a moment, and with his own hands move the glass slide just a very little to one side, so as to get a view of another part of the vast sea contained in the drop of water. This being done, he again applied his eye to the "bung-hole," as he elegantly termed it, when I asked him what he saw now.

"Oh! an awfully funny thing, kind of like a worm, with ever so many branches at one end—no, it's like a long hand with long, crooked fingers, only there are eight of them—and—oh, they are all stretched out and feeling around!"

"Yes," I assented, knowing well the animal at which he was looking. "Now, give the glass slide a little tap with your finger-nail, but keep looking just the same." The result of this experiment made him jump, as he exclaimed: "He jerked all his fingers in quicker 'n lightning, and now he is all drawn up into a little ball!"

As I enjoyed his excitement, I explained that the fingers were called tentacles, and that they were used to feel about for food, and that some naturalists thought that at the end of each tentacle was a little sting, with which they killed their prey, and then drew it into their mouth, which was a little opening in the end of the tube from which these tentacles grew.

"But what's the gentleman's name?" demanded Bob, wishing to know everything at once.

"Well," I answered, "do you know about the twelve things that Hercules had to do before he could become immortal?"

Bob looked as though he had known from earliest infancy, but as I myself remembered that my wisest looks had too often been in direct proportion to my ignorance, I thought it best to tell the story.

"Somehow, it happened that Hercules got cheated out of the throne which he was to inherit; so his father, Jupiter, made Juno promise that she would make Hercules immortal if he accomplished twelve great deeds. One of them was the killing of the Hydra, a monster with nine heads. Hercules went bravely to work chopping these off, but every severed head was immediately replaced by two. So this little animal is called the hydra, and if we try to slay it we shall be as much amazed as was Hercules; for, if we cut off one of these tentacles, another will grow in its place. And more than this: the piece that is cut off lives on, and, in time, will grow its own circle of



tentacles and be a full-fledged hydra, independent of everybody! Why, just to think, there was a Frenchman who, aided by his microscope, could do very delicate work, and he turned some hydras wrong-side out, and they did n't seem to mind it at all, but meekly accommodated themselves to the situation, and went on fishing as happily as before, making what was before their outsides do for their stomachs! It is almost impossible to kill them, for, even if you chop them up into little pieces, each piece will grow into an animal like the one from which it was cut, and set up house-keeping on its own account. So, you see, out of one hydra you can make a large community."

"Let 's do it now," said the eager Bob, with eyes big with wonder.

"Oh, no," I said. "It takes some days for all this to happen, and remember that you can hardly see the hydra with your naked eye. And it requires some skill to do this microscopic butchering."

This seemed a new idea, and he examined my small water-jar with renewed interest, asking, "Are there more of these fellows in here?"

"Perhaps not one," I answered. "Sometimes I can't find one for weeks, and then all at once I may come across a pond with thousands; but even then you have to know just how to find them. The best way is to dip up some water from the bottom or side of a stagnant pool—taking bits of the little water-plants, or of the green

scum (which will turn out to be delicate stems, with lovely patterns in green dots running along them), with it. Set the bottle in the window for a day or two, and you will find the hydras, if there are any there, fastened to the glass next the light."

As the gong for tea sounded, I said, as I began to put things away, while Bob took a last peep, "Well, Mike is n't so bad, is he? Come up again, if you like him. We have only made a beginning as yet on what is to be seen in that water. By the way, Simple Simon was n't such a fool, after all, if he had a microscope,—eh Bob?"

"What do you mean?" said Bob, trying his luck at fishing with a glass tube, as if for once supper had failed to charm.

"Why, don't you remember—

'Simple Simon went a-fishing for to catch a whale,  
And all the water that he had was in his mother's pail?'"

By this time Mike had been put into his box, and Bob remarked, as we went down-stairs, "He's the best old chap I've seen yet!"

As I glanced across the long dining-hall, I was convulsed to see Bob, who was at the next table, suddenly stop a glass of water half-way toward his lips, and gaze into it with horror. The next moment he dashed over to me, shouting: "Say! Is *this* water full of 'em?" I assured him that he could drink it with entire safety, there being nothing of the kind in ordinary water, as Mike could further prove next time he gave a show.

Mud-Pies.

—Baking-Day.





BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A LITTLE man, in walking down the dusty road one day,  
Met a little woman traveling afoot the other way;  
And, laying down his big valise, he bowed in handsome style,  
While she returned his greeting with a curtsy and a smile.

"Can you inform me where,  
ma'am, I can find a wife?"  
said he.

"'T was on my tongue to ask  
about a husband, sir," said  
she.



"I'm weary of my single state,  
and many miles I've gone  
For one who'll cook and wash  
for me, and sew my buttons  
on;

Who'll wait on me when I am  
well and tend me when I'm  
ill,

And never give me cause to  
grumble at a foolish bill.

Do you know any one, ma'am,  
you can recommend?" said  
he.

"I'm looking for precisely such  
a husband, sir," said she.



He puckered up his lips and whistled thoughtfully and low,—  
 Then slowly reached for his valise, regretfully to go;  
 While, with a pensive little smile, she gazed up at the sky  
 And watched the fleecy cloudlets as they lazily passed by.  
 "T is plain I 'm not the husband you 're after, ma'am!" said he.  
 "T is evident I 'm not the wife you 're seeking, sir!" said she.



## THE LAST OF THE PETERKINS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THE expedition up the Nile had taken place successfully. The Peterkin family had reached Cairo again—at least, its scattered remnant was there, and they were now to consider what next.

Mrs. Peterkin would like to spend her life in the *dahabieh*,\* though she could not pronounce its name, and she still felt the strangeness of the scenes about her. However, she had only to look out upon the mud villages on the bank to see that she was in the veritable "Africa" she had seen pictured in the geography of her childhood. If further corroboration were required, had she not, only the day before, when accompanied by no one but a little donkey-boy, shuddered to meet a strange Nubian, attired principally in hair that stood out from his savage face in frizzes at least half a yard long.

But oh, the comforts of no trouble in housekeeping on board the *dahabieh*! Never to know what they were to have for dinner, nor to be asked what they would like, and yet always to have a dinner you could ask chance friends to, knowing all would be perfectly served! Some of the party with whom they had engaged their *dahabieh* had even brought canned baked beans from New England, which seemed to make their happiness complete.

"Though we see beans here," said Mrs. Peterkin, "they are not 'Boston beans'!"

She had fancied she would have to live on stuffed ostrich (ostrich stuffed with iron filings, that the books tell of), or fried hippopotamus, or boiled rhinoceros. But she met with none of these, and day after day was rejoiced to find her native turkey appearing on the table, with pigeons and

\* A boat used for transportation on the Nile.

chickens (though the chickens, to be sure, were scarcely larger than the pigeons), and lamb that was really not more tough than that of New Hampshire and the White Mountains.

If they dined with the Arabs, there was indeed a kind of dark molasses-gingerbread-looking cake, with curds in it, that she found it hard to eat. "But *they* like it," she said, complacently.

The remaining little boy, too, smiled over his pile of ripe bananas, as he thought of the quarter-of-a-dollar-a-half-dozen green ones at that moment waiting at the corners of the streets at home. Indeed, it was a land for boys. There were the dates, both fresh and dried—far more juicy than those learned at school; and there was the gingerbread-nut tree, the dôm palm, that bore a nut tasting "like baker's gingerbread that has been kept a few days in the shop," as the remaining little boy remarked. And he wished for his brothers when the live dinner came on board their boat, at the stopping-places, in the form of good-sized sheep struggling on the shoulders of stout Arabs, or an armful of live hens and pigeons.

All the family (or as much of it as was present) agreed with Mrs. Peterkin's views. Amanda at home had seemed quite a blessing, but at this distance her services, compared with the attentions of their Maltese dragoman and the devotion of their Arab servants, seemed of doubtful value, and even Mrs. Peterkin dreaded returning to her tender mercies.

"Just imagine inviting the Russian Count to dinner at home—and Amanda!" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

"And he came to dinner at least three times a week on board the boat," said the remaining little boy.

"The Arabs are so convenient about carrying one's umbrellas and shawls," said Elizabeth Eliza. "How I should miss Hassan in picking up my blue veil!"

The family recalled many anecdotes of the shortcomings of Amanda, as Mrs. Peterkin leaned back upon her divan and wafted a fly-whisk. Mr. Peterkin had expended large sums in telegrams from every point where he found the telegraph in operation; but there was no reply from Solomon John, and none from the two little boys.

By a succession of telegrams, they had learned that no one had fallen into the crater of Vesuvius in the course of the last six months, not even a little boy. This was consoling.

By letters from the lady from Philadelphia, they learned that she had received Solomon John's telegram from Geneva at the time she heard from the rest of the family, and one signed "L. Boys" from Naples. But neither of these telegrams gave

an address for return answers, which she had, however, sent to Geneva and Naples, with the fatal omission by the operator (as she afterward learned) of the date, as in the other telegrams.

Mrs. Peterkin, therefore, disliked to be long away from the Sphinx, and their excursion up the Nile had been shortened on this account. All the Nubian guides near the pyramids had been furnished with additional *backsheesh* and elaborate explanations from Mr. Peterkin as to how they should send him information if Solomon John and the little boys should turn up at the Sphinx—for all the family agreed they would probably appear in Egypt together.

Mrs. Peterkin regretted not having any photographs to leave with the guides; but Elizabeth Eliza, alas! had lost at Brindisi the hand-bag that contained the family photograph-book.

Mrs. Peterkin would have liked to take up her residence near the Sphinx for the rest of the year. But every one warned her that the heat of an Egyptian summer would not allow her to stay at Cairo—scarcely even on the sea-shore, at Alexandria.

How thankful was Mrs. Peterkin, a few months after, when the war in Egypt broke out, that her wishes had not been yielded to! For many nights she could not sleep, picturing how they all might have been massacred by the terrible mob in Alexandria.

Intelligence of Solomon John led them to take their departure.

One day, they were discussing at the *table d'hôte* their letters from the lady from Philadelphia, and how they showed that Solomon John had been at Geneva.

"Ah, there was his mistake!" said Elizabeth Eliza. "The Doolittles left Marseilles with us, and were to branch off for Geneva, and we kept on to Genoa, and Solomon John was always mistaking Genoa for Geneva, as we planned our route. I remember there was a great confusion when they got off."

"I always mix up Geneva and Genoa," said Mrs. Peterkin. "I feel as if they were the same."

"They are quite different," said Elizabeth Eliza; "and Genoa lay in our route, while Geneva took him into Switzerland."

An English gentleman, on the opposite side of the table, then spoke to Mr. Peterkin.

"I beg pardon," he said. "I think I met one of your name in Athens. He attracted our attention because he went every day to the same spot, and he told us he expected to meet his family there—that he had an appointment by telegraph——"

"In Athens!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin.



"Was his name Solomon John?" asked Elizabeth Eliza.

"Were there two little boys?" inquired Mrs. Peterkin.

"His initials were the same as mine," replied the Englishman,—"S. J. P.,—for some of his luggage came by mistake into my room, and that is why I spoke of it."

"Is there a Sphinx in Athens?" Mrs. Peterkin inquired.

"There used to be one there," said Agamemnon.

"I beg your pardon," said the Englishman, "but that Sphinx never was in Athens."

"But Solomon John may have made the mistake—we all make our mistakes," said Mrs. Peterkin, tying her bonnet-strings, as if ready to go to meet Solomon John at that moment.

"The Sphinx was at Thebes in the days of Ædipus," said the Englishman. "No one would expect to find it anywhere in Greece at the present day."

"But was Solomon John inquiring for it?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"Indeed, no!" answered the Englishman; "he went every day to the Pnyx, a famous hill in Athens, where his telegram had warned him he should meet his friends."

"The Pnyx!" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin; "and how do you spell it?"

"P-n-y-x!" cried Agamemnon—"the same letters as in Sphinx!"

"All but the 's' and the 'h' and the 'y,'" said Elizabeth Eliza.

"I often spell Sphinx with a 'y' myself," said Mr. Peterkin.

"And a telegraph-operator makes such mistakes!" said Agamemnon.

"His telegram had been forwarded to him from Switzerland," said the Englishman; "it had followed him into the Dolomite region, and must have been translated many times."

"And of course they could not all have been expected to keep the letters in the right order," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And were there two little boys with him?" repeated Mrs. Peterkin.

No; there were no little boys. But further inquiries satisfied the family that Solomon John must be awaiting them in Athens. And how natural the mistake! Mrs. Peterkin said that, if she had known of a Pnyx, she should surely have looked for the family there.

Should they then meet Solomon John at the Pnyx, or summon him to Egypt? It seemed safer to go directly to Athens, especially as Mr. Peterkin and Agamemnon were anxious to visit that city.

It was found that a steamer would leave Alexandria next day for Athens, by way of Smyrna and Constantinople. This was a roundabout course, but Mr. Peterkin was impatient to leave, and was glad to gain more acquaintance with the world. Meanwhile, they could telegraph their plans to Solomon John, as the English gentleman could give them the address of his hotel.

And Mrs. Peterkin did not now shrink from another voyage. Her experience on the Nile had made her forget her sufferings in crossing the Atlantic, and she no longer dreaded entering another steam-boat. Their delight in river navigation, indeed, had been so great that the whole family had listened with interest to the descriptions given by their Russian fellow-traveler of steam-boat navigation on the Volga—"the most beautiful river in the world," as he declared. Elizabeth Eliza and Mr. Peterkin were eager to try it, and Agamemnon remarked that such a trip would give them an opportunity to visit the renowned fair at Nijninogorod. Even Mrs. Peterkin had consented to this expedition, provided they should meet Solomon John and the other little boys.

She started, therefore, on a fresh voyage without any dread, forgetting that the Mediterranean, if not so wide as the Atlantic, is still a sea, and often as tempestuous and uncomfortably "choppy." Alas! she was soon to be awakened from her forgetfulness: the sea was the same old enemy.

As they passed up among the Ionian Isles, and she heard Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza and their Russian friend (who was accompanying them to Constantinople) talking of the old gods of Greece, she fancied that they were living still, and that Neptune and the classic waves were wreaking their vengeance on them, and pounding and punishing them for venturing to rule them with steam. She was fairly terrified. As they entered Smyrna she declared she would never enter any kind of a boat again, and that Mr. Peterkin must find some way by which they could reach home by land.

How delightful it was to draw near the shore, on a calm afternoon—even to trust herself to the charge of the boatmen in leaving the ship, and to reach land once more and meet the tumult of voices and people! Here was the screaming and shouting usual in the East, and the same bright array of turbans and costumes in the crowd awaiting them. But a well-known voice reached them, and from the crowd rose a well-known face. Even before they reached the land they had recognized its owner. With his American dress, he looked almost foreign in contrast to the otherwise universal Eastern color. A tall figure on either side seemed, also, each to have a familiar air.

Were there three Solomon Johns?

No; it was Solomon John and the two other little boys — but grown so that they were no longer little boys. Even Mrs. Peterkin was unable to recognize them at first. But the tones of their voices, their ways, were as natural as ever. Each had a banana in his hand, and pockets stuffed with oranges.

Questions and answers interrupted each other in a most confusing manner:

"Are you the little boys?"

"Where have you been?"

"Did you go to Vesuvius?"

"How did you get away?"

"Why did n't you come sooner?"

"Our India-rubber boots stuck in the hot lava."

"Have you been there all this time?"

"No; we left them there."

"Have you had fresh dates?"

"They are all gone now, but the dried ones are better than those squeezed ones we have at home."

"How you have grown!"

"Why did n't you telegraph?"

"Why did you go to Vesuvius, when Papa said he could n't?"

"Did you, too, think it was Pnyx?"

"Where have you been all winter?"

"Did you roast eggs in the crater?"

"When did you begin to grow?"

The little boys could not yet thoroughly explain themselves; they always talked together, and in foreign languages, interrupting each other, and never agreeing as to dates.

Solomon John accounted for his appearance in Smyrna by explaining that, when he received his father's telegram in Athens, he decided to meet them at Smyrna. He was tired of waiting at the Pnyx. He had but just landed, and came near missing his family, and the little boys too, who had reached Athens just as he was leaving it. None of the family wished now to continue their journey to Athens, but they had the advice and assistance of their Russian friend in planning to leave the steamer at Constantinople; they would, by adopting this plan, be *en route* for the proposed excursion to the Volga.

Mrs. Peterkin was overwhelmed with joy at having all her family together once more; but with it a wave of home-sickness surged over her. They were all together; why not go home?

It was found that there was a sailing-vessel bound absolutely for Maine, in which they might take passage. No more separation; no more mistakes; no more tedious study of guide-books; no more weighing of baggage. Every trunk and bag, every Peterkin, could be placed in the boat, and safely landed on the shores of home. It was a

temptation, and at one time Mrs. Peterkin actually pleaded for it.

But there came a throbbing in her head, a swimming in her eyes, a swaying of the very floor of the hotel. Could she bear it, day after day, week after week? Would any of them be alive? And Constantinople not seen, nor steam-navigation on the Volga!

And so new plans arose, and wonderful discoveries were made, and the future of the Peterkin family was changed forever.

In the first place, a strange, stout gentleman in spectacles had followed the Peterkin family to the hotel, had joined in the family councils, and had rendered valuable service in negotiating with the officers of the steamer for the cancellation of their through tickets to Athens. He dined at the same table, and was consulted by the (formerly) little boys.

Who was he?

They explained that he was their "preceptor." It appeared that, after they parted from their father, the little boys had become mixed up with some pupils who were being taken by their preceptor to Vesuvius. For some time he had not noticed that his party (consisting of boys of their own age) had been enlarged; and after finding this out, he had concluded they were the sons of an English family with whom he had been corresponding. He was surprised that no further intelligence came with them, and no extra baggage. They had, however, their hand-bags; and after sending their telegram to the lady from Philadelphia, they assured him that all would be right. But they were obliged to leave Naples the very day of dispatching the telegram, and left no address to which an answer could be sent. The preceptor took them, with his pupils, directly back to his institution in Gratz, Austria, from which he had taken them on this little excursion.

It was not till the end of the winter that he discovered that his youthful charges — whom he had been faithfully instructing, and who had found the gymnasium and invigorating atmosphere so favorable to growth — were not the sons of his English correspondent, whom he had supposed, from their explanations, to be traveling in America.

He was, however, intending to take his pupils to Athens in the spring, and by this time the little boys were able to explain themselves better in his native language. They assured him they should meet their family in the East, and the preceptor felt it safe to take them upon the track proposed.

It was now that Mr. Peterkin prided himself upon the plan he had insisted upon before leaving home. "Was it not well," he exclaimed, "that



I provided each of you with a bag of gold, for use in case of emergency, hidden in the lining of your hand-bags?"

This had worked badly for Elizabeth Eliza, to be sure, who had left hers at Brindisi; but the little boys had been able to pay some of their expenses, which encouraged the preceptor to believe he might trust them for the rest. So much pleased were all the family with the preceptor that they decided that all three of the little boys should continue under his instructions, and return with him to Gratz.

This decision made more easy the other plans of the family.

Both Agamemnon and Solomon John had decided they would like to be foreign consuls. They did not much care where, and they would accept any appointment, and both, it appeared, had written on the subject to the Department at Washington. Agamemnon had put in a plea for a vacancy at Madagascar, and Solomon John hoped for an opening at Rustchuk, Turkey; if not there, at Aiutab, Syria. Answers were expected, which were now telegraphed for, to meet them in Constantinople.

Meanwhile, Mr. Peterkin had been consulting the preceptor and the Russian Count about a land journey home. More and more Mrs. Peterkin determined she could not and would not trust herself to another voyage, though she consented to travel by steamer to Constantinople. If they went as far as Nijninogorod, which was now decided upon, why could they not persevere through "Russia in Asia"?

Their Russian friend at first shook his head at this, but at last agreed that it might be possible to go on from Novgorod comfortably to Tobolsk, perhaps even from there to Yakoutsck, and then to Kamschatka.

"And cross at Behrings' Straits!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. "It looks so narrow on the map."

"And then we are in Alaska," said Mr. Peterkin.

"And at home," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, "and no more voyages."

But Elizabeth Eliza doubted about Kamschatka and Behrings' Straits, and thought it would be very cold.

"But we can buy furs on our way," insisted Mrs. Peterkin.

"And if you do not find the journey agreeable,"

said their Russian friend, "you can turn back from Yakoutsck, even from Tobolsk, and come to visit us."

Yes — *us*!

For Elizabeth Eliza was to marry the Russian Count!

He had been in a boat that was behind them on the Nile, had met them often, had climbed the ruins with them, joined their excursions, and had finally proposed at Edfu.

Elizabeth Eliza had then just written to consult the lady from Philadelphia with regard to the offer of a German professor they had met, and she could give no reply to the Count.

Now, however, it was necessary to make a decision. She had meanwhile learned a few words of Russian. The Count spoke English moderately well, made himself understood better than the Professor, and could understand Elizabeth Eliza's French. Also, the Count knew how to decide questions readily, while the Professor had to consider both sides before he could make up his mind.

Mrs. Peterkin objected strongly at first. She could not even pronounce the Russian's name. "How should she be able to speak to him, or tell anybody whom Elizabeth Eliza had married?" But finally the family all gave their consent, won by the attention and devotion of Elizabeth Eliza's last admirer.

The marriage took place in Constantinople — not at Santa Sophia, as Elizabeth Eliza would have wished, as that was under a Mohammedan dispensation. A number of American residents were present, and the preceptor sent for his other pupils in Athens. Elizabeth Eliza wished there was time to invite the lady from Philadelphia to be present, and Ann Maria Bromwich. Would the name be spelled right in the newspapers? All that could be done was to spell it by telegraph as accurately as possible, as far as they themselves knew how, and then leave the papers to do their best (or their worst) in their announcements of the wedding "at the American Consulate, Constantinople, Turkey. No cards."

The last that was ever heard of the Peterkins, Agamemnon was on his way to Madagascar, Solomon John was at Rustchuk, and the little boys at Gratz; Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, in a comfortable sledge, were on their way from Tobolsk to Yakoutsck; and Elizabeth Eliza was passing her honeymoon in the neighborhood of Moscow.





A HAPPY PAIR. THEIR HOUSE AND HOME.



## CURIOUS ITEMS ABOUT BIRDS.

MANY of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will remember an article on "Curious Nests," which was printed in the number for November, 1880. Of the nests described, some were remarkable for the situations in which they had been built—such as "the nest in the scare-crow"; while others—like "the nest of lace" and "the nest suspended by a thread"—were peculiar in the way they were made or secured. Not the least curious thing about them, however, was the fact that in almost every instance there was a good and sensible reason for the oddity. It is not always a mere whim that causes a pair of winged builders to violate the usual fashions of bird-architecture, or to select a site for their home that might well make respectable bird-society gossip and stare. No, indeed! However "queer" or eccentric the little couple may seem to their own kind, the girl or boy, or gentle wise man, who finds their deserted nest in the autumn, soon observes that the thing which made it peculiar, as birds' nests go, was the very thing that made it more safe or more comfortable than birds' nests usually are.

Since the publication of the article we have mentioned, ST. NICHOLAS has received a number of letters and communications telling of curious nests or doings of some common birds. And the most appropriate time for showing these to you is surely this very month of May,—when, in every tree and wayside hedge, and also in the city parks and arbors (for some of the most curious nests have been found in the city), you can yourselves observe the little architects at their work, and see how clever and skillful they are.

Here, to begin with, is an account by Dr. C. C. Abbot, of the cunning way in which a little bird rebuilt its nest in order to avoid hatching an intruder's egg. When you have read it you will agree that our correspondent was right in calling the bird's plan

"AN EASY WAY OUT OF IT."

"A pretty little fly-catcher, which had taken much pains to build her nest, was in trouble about her own pearly eggs, and through no fault of her own. An impudent cow-bird (*Molothrus pecoris* of naturalists), too lazy to make a nest for herself, or to look up an old one, or, indeed, to hatch her own eggs, had slyly dropped an egg in the fly-catcher's nest, and then gone off, quite indifferent as to what became of it.

"What the first thoughts of the fly-catcher were when she saw the intrusive egg, I am at a loss to

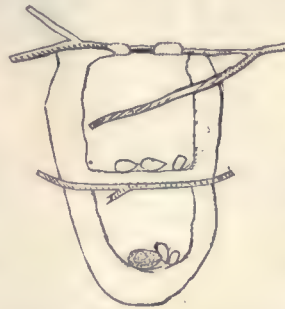
conjecture; but the nest itself tells us that the bird was not easily outwitted, and also that the conclusion it finally reached was, to get rid of the noxious egg, by making practically a new nest out of the old one.

"Now, this fly-catcher, which ornithologists know as the white-eyed vireo (*Vireo noveboracensis*), builds a rather fragile, hanging nest, usually out of fine twigs and strips of thin bark, all nicely interlaced, but sometimes employing also large pieces of newspaper. The nest is suspended to the delicate twigs that grow on the very ends of long, wavy branches. To compensate, therefore, for the considerable motion to which it is subjected when the wind blows, the nest is made very deep, and quite small at the top. So deep is it, in fact, that usually we can not detect the sitting bird, unless the nest is looked upon from above.

"In the instance of the nest here described, this great depth of the original structure came nicely into play; for the outcome of the bird's thoughts was that to build a new floor to the nest, while it would necessitate leaving two of her own eggs unhatched, would place the unwieldy egg of the interloper down in the basement also, and would thus leave her free to rear her own family, unmolested, on the second floor. This she cunningly accomplished by first placing a stout twig just above the eggs, and then interweaving suitable soft materials with the sides of the nest, allowing their weight to rest upon the twig extending from side to side and projecting beyond them. Just how this was arranged is shown by the outline of the nest in the accompanying diagram.

"Considering the fix the fly-catcher was in, and her determination not to nurse the foundling, certainly this was an easy way out of it; and not only easy, but ingenious, showing, as it does, an intelligence that would be little suspected by the unfortunate men and women (and girls and boys) who pass by, unheeded, the many wonders of bird-life that help to make this world so beautiful.

"Another little bird that is much more frequently subjected to the annoyance of visits

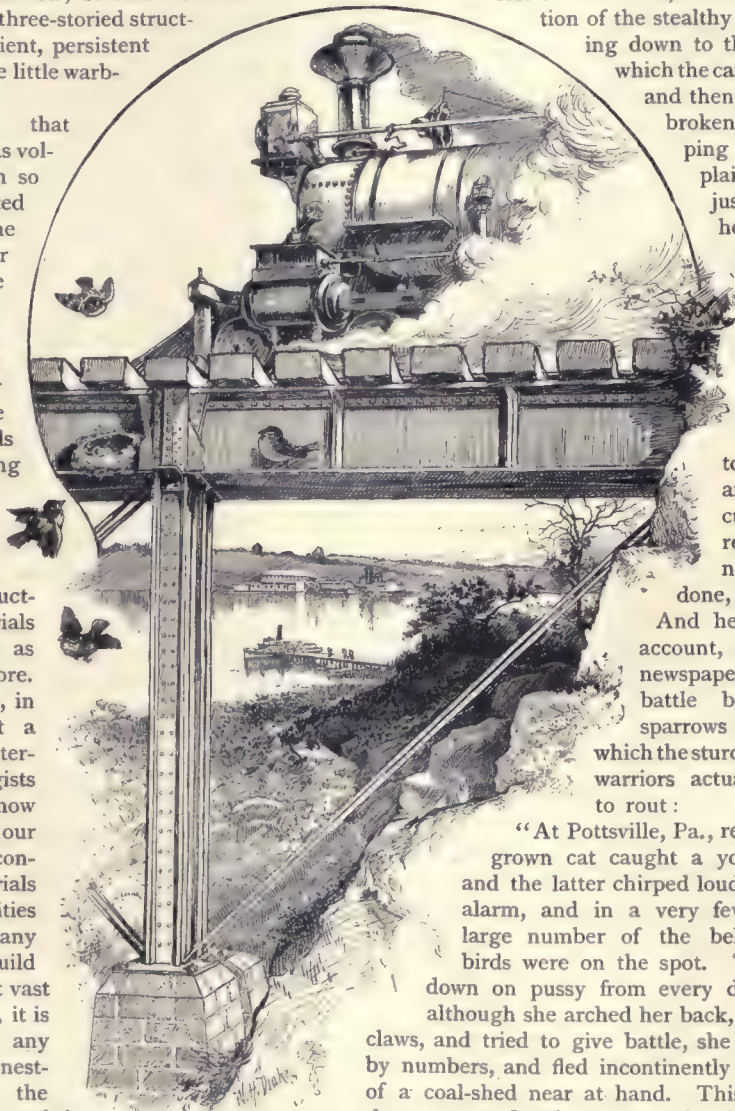


from the cow-bird, is our very common, pretty summer warbler (*Dendrea aestiva*). When this bird finds the strange egg in its nest, it covers up the egg

(with any of its own that are alongside it) in a mass of materials like that of which the nest is made, and another set of eggs is laid upon this new flooring of the nest. Sometimes it happens that a second cow-bird's egg is laid on this new floor, and again the warbler has to cover it also, that its own eggs may not be disturbed; so that we have in such a case a three-storied structure. What patient, persistent birds, then, these little warblers are!

"Considering that many of our birds voluntarily perform so much unexpected labor to secure the welfare of their broods, let me ask of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS that in all cases they will examine the nests of birds without disturbing them, and collect them only after the birds need them no longer. Their structure and materials can be studied as well then as before.

"Let me add, in conclusion, that a task of much interest to ornithologists is to determine how far the nests of our birds vary in construction, materials used, and localities chosen. While many of our birds build nests throughout vast areas of country, it is not certain, by any means, that their nesting habits are the same in Maine and in Maryland, at the Atlantic seaboard and on the Western prairies. I trust that the readers of ST. NICHOLAS—and especially the members of the Agassiz Association—will largely study this subject, and subsequently compare notes, being very careful to correctly determine the species of birds that have built the nests found."



#### TOO CLEVER FOR THE CAT.

Birds often foil larger enemies than their feathered foes by some cunning piece of strategy. The picture on page 530, for instance, illustrates an odd incident which really happened. A mother-bird, seeing the cat approaching, and fearing the loss of her brood, attracted the attention of the stealthy animal by flying down to the fence upon which the cat was crouched, and then, by feigning a broken wing and hopping along with plaintive chirps just in front of her enemy (but always just out of his reach), she succeeded in luring him to a safe distance. Then she immediately took to flight, and by a circuitous route returned to her nest. Bravely done, little mother!

And here, too, is an account, taken from a newspaper, of a pitched battle between some sparrows and a cat, in which the sturdy little winged warriors actually put Puss to rout:

"At Pottsville, Pa., recently, a half-grown cat caught a young sparrow, and the latter chirped loudly, giving the alarm, and in a very few moments a large number of the belligerent little birds were on the spot. They swooped down on pussy from every direction, and, although she arched her back, extended her claws, and tried to give battle, she was overcome by numbers, and fled incontinently to the shelter of a coal-shed near at hand. This did not end the matter. In the course of a half-hour Puss made her entry on the scene again. But the birds seem to have put some of their number on picket-duty, for, as soon as the cat came from her shelter, the alarm was sounded and the feathered clans came afresh to the attack in greater force than ever. Their feline enemy, profiting by past experience, did not wait to make a fight, but ran as



swiftly as she could to her home, half a square away, the sparrows striking her as long as she was in sight."

#### A NEST HUNG WITH WIRE.

The "nest suspended by a thread" is almost matched by one built by a pair of Baltimore orioles in a tree opposite a tinsmith's. In the autumn, the limb to which the nest was suspended blew down, and the nest is now preserved as an evidence of the remarkable skill and instinct of these birds, for it was found securely fastened to the branch with pieces of wire, which they had picked out of the sweepings of the tin-shop.

Some of our most familiar birds are quick to see and take advantage of the fact that the neighborhood of men's homes frequently offers them better protection or material than the woods and fields afford; and a search about the roofs of large buildings in the towns often discovers bird-homes in the most unexpected places. One correspondent sends us an account, from a local newspaper, of

#### A NEST IN THE WHEELS OF A CLOCK.

"The old clock in the tower of the First Presbyterian Church, Newark, has not been giving correct time lately. Charles Freeman, employed by the Common Council to regulate the town clocks, was puzzled by the antics of the ancient time-piece, and when it came to a stop recently, he decided to give it a thorough examination. In the wheels he found a tangled mass of hay, twine, grass, cotton, and feathers, amounting to nearly half a peck. A pair of birds had entered the tower

through a hole in the dial, and attempted to build a nest in the machinery of the clock. The slow revolution of the wheels tore their work to pieces, and they kept on reconstructing it until they stopped the wheels."

#### A NEST ON A RAILROAD BRIDGE.

The American robin has been known to build on the trestle of a railroad bridge, over a wide sheet of water, on which trains passed at least every hour.

Mr. Daniel C. Beard—well known to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS—sends a picture, which will be



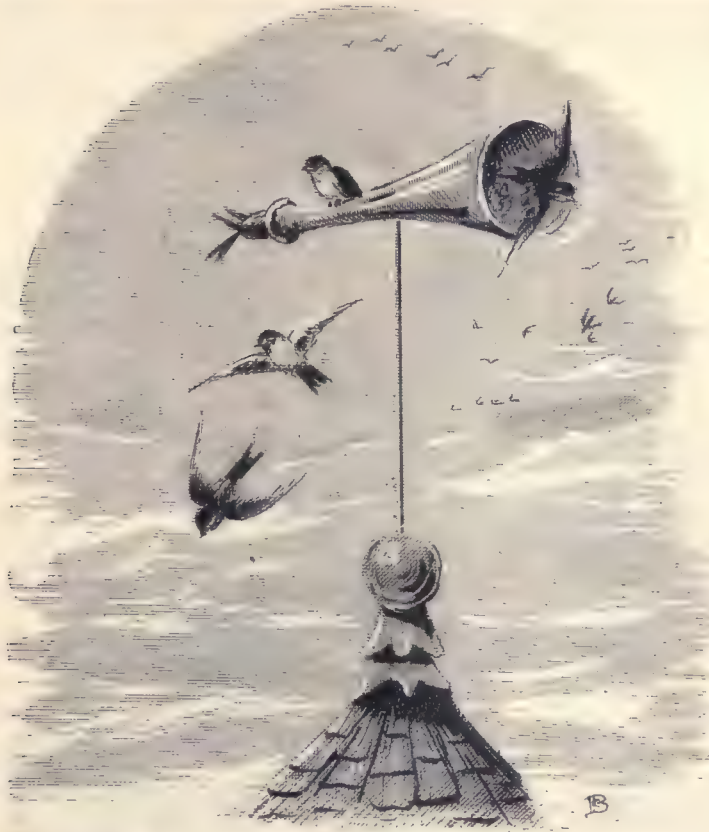
A NEST IN A TOWER-CLOCK.

found on the next page, of

#### A NEST IN A TRUMPET.

"The birds," writes Mr. Beard, "were

blue martins. The horn, or trumpet, was used as a weather-cock upon the top of the fire-engine house in Covington, Kentucky. The birds built there every year, flying in at both ends. The horn was about forty inches long, and the large end measured nearly twelve inches across."



A NEST IN A TRUMPET-VANE.

Mr. Beard adds that: "Very near to the fire-engine house in Covington was the county courthouse, and on its cupola stood a wooden figure of

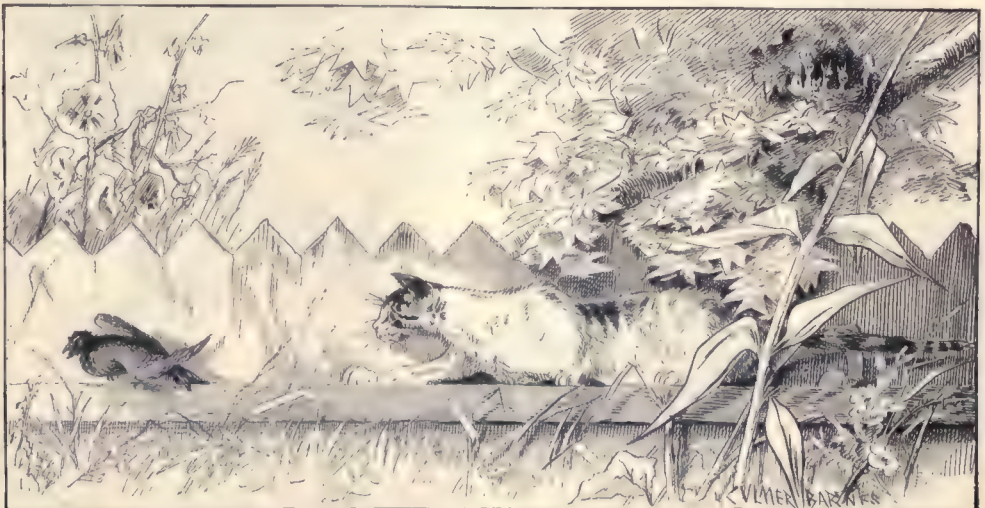
nest was still remaining in the gargoyle's mouth. Perhaps some of our readers may be passing through Heidelberg this coming summer, and if

George Washington. It was discovered one day that in the forehead of this figure a woodpecker had bored a hole for a nest!"

#### A NEST IN A LION'S MOUTH.

An artist friend sends a pen-and-ink sketch which he made of a gargoyle, or ornamental rain-spout, on the cloven tower of Heidelberg Castle, on the Rhine. Gargoyles, as perhaps you know, are very common in European architecture, and sometimes they are modeled after some portion of the human figure, and sometimes after parts of animals. This gargoyle, as you see in the picture, represented a lion's head. It was carved in stone, and partly overgrown with vines. Years ago some birds, tempted by the shelter of its great open mouth, built a nest there, which, my friend says, is mentioned by Mr. Longfellow in his "Hyperion," a prose book, in the chapter headed "Interlachen."

When the artist wrote, the



A MOTHER-BIRD, BY FEIGNING A BROKEN WING, LURES THE CAT AWAY FROM HER NEST.



they stop at the castle they should be on the lookout for this queer home of a pair of birds.

#### ON THE ANGEL'S ARM.

The ST. NICHOLAS artist has made sketches also of two curious nests that were to be seen in New York City. The first was built upon the arm of a stone angel which stands in a niche of Trinity Church. It could be plainly seen by passengers of the Elevated Railroad as the trains passed the



A NEST IN A CHALICE.

young birds when seen by the friend who wrote to ST. NICHOLAS about it, and the fledglings appeared to feel the protection of the angel's arm, and to be in nowise disturbed by the trumpet, or by the noise and confusion of the great city.

#### A NEST IN A GOBLET.

The other nest was built in a goblet. On the side of the chapel of "St. Luke's Old Ladies' Home," New York City, is a panel holding the carved figure of a saint, the carving in high relief. The figure holds a chalice or goblet in the right hand, and in the goblet a pair of sparrows have built a nest, to which they return every year.

A girl-reader sends us this account of how the sparrows found "the weak spot" in the masonry and took advantage of it:



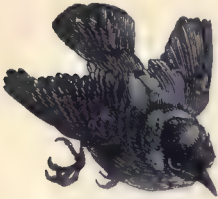
IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

"One day last summer, we noticed a couple of sparrows flying very often to one of the pillars of our back-piazza, where they seemed to disappear. We went to investigate, but all we could see was a few stalks of grass and hay sticking out of a little



AN ANGELIC PROTECTOR.

hole in the masonry. (It was a flat pillar, right up against the wall of the house, from the floor to the roof of the porch.) We watched the place a min-



ute or two, and presently a sparrow flew right in the hole—which really did not seem to be more than an inch across; but the bird went all the way in, out of sight, and we could hear the young birds chirping inside. I suppose the masons must have left a small cavity there when the house was built, and that the piazza post covered it all but this little corner. A pair of sparrows have built in the same place this year, too. I don't know, of course, whether or not they are the same ones, but I should think it highly probable."

#### HOW A BIRD OUTWITTED THE MONKEYS.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll contributes the following account of a very curious and ingenious nest built by a little Asiatic bird:

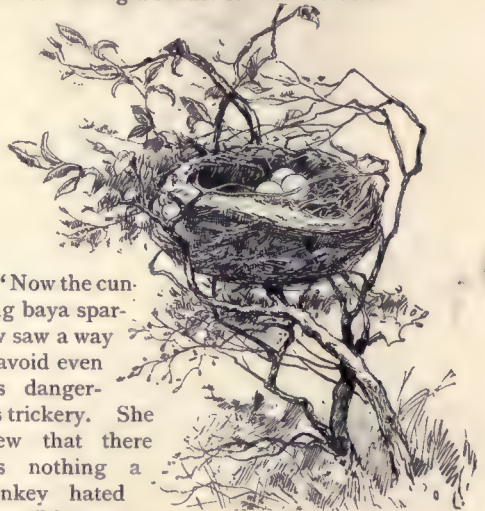
"Of all the hanging nests, commend me to that made of grass by the bayam sparrow of India. It is one of the most perfect bird-houses I know of, and seems only to need a fire-place to make it a real house. Its shape and mode of attachment at the top to the end of the limb are shown in the picture. It is entered through the long neck at the lower end. The bed for the eggs rests in the bulb or expansion at the middle of the nest, where there are actually two rooms, for the male has a perch divided off from the female by a little partition, where he may sit and sing to her in rainy weather, or when the sun shines very hot, and where he may rest at night. The walls are a firm lattice-work of grass, neatly woven together, which permits the air to pass through, but does not allow the birds to be seen. The whole nest is from fourteen to eighteen inches long, and six inches wide at the thickest part. It is hung low over the water,—why, we shall presently see,—and its only entrance is through the hanging neck.

"Why do birds build hanging nests?

"Those birds that do make hanging nests, undoubtedly do it because they think them the safest. Birds' eggs are delicacies on the bill of fare of several animals, and are eagerly sought by them. Snakes, for instance, live almost entirely upon them, during the month of June; squirrels eat them, raccoons also, and opossums, cats, rats, and mice. But none of these animals could creep out to the pliant, wavy ends of the willow branches or elm twigs, and cling there long enough to get at the contents of a Baltimore oriole's nest.

"In the country where the bayam sparrow lives, there are snakes and opossums, and all the rest of the egg-eaters; and in addition there are troops

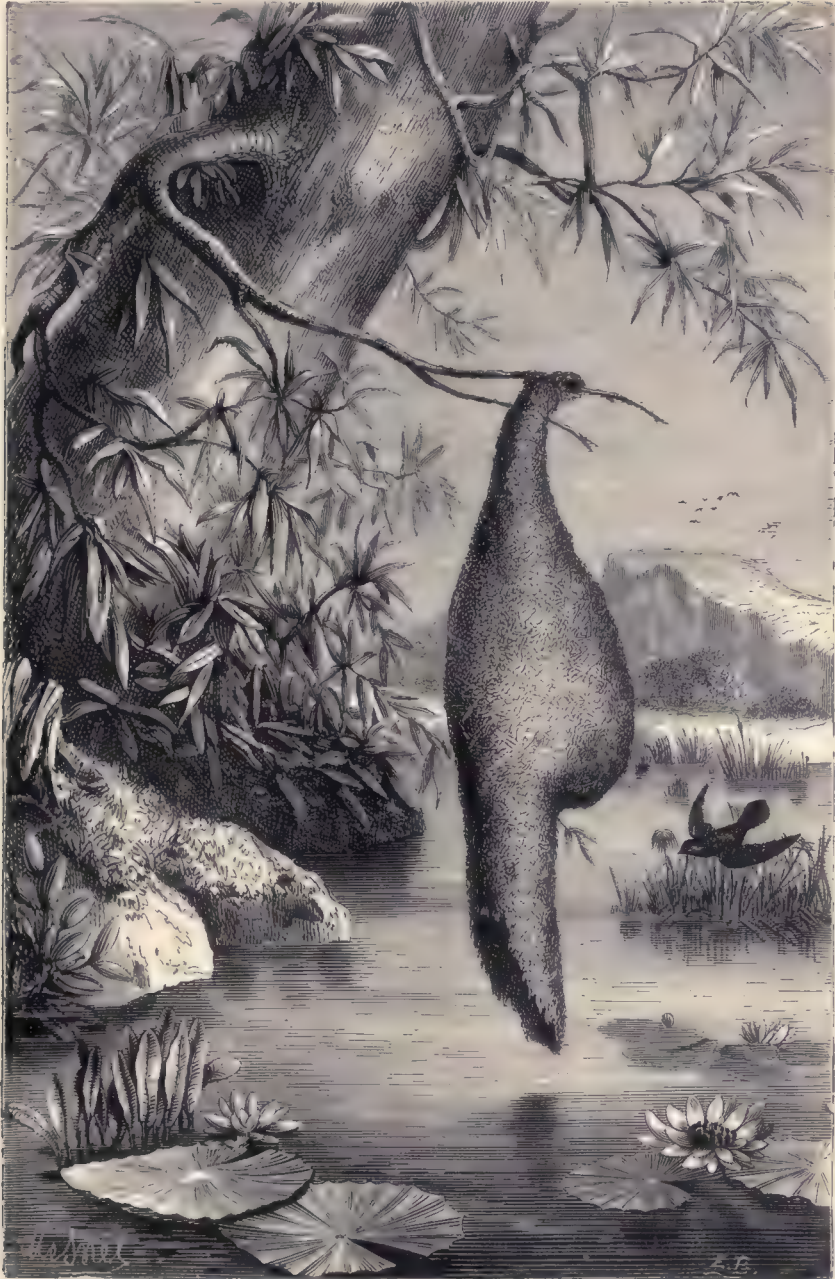
of monkeys, which are more to be feared than all the rest together. Monkeys are wonderfully expert climbers, from whom the eggs in an ordinary open-top pouch nest, like the oriole's, would not be secure; for if they can get anywhere near, they will reach their long, slender fingers down inside the nest. The bayam sparrow discovered this, and learned to build a nest inclosed on all sides, and to enter it from underneath by a neck too long for a monkey to conveniently reach up through. Beside this, she took the precaution to hang it out on the very tips of light branches, upon which she thought no robber would dare trust himself. But she found that the monkeys 'knew a trick worth two o' that.' They would go to a higher limb which was strong, and one would let himself down from it, grasping it firmly with his hands; then another monkey would crawl down and hold on to the heels of the first one, another would go below him, and so on until several were hanging to each other, and the lowest one could reach the sparrow's treasures. He would eat them all himself, and then one by one they would climb up over each other; and last of all the tired first one, who had been holding up the weight of all the rest, would get up, too, and all would go noisily off in search of fresh plunder, which, I suppose, would be given to a different one, the rest making a ladder for him as before.



"Now the cunning bayam sparrow saw a way to avoid even this dangerous trickery. She knew that there was nothing a monkey hated so terribly as to get his sleek coat wet. He would rather go hungry. So she hung her nest over the water close to the surface, and the agile thieves do not dare make a chain long enough to enable the last one to reach up into her nest from below, as he must do, for fear that the springy branches might bend so far as to souse them into the water.

"The sparrow has fairly outwitted the monkey!"





THE NEST OF THE BAYA SPARROW.

## A TRAVELING NEST.

I. M., a Western friend, sends us a description of a nest built in a very peculiar place, and which

crossed a ferry as regularly as the boat came and went.

"The Cedar River, though quite wide at Muscatine, is very shallow, and ferry-boats are run

across by means of wire ropes stretched from one bank to the other. A block and pulley slip along the wire, and from each end of the boat comes a rope which is fastened to the block. By means of these ropes, the boat is inclined to the current in such a manner that the force of the stream drives the boat across without the use of oars, paddles, or screw-propeller.

"On this traveling-block a pair of birds built their nest, and successfully reared a brood of young. The boat crossed at all times of the day and night, and at every trip

the block, with the nest on it, would go rattling across on the iron cable, high above the water. The nest was well guarded by the ferry-man, and was the marvel of all who saw it."

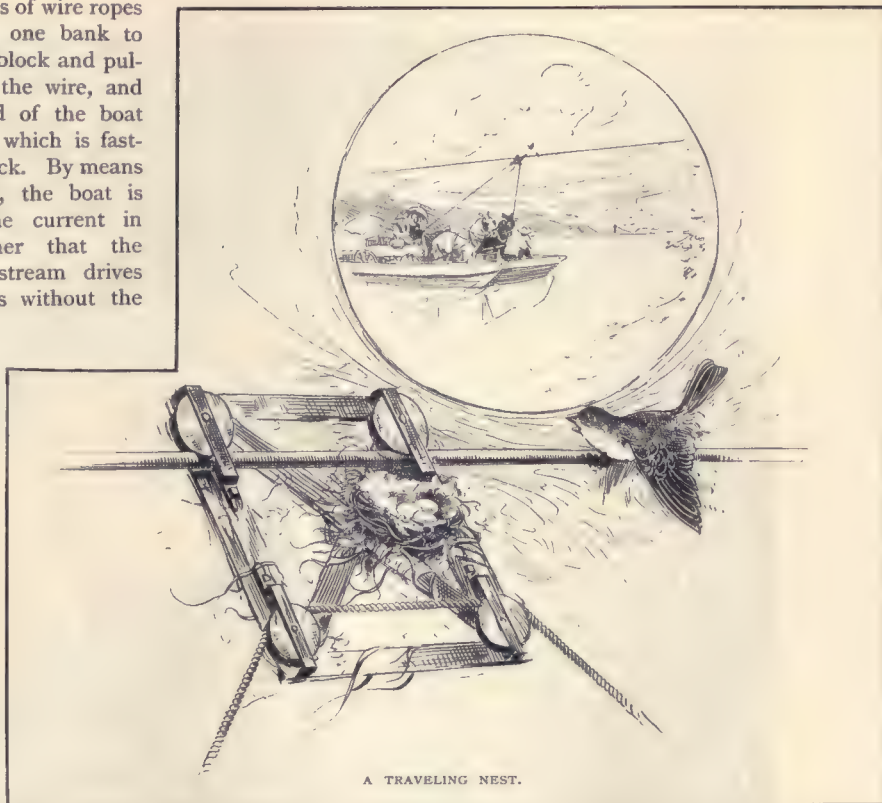
We shall conclude our curious items about birds with an advertisement (in rhyme) which one of our correspondents has addressed to the birds themselves:

ADVERTISEMENT. BIRD-NESTS TO LET.

To RENT for the summer, or longer, if wanted,  
A fine lot of old nests—not one of them haunted:  
All built by day's work in the very best manner—  
Some Swiss and some Dutch and some *à la* Queen Anna.

By title direct from Dame Nature I hold,  
And until I am felled not a stick shall be sold;  
The plan I pursue is to *lease*—don't you see?—  
With a clause that improvements shall follow the fee.

In size the nests vary—but each has a perch:  
Some are swung like a hammock, some firm as a church.



A TRAVELING NEST.

With views unsurpassed, and the balmiest breezes,  
We're free from malaria and kindred diseases.

We *do* have mosquitoes—the truth must be told;  
But in making this public I feel very bold,  
For the tenants I'm seeking will know how to treat  
'em,  
And if they are saucy; without sauce they'll eat 'em.

My neighbor, the farmer, just over the way,  
Has an elegant barn where, without any pay,  
I welcome my tenants to all they can eat  
Of corn or of hay-seed, of oats or buckwheat.

To suitable parties my charges are low  
(You'll excuse if I ask for a reference or so).  
I'm sure you'll not think me exclusive or proud,  
But approve of my maxim, "NO SPARROWS ALLOWED."

For terms and conditions, if such you require,  
Drop a line to the owner, Rock Maple, Esquire  
(If you write, just address to ST. NICHOLAS' care),  
Or call at the Tree-top—he's sure to be there.



## SWEEP AWAY.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE RISING WATERS.

"I TELL you he 's risin', Jack, shuah 's you 's bawn!"

Crabapple Jackson, a stout negro lad, born in Kentucky, and twelve years old, had climbed to the top of the cabin of his employer (who lived in the lowlands of Arkansas), and, standing erect, while he steadied himself by placing one hand on the stone chimney, he looked anxiously toward the Mississippi.

Jack Lawrence, the son of Crabapple's employer, and a year younger than the negro boy, also made his way up the steep incline of the roof, and a minute later stood beside "Crab," as he was always called.

The Father of Waters, when he staid in his bed, was more than four miles away; but on that day in March, 1882, he showed a disposition to leave his couch and wander over the adjoining country.

Young Jack Lawrence, having placed himself near Crab, surveyed the alarming sight of the rising waters. They had noticed that morning that the Mississippi was unusually high, but at first had felt no anxiety, for a rise of the great river comes as regularly as the return of spring.

There were only three persons in the house at this time—Jack, Crabapple, and Dollie, two years younger than her brother. Archibald Lawrence, the father of Jack and Dollie, was absent in Kentucky; the mother had been dead more than a year; and Dinah, the cook and general superintendent of the household, was down in Alabama, visiting her friends and relatives, who were almost beyond enumeration.

The great flood of 1874 had swept over the little plantation now occupied by Archibald Lawrence, but that was before he moved thither from Kentucky, so that all the family knew about it came from hearsay.

"I tell you he 's risin', Jack!" repeated Crabapple, after the two had stood side by side for several minutes.

"You are right; but the water is a half-mile away, and we are several feet above it," said Jack.

"It don't take de ole riber long to climb up dem free, four feet—you can jes' make up your mind to dat," was Crab's cheerful reply.

"Well, Crab, what is best to be done? Shall we take to the high ground back of us?"

That was the question which the two boys had been thinking over and talking about during the afternoon. There were three mules, two cows, a number of pigs and fowls, beside the children themselves, who would be caught in a dangerous predicament if the river overflowed its bank much more extensively than it had already done. Jack had even taken one of the mules, and, pounding his heels against his iron ribs, ridden on a gallop to the nearest neighbor, who lived about the same distance from the Mississippi, to ask his counsel. Colonel Carrolton had floated down to Vicksburg on a hen-coop during the flood of '74, since which time he had been looked upon as an authority on floods.

The Colonel was anxious, and news had come which caused him to fear that an immense destruction of property was inevitable; but he was hopeful that the river would not reach the house of Mr. Lawrence nor his own; at any rate, he was not going to make any move of his stock until the morrow. He was satisfied that it was safe to wait till the next morning, and he so said to young Lawrence. Thereupon Jack had pointed the head of his mule toward home, and begun pounding his ribs again. The animal struck into a trot, which, somehow or other, was so managed that he was always going up just as Jack was coming down, and *vice versa*. The lad had found himself so jolted and bruised by this strategy of the mule that he had been forced to bring him down to a walk.

When the boy made his report to Dollie and Crab, they were greatly relieved; but it can not be said that the words of Colonel Carrolton had brought full assurance, for the fact remained that the river was steadily rising, and no one could say when it would stop.

Crabapple Jackson was the most anxious, for the stories which had reached his ears of flood and disaster along the Mississippi had magnified themselves in his imagination, until he dreaded the overflow more than any other danger. After feeding the stock, Crab, as already stated, had climbed upon the roof of the cabin, and, making his way to the peak, had taken a survey of the river. A careful study of landmarks soon told him that the stream had risen perceptibly within the past hour, and

that it was still creeping upward. Between the home of Archibald Lawrence and the river were numerous trees and quite a stretch of pine timber. When Crab had studied these bowing, swaying tops for some little time, he knew he had made no mistake. Jack Lawrence required but a few minutes to assure himself on the same point, and then the two talked earnestly together.

"I think we might as well start for the back country," said Jack, still standing beside the chimney, and looking out upon the vast inland sea sweeping southward.

"We 've got to go a good six miles afore we strike de high ground back ob Gin'ral Johnson's, and I reckon dat we wont be safe till we get dar."

"The country rises all the way, Crab; so that we ought to reach a place short of that where the river is in no danger of following."

But Crab turned toward his young master, and shook his head, his huge flapping hat giving emphasis to the shake.

"I tole you if de river gets a start it is n't a-gwine to stop short ob Gin'ral Johnson's plantation, and dere is a good deal ob lowlands a-tween here and him."

"If that is so, we may as well stay here till morning, for we can't get to his place till long after dark."

"I guess you's 'bout right," assented Crab, again turning his gaze upon the flood.

Jack staid but a few minutes longer, and then he crawled back toward the roof of the shed adjoining, upon which he dropped, and leaped to the ground, where Dollie was awaiting him.

"I think we shall have to move to-morrow," said he, in answer to her anxious questions, "but we are safe until then."

Dollie, like all younger sisters, accepted the word of her big brother as infallible, and, passing into the house, began making ready the supper, undisturbed by a fear of what was coming.

Nowhere in the world is more delicious corn-bread prepared than in Missouri and Arkansas. The climate and soil unite to produce this golden staple of food—alike appetizing and nutritious. Dollie set to work to bake some bread and to fry some bacon, when Jack looked in upon her.

"Dollie," said he in an undertone, as if afraid some one would hear him, "while you're about it, get enough bread and bacon ready to last several days."

"What for?" asked the little girl, turning her big blue eyes on him in surprise.

"We may not want it; but if we do, we shall want it badly."

"It will be better if I make it fresh every day."

"But you may not have the chance: if the river

reaches the house before we are out of the way, we shall have no time to cook any food. Mind, Dollie, I don't think it will, but it's best to be ready. I'll help you."

"Oh, I don't mind the trouble," said the industrious little maid-of-all-work, moving briskly hither and thither, pushing her big brother to the right and left, and asking him to please keep out of her way.

The fire was kept very hot, and until long after dark Jack and Crabapple helped Dollie prepare rations for the necessity which they hoped would never arise.

Just before night closed in, Jack walked to the edge of the river to take a last survey. He stood within a yard or so of the muddy stream, and looked out upon the immense expanse, covered with trees, limbs, logs, cabins, and *débris* sweeping downward toward the Gulf of Mexico, all wearing a strange, uncanny look in the deepening gloom.

All at once his feet felt cold, as though ice had touched them. Looking down, he found that he had become an island, for the water was flowing around his shoes, and several inches back of them.

"My gracious! how fast it is rising!" he said to himself, hurrying toward the house again.

At the barn he stopped long enough to untie the mules and take them from the stable; the cows were already outside, where, if the flood should reach them, they would not be handicapped in any way.

"I wish I had n't taken Colonel Carrolton's advice," thought Jack as he went into the cabin; "we ought to have started back for the highlands hours ago."

## CHAPTER II.

### A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

JUST a half-century ago, that great philologist and traveler, Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, came upon a beautiful sheet of water in north-western Minnesota, at an elevation of three-fourths of a mile above the sea level. The lake was walled in by picturesque hills, and the outlet through which the clear, cold waters flowed to the sea, thousands of miles away, was twelve feet wide and a foot and a half deep. There are other lakes as lovely as Itasca, in Minnesota,—the "land of the sky-tinted water," according to the Indian legend,—but they can never be so famous, for it is the source of the mightiest river of the globe.

The *Miche Sepe*, as the aborigines called the Mississippi, drains with its tributaries one-seventh of the North American continent. Its length, from

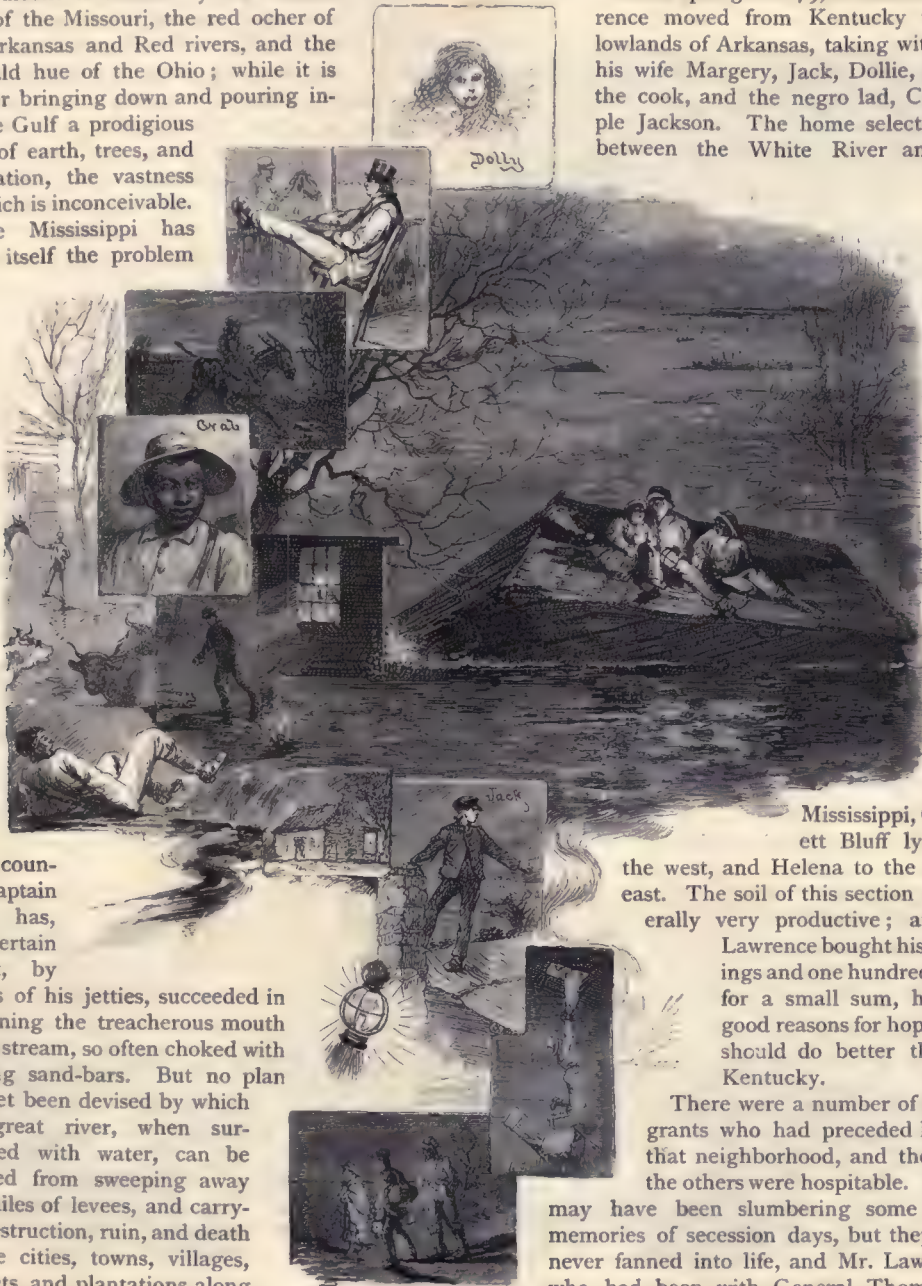


Itasca to the Gulf of Mexico, is more than one-eighth of the distance around the world, and its basin exceeds a million square miles. Its crystal-like current is tainted by the whitish mud of the Missouri, the red ocher of the Arkansas and Red rivers, and the emerald hue of the Ohio; while it is forever bringing down and pouring into the Gulf a prodigious mass of earth, trees, and vegetation, the vastness of which is inconceivable.

The Mississippi has made itself the problem

dreading the worst, and as helpless when it comes as is the mountaineer who dwells in the shadow of the volcano or in the path of the avalanche.

In the spring of 1879, Archibald Lawrence moved from Kentucky to the lowlands of Arkansas, taking with him his wife Margery, Jack, Dollie, Dinah the cook, and the negro lad, Crabapple Jackson. The home selected lay between the White River and the



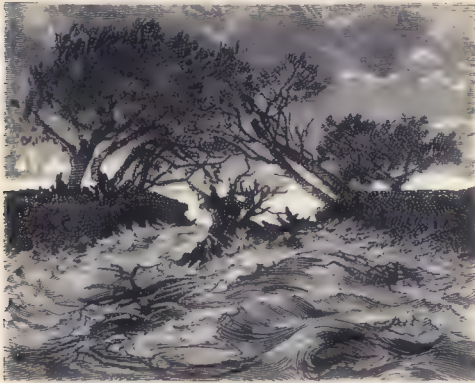
of the country. Captain Eads has, to a certain extent, by means of his jetties, succeeded in deepening the treacherous mouth of the stream, so often choked with shifting sand-bars. But no plan has yet been devised by which the great river, when surcharged with water, can be stopped from sweeping away the miles of levees, and carrying destruction, ruin, and death to the cities, towns, villages, hamlets, and plantations along its banks. The peril comes periodically, and has existed ever since the pioneer built his cabin within a day's ride of the Mississippi. But the planter and settler can only toil and spin, hoping for the best but

Mississippi, Crockett Bluff lying to the west, and Helena to the north-east. The soil of this section is generally very productive; and, as Lawrence bought his buildings and one hundred acres for a small sum, he had good reasons for hoping he should do better than in Kentucky.

There were a number of immigrants who had preceded him to that neighborhood, and they and the others were hospitable. There may have been slumbering some bitter memories of secession days, but they were never fanned into life, and Mr. Lawrence, who had been with General Thomas, in Tennessee, enjoyed many a smoke and chat with the grizzly old Confederates of "Arkansaw," while they fought the old battles over again.

On his farm or plantation Mr. Lawrence raised

cotton, corn, sweet potatoes, and melons; and, believing the climate and soil suitable for fruit, he gave much care to the culture of peaches, apples, pears, and grapes. Care and intelligence brought



A BREAK IN ONE OF THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

success. The fame of his fruit-farm spread, and he was visited by many who went home and attempted the same thing, some on a larger and some on a smaller scale. The cultivation of fancy fruit soon became a favorite pursuit in many parts of Arkansas.

"A few more years," said the Kentuckian to his wife, as they sat on the bench in front of their cabin, "and we shall reap the reward of our labors."

"We have toiled hard, Archibald," replied his wife; "but the toil was lightened by love, and, therefore, it was blessed."

"Labor is always more pleasant than idleness,

have done well in the way of teaching them, but it is imposing too much on you, and they are entitled to greater advantages than we can give them."

Husband and wife discussed their future with the confidence which we all show; but, within a few weeks, the devoted wife and mother lay down upon the bed from which she was never to rise. Her death spoiled all the plans and hopes of Mr. Lawrence, who determined to sell his place and move back to Kentucky. He was absent on that business in the month of March, 1882, which explains how the two children, Jack and Dollie, were left for a fortnight in the cabin with only Crab to keep them company.

But to return to our story. When the candles had been lighted and the doors all closed, the three anxiously discussed the situation. They had prepared a plentiful supply of food, which was placed in a bag and carried to the second story. They decided to keep on their clothing, and to stick to the cabin, which was so well put together that, if the flood did come, it would buoy them up. Jack owned a skiff which he always kept along the river's margin, but that had been swept away long before; indeed, a frail vessel like that would have been less secure than a strong raft, such as the cabin would make.

"De bestest ting dat we kin do am dis——" said Crab, who thereupon stopped, inhaled a deep breath, and waited for the others to ask him to explain. They did so by their looks.

"Dat am, for me to go on top de roof and watch."

"What good will that do?" demanded Jack.

"I can let you know how things are gwine, so you wont be took by s'prise."



AN INUNDATED SETTLEMENT.

Margery, especially as, in our case, the reward is already in sight. A couple of years more, and Jack and Dollie must be sent away to school. You

Jack could not see clearly what advantage would be gained by the African perching himself there, and suspected that the true reason was because



he believed it was the safest place, in case the floods came. Crab proved the appropriateness of his name by climbing to the roof of the lower part of the cabin, from which he easily made his way to that of the main one, finally establishing himself in his old position by the side of the chimney.

"Do you think the water will reach us before morning?" asked Dollie, who again became alarmed over the preparations she had been helping to make for the last hour and more.

"I hardly know what to think, Dollie; I expect the river will be close to us, though I hope we shall be able to get the stock off when daylight comes."

"What will become of us?" asked Dollie.

"We shall have to go with them, of course. General Johnson and the other neighbors will aid us until we can hear from Papa," said Jack.

"Has the river ever been much higher than now?" continued his sister.

"You have heard them tell of the great flood of 1874, when it was much higher."

"Then it must have covered all the land around us?" replied Dollie, anxiously.

"Yes, and a good way back in the country. You see, we are between two rivers,—the White and the Mississippi,—and both are very high. If they continue to rise, why—we shall have to float off with the cabin."

"And *then* what will become of us?" asked Dollie, with expanding eyes.

"It is a long way to New Orleans; but there are a good many towns and people along the shores. Besides, the steamers will be on the lookout for persons adrift. I don't like the prospect of starting down the Mississippi at night on the top of a log cabin; but a good many have done it, and never been the worse. You know Colonel Carrolton went all the way to Vicksburg, clinging to a hen-coop. There was an old rooster inside, which he meant should be his companion all the way, but the Colonel finally became so hungry, that he wrung his neck and ate him raw."

Pretty little Dollie Lawrence turned up her nose at the thought of eating uncooked chicken, for she could not see how any one could be hungry enough to do that.

"If the water reaches the first floor, we will go upstairs," added her brother; "and, if it gets up to the second story, why, we shall have to take to the roof."

"Suppose it reaches the roof?"

"Before it gets that high we shall be afloat—heigho!"

The boy and girl started up, for just then they heard a strange sliding noise overhead, followed by a resounding blow on the roof of the kitchen and then a solid thump on the ground. Dollie

caught up the candle and ran to the door, Jack at her elbow. As the light was held aloft, they saw Crabapple Jackson rising to his feet in a confused way, as though he hardly understood what had happened.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack.

"I guess I must have been 'sleep," said Crab, walking unsteadily toward the door, which he entered, the others passing inside with him.

"Yes, dat was it," he added, brightening up; "I got asleep when I was n't tinkin', and rolled off de roof."

"Did n't it hurt you?" asked Dollie in much alarm.

"Not a bit," was the cheery reply, "but I t'ought it was goin' to be de last ob me."

### CHAPTER III.

#### AT THE DOOR.

"ARE you going back to the roof?" asked Jack, unable to keep from laughing at Crab's mishap.

"No; I don't tink dat's de right kind ob bed to sleep in. If you go to turn ober, you roll off, and besides, I could n't find any piller to lay my head onto."

The front door of the cabin had been left open. There were in this portion but two rooms on the first floor, the rear door facing the river. Dollie walked to the latter, opened it, and held the candle above her head, but the draught was so strong that it was puffed out before she could use her eyes, and the three were left in darkness. It was quickly relit, but during the brief time taken in doing so all three had caught an alarming sound: it was that made by water forcing its way among the trees, close to the house. Cautioning his sister to keep the light away from the draught, Jack stepped out of the rear door, and began carefully groping his way toward the barn, which lay in the direction of the river. The rush and roar of the muddy current was in his ears, and he had gone less than half the distance when his shoes splashed in the water—the Mississippi was at their very door, and had already surrounded the barn. It had risen, and was still rising, with alarming rapidity; a few minutes more and it must reach the house. Jack Lawrence turned about and dashed back to where Dollie and Crab were eagerly awaiting him. His frightened looks told the news before he spoke.

"It wont do to wait any longer," said he; "we must start for the back country at once."

This declaration was a surprise, for up to that moment Jack had given the impression that he

meant to stay by the cabin and share its fortune. But the certainty that the great, surging river was creeping up upon them filled all three with a natural anxiety to get beyond its grasp. They sprang up, and were about to rush out of the door, when Jack asked them to wait a minute.

"We must take a little food with us," said he. "We don't need it all, but I will get a ham."

He ran upstairs in a twinkling, and shortly returned with the article which was so likely to prove useful.

"Can't we take the candle?" asked Dollie, who shuddered as she gazed out on the dark night, which was without any moon or stars. "If we don't, we shall get lost."

The three looked in one another's faces in astonishment: why had they not thought of it before? They had a lantern in the house which had been used many times. It was in the kitchen, and was brought out by Crab, who made a dash for it, returning in a few seconds. Then the candle which was on the table was lifted out of the stick and placed in the lantern, which was taken charge of by Jack, who led the way, with Dollie and Crab following close behind him. The door of the house was shut, and, swinging the light like a switchman signaling a train, the young leader moved away from the building. Less than a hundred yards distant ran the highway, parallel with the river, and at right angles to the course they were following. This highway, if followed some twenty miles, would take them to Helena, which stands on a high bluff, overlooking the Mississippi; to the south it would have led them to Arkansas Post, or, as it is more generally known, Arkansas City, a journey which would compel them to cross the White River. The road was no more than reached when all three received the greatest fright that had yet come to them: the highway was found to be full of water that was running like a mill-stream. The slight depression, which they had never noticed, was enough to open the path for the overflowing current before it reached the building, although the latter was nearer the river-bank. The little party paused, with their feet almost in the water, and Jack held the lantern above his head. As he did so, they saw the current as far in front as their vision penetrated.

"It's no use," said Jack; "we're too late."

"What shall we do?" asked Dollie, showing a disposition to nestle closer to her big brother and cry.

"Dar's only one ting dat we can do," was the sensible remark of Crab, who turned about and ran in the direction of the house.

The others were not far behind him. They quickly reached the porch, over which they scampered, and dashed through the door, the latch-

string of which was hanging out. They did not fail to notice one important fact: they stepped in water where there was none when they had left but a few minutes before, and an ominous splashing was heard in the yard of the building itself. The Mississippi was already knocking at their door, and could not be kept out much longer.

All this was plain enough, but the children were not without a strong hope that the cabin would keep its base until the danger passed. It must have required a stupendous increase to raise the river the few feet shown during the last few hours, for the expansion was enormous. A proportionately greater volume would be necessary to bring it over the floor of the structure.

"I don't think it will be lifted off its foundation until the water is pretty well to the second floor," said Jack; "and it will be a wonderful thing if it reaches *that* point."

But as they talked they could hear the eddying of the current around the corners of the house, and against the porch and trees—the swish and wash showing that it was rising faster, if possible, than ever. The lantern was placed on the table, and its dull light added to the impressiveness of the scene. Dollie looked at the furniture;—the chairs, the table, the stand, the pictures, the gun resting on the deer-prongs over the mantel-piece, everything,—and wondered whether, in case the building itself should swing loose from its foundations, and go drifting over this wild inland sea, all these would stay together and be restored to her father again.

"Heaven take care of Papa!" was her childish petition, as she thought of her loved parent. "I'm glad he does n't know where Jack and I are tonight, for he would be so worried he could n't sleep. Dear God, please take care of Jack, and Crab, and me," she added, reverently, as she never failed to do when kneeling at her bedside; "and don't let us drown in the Mississippi."

It was the simple, trusting prayer of childhood, but like petitions trembled that night on the lips of hundreds along the banks of the great river; for a danger which they always dreaded was creeping stealthily and surely upon them.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"WE'RE OFF!"

THE situation of Jack and Dollie Lawrence and Crab Jackson could hardly have been more dismal. They hoped that the river would not rise high enough to carry away the house, and yet there was reason to fear it would do so. Jack was like a physician, who notes the pulse of his patient: sitting in his chair, he was awaiting the jar which he dreaded to feel, but which was sure to come



sooner or later. There was little that could be said to comfort one another, and all held their peace. Dollie was on her own chair, beside her brother, while her arm rested on his knee. She looked steadily at the yellow candle burning inside the lantern, and listened to the flow of the waters outside. All had clothed themselves warmly, for, though the weather was not severe, they were wise enough to make full preparations against it. They had on shoes and stockings, though Crab would have preferred to go barefoot, and sturdily refused to don

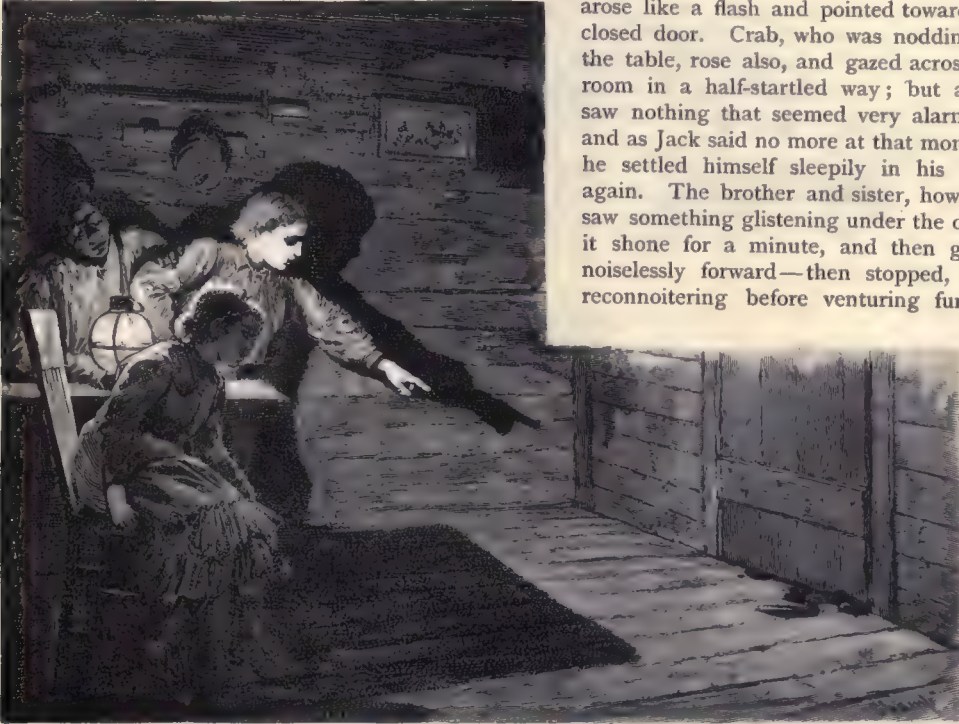
rig up in fust-class style; if it was n't for dat, I would n't wear dese pesterin' shoes, dat grow shorter ebery day."

He intended to take his coat with him, if the cabin should start on its voyage, so that he could don it whenever the necessity should arise.

"It will take four or five feet more," said Jack, speaking as much to himself as to Dollie. "It seems impossible; and yet, it keeps creeping up, up, up, all the time——"

"See there!"

As Jack uttered this exclamation, he arose like a flash and pointed toward the closed door. Crab, who was nodding by the table, rose also, and gazed across the room in a half-startled way; but as he saw nothing that seemed very alarming, and as Jack said no more at that moment, he settled himself sleepily in his chair again. The brother and sister, however, saw something glistening under the door; it shone for a minute, and then glided noiselessly forward—then stopped, as if reconnoitering before venturing further,



"'SEE THERE!'"—A TINY STREAM WAS FORCING ITS WAY UNDER THE DOOR.

the rather dilapidated coat which he wore in winter. His baggy trousers were held in place by a single suspender, which was skewered at the rear by a tenpenny nail, the extra length of the band flapping in the wind. This unequal support of his trousers gave Crab a lop-sided look, which he did not mind. His shirt was of the "hickory" variety, and quite clean. Crab had put it on that afternoon, when he learned there was a likelihood of the flood coming upon them.

"Dar's no telling whar 't will land us," he mused, as he worked and tugged with his shoes. "We may strike Vicksburg, or Natchez, or New Orleans, or may be dar 'll come a whirlpool dat will land us up de riber at Cairo, and it's my belief dat I 'd better

then pushed its head gently forward a few inches more, and then paused again.

Jack at first thought it was a serpent stealing in upon them, and he was about to spring up for the gun, when he observed that it was a tiny stream of water forcing its way into the room. This showed that the current was more than a foot deep all around the house. In the kitchen, where the floor was lower, it must have entered some time before. Having reached the larger room, it appeared in a dozen places within the next three minutes, coming through the cracks of the floor and from all the corners and knot-holes.

"It's time to go upstairs," said Jack. "Come, Crab, it wont do to stay here any longer."

"Did you ever?" exclaimed Dollie. "He's sound asleep!"

Crab's big round straw hat had fallen to the floor, and his head was lying over the back of his

Her brother took the hint and brought it upstairs, though at the same time remarking that he did not think they should need it. They took good care not to forget the bag of provisions.



AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD—THE LIVE-STOCK INHABIT THE UPPER STORY.

chair. His mouth was very wide open and his eyes closed. There could be no doubt he was sunk in slumber, though his breathing was no deeper than usual. Jack shook him by the shoulder. The drowsy fellow opened his eyes, and when he saw Jack take the lantern from the table and start up the short stairs, followed by Dollie, he knew what it meant.

"Qu'ar dat I can't shet my eyes but dat somebody must roll me off de house or wake me up."

While uttering this plaint, he had picked his hat from the floor and was in the second story almost as soon as the others. There were two rooms used for sleeping purposes, the quarters of Crab and Dinah being over the kitchen. From the apartment belonging to Mr. Lawrence a trap-door opened to the roof, but the boys would never have dared use it, unless under the stress of some great necessity like the present one. All that remained was to sit down and wait and watch and pray. Crab was so very wide awake, that he felt as though he could not sleep for a week to come. The children knew well enough that it would never do for them to stay where they were, in case the house should be lifted from its base, for the water would be sure to fill that room. Therefore, Jack stepped upon a chair and pushed the trap-door back, so that, when necessary, they could pass through and place themselves on the upper surface of what would then become a raft. When this was done, Dollie asked him why he did n't bring the gun from below, as they might need it.

"I feels hungry already," said Crab, looking wistfully at the valuable property.

"You can keep on feeling hungry," said Jack, "for you don't get anything to eat before to-morrow morning."

Crab sighed, but said nothing, for though older than his young master, he never resisted him. The rush of the water against the house sounded loudly in their ears, and, more than once, they felt the structure tremble from top to bottom: there could be no doubt now in the minds of all that it would soon be afloat. Jack walked to the head of the stairs and held the lantern so that he could look down the steps.

"It's half-way to this floor," said he, "and we sha'n't have to wait long."

"Here we go!" exclaimed Crab, springing up from the chair on which he had been sitting; "let's run out on de roof!"

Jack was on the point of leading the way, when he perceived that Crab had been mistaken: the cabin still remained firm. But a crashing, grinding splintering was heard, which they at once knew was caused by the wrenching off of the other part of the building. There was less weight to that, and it had swung loose and gone down the river. The children trembled, for nothing was more certain than that the larger part of the house would soon follow.

"I don't think it will do to wait any longer," said Jack, "for, when it starts, it will go with a rush, and we may have no time to get out of a



very bad place. I'll climb up first, then I'll help Dollie up, and Crab can follow."

"Hurry up," said the negro; "for, if dar aint much time, den dar aint any time to fool away."

This was self-evident, and Jack Lawrence acted upon the hint. He easily drew himself up through the trap-door, and, making his seat secure, reached down and pulled up Dollie after him. She was timid when she found herself on the roof, but she meant to be brave, and, though the roof inclined considerably, she took the lantern and felt safe for the time. Then the gun, provisions, and some articles of clothing were passed up by Crab, who clamored for more haste. Jack gave him his hand, but just as Crab reached upward, the chair on which he was standing tipped over, and he came near dragging Jack down with

him. But Crab kicked the air vigorously for a minute or two, while Jack stoutly held on, and at last the boy came through the opening, where Dollie sat, lantern in hand, awaiting him.

"Now that we are all here," said Jack, "let's move up nearer the chimney, where we'll be farthest from the water."

The proposal was acted upon, and a few minutes after the three were on the peak of the roof; but, as there was some doubt whether the chimney would keep the building company, they kept at a prudent distance from it, fearing that it might make things unpleasant when the crisis should come.

"We've done all we could," said Jack, "and I don't think we shall have to wait long ——"

"Hello! we're off!"

This time Crabapple Jackson was right.

(To be continued.)

## A WEATHER PROPHECY.



## WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. V.



BY FRANK BEARD.

YEARS ago, the writer was invited to deliver a lecture before a number of friends. Being at a loss for a subject, he concluded to take no subject, but simply to draw some large cartoons in chalk, and entertain his audience by developing pictures before their eyes. Naturally, as the pictures grew they suggested explanatory remarks, jokes, incidents, and stories; in short, there was so much talk mixed in with the pictures that, as the entertainment had no other name, it came to be known as "Chalk Talk."

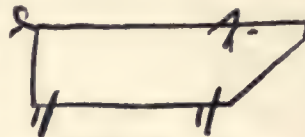
Ten years of travel through the United States, and much pleasant visiting among young people, with unusual opportunities of observing their inclinations and latent talents, suggests the idea that many only need a little direction to be able to amuse themselves and their friends by "Chalk Talks" of their own.

Of course, it is not the purpose of this article to give a systematic lesson in drawing. There are already plenty of good works on this subject, and we desire only to stimulate the fancy and creative faculty by giving practical hints in the use of charcoal and chalk.

Every family in which there are young people should have a blackboard of some kind. They may be bought of all sorts and sizes, or they can be manufactured at home. A piece of smooth board, covered with two coatings of liquid slating, sandpapered when dry, will give an excellent surface; but the best is the lapinum cloth. This comes prepared for writing on both sides, and by covering a smooth board of the requisite size with a layer of paper upon its face, and then tacking the lapinum over the paper, the result is as soft and pleasant a surface to draw on as could be desired.

Having prepared the board and furnished our-

selves with chalk, we naturally ask, "What shall I draw?" Draw? Why, draw anything, so that it is amusing; and almost anything can be made amusing. But, for all that, we had better not begin with a telegraph pole or a bale of cotton, because it requires too much real hard study to get much amusement out of these. Let us take something which has expression and character. Try a pig. But before we begin, let us consider what the animal shall be doing or thinking about—for the supposition is that even a pig thinks; and just as surely as he thinks, he thinks about something to eat. Now we have often observed the attitude of attention which the pig assumes as he hears the familiar cry of "Piggy! piggy! piggy!" which summons him to his repast of swill, and we can suggest the expression with a few lines in a very simple way. Thus: Now let us draw him as

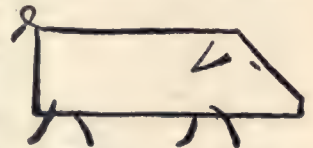


he appears when, satisfied with the benevolent intentions of the caller, he trots off contentedly to his dinner.

We can do this if we choose by using the very same lines and reversing the figure.

Such things we can do very quickly; and if we wish to amuse, we must always do our work rapidly, studying to use no more lines than are absolutely necessary to produce the expression we desire to convey.

The following illustrations are a few examples of how character can be suggested with very little work.





In designing and drawing such slight outlines, it is well to consider the different lines used by themselves, and, remembering their proper places,



the figure can be drawn in an astonishingly short time. For instance, take the owl: First, as shown below, we have three simple lines, then the circles which make the eyes; next, two corresponding sides. Add the three marks for the legs, finishing with the toes, and we have the owl complete.

Thus we can analyze each of the illustrations, or, by exercising a little ingenuity, design new ones, by placing before us a picture of

like the accompanying outline sketch. But we can simplify the figure, and draw it more rapidly, by merely making an arc for the back, and a horizontal line for the under-side. Now we will put in the eyes, ears, tail, and legs, and we have a pretty



fair mouse, as shown by the small diagrams below.

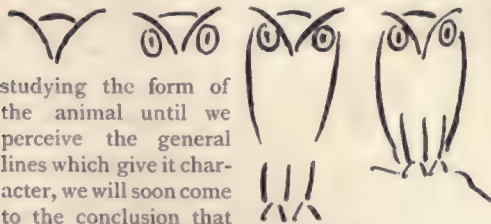
From the same outline we might make a number of other objects: a fish, a turtle, and, no doubt, many curious things. Thus we see that, if we desire to draw rapidly, we must use very few lines.

In giving character to an object, everything depends on the kind of line used. We must be especially careful in the use of curves and angles, as they express entirely



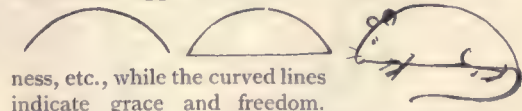
A CHALK TALK AT HOME.

something that we wish to draw, and simplifying the original. Take any picture of a mouse, such as may be found in common school-books. After



studying the form of the animal until we perceive the general lines which give it character, we will soon come to the conclusion that there is nothing very difficult to be accomplished. Our first trial will probably result in something

different qualities. Straight lines and angles in an animal suggest awkwardness, harshness, sharp-



ness, etc., while the curved lines indicate grace and freedom.

Take, for example, the skater. First we have an adept in the art. See



how gracefully he glides over the frozen surface of the lake, and observe the tracks which he leaves



behind him—all beautiful curves. Now see the awkward learner, and notice how angular are the positions which he assumes. Examine the tracks left by his skates.

Again, take the horse as an example: What a beautiful animal when in good condition, and how soft the curves which constitute the outlines! But when we draw the horse with straight lines and angles, we give at once the impression of awkwardness and debility. We may also illustrate the different character of curves and angles by the features of an old man and those of a child.

After learning to draw simple outlines, the en-

It really makes little difference what outline we choose, but to illustrate further let us examine another figure and some of the possibilities it presents, which can be seen on the next page.

We may even take the alphabet, thus: "A is for Artist," and with a few strokes of the crayon we have the artist himself.

"B stands for Butterfly," and with a little addition we have the butterfly.

"C stands for Caterpillar,"—and so on.

Thus we could go through the whole alphabet, transforming the letters into odd representations of the objects they stand for. But we need the room



tainment can be made much more interesting by introducing transformations of various kinds. In order to do this, we may select some outline that will admit of a number of changes. Here, for example, is a form which suggests nothing in particular, and is apparently without interest; but, by exercising a little ingenuity, we can easily make from it, as you see, a number of funny things.

for other things, and if too much is told there will be nothing left for the ingenuity of the reader to accomplish.

Much amusement may be derived from queer illustrations of Mother Goose rhymes, and the interest could be greatly increased by the introduction of transformations to suit the changes of the story. For instance:



There was a man in our town,  
Who was so wondrous wise  
He made himself a big balloon,  
To sail up in the skies.



Draw on the board an outline of the balloon.

Before he made his final trip,  
He thought he'd try it first;  
But ere he got up forty rods,  
The horrid thing it burst!

Draw a number of lines at the top of the balloon, indicating the place where it burst, and then, by drawing the man's features on the balloon, show how he looked when he discovered the accident.

Leaving the same sketch on the board, we can illustrate another story to the same tune:



There was a man in our town,  
And he was wondrous wise:  
He lifted up the skeeter bar,  
And let in all the flies.

But when he tried to go to sleep,  
He found it was in vain;  
So he lifted up the skeeter bar,  
And let 'em out again.

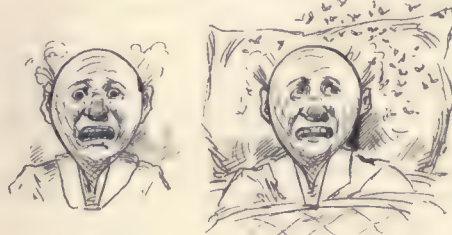
Draw a few lines to indicate the pillow and coverlid, change the eyeballs to the top corners of the eyes, and put in the flies, and we have this rhyme illustrated. This can all be done on a blackboard—indeed, for outline work, the blackboard is better than any other surface; but there are certain expressive phases of character, especially quick changes in the expression of the eye, which can be delineated much more satisfactorily on paper. The white chalk on black ground is apt to produce an expression altogether the opposite of that which is intended—making the eyes look down when we actually intend them to look up. The blackboard is the best thing

on which to practice, and will really answer any ordinary demand; but, in case we wish to make quite an affair of our "Chalk Talk," and invite the neighbors in to witness the entertainment, it is well to have paper for some of our illustrations. Almost any kind will answer the purpose, but the largest sheets of buff manilla paper are the best. The surface is just right to take the charcoal and chalk easily, and it is tough and not apt to break or tear, besides being cheap. A dark buff color

is the best shade to select, because it will show the *white* chalk as well as other colors. It is true that quite a life-like picture can be drawn in brilliant colors on the blackboard, but it is much easier and generally more effective to use paper for rapid drawing in many colors. The secret of rapid and telling work lies in the knowledge of just *what* you are going to do, and *how* you are going to do it. There must be no hesitation. The study must all be done before any exhibition is attempted. But it is much easier to determine *what* you wish to do than *how* you are to accomplish it; therefore, a few

general hints on the subject will not be amiss. Recollect that the aim of a "Chalk Talk" is to produce a finished effect with the fewest possible lines in the shortest possible time, so we must not needlessly waste time in the introduction of the different colors. We will suppose that we have the paper nicely tacked on the board, and the chalks (ordinary school chalks, assorted colors, are as good for the purpose as any others) and charcoal at hand. We will begin by illustrating the rhyme:

"This ugly wight would ne'er go right:  
Would you know the reason why?"



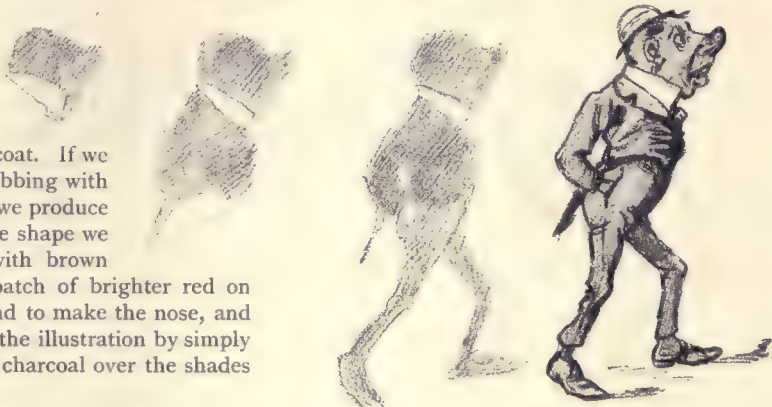
He follows his nose where'er it goes,  
And that stands always awry."

Selecting a piece of red chalk, hold it so that the side—not the end—will be against the paper.

Rub it lightly, covering with the red tint as much surface as the size of the head requires. It makes little difference if the tint does not take the exact shape of the head to be drawn. We next seize the white chalk, and with a stroke lay in the collar. Then for the coat. If we desire a blue coat, by rubbing with the side of the blue chalk we produce a mass of color about the shape we desire; and we finish with brown trousers. Now a little patch of brighter red on the place where we intend to make the nose, and we are ready to complete the illustration by simply drawing the outline with charcoal over the shades we have produced.

An amusing transformation in different colors can be made from a fruit-piece. Here, for example, are an apple and a pear. Colored in red and yellow, with a touch of green near the top, they make a very pretty picture; but the caricaturist is

ing some irregular lines on the surface of the egg to indicate the place where he has broken the



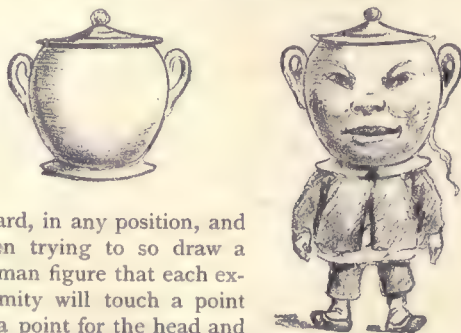
shell. Then bring the story to a satisfactory termination (showing how wickedness is punished) by introducing the bird, which appears prematurely from his shell and takes summary vengeance upon the sly thief to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Now we have had enough suggestions for transformations to put the reader upon the track; but we would warn him that these transformations can not be conceived in a moment, but must be designed and practiced until the artist becomes



not satisfied with this result. He must get *ahead* of a pear in some way; so he puts in a pair of eyes with white chalk, draws dark circles around them with his charcoal to make them stand out brightly, then adds a nose and mouth, and he has changed the pear into a head. The apple must not be neglected, so it assumes the features of a funny baby. The spectator will be puzzled to understand what is going to be done now; but the artist himself knows very well, and, by adding appropriate bodies, causes the design to become apparent—or "a parent." In the same manner, a sugar-bowl may be transformed into a first-rate Chinaman. A story might be told about a weasel and an egg. First draw the egg in outline (see next page), shading it along the bottom edges with gray chalk, and putting a little white on the top of the larger end, to give it the appearance of roundness. Then introduce the weasel, and tell how he tried to suck the egg, at the same time draw-

perfectly familiar with all the details, and knows just what lines and what chalk he will use from the beginning to the end. A very good exercise will be found in placing five points or dots upon the



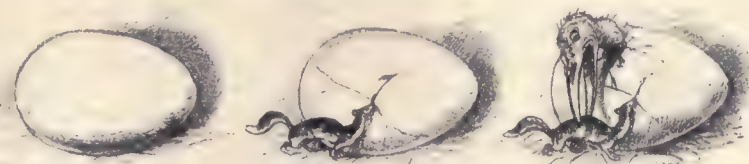
board, in any position, and then trying to so draw a human figure that each extremity will touch a point—a point for the head and one for each hand and foot. We present a few examples on the next page. As soon as the student is skillful enough to draw a passable figure, a



little practice will make him so sure of success that any one may be allowed to place the points.

Perhaps a "Chalk Talk" would be more suc-

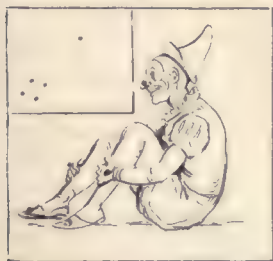
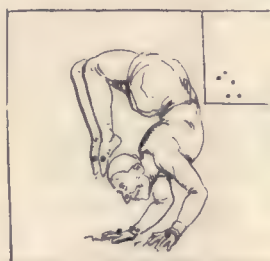
in using very few lines without stop or hesitation; so it is better as a rule not to lift your chalk from the board until the required shade or line is completed.



cessful if two were to take part in the performance. Select the boy or girl who seems best adapted for that part to do the talking, and the one most skillful as an artist to draw the pictures. The "talk-

In case you are drawing with several colors, select those you purpose to use in your picture, and hold them in your left hand ready for use. When applying a certain color to your picture, let

it finish its work before it is relinquished. For instance, you are drawing a girl with a blue hat, blue parasol, and blue underskirt. Put a shade of blue on the board for the hat, another where the parasol is to be drawn, and still another for the underskirt. Now you have finished with the blue crayon, and can lay it aside, using the next color in the



ing" part may be an extemporaneous story, a poem, or a reading; but the talker must always so arrange his sentences as to give the artist a chance to illustrate one point before another is presented.

Now a few hints to the artist. Make your outlines with a strong, steady pressure, so as to produce a thick, uniform line that may be seen across the room. Never draw *two* lines when *one* will convey the idea. The secret of drawing rapidly lies not so much in hurried action as

succession, whatever it may happen to be, in precisely the same manner.

Perhaps some of those who read this article do not possess the skill necessary to produce the illustrations exhibited here, but there are many who draw sufficiently well to furnish a half-hour's entertainment; and those who are not ambitious to give a veritable "Chalk Talk" will find a world of amusement in designing original and amusing things upon their own blackboards.



## CURIOUS HEAD-DRESSES OF WOMEN.

AS THE railways penetrate into the remote, picturesque parts of Europe, the national costumes gradually disappear, and the only places where one sees now the old-time dresses, are country fairs, stations, and third-class railway carriages.

While the women are giving up many of their stiff, quaint dresses, they still cling to their distinctive head-dresses, so that the queer-looking heads on the opposite page look very much like the heads of the great-grandmothers of these foreign folk. In fact, many of the ornaments and head arrangements were the identical ones worn by the great-grandmothers, still preserved with great care by the modern great-granddaughters.

This curious-looking thing at the top and middle of the page, and which looks so much like a sign-board, is not one, but the back view of a quaint, outlandish cap—from Concarneau, in Brittany. How it is made, how the wires hold out such an expanse of muslin, and how the wearer gets through narrow door-ways, are mysteries which can only be solved in Concarneau itself.

Less grotesque, but almost as difficult to arrange and keep in order, is the one to the left, worn by all the maidens in Nantes; it looks like the delicate wing of a locust, and is almost as transparent and fragile; she must have her troubles in keeping the filmy structure from being crushed and blown off.

The other woman on the right is from sunny Italy, and she has evidently studied the becoming to great advantage;—she is a Roman nurse, and when she walks out on the Pincian Hill, with her blue-black hair encircled with a garland of bright scarlet ribbons, thrust through with a bunch of silver wheat, her large golden ear-rings flashing in the sunlight, and her coral beads wound around her throat, she attracts more attention than the little Italian noble she is tending, you may be sure. Just below her left shoulder is a head-covering which would be hard to describe, and still harder, I should think, to make, as it has almost as many angles as a problem in geometry, only the sides are not at all equal, and the use of the little bag at the end must be left to conjecture.

The three demure figures whose faces are turned toward her are all from parts of Germany. The first of these head-dresses is from the Black Forest, and is black, with long ribbons down the back, but the small crown is red, covered with gold embroidery. The lower one is very similar, only a highly ornamented horn takes the place of the crown at the back; these are only donned on

Sundays and state occasions, and at other times doubtless repose in the old painted trousseau-chest. The middle one is plainer, and gives the modest German *fraulein* a most prim and antiquated look, and, as she kneels in the cathedral, with downcast eyes, she could easily have stepped out of an Albrecht Dürer picture.

Not so the woman who holds the middle of the page. She has no hard, formal lines about her, everything is flowing and graceful; her white linen napkin is folded in the most picturesque manner, so as to fall on either side of her olive, oval face, and it sets off to the greatest advantage her splendid dark eyes. Although she looks down, she knows she looks artistic; and the first artist who sees her will want to put the Italian *contadina's* head on canvas—which is more than can be said of the sister of charity, who walks about the streets of Florence, wearing a huge Tuscan straw shade-hat, with a brim about two feet wide, over her simple convent attire.

As the sister's head-dress is simple and plain, so is the head-dress just below, belonging to a fresh-faced Holland girl, intricate and elaborate. The entire head is covered with a lace cap and frill, underneath which gleams a band of gold or silver; to the ends of these are attached gold blinders, which prevent any sidelong or wandering glances. Above the blinders are small rosettes of hair; not her own, which is rigidly put out of sight, but false, coarse little bunches, which, in turn, are surmounted by erect golden pins, like the antennæ of an insect. The last touch to this complex costume is a metal band that runs obliquely across the forehead; this is always an heirloom, and among rich Hollanders is sometimes set with diamonds.

The stiff Dutch lady below is from Broeck, in Holland, as she appeared sitting erect, listening to a Dutch sermon from a Dutch parson. Her head is gotten up like that of her young countrywoman, but is surmounted by her best Sunday bonnet, the fashion and shape of which never have changed from the first, in her quiet, well-scrubbed village.

The damsel from Utrecht was seen and sketched on a steam-boat, on the river Scheldt; she was on her travels, but her head-gear must have impeded her view, especially two large gold-wire springs, that protruded from her temples. No doubt they were thought to be very beautiful in Utrecht.

The object in the lower left-hand corner, if one studies it awhile, is found to be a woman becaped and bonneted, her nose only showing. This vision is seen constantly in Antwerp market.





The huge black silk bow on this fresh little blonde, although it has ends like rabbit-ears, certainly is not so ugly, when seen in the Baden forests or in Alsace, as are the great coal-scuttles

which the women of Scheveningen wear, as they tramp along the shores of the North Sea, with their baskets of fish; but these hats are so large and deep they hide the great red faces beneath.



## THE BIG BLACK DOG AND THE BIG BLACK GOAT.

BY A. P. WILLIAMS.



A BIG black dog met a big black goat one day on the street. Said the big black dog to the big black goat: "Let 's play!" "What shall we play?" said the big black goat to the big black dog. "A-ny-thing you like," said the big black dog to the big black goat. "Well," said the big black goat to the big black dog, and he stood up on his hind legs to make a bow. On his way down, the big black goat struck the big black dog with his head and threw him off the walk. "What 's that?" said the big black dog to the big black goat. "I don't play that way!" "Butt!" said the big black goat to the big black dog, "that 's the way *I* play!"





## THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

BY JOEL STACY.

ONCE there was a vain lit-tle girl named Kate, who thought more of her fine clothes than of a-ny-thing else. She would look in the glass a long time when-ev-er she put on her hat, and then she would turn and twist her-self this way and that, to ad-mire the bow of her wide sash-rib-bon.

Well, one day her mam-ma said: "Kate, if you will put on your hat quick-ly, you may drive with me in the Cen-tral Park. But I can wait for you on-ly two min-utes, my dear."

"Oh, yes, Mam-ma," said Kate, much de-light-ed; "I shall be read-y." So she went up-stairs and braid-ed her hair, and tied it with a rib-bon. Then she put on her best shoes, and her best dress, and her best sash. This she tied a-bout her waist in front, mak-ing a large bow; then she pushed the sash down as far as she could, and then turned it a-round so as to put the bow be-hind. But Kate did not yet feel sat-is-fied. The pink sash, she thought, would, af-ter all, look bet-ter than the blue one; so she took off the blue and put on the pink sash. Then she said she must have a pink bow on her hair to match the sash. At last she was near-ly dressed, all but the gloves—which pair should she wear? Her lace mits were pret-ty, but she felt they were too old; so she put on her white silk gloves, but soon took them off, be-cause they were too short to suit her. Then she put on her kid gloves, and felt just like cry-ing be-cause they were a lit-tle loose. Poor, fool-ish lit-tle girl! At last her gloves were on, and af-ter tak-ing her lit-tle par-a-sol from the shelf, and ad-mir-ing her-self in the glass a-gain and a-gain, she ran down-stairs.

"Mam-ma, Mam-ma!" she called. But Mam-ma did not an-swer.

Then Bridg-et, who was dust-ing the hall, said:

"Shure, Miss Ka-tie, if it's yer mam-ma ye are want-in', she's gone out rid-in' 'most an hour a-go, so she has."

Poor Kate! She sat down on the stairs and cried.

"It was all the fault of my gloves," she sobbed.

Do you think it was?





## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"GOOD-MORROW!" I said to you all,  
When boisterous winds were blowing;  
But now it's "good-day!" for it's May—  
And never a morrow can come this way  
More fair and good than a day in May,  
Or wiser than this that is going.

She's smiling? Why, then it is well.  
She is frowning? We need n't be snarling:  
For if she is sad, it is bad  
To whine, forsooth! that the day is n't glad,  
For there is n't a weather that May has n't had  
To work in and laugh in, the darling!

Now is she not lovely and true:  
And is she not wise and knowing?  
If it were not for her, why what would they do—  
The things that are ready for growing?  
So good-day to you all! I say,  
For it's May, and she's here to-day,  
And never a morrow can come this way  
More fair and good than a day in May,  
Whatever way she be going.

### A FIRE BURNING FIFTY YEARS.

A FRIEND sends you Jack an account of a fire at a certain place in the State of Pennsylvania, which has already burned for nearly fifty years, and is likely to continue for years to come. The story goes on to say that, about half a century ago, some men opened a mining "drift" (or passage for an under-ground road) into a mountain about four miles from Pottsville, and that it was usual, at that time, to build a large fire at the mouth of the drift, in midwinter, to prevent its being blocked up by snow and ice. One Saturday night, in 1835, the fire was left unguarded, but Monday morning disclosed to the miners the result of their folly. The timber of the drift had ignited, and the flames had

been communicated to the coal in the mine. The mine had to be abandoned, and all efforts to quench the fire, which constantly grew more intense, were soon given up. The under-ground fire had its own way, and in time turned the mountain into a burning mass. A few years ago, when the flames were nearer the surface than now, the sky was lighted up with a ruddy glare at night, while rain and snow disappeared in clouds of vapor as they fell on the hot, parched surface. People who endeavored to open mines in the same vicinity have been repeatedly driven out by the fire.

### ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

IF you don't believe it, just reflect upon the fact—fresh from Deacon Green—that, in a single quart of water taken from a lake near Minneapolis, a scientific gentleman lately counted 1829 small creatures, all visible to the naked eye.

It may interest my younger hearers to know that, of these 1829 little folk, there were 1400 ceriodaphnia, 9 daphnia, 56 simocephalus, 50 cypris, 28 cyclops, 120 amphipods, 35 infusoria, 22 mollusks, 100 diptera, and 9 hemiptera.

The Deacon says that while 1800 does seem a rather large population for a quart of water, yet there's a certain "Mike"—mentioned, he tells me, in this very number of ST. NICHOLAS—who has often discovered our above-named friends, or some of their relatives, in numbers that leave the gentleman's count far behind.

### A FIR-TREE AS A BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

THE Chinese people are very ingenious, and, I'm told, are exceedingly skillful in dwarfing plants. It is said that the Chinese ladies wear in their bosoms little dwarf fir-trees which, by a careful system of starvation, have been reduced to the size of button-hole flowers. These remain fresh and evergreen in this dwarfed state for a number of years, and are worn by ladies of the highest rank in the Celestial Empire as a symbol of eternal love and devotion.

### A CONCERT FOR HORSES.

YES, my dears; and once every week. It is told of Lord Holland, an English nobleman of the time of William III., that he used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery, built specially for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts and improved their tempers, and an eye-witness records the fact that "they seemed delighted therewith."

The Little School-ma'am says that Lord Holland was regarded as a very eccentric man, but—if all accounts are true—it could n't have been because of his horse-concerts merely. For I am told that there are some horses in America to-day that live in stables costing many thousands of dollars, and are much better fed, quartered, and served than three-fifths of the human population. Having



every other want supplied, why should human beings begrudge them the addition of a weekly concert—or any kind of entertainment they may fancy?

Strange to say, however (and with no offense to Lord Holland or anybody else), these facts *will* keep reminding me of a puzzling sentence I heard the Deacon quote, one day, from somebody whom he called "a wise philosopher." This is the sentence: "*Things are in the saddle and ride mankind.*" You and I may not quite understand it, but it seems to mean a good deal—does n't it?

#### ANOTHER WONDERFUL ORCHID.

NEW YORK.  
DEAR JACK: I don't wonder that your birds thought those "orchid"-flowers you told us about in January were bees. The flowers themselves *do* look very much like bees, I assure you. Sister Nell and I saw some of them last summer when we were in England.

We have an uncle, though, who says he has seen another orchid that is just as funny as the one you showed us in the picture. It is



THE PUPPET-ORCHID OF MEXICO.

called the *puppet-orchid*, and grows in Mexico. I send you a drawing of it which Uncle made for us. He says to tell you that "the blossoms, or little flower-sprites, are clothed in yellow caps and scarlet aprons, and each one is upheld by a slender, curved stem, which causes the pretty elves to hold a 'mid-nid-nodding party,' whenever the slightest breeze blows past them."

Yours truly,

ALICE M.—

#### A GOVERNMENT BIRD.

I'M informed that the managers of the German Navy have resolved to employ carrier-pigeons as a means of communicating between light-ships and light-houses and the shore. It seems that they have been testing these fine birds in this business during the last few years, and that the feathered messengers have done their work like men—or better than men. Success to the Government bird, says your Jack.

#### A BOY'S AFTER-DINNER POEM.

THE Little School-ma'am asks me to show you these sage reflections in verse by a poetical boy, who one day after a hearty meal unexpectedly found his little conscience full of fish:

#### FISH THAT NEVER SWAM.

I ate at dinner eggs of shad.  
Cooked shell and all, they are not bad;  
And yet, somehow, it makes me sad  
To think what fun they might have had  
If they had hatched—a thousand shad.

But still, I know the Delaware  
Has many others swimming there,  
And these crude fish may be my share.  
If all the eggs the fish prepare  
Were laid and hatched, I do declare  
There 'd be no water room to spare  
For vessels on the Delaware.

It's well all fish are not so large  
As that old one which took in charge  
Poor Jonah in its whalebone jaws,  
Because he did n't mind God's laws;  
Or that great sturgeon, king of fish,  
That came at Hiawatha's wish,—

And swallowed him and his canoe,  
With Squirrel Adjidamo, too,  
And kept him there till it he slew  
And sea-gulls pecked the daylight through.  
Dear Mr. Longfellow surely knew  
His fishing story was not true.

My eyes grow dim and fish-thoughts few;  
To sturgeon, shad, and whale, adieu.

VICKERS OBERHOLTZER.

#### A POLICE-FORCE OF ANTS.

A QUEER way of employing ants is reported by an English gentleman, who has been traveling through one of the provinces of China. It appears that in many parts of the province of Canton the orange-trees are infested by worms, and to rid themselves of these pests the natives bring ants into the orangeries from the neighboring hills. The ants are trapped by holding the mouth of a lard-bladder to their nests. They are then placed among the branches of the orange-trees, where they form colonies, and bamboo rods are laid from tree to tree to enable the ants to move throughout the orangery.

## THE LETTER-BOX

AS THE four composition subjects for this month,\* we suggest the following:

WHAT AN AMATEUR NEWSPAPER SHOULD BE.

THE STRUGGLES OF A SCHOOL-MONITOR.

DO DOGS OR HORSES SHOW MOST AFFECTION FOR THEIR MASTERS?

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

IN behalf of the poor children of New York, ST. NICHOLAS heartily thanks "The Busy Bee Club" of Brooklyn for the following letter, and the twelve dollars which the club sent with it as a subscription to The Children's Garfield Fund:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 17, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having seen your notice about The Children's Garfield Fund in the Letter-Box of January ST. NICHOLAS, our club determined to get up an entertainment in aid of the same. So we had two plays, some music, and recitations, in the parlor of Miss Clara Carr (one of our members), on the 22d of February, 1883. We charged ten cents admission, and made the sum of twelve dollars (\$12.00), for which we inclose a check. Please acknowledge the receipt of it through ST. NICHOLAS.

Your constant readers,

THE BUSY BEE CLUB.

ELEANOR WICKS, Pres.

NELLIE PARKER, Secy.

CARRIE BELCHER, Treas.

Members: Clara Carr, Sadie Rhodes, Bessie Rhodes, May Carman.

We acknowledge with thanks, also, another subscription from the same city, sent by a correspondent who modestly signs herself "Julia," but who incloses one dollar for the Fund.

For full particulars concerning The Children's Garfield Fund, see ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1881, and July, 1882.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me who was the author of the verses that begin—

"There was a little girl,  
And she had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead;  
And when she was good  
She was very, very good,  
And when she was bad she was horrid?" etc.

It is thought by some to have been written by Longfellow for the amusement of his children. Your constant reader, F. I. G.

Who will answer this question?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want Papa to say that I am a little girl who never had ST. NICHOLAS before this one, and I think it elegant. I am often very bad, but I will keep good now, and Papa will buy me ST. NICHOLAS every month. He helped me some to make out the puzzles, but I will soon be clever enough to do it all alone.  
Your new friend.

(P. S.—DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If this inducement succeeds, it will be the first that has been able to restrain a temper certainly not gotten by example from "PAPA.")

We print the above letter and postscript just as they came to us, omitting only the name, place, and date. But we hope to receive another letter by and by, stating that the "inducement" has "succeeded" in enabling our new little friend to "keep good" all the time.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much pleased, upon looking over one of our old ST. NICHOLASES, to find an account of the Swiss glaciers in the November number for 1880. It was doubly interesting to me from the fact that I have seen those very glaciers. We

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for October and January.

rode for three days in a carriage, going from Brieg to Andermatt, stopping at the Rhone glacier on our way. I never shall forget it. My sister and I walked up to the glacier, with an old guide, and saw the cavern where the Rhone comes out. It comes out of a big cavern in the ice, first a little stream, then gradually flowing into the river. I spent three years abroad, and enjoyed myself very much. I hope you will print my letter, as I am very fond of reading the ST. NICHOLAS. I have taken lessons on the violin for nearly three years.  
Your affectionate reader,  
JOSEPH C. HOPPIN.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., March 5, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I commenced taking ST. NICHOLAS when I was seven years old, and now I am eleven. I have seven volumes, bound in red and gold, with my name on them, and I read them over and over a great many times. We have had a great flood here, and 8000 people were without homes. If it had not been for the kind people everywhere, sending us food and clothes and money, many would have died. At the cottage in which I was born the water was ten feet deep, and I went skiff-riding over the fences, trees, and tree-boxes, right up to the top of the door, and we could have gone in through the upper sash of the window. The house in which we live stands on a bluff forty feet high, on the bank of the Ohio River, and I saw thirteen houses drift down the river one day. In one house there were four persons: a man, his wife, and two children; they were waving a white cloth, and the life-savers came to their rescue. A little cradle went by with a little blue-eyed boy-baby in it, and went on down the river, and some one caught it and is keeping it until called for. I expect its parents are drowned, as it is there yet. We are all very poor now, but we are so glad to be alive and well, that we do not mind it much.  
A. C. W.

T. HAMPTON.—No conditions are imposed upon those who wish to send answers to puzzles.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 1, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a good many years now, and I think I have the privilege of an old correspondent, of making a few remarks on the production of Mary Lizzie Spear, in your March number for 1883. I don't think Miss Spear gives the Eastern children a correct idea of the California boys, or of their ingenuity, in saying that "none of them knew how to go about making a sled," for they use them here—of course, not as they do in the snow countries, but surely enough so as to know how to make one, they being such simple things. They are used very often here for a sport quite well known, namely: A number of boys make a sled, and after getting a long rope, wait in the road for a wagon to come along. Seeing one, they rush forward and slip it (the rope) around anything convenient in the back part of the wagon, so getting a ride.

And as you must know from the newspapers, ST. NICHOLAS, the weather during the latter part of December was so cold here that it was said that, if this was a snow country, the signal service would have predicted a snow-storm. Therefore, you Easterners must not imagine that we had mild weather before the storm; and I think that the party must have had a rather cold day on that shore, which is never too warm. Hoping to see the judgment of the California members of ST. NICHOLAS as to which is the more correct of these two letters concerning California and Californian children, I remain,  
Yours sincerely,  
A. H. S.

IN connection with the "Art and Artists" installment for this month, we present the following list of the principal works of Anton Vandyck to be seen in European galleries: PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE: Portraits of Cardinal Bentivoglio, and of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: Equestrian portrait of Charles V., portrait of John Montfort. THE BRERA, MILAN: "Madonna and St. Anthony." CAPITOL MUSEUM, ROME: "An Entombment." PINACOTECA, TURIN: Three children of Charles I., "Holy Family," an equestrian portrait. MUSEUM, ANTWERP: "Descent from the Cross," "The Entombment," a portrait. MUSEUM, BRUSSELS: "Crucifixion of St. Peter," "A Satyr," portrait of Alexandre de la Faille. MUSEUM OF THE TRIPPENHUIS, AMSTERDAM: Two children of Charles I. MUSEUM, BERLIN: Seven pictures, including four portraits, "The Mocking of Christ," and the "Descent of the Holy Ghost." GALLERY, CASSEL: Four fine



portraits. DRESDEN GALLERY: Ten portraits, and a St. Jerome. PINACOTHEK, MUNICH: Twelve pictures, ten portraits, and two pictures of the Pietà. THE BELVEDERE, VIENNA: Nine pictures, four portraits, two Madonnas, "Venus and Vulcan," "Samson and Delilah," "Holy Family," and a Magdalen. ROYAL MUSEUM, MADRID: Nine portraits, "The Crowning with Thorns," and the "Betrayal of Christ." LOUVRE, PARIS: Thirteen portraits, "Renaud and Armid," "St. Sebastian," "Dead Christ," and two Madonnas. GALLERY AT HAMPTON COURT: "Samson and Delilah," and two portraits. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," a study, and a portrait of Vandyck. THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: Twenty-one portraits, "Naked Boys Blowing Bubbles," "Holy Family," "Incredulity of St. Thomas," and "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian."

#### GOLDSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister has taken you since the second year you were published, but this year I take you in place of my sister. I think you are lovely, and every month I await you anxiously. My mother and I are traveling through the South this winter, and some of the things I see are so funny. My uncle has a very clever setter dog, which can do a great many tricks. When I was at school, he always appeared at the school at a quarter of twelve to take my books home. I hope you will print this in your Letter-Box, and oblige your constant reader,  
EDITH C.

#### A TRUE STORY ABOUT A COW.

I WAS going to our barn one day to get the ax. I had to jump a fence. Now Dolley, the cow, was shut up inside of this fence. I am very much afraid of her, because she likes to hook. So I stood up and looked about me to see where she was. I noticed that the barn door stood open. It was a very big sliding door. There were two of them, and they met in the middle. Two large barrels of bran were in the barn, uncovered. Now our hired man, Sam, was very careful to keep the door shut, because cows will eat bran or middling until they burst themselves. I had left the door shut except one inch, but while I was gone Dolley was wise enough to push her horn through into the crack, and open it enough to put her head in, then her body, and last of all her tail. Then she walked straight to the bran, and began to eat as fast as she could. The minute I saw her in the barn I called Sam, and in two minutes up came Sam, all out of breath from running so fast. I told him what had happened, and he rushed in and drove her out, and locked the door and went away.  
P. G. W. (a little boy eleven years old).

#### AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-SIXTH REPORT.

We have renewed cause for gratitude this month in the kind offers of help which come to us from several well-known specialists. The first two are for our botanists:

"If your correspondents desire the names of any ferns, grasses, or plants in general, or any information on the subject of botany, I shall be glad to answer all such, or at least all that come from west of the Mississippi. I realize the value of such work as you are doing.  
MARCUS E. JONES, Salt Lake City, Utah."

"Noticing your call for the aid of specialists, I briefly offer my services in the following directions: 1. General botanical items of interest. 2. Classification of all flowering plants and vascular cryptogams (ferns, etc.), found on the North American continent and in Germany; also their life histories, etc. 3. *Gasteromycetes* (puff-balls) of the world. 4. *Spiders* of the U. S. 5. Mammals of the U. S.  
AUG. F. FOERSTE, Dayton, Ohio."

"If I can serve the cause mineralogically, call on me.

"DAVID ALLAN, Box 113, Webster Groves, Missouri."

"I should be glad to assist the A. A. in any matter relating to marine zoology.

"C. F. HOLDER, American Museum Nat. Hist.,

"Central Park (77th st. and 8th ave.), New York, N. Y."

"I have watched, with more interest than I can readily communicate, the genesis and development of the A. A. In answer to your call for assistance, I shall be most happy to identify minerals and the commoner forms of paleozoic fossils.

"WM. M. BOWRON, South Pittsburg, Tenn."

"ACADEMY NATURAL SCIENCES, OF PHILADELPHIA,

"19th and Race streets, March 1, 1883.

"Having seen your call, in ST. NICHOLAS of this month, for assistance in answering the many questions brought forward by the members of the A. A., I take pleasure in offering my aid. My specialties are entomology and conchology. With earnest desire for the success of the society,  
G. HOWARD PARKER."

The gentlemen who have thus freely offered their aid can hardly realize how great a service they are rendering. Think of it! Here are over 5000 young and older amateur naturalists belonging to our society, most of whom, living in remote towns, have few opportunities of instruction in the subjects of their choice. They are now placed in such a position that they can go right on with their observations without leaving home; can be advised as to the best books for consultation in their several departments; can exchange specimens and thoughts with members in all the different States and Territories; and can have the assistance of men trained in special departments of science, and all without expense. May not the A. A. be the means of solving one of the most perplexing educational questions of the day? Who knows but we may yet offer regular courses of reading and study in the several departments, followed by examinations, and the presentation of certificates?

That our members are not slow to appreciate the increased advantages the A. A. offers them, is proved by the more earnest and encouraging tone of our Chapter reports, as well as by the large list of new branches which follows:

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
423	Perth Amboy, N. J. (A).....	16.	Bertha Mitchell.
424	Decorah, Iowa. (A).....	5.	W. E. Clifford.
425	Greeley, Col. (A).....	9.	Louis L. Haynes.
426	La Porte, Ind. (B).....	4.	Leo B. Austin.
427	New York, N. Y. (L).....	4.	Chas. H. Broas, "Tremont."
428	St. Paul, Minn. (C).....	6.	Philip C. Allen, 5 Laurel ave.
429	Dorchester, Mass. (A).....	9.	Miriam Badlam, 15 Columbia street.
430	Kinmundy, Ill. (A).....	5.	Bertie Squire.
431	Terre Haute, Ind. (A).....	7.	Jacob Greiner, 432 N. Center.
432	Grand Rapids, Dakota. (A).....	5.	Jesse French.
433	Dallas, Texas. (A).....	9.	David C. Hinkleley.
434	Meadville, Pa. (A).....	6.	Lawrence Streit.
435	Northampton, Mass. (B).....	4.	H. L. Halliard, box 756.
436	Toronto, Ont. (A).....	5.	Robert Holmes, 273 Bathurst street.
437	Burlington, N. J. (B).....	4.	Natalie McNeal.
438	Somerville, Mass. (A).....	6.	Harry E. Sears, cor. Medford and Chester sts.
439	Wilmington, Del. (B).....	4.	Percy C. Pyle, 417 Washington street.
440	Keene, N. H. (A).....	6.	F. H. Foster, box 301.
441	Valparaiso, Chili. (A).....	7.	W. Sabina.
442	Waldoboro, Me. (A).....	4.	Thomas Brown.
443	Brunswick, Me. (A).....	6.	E. B. Young.

#### REQUESTS FOR EXCHANGE.

Leaves, flowers, and seed of Chinese tea.—Alfred Stoebr, Cincinnati, O., 99 East Liberty st.

Eggs.—Fred Russell, 38 Concord st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Orange blossoms and mistletoe.—F. C. Sawyer, Beauclerc, Fla.

Agates, Florida moss, minerals, etc.—Maude M. Lord, 75 Lambertson st., New Haven, Conn.

Labels for specimens.—H. M. Downs, box 176, Rutland, Vt.

Copper ore, manganese ore, and other minerals.—K. M. Fowler, Sweetland, Cal.

After April 1st, silk-worm eggs.—Box 14, Beverly, N. J.

Sea-urchins, star-fish, minerals, for ocean curiosities, and fossils.—E. C. Shaw, 60 Locust st., Toledo, O.

Cocoons, *Attacus cecropia*, for minerals, corals, etc.—Walter M. Patterson, 1010 West Van Buren st., Chicago, Ill.

Minerals, for bugs; lead and silver ore, for tin and zinc.—E. P. Boynton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Minerals, petrified wood, and shells, for fossils and sea-mosses.—D. G. Hinkleley, 1435 Elm st., Dallas, Texas.

Birds' eggs, minerals, etc.—Frank W. Wentworth, 1337 Michigan ave., Chicago, Ill.

Coral and ocean shells.—Lemuel A. Wells, Newington, Conn.

1. What is the most common bird in America? 2. What is the largest known glacier in the world? 3. What makes the "fire" in opals? 4. How many minerals in the U. S. whose names end in "ite"?—Chicago F.

Plumbago and rose quartz from N. H.—Louis Ager, 295 Carlton ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Minerals.—Joseph Stiles, Belmont, Nev.

Two cocoons, *Attacus cecropia*, and two fossil *spirifers*.—Ira Larned, Dearborn st., Chicago.

Copper ore, feldspar, and other minerals and shells, for trap-door spiders' nests, fossils, etc.—Thomas Brown, box 55, Waldoboro, Me.

Three olive shells for natural curiosities, except birds' eggs.—Willie D. Grier, 590 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

Lingulas and minerals.—Alvin S. Wheeler, Dubuque, Iowa.

Minerals.—G. H. Chittenden, Washington st., Dorchester, Boston, Mass.

## REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

The mass of reports has so accumulated that we must be content to glance very rapidly at them.

No. 158 is re-organized.—270 has collected 70 cocoons, and a few winter birds, such as pine grosbeak, and has spent most of its time in arranging and labeling previously collected specimens.—352, Amherst, Mass., numbers 20, and not one has dropped. Three of the members have seen hair-snakes come from the side of the body of a cricket.—The President of 382 gives blackboard notes on entomology at each meeting, which are copied by the members, and at each meeting, also, some interesting extract is read aloud, such as a story about Robert Dick or Hugh Miller, or one of the parables from nature.—Berwyn, Pa., numbers 14 active and 2 honorary. Prizes have been offered in the Chapter for best collections of insects, with excellent results. At each meeting the President has named one mineral to be the subject for the following meeting. During the week all the members studied the subject, and were prepared for a thorough discussion. Among the questions that have been asked are: Why is frost formed on the inside of window-panes? Difference between igneous and aqueous rocks? What distinguishing peculiarity of quartz crystal apart from its shape? (Ans. The striae on its lateral faces.) What are Plutonic rocks? What are mineral earths? Have birds the sense of taste? What is bog iron ore? [See Crosby's "Common Minerals."] John F. Glosser, Sec.—390, Chester, Mass., has 32 members, and posts weekly printed notices of its meetings. A peculiarly interesting Chapter has been formed at Valparaiso, Chili. The first in South America since Cordoba moved North. Its members are Nos. 5000 to 5007 of the A. A. 1.—Chicago F, 229, has elaborate letter-heads and envelopes. "Each member has two insect-nets, and a little kit, with chloroform, etc., for insect hunting."—The new Secretary of 188, Newport A, is F. Burdick, P. O. box 614.—Chapter 366, Webster Groves, Mo., has flourished upon ignorant local opposition, and has increased in numbers from 39 to 65.—364 asks about arrow-heads, etc. These, and coins, stamps, etc., are not recognized by the A. A.—Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has found seven different kinds of scales on butterflies' wings. [Why not send pictures of them?]—170, Brookfield, Mass., celebrated its anniversary by a special meeting, with essays, etc.; 14 members.—285, Dubuque, Iowa, is getting on exceedingly well; has purchased a nice cabinet, and is studying geology.

There is to be a general reunion of all Chicago Chapters on Agassiz's birthday, May 28.—Chicago G is very active, and intends to "canvass the country round and secure a collection of all the minerals of Chicago."—Cedar Rapids B has learned the branches and classes of the animal kingdom, and has debated with C, its sister Chapter, the interesting question, whether *Arachnida* should be classed under the *Insecta*. Pro: A. S. Packard, Jr., W. E. Wilson, Sanborn Tenney. Contra: J. G. Wood and Webster's Dictionary. [We wish to hear from the A. A. generally on this question.] It is asked whether a corresponding member of the A. A. can also be a member of a Chapter. [Certainly, and *vice versa*.] Does the sap in trees ever freeze? What is it that we see above and around a hot stove? Has a mole eyes? [Yes.] Can insects hear?—The interest of Neillsville, Wis., "grows daily," and its visible growth is seen in a handsome black-walnut case for the butterflies collected last year.—261, East Boston, has 26 members. "At our next meeting we are to hear several sketches of the lives of great naturalists."—303 has earned a dagger in the hand-book by deceasing; but its wide-awake Secretary remains a corresponding member.—North Adams, Mass., has a new Secretary, Miss Lulu Radlo. Collections are to be made of minerals, insects, and plants.—Sag Harbor, N. Y., is "flourishing"; has increased to 20 regular and 6 honorary members, and has for exchange micaceous quartz, silver ore, olive and ebony wood, and skates' egg cases.—Bryan, O., is having "splendid" meetings; collecting scraps for scrap-book, and making excursions.—The members of Chicago E, 153, "go in a body once a fortnight to the Academy of Science. There the President distributes cards containing the names of birds and mammals common here. Each then goes to the cases and finds some bird named on his list, and studies it. When we think we can describe the birds we have selected, we assemble, and are called on in turn to give a description of the chosen bird, but without telling its name. If the members can not tell from the description what the bird's name is, the describer tells it himself. After all are done, the President reads the list, bidding each one to speak when the name of a bird is read that he does not know. The descriptions are kept in note-books."—Altoona, Pa., has 15 members and a fine cabinet, and promises some fossils for our general A. A. cabinet, for which our thanks, we trust, will soon be due. [By the way, members of the A. A. can greatly help us in our work if they will now and then send for the Central A. A. Museum's labeled specimens in their several departments. Chapter No. 1, Lenox, is having cases made and a room furnished for this purpose, and we hope to build up a museum which shall worthily represent the Association. All specimens should have the name of the donor attached. Each Chapter should be represented on our shelves, as many of them already are.]—Belpre, O., writes: "Some of the folks take an interest in us, and others make fun of us, but I notice they are very anxious to know what we are doing."—Scituate, Mass., has 20 members.—Taunton, Mass., 93; has over 800 specimens, and Pine City, Minn. (lately formed), has 244 varieties of insects.—Buffalo B, always one of our best Chapters, sends a report so long and full of interest that

it would not be altogether a bad plan to print it entire, for our general report, if there were not 432 other Chapters. Buffalo B is anxious for a general representative meeting of the A. A. next summer, or "some time."—106 has been re-organized.—Beverly, N. J., has made large and valuable additions to its cabinet. "The way we do is this: every week we have essays on some such subject as geology. The first paper names the orders, and mentions some examples of each. The other papers describe the specific examples."—Erlanger, Ky., has found the head of a trilobite measuring 2 by 2½ inches, and is preparing an herbarium.—The address of 311, omitted from ST. NICHOLAS, is San Juan, Col., Mrs. J. L. Brewster, Secretary, 5 members.—353, Philadelphia K, has 26 volumes as a nucleus for a library.—San Francisco 321 is "getting on" splendidly, and desires a book giving names and pictures of eggs.—Amherst, Mass., desires correspondence. Address H. L. Clarke, Providence, R. I., Sec.

## NOTES.

(1) *Spider*.—I found what seemed to be a brown spider. It measured 1½ inches from the extremities of its legs. Its body was entirely covered with little spiders. Next morning it was dead. The little spiders, at least 50, were swarming on the glass. I had read that spiders' eggs are laid in a cocoon. HIRAM N. BICE, Utica, N. Y.

(2) *Rabbit and Weasel*.—A little white weasel was observed to drag the body of a large rabbit for sixty rods, over many obstacles. When twigs hindered, its sharp white teeth removed them.

E. B., South Gardiner, Mass.  
(3) *Birds*.—I feed many birds from the cupola of our house, and they have grown so tame that one dear little fellow eats my hand.

B. KELLOGG, Detroit, Mich.  
(4) *Electricity*.—This winter every metal thing in our house gives electric sparks. The largest come from the steam-radiators. I have conducted the electricity from bells and gas-jets along a wire. Can any one explain it? WILLIE SHERATON, Toronto, Canada.

(5) *Pollen*.—The grain of heartsease seems to be a prism. A. B.  
(6) *Wingless Moths*.—Some of my caterpillars left their cocoons Nov. 1, 1882, and had no wings. They soon died. I do not understand it. WILMINGTON, Del.

(7) *Snakes, Fly-catcher*.—For a month I have fed my pet snakes nothing, but they seem as lively as ever. I saw one of my large rat-snakes shed its skin. It accomplished this by drawing its body around rough stones in the bottom of the case. I have noticed that nine times out of ten the nest of the great Custer fly-catcher contains two or three snake-skins. I heard of one who, unable to find them, substituted onion skins. JAS. DE B. ABBOT.

(8) *Polyphemus Cecropia*.—I have found the larvæ of polyphemus on hard and soft maple, white birch, and elm. I have found cecropia on white birch and syringa. E. H. PIERCE, Auburn, N. Y.

(9) *Spider*.—While I was watching a spider, it started out horizontally into the air, with no web in front of it. It went a few feet and stopped, keeping up a nimble movement with its feet. Presently it started again, went some 20 feet, stopped again, and then again went on till out of sight. How does it sustain and how propel itself? ZOA GOODWIN.

(10) *Smallest Flower*.—The smallest flower in the world is *Semna Polyrrhia*. E. D. LOWELL, Jackson, Mich.

(11) *Albino Squirrels*.—I have two snow-white squirrels with pink eyes. They were taken from a gray squirrel's nest. Why are they white? A. W. BOARDMAN, Meriden, Conn.

(12) *Hornet's Nest*.—Geneva's challenge is accepted. I have a hornet's nest that measures from crown to tip 27 inches, and in circumference 42 inches. It was cut from an apple-branch at Bustleton, Philadelphia. T. C. PEARSON.

(13) *Hair-snakes*.—I have taken hair-snakes from crickets. H. L. CLARKE.

(14) *Snow-flies*.—On January 31, 1883, I observed thousands of snow-flies on the unfrozen surface of a pond. H. L. CLARKE.

A change of Secretary in a Chapter causes so much confusion that we strongly urge each Chapter to take a P. O. box which may be the Chapter's permanent address. Since the publication of the A. A. Hand-book, the first edition of which is nearly exhausted, the number of Chapters has nearly doubled; and the question of a second edition, revised, containing addresses of all Chapters and other new matter, must soon be decided. We should like to hear from the Association regarding the matter. Before writing to the President, members should recall the conditions of correspondence given in previous reports. In particular, write requests for exchange on separate slips of paper. It will be an additional assistance if Notes on Natural History (which we propose hereafter to number for convenient reference) be written on separate slips, and not in the middle of Chapter reports. Owing to the pressure on our columns, reports must appear substantially in the form shown in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, and the nearer to this form they are when they reach us, the less labor will be required to prepare them for print.

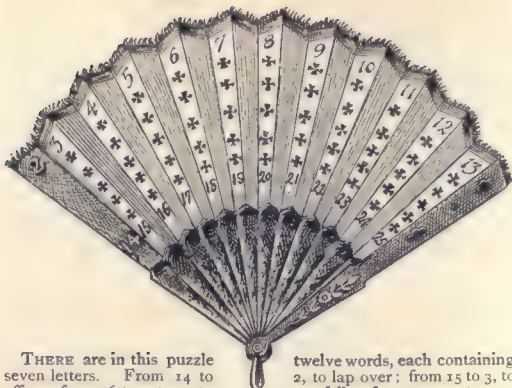
All communications, including reports heretofore sent to Mr. Glosser, must be addressed to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.





## FAN PUZZLE.



THERE are in this puzzle seven letters. From 14 to effuse; from 16 to 4, to note beyond; from 18 to 6, a sea-port town of Italy; from 19 to 7, pertaining to the Empire of Turkey; from 20 to 8, without study or prep-

twelve words, each containing 2, to lap over; from 15 to 3, to carefully; from 17 to 5, to step beyond; from 18 to 6, a sea-port town of Italy; from 19 to 7, pertaining to the Empire of Turkey; from 20 to 8, without study or prep-

aration; from 21 to 9, gross injury; from 22 to 10, one who holds an office; from 23 to 11, the wife of Mark Antony; from 24 to 12, a station at a distance from the main body of an army; from 25 to 13, an affront.

The row of figures from 14 to 25 all represent the same letter. The row of figures from 2 to 13 represent letters which spell a word meaning to overpower by weight. "GIGLAMPS."

## NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in September; my second in April; my third in May; my fourth in December; my fifth in March; my sixth in July. My whole is a gala day coming in the spring. F. DUSTIN.

## PATRIOTIC PI.

WHEN rightly arranged, the following words will form a well known stanza of six lines by William Collins. All the capitals used in the original verse are retained in the pi.

When hallowed Spring Returns with sweeter wishes Than ever cold dewy fingers to sink Fancy's sod How shall She have the country's mould there to dress their rest their brave sleep who trod a deck By all feet blest. HATTIE L.

## DIAMOND.

1. IN Michigan. 2. A projecting part of a wheel. 3. An animal without horns. 4. A beautiful white flower. 5. A kind of fruit. 6. One-half of a word meaning to delay. 7. IN Michigan. GRACE EDDINGTON.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Silhouette. 1. Hut. 2. Teeth. 3. List. 4. Thistle. 5. Son. 7. House. 8. Oil. 9. Islet. 10. Tiles. 11. Sheet. 12. Hoe. 13. Toilet. 14. Tie. 15. Lute. 16. Hole. 17. Suit. 18. Slit. 19. Stile. 20. Title. 21. Hilt. 22. Stilt. 23. Sole. 24. Heel. 25. Sol. 26. Hose. 27. Shoe. 28. Toes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Charles; finals, Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Cheer(d). 2. Hol (den). 3. Adriatic. 4. RooK. 5. LucrativE. 6. Entertain. 7. SaluteS.

REVERSIBLE WORDS. 1. Now—won. 2. Reward—drawer.

RIDDLE. Guilt—gil.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. 1. Negro. 2. Thomas. 3. Guinea. 4. Shanghai. 5. Bantams. 6. Thomas. 7. Fear. 8. Sable. 9. Ada. 10. Morgan. 11. Sunflower. 12. Carroll. 13. Hart. 14. Great Bear. 15. Buffalo. 16. Bullock. 17. Hungary. 18. Cook. 19. Ada. 20. Nubia. 21. Afghan. 22. Rice. 23. Salmon. 24. Turkey. 25. China. 26. Orange. 27. Malaga. 28. Brazil. 29. Mocha.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Longfellow, Evangeline. Cross-words: 1. LeEdward. 2. ObVious. 3. NeAtest. 4. GeNesis. 5. FaGging. 6. EmErald. 7. LuLlaby. 8. LeIsure. 9. OmNibus. 10. WhEedle.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the April number, from George B. Carter, 1—Sonora, 3—W. Rigby, Manchester, England, 1—George Smith Hayter, Highgate, London, 10.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from "Aunt Arabella"—H. F. Davis—Cuchee Smith—Florence G. Lane—The Houghton Family—S. R. T.—Clara Franc and Co.—Arthur Gride—K. M. B.—Professor and Co.—"Alcibiades"—Fannie, Sadie, Fanny, and Carrie—Belle Bartholomew—"Charles"—Olive M. Allen—"Two Subscribers"—Pinnie and Jack—Paul Reese—Amy G. Torrance—Helen Peirce—C. and Wm. V. Moses—Marna and Bae—Sam Pell—Marie, Annie, Mamma and Papa—"Town and Country"—Helen F. Turner—Clara J. Child—Francis W. Islip—D. B. Shumway—Appleton H.—Sallie Viles—Katie Schoonmaker—The Martins—Lillie C. Lippert—John W. Reynolds—Lottie A. Best—Carey Melville—Grace Eddington and Mrs. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from Adrienne M. Duysters, 1—Andrew L. Riker, 4—Philip Embury, Jr., 9—L. Fleetwood, 11—C. R. Williams, 1—R. Parker, 1—Dorsey Schneck, 1—N. Holly, 1—Maud Houghton, 1—Wilson Brainard, 2—May Pierson, 1—B. C. Boulton, 1—D. N. Babbitt, 1—Helen L. Towne, 1—May Rogers, 1—A. M. Hill, 1—Myra L. Clark, 4—S. W. Thurber, 1—G. Cornett, 1—Ella Shaw, 5—B. and L. Veiller, 1—F. T. Vernon, 1—F. R. Gadd, 1—L. C. Estabrook, 1—Ruth D. and Sam'l H. Camp, 7—G. M. Hall, 1—J. C. Bunell, 1—Julia Gates, 1—Carl Niemeyer, 5—C. Robinson, 1—Oulagiskit, 6—Samuel M. Leiper, 5—Geo. T. Parkes, 1—Arthur, 1—G. B. Jr., 1—Roy Guion, 6—E. E. Neff, 2—H. Ries, 1—Severance Burrage, 10—A. Blanche B., 2—N. Morganstern, 1—King Arthur, 1—G. Cosgrave, 1—Tiksialuo, 9—M. S. S. F. Club, 1—L. Wardell, 1—Charley Weymouth, 6—A. B. Hall, 1—R. Stone, 1—Harry B. Sparks, 8—Julia B. Arnwine, 1—Ethel, 1—Mona Downs, 1—Ralph S. Whiting, 1—G. F. Blandy, 1—N. B. Gisburne, 1—W. A. Bearmore, 1—Clarence A. Cobleigh, 12—Anna L. Minich, 2—Wm. Koehnle, 12—Chas. Westcott, 12—Calla, 4—G. Butts, 1—E. Polemann, 1—G. H. Williams, 1—J. W. Preston, Jr., 9—L. Oates, 1—E. T., 1—Alice P. Pendleton, 11—Edith and Geneva, 11—Willie Trautwine, 6—Effie K. Talboys, 11—Mary C. Burnam, 6—Kendall Family, 1—Rosy and Posy, 1—S. Bessie Saunders and Mamma, 6—Wallace K. Gaylord, 6—G. Austin, 2—Nellie Taylor, 2—Star, 1—Nellie and Mamic, 6—Xenophon, 8—Vin and Henry, 10—Mary Livingston, 1—Ellie S. Vail, 2—C. M. Philo, 1—Trail, 11—W. T. H., 1—Daisy and Dandelion, 4—T. Haynes, 1—W. R. Hamilton, 2—Hessie D. Boylston, 9—W. Kinsey, 1—N. Duff, 1—G. Lineburgh, 1—L. I., 11—"Judge Jag," 11—The McK's, 6—Harry R. Wicks, 6—F. Andreas, 1—Clarence H. Woods, 2—W. M. Shipp, Jr., 4—E. B. Judkins, 1—Vega De Oro, 12—Anna H. Ransom, 8—Willie H. Park, 9—Alecia and Jessica, 8—Scrap, 11—Minnie B. Murray, 12—George Lyman Waterhouse, 20—"Patience," 6—W. S. D. Moore, 9—Nellie and Harold Crowell, 5—E. Reymillac, 9—"Lode Star," 8—Alice Cantine, 9—Dydie, 12—Vessie Westover, 4—Julia A. Groff, 1—Ina, 3—Chas. Haynes Kyte, 12—"A. P. Ouder, Jr., 12—Nellie Caldwell, 5—Dick and Annie Custer, 6—B. P. Gause, 1—George Smith Hayter, 10—No Name, 7—Jennie Koehler, 5—Valerie, 6—D. C. Hicks, 4—"M. N. Bank," 2—Viola and Louise, 7—Algernon Tassin, 8—Arthur and Florence, 1—Checkley, 3—Alice H. Foster, 1—Willie C. Anderson, 2—Pernie, 10—Venie Atwood, 6—Bertie B. Wordfin, 1—Louis E. Osborn, 2—Tillie Kirchstein, 2—Clara and her Aunt, 12—Frank White, 1—Hester M. F. Powell, 6—Mary A. Piper, 1—George Mather, 5.

Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.







GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

DRAWN BY MISS L. J. HUMPHREY.



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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JUNE, 1883.

No. 8.

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## GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

BY MARY J. JACQUES.

COME into Great-grandmother's garden, my dears:  
The Sunflowers are nodding and beckoning away,  
The Balsams are smilingly drying their tears,  
And fair Morning-Glories are greeting the day.

How pure is the breath of the old-fashioned Pinks!  
How modest the face of the Lady's Delight!  
Sweet-William his arm with Miss Lavender's links,  
And whispers, "I dream of you morn, noon, and night."

The Dahlia looks on with a queenly repose,  
Unheeding the Coxcomb's impertinent sighs,  
And fierce Tiger-Lily an angry look throws  
At Bachelor's Button, who praises her eyes.

The red Prince's Feather waves heavy and slow  
By Marigolds rich as the crown of a king;  
The Larkspur the humming-bird sways to and fro;  
Above them the Hollyhocks lazily swing.

Come, Four-o'-Clocks, wake from your long morning nap!  
The late China Asters will soon be astir;  
The Sweet Pea has ordered a simple green cap—  
Which the Poppy pronounces too common for her.

There's Southernwood, Saffron, and long Striped Grass;  
The pale Thimble-Berries, and Sweet-Brier bush;  
An odor of Catnip floats by as we pass—  
Be careful! nor Grandmamma's Chamomile crush.

Come into Great-grandmother's garden, my dears:  
The Sunflowers are nodding and beckoning away—  
Ah! the true Grandma's garden is gone years and years—  
We have only a make-believe garden to-day.



A WALKING MATCH.—DRAWN BY ROSE MUELLER.

## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## WHAT HAPPENED THAT DAY.

THE children had been gone about three hours, when their mother, sitting at her window, which looked toward Tammoset village, noticed an unusual number of boys hurrying down the road toward the river.

Reflecting that it was the first of May, and probably a holiday in the schools, she thought little of the circumstance, until she saw groups of men also going in the same direction. She then hobbled to the front part of the house, where she could get a view of the bridge.

It was thronged with people, and more were coming from both ways—from Detmford as well as Tammoset; some stopping on the bridge and looking off toward the mill, while others climbed over the rails at each end, ran down the shores, and disappeared under the high bank by which the view of the river below was shut off from the house.

At the same time, the kitchen girl began to call:

"Mrs. Tinkham! Mrs. Tinkham! What are all these people doing out here by the mill?"

The widow hobbled to another window, and saw an amazing sight. Neither boy nor man had entered the yard in the regular way; but the upper

bank was now alive with youngsters scrambling up from below. Some threw themselves on the turf, and sat with their backs toward the house and their legs hanging down the slope. Others stood behind them or looked about for better positions. A dozen or more got into the great willow, where they filled the seats or leaned upon the branches. All appeared eager to witness some great spectacle taking place below.

The mother of the Tinkhams knew very well what that was. "O my boys! my boys!" she exclaimed, "why are you not here?" and without waiting to cover her feeble shoulders and gray hair, she hobbled out of the house.

She heard suppressed cries of: "Look behind you!" "There comes the old lady!" and for a moment saw the faces of the intruders all turned her way. There was much silly tittering among them; and the next moment every boy was intently gazing down the slope again.

"What does this mean? What are you here for?" she cried, approaching the nearest group.

"We just wanted to see the fun!" was the grinning response.

"What fun?" she demanded, sharply.

"To see the dam tore away; for that's what they are doing," somebody answered, in a loud, insolent voice from the willow.

"Is that Dick Dushee?"



"Yes, that 's Dick; he told us we could come up here."

"He would n't have dared show his face if my sons were at home!" said the widow. "I should think he might be in better business, and the rest of you, too! Make room for me, will you? Whose ground is this, yours or mine?"

The loungers on the turf had not offered to move out of her way, but the lively movement of a crutch among their elbows and ears made them scatter, and she stood on the top of the bank.

This is what she saw: both shores of the river swarmed with spectators, boys and men, and even women and girls here and there. The platform at the corner of the mill was black with the crowd. There were boats, also, held against the current by young men aboard, probably Argonauts. In the midst of all, the center of attraction, stood a line of stout laborers leg-deep in the water, with picks and iron bars demolishing the dam.

The work had evidently but just begun. The first planks were yielding to sturdy blows. There was little noise beside; no loud talking, nor shouting of commands. Never was disorderly crowd so orderly and well behaved. There were even policemen present—Dempford men in blue coats on one shore, and Tammoset men in gray on the other—keeping the peace. The whole thing had been thoroughly planned and organized beforehand, as the local newspaper boastfully informed its readers on both sides of the river, in its next issue.

The crippled woman, supported on her crutches at the summit of the high bank, her gray head bare—a strange, pathetic figure—called aloud to the laborers to desist from their work of destruction. Not one of them heeded her: but all other eyes were turned upward, while her voice continued to ring out, tremulous yet clear, entreating yet commanding:

"Must I stand here alone, and see my property destroyed? Is there not one who will take my part, and stop this lawless proceeding? Are you all on the side of injustice and brute force?"

There was a brief silence; then a Dempford man in blue—our old acquaintance, in fact—made answer from the opposite shore:

"It is not a lawless proceeding, madam. You were duly notified that the dam must be removed. As you have not done it yourself, the people have taken it in hand."

"The people who do it, or witness it without protest, are a mob! The only law they have on their side is mob law, and they know it. There is no other law that can touch my poor little property here. I see grave-looking men in this crowd, men who no doubt call themselves respectable citizens.

Are they aware that, by their presence, if not by their acts, they are making war on a defenseless woman and her absent children? Well for you, well for you all," cried the widow, lifting a crutch and shaking it passionately over the heads of the crowd, "that my boys are not here to-day! You, breaking the dam there, and you assisting by looking on, would not be where you are! But you chose a safe time for your brave deed!"

She stopped to subdue the passion that was swelling in her voice; then, as nobody answered her, and as the planks and stakes were still giving way before the picks and bars, she went on:

"If this dam, which we have a right to maintain,—for I have taken legal counsel on the subject, and I know,—if it troubles you, why don't you go to work like honorable men and get rid of it? I hear that some of you, who are not Argonauts, have yet subscribed large sums toward building the club-house. Why have n't you subscribed something toward abating this nuisance you complain of? A few hundred dollars would have bought off the previous owner; or my boys would have come to any just agreement with you. But, ah!" she cried, scornfully, "this is not the popular side! You can well afford to give money for a new boat-house; but one poor woman's mill-dam, that is in the way of a few pleasure-boats, must be ruthlessly destroyed! Oh, what men you are!"

Nobody answered her again. But, if there were not in that assemblage of two or three hundred people, young and old, a few hearts that felt and remembered long afterward her thrilling words and the tears that now came streaming down her cheeks, it was a pitiless mob indeed.

"I have had my say," she added, "and now you will do as you please."

Her cheeks still wet with unwiped tears, she stood in silence and saw the work of demolition proceed.

The planks and stakes, as they were broken away, were sent floating down the stream; and soon not a vestige of the dam remained visible. The end of the platform, with the fish-way attached, was left hanging in the air. The laborers seemed to think their work done, and started to wade ashore.

Then a little fellow about the size of Web Foote, standing in one of the boats, swung his hat and called for three cheers. The spectators responded, though not very heartily, their feeling of triumph being sadly chilled by the sight of the pale face and feeble form supported by crutches on the bank.

But now there was a singular movement on the farther shore:

A man with coarse, sandy features of vast

territorial dimensions, who had been watching the show with manifest satisfaction, said something in a low voice to somebody else, who whispered it to a third person, who in turn ran to the edge of the bank and called to the men wading ashore:

"Go back! There's one thing you've forgotten!"

"What's that, Milt?" asked the little Commadore from his boat.

"The mud-sill!" said Buzrow, for it was indeed our amiable friend, the cow-smiter's son. "Dushee says they can rebuild the dam without any trouble if we leave the mud-sill."

"Is that so, Dushee?" cried Web Foote, in a loud voice.

"Certainly it is," Dushee replied in a much lower tone, after some hesitation.

Even he must have felt the ignominy of openly giving counsel for the destruction of a dam he had formerly had to defend, and which he had dishonestly passed into other hands. Perhaps, also, his old hatred of the Argonauts made the situation awkward for him. But his present hatred of the brothers he had wronged outweighed other considerations, and he spoke out:

"They have only to drive new stakes and nail on fresh boards. But rip up the mud-sill and spilins, and they can't rebuild in the present state of high water."

"That's so!" exclaimed Buzrow. "Up with the mud-sill!"

So the men went back into the water, and with their picks and bars attacked the long strip of timber which, with what Dushee called the "spilins,"—sharpened boards driven down several feet into the river-bed,—had served to keep the water and those pioneers of the water, the eels, from finding their way under the dam.

It was the hardest part of their job. The spilings had been driven to stay; and they were nailed to the sill. The tops of some of them broke off, however, while the old, rusty nails in the rest gave way; then up came the heavy, water-soaked timber, one end first, and, slowly lifted and swung around, scarcely floating, went down the strong current after the stakes and planks.

So much the Tinkham boys had gained by making one superfluous enemy.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### TO RESCUE THE MUD-SILL.

AFTER the funeral, Mart and Lute stopped to do some business in town, while Letty and the three younger brothers hastened to take the first train for Tammoseet.

"I've the strangest feeling," Letty said, "that something is n't right with Mother."

"I don't see what can have happened to her," replied Rush. "But I can't help feeling skittish about the dam."

Starting to walk home from Tammoseet station, they were surprised to meet a number of people coming up the road, who gave them curious, excited looks. They hurried on, meeting more and more; and, passing the brow of the hill, saw two scattered throngs moving slowly up both shores of the river, converging at the bridge, and from there streaming off thinly, in groups and pairs, toward Tammoseet and Dempford.

"The dam! the dam!" exclaimed the boys, making a sudden onward rush.

All was over when they reached home. The last of the youngsters was slipping from the tree down the bank, on the summit of which the widow still stood, with gray head uncovered, propped upon her crutches.

"Mother! Mother!" Rush exclaimed, springing to her side before the rest. "What is it?"

She was very pale, but quite calm now, until his coming caused her emotions to surge up again.

"You see what has been done," she said, pointing at the spot where the dam had been.

He gave a savage cry of grief and rage.

"There's nothing to be said," she continued, checking a sob, "but much to be done. Where are the boys?"

"They are coming in a later train. Oh!" exclaimed Rush, his face in a spasm of fury and pain, "if we had only been here!"

"It's well you were not. Better suffer wrong, than to have killed some one, or have been killed yourselves. For I am sure one of these two things would have happened!"

"Something would have happened!" said Rush. "Oh! to think you were here alone! You saw it all?"

"I saw it all!"

"And do you know who did it?"

"How could I? There were only two faces I ever saw before—the Dushees."

Dick had already been discovered as he tumbled down the slope at sight of the boys; and Rupert and Rodman had been for giving him chase and throwing him into the river.

"Was the old reprobate here looking on?" demanded Rush.

"He was not only looking on, but you owe it to him that the mud-sill was torn up."

The wrong seemed too great to bear. Rush struggled with his bursting heart for a moment, then said:

"Never mind! this is n't the end! Bring the



clothes-line, boys! we'll save what we can. Letty, help Mother into the house!"

Letty, whom the boys had outrun, had now come up, and was clinging to her mother's side. Rush left them, and hurried down the path to the lower story of the mill, where he met our old acquaintance, the gray-coated Tammoset policeman.

The policeman smiled—not at all like one caught in bad business, but rather as if he had been engaged in some praiseworthy action.

"I think," he said, "you will find your property has been carefully protected. I have n't allowed anybody to go into the mill, or to damage anything."

Rush regarded him with wrathful amazement.

"Perhaps you expect some reward from us?"

"I don't ask it," replied the man in gray, bowing complacently, with a look which implied that a reward would not be unwelcome. "I have only done my duty. The dam had to go, you know. We've seen the last of that."

"The last of it?" echoed Rush, with angry scorn.

"The last of it!" the man in gray repeated, positively. "An injunction will be applied for at once, to prevent you from rebuilding it."

"Why did n't you have the mill torn away, too?" said Rush. "Don't you see it projects twenty feet into the river? It may be in the way of some nice little pleasure skiff, some time!"

He did not wait to hear the man's reply to this fierce sarcasm, but, having bent into a hook-like shape the end of a long iron rod which he found in the back shop, he hastened with it down the river, accompanied by Rupert with a pole and Rodman with the clothes-line.

They desecrated the mud-sill lodged in a bend, and some Argonauts in a boat poking one end of it, as if to set it afloat again.

"Let that timber alone!"

Rush sent his voice before him, while running with full speed. The Argonauts poked and pulled with their oars harder than ever.

"I warn you!" he shouted. "That timber belongs to me!"

As they did not desist, but seemed hastening to get the sill out of reach from the shore, he caught up a stone weighing three or four pounds, and, running up within hurling distance, flung it with all his might.

It struck the boat between wind and water, with a crash and a splash which sent the Argonauts paddling off in a hurry. Rupe and Rod, following along the shore, let fly smaller stones, one of which fell into the boat, while another went whizzing over two swiftly ducking heads.

"Thieves! robbers! cowards!" Rush shouted,

having first thrown the hook-like end of his rod over the timber. "You do your dirty work in the night-time, or when only women are at home, but you run from two or three boys! Come back here if you want your boat smashed!"

"We've nothing to do with you," a big-voiced Argonaut shouted back. "Our business was with the dam."

"My business is with the dam, too!" cried Rush. "I know you, Milt Buzrow; and if I see you touch one of those planks by the shore down yonder, I'll follow and stone your boat all the way to Dempford!"

Buzrow exhibited his courage by bellowing back some heavy threat; but for some reason he and his fellow-Argonauts did not think it worth their while to meddle with any of the drift-wood.

Rush called to his brothers, and with their help soon had the timber hauled alongside the bank.

"We won't try to get it home now," he said. "The tide will turn in a little while and help us. Stay here and hold on to it, while I go and borrow Mr. Rumney's boat."

He hurried back up the river to the bridge, crossed over, and found the farmer walking leisurely toward his barn. Rush did his breathless errand.

"My boat? What do you want it for?" Mr. Rumney replied, good-naturedly.

"Does it make any difference what I want it for?" Rush asked rather sharply, thinking his rustic neighbor was also in sympathy with the enemy.

"Wall, mabby!" said the farmer. "If you want it for any ordinary purpose, I say you can take it. But if you want it to save your timbers and put back your dam——"

"That 's just what I want it for!" said Rush, with headlong frankness.

"In that case, I don't care to stir up the prejudice of the Argue-nots agin' me. So I sha'n't say you can take it. But see here!" the farmer added, confidentially, as Rush was turning away in furious disgust; "if anybody should come and take the boat without leave, and never say I let 'em, they would n't be prosecuted. They'll find the oars behind the hen-house."

"Thank you," said Rush.

"Don't thank me, for I don't know nothin' about it, you know. I've seen how you boys have been treated, and I should n't blame ye if you took any boat you could lay hands on."

The farmer was entering his barn. But he now turned back and added:

"Or anything else, for that matter. By the way, did you know the Argue-nots are preparing to build a platform around the side of their boat-house? They've got the posts and lumber on the

spot. Don't tell anybody I said that to you, neither!"

"I don't see what that is to us," Rush replied. "Though they rob us of our dam, we can't go and steal their stuff in return."

"Of course not," said the farmer, with a broad and somewhat significant smile. "Of course not." And he entered the barn.

"He thinks we can destroy their property as they have destroyed ours," thought Rush, as he walked slowly back to the road. "And I am mad enough to! I should like to put a keg of powder under their boat-house, and blow it to the moon! Or sink the Commodore's yacht in the deepest part of the lake!"



"THE BRIDGE WAS THROGGED WITH PEOPLE."

For the first time in his life he felt how revengeful, how desperately wicked, even an honest, well-meaning boy could be when fired by wrong. He wanted to go that night, and, by the help of a match and a few shavings, send the new boat-house roaring up into the sky in a wild cloud of smoke and flame.

But he had a steadfast, prudent nature, which helped him to put all such evil fancies quickly out of his mind. Beside, he had something else to think of now.

He had not wished to be seen going directly from Mr. Rumney's barn to the boat. He therefore walked back to the bridge; then, appearing suddenly to change his mind, he leaped the fence, ran to the hen-house for the oars, and a minute later

might have been seen pushing off in the boat and rowing rapidly down the river.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THAT EVENING.

RUSH had taken his younger brothers on board, met the turning tide, and recovered much of the floating *débris*,—picking up the stakes and smaller pieces, and driving or towing the planks with the slowly backing current,—when Mart and Lute appeared, hurrying down toward the shore.

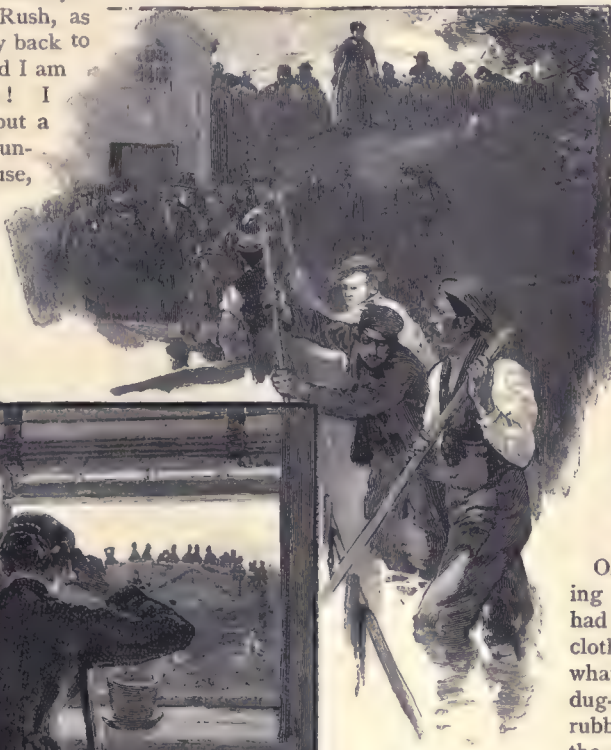
On reaching home and learning what had happened, they had made a hasty change of clothing, and Mart had put on what they called the "Dushee dug-outs"—a pair of enormous rubber boots, inherited from the former owner, and used, hitherto, chiefly in working about the dam in high water.

They came up to the hips, and, having been designed for much stouter limbs, they made the lank Martin look, as he waded into the river, as if he were walking in a pair of churns.

Not a word of the great disaster; but Mart simply said, "You're doing well, boys!" in quiet tones of approval, which it always did the younger ones good to hear.

No language, as Lute said afterward, would have done any sort of j-j-justice to the occasion. So, instead of wasting breath over the injury they had received, they set earnestly about repairing it.

The end of the clothes-line was passed on from Mart wading in the river to Lute on the shore; and boat and planks were towed back to the mill. There the fragments of the dam were heaped on



"A LINE OF MEN DEMOLISHING THE DAM."



the bank, and the mud-sill was also hauled up out of the water.

Bits of the spilings remained nailed to the side of the sill here and there. But they were few and small, the nails, when it was wrenched away, having in most cases broken, or been drawn through the soft boards—a fact which Lute observed with keen interest.

"What are the *spilings*?" Rod inquired.

Mart, who believed in explaining things to inquiring young minds, explained accordingly—the more willingly now, because he wanted the younger boys to understand the sort of work in which they might be required to assist.

"In building a dam of this kind, the first thing put in place is the mud-sill, laid level across the river-bed. Then all along by that, on the up-stream side, they drive a row of boards, set closely edge to edge, the tops left even with the top of the sill, and nailed fast to it. Those are the spilings, and they help hold the sill in place."

"Except when p-p-parties come and r-r-rip it out," suggested Lute, still studying and examining.

"The spilings are mainly useful," Mart went on, "to keep other parties, like muskrats and eels, from working under the dam. Eels are a kind of Argue-nots; they claim a right of way, and when they can't wriggle through or over, they try to burrow beneath."

"One little hole in the b-b-bed of the river," said Lute, "the water makes it bigger, and the first you know there's no b-b-bottom to your dam."

Mart then explained that the stakes were driven on the down-stream side of the sill, and that the boards of the superstructure rested on the edge of it, running lengthwise with the timber, and nailed to the stakes. The sill also served as a floor for the flash-boards to shut down on. All which the younger boys had some notion of before, and were to know pretty thoroughly by experience in future.

"Lucky for us the spilings were driven deep and half rotten," said Lute. "If they had n't been, they'd have p-p-pulled up. I believe we can get the mud-sill back and make 'em do for a t-t-time."

"We could, if the tops of so many had n't been broken," said Mart. "It will be hard fitting the pieces."

"We need n't fit the pieces," said Lute. "I've an i-d-d-dea."

As Lute's ideas were always worth listening to, the others listened intently.

"Dig a trench," he said, "and sink the mud-sill eight inches. That will cover the broken p-p-parts of the spilings, and the ragged ends left sticking up over it wont do any hurt."

"Capital!" Rush exclaimed. "The row of

spilings will guide us in digging the trench and replacing the sill."

Mart said nothing, but walked with a peculiarly earnest, expectant look, straight into the river, and began to feel his way among the spilings with his clumsy boots.

"I believe you're right, Lute!" he said. "If it was a time of low water, we could do it at ebb tide without any trouble."

The tide was but just coming up now, and yet, owing to spring rains, the water where he stood was nearly two feet deep.

"It's a bad-working job," said Rush, "with only one pair of Dushee's dug-outs among us! The water is awfully cold yet. I wish it was later in the season."

"We can build a temporary dam, just a light fence to keep the most of the water off, while we're at w-w-work," suggested Lute.

"If we had boards enough," said Mart.

"Plenty of b-b-boards."

"I don't see that. These old planks are so split and broken that only a few will do to use again. And though we have looked out for having boards enough on hand to rebuild the dam, we have n't enough for a temporary dam at the same time."

"Plenty of b-b-boards," Lute repeated, confidently. "Rip the siding off the sheds."

"So we can!" exclaimed Rush. "And put it back again when the temporary dam comes away."

But Mart raised objections.

"The old dam," he said, "was fifty feet long. The mill projects into the river twenty feet. That makes something like seventy feet from bank to bank. And the temporary dam would have to be three or four boards high, to keep the water from pouring over."

"I don't propose to build from bank to bank," Lute explained. "I would start the temporary dam at the corner of the mill, just above the permanent one, and run it across a little diagonally, to give us room to work between them."

"But the water will come tearing under, I know!" said Rush.

"Yes, it will b-b-bother us. But we can stop it with more boards, and relieve the pressure by letting it through the mill-sluice. That's one advantage of starting the temporary dam at the corner of the mill. It wont take long to drive stakes and string it across."

Still Mart objected, believing that the temporary dam would cause more trouble than it would save, and preferring to work in the water.

The difficulties in the way of either plan were formidable enough. The brothers were still arguing the question, when Letty came to tell them

that, for their mother's sake, they must come in to their supper, which had been a long while waiting.

"Well," said Mart, "it's so late we can't do much more, as I see; and we can talk over plans in the house as well as here."

The supper-table conversation, that evening, was wonderfully cheerful and quiet, considering the circumstances. The wrong which had been done them knit more closely the sympathies of mother and children; they were never before so united, hardly ever so happy. The spirits of the young men had risen to meet the emergency; their hearts had grown great.

"The more I think of it," said the widow, with glistening eyes, "the more thankful I am that you were not at home this afternoon. If you had been, we should not be sitting here together now, all safe and well, with clear consciences and sound limbs—I am sure we should not!"

"I am frightened when I think what might have happened!" said Letty. "What if one of you had been hurt, as I know you would have been, before the dam could ever have been torn out!"

"We should n't have looked on with our hands in our p-p-pockets," said Lute, soaking a crust of dry toast in his chocolate. "That is n't the T-t-tink-ham style."

"Or suppose you had hurt somebody else?" said the mother; "perhaps fatally, and were now in jail, with the terrible prospect of a trial! Oh! how much better we can afford to lose a little of our property, or even all, and begin the world again with clean hands. We have suffered a great wrong, but that is better than to have done even a little wrong. We won't complain of Providence as long as our hope and strength and love remain, and we are left to one another."

"I don't know what makes me so glad!" exclaimed Letty. "I never was so proud of my brothers. I never felt so sure that they would come out all right at last!"

"It's no use giving in to t-t-trifles," said Lute. "We mean to have our dam again, and k-k-keep it, next time."

"We've been pretty indulgent to the Argonauts," said Mart. "We've allowed them two chances at us—one when we were asleep and one when we were away. That's about enough. Now let 'em look out! Piece of gingerbread, please, Letty."

"How long will it take to rebuild the dam?" Letty asked, as she passed the dish.

Mart was explaining that it would depend upon circumstances, when Rush spoke up:

"That reminds me of what the policeman said—some nonsense about an injunction being applied for at once, to prevent our rebuilding it. They can't, can they?"

"Say it again," replied Mart. He paused, holding the gingerbread he was about to break, and listened seriously while Rush repeated the officer's words. "I don't exactly like that!" he drawled.

"Is there anything in it?" cried Rush, in a tone of alarm.

"I don't know, but that's very likely their game. Now the dam is torn away, the court may possibly clap on an injunction to prevent our rebuilding it. Then we may have to wait for a long course of law to decide the matter. I don't know about it; and while we are waiting to consult Mr. Keep, their trap may be sprung. I prefer to be on the safe side."

"What is the safe side?" Rush inquired.

"An injunction," said Mart, "is a writ to prohibit your doing something which somebody complains will damage public or private interests. Now, suppose, before such a writ is issued, the thing is done? That's what I call the safe side for us."

"You mean to rebuild the dam before we are ordered not to rebuild it!" said Rush. "But can we? The order may come to-morrow morning!"

"Yes, or a notice that it has been applied for. Then the rebuilding would be at our own cost and peril. Boys," said Mart, starting up, "we have n't a minute to lose!"

"No," said Lute! "There'll be a moon. We must w-w-work to-night!"

The brothers were on their feet in a moment, eager, even to the youngest, to begin the tremendous task of circumventing the enemies of the dam. Amidst the sudden clatter of chairs and clamor of voices, the mother uttered her remonstrance.

"Oh, boys," she said, "rest to-night and do your work to-morrow! That will be better, I'm sure."

"No, Mother!" replied Mart, with a quiet laugh. "To-morrow may be too late. We'll work to-night, and rest when our work is done."

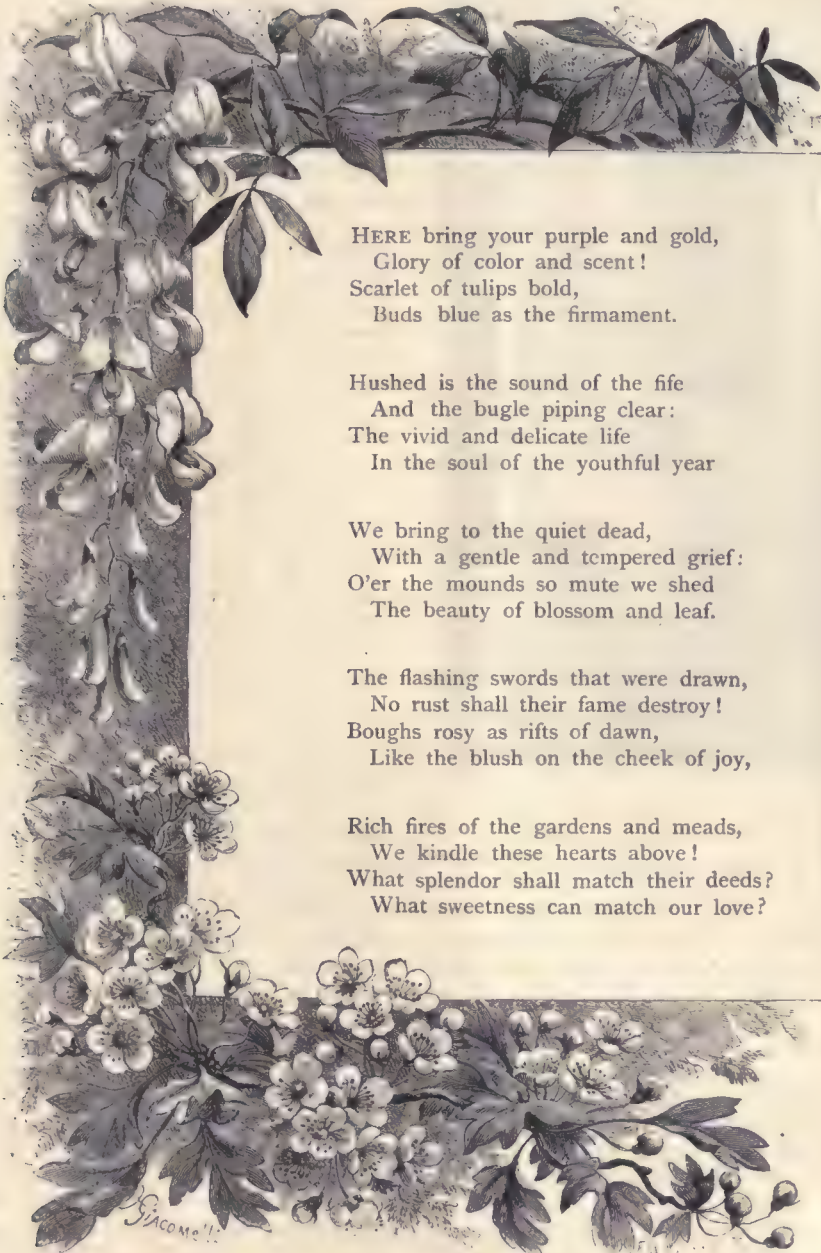
(To be continued.)



## FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

[Decoration Day, 1883.]

BY CELIA THAXTER.



HERE bring your purple and gold,  
Glory of color and scent!  
Scarlet of tulips bold,  
Buds blue as the firmament.

Hushed is the sound of the fife  
And the bugle piping clear:  
The vivid and delicate life  
In the soul of the youthful year

We bring to the quiet dead,  
With a gentle and tempered grief:  
O'er the mounds so mute we shed  
The beauty of blossom and leaf.

The flashing swords that were drawn,  
No rust shall their fame destroy!  
Boughs rosy as rifts of dawn,  
Like the blush on the cheek of joy,

Rich fires of the gardens and meads,  
We kindle these hearts above!  
What splendor shall match their deeds?  
What sweetness can match our love?

## HOW TOMMY WENT TO JAIL.

BY KATE B. FOOT.



It was a hot morning in early June. The sun shone brightly, the grass was very green, and the saucy little dandelions looked like dots of gold thickly sprinkled on the grass. It was all very bright and very pleasant, but Tommy got very tired of it all; so he thought he would go and see Carry Young, who lived just across the church lawn and the jail-yard, and in a house that was really part of the jail, for her father was the county sheriff.

So off he trudged,—a pretty little boy of five years, with blue eyes and yellow curls, wearing a brown Holland dress, with a straw hat planted on the back of his head,—a pailful of dandelions in one hand, and a wooden shovel in the other. He had a tussle with the latch of the gate, but at last he got out, and as soon as he had tugged up to the top of the church lawn, he saw Carry in the jail-yard, and he ran over, calling to her. She was

very glad to see him, and they played together for a long time, till Carry said she was tired and hot, and was going into the office to get cool. So they both went indoors. Tommy had never been in there before, because his mother had always said that he might play outdoors with Carry, but must not go into the house. But, this time, he had somehow forgotten that injunction.

The office was a queer room, with two doors that went outdoors, and two doors that went indoors, and two more doors that were not doors at all, but iron gates. Tommy went and looked through one of the gates, and thought it was the funniest place that he ever saw in his life, for there was a long, long entry and big windows on one side, and on the other many other iron gates—only they were little ones, not nearly so big as the one he was looking through. He pressed his face against the bars, and wondered what it was all for. When he turned around, Carry had gone, and Mr. Young was just seating himself.

"Would you like to go inside, Tommy?" said Mr. Young.

"Yes, sir," said Tommy.

So Mr. Young took down a big bunch of keys and opened the gate, and Tommy went in, and Mr. Young swung the big gate together behind him and locked it with a great jangling of keys. Then Tommy was scared, and he puckered up his forehead and mouth, and big tears came into his eyes. Mr. Young was watching to see what he would do, and seeing the tears, said, "Oh! I'll let you out whenever you want to come."

Then Tommy felt comforted, and concluded that he would go on and see what sort of a place he had got into—for this little boy was very curious, and always wanted to find out about things for himself. So he walked on to the first little gate, and there he saw a very little room with a bed and a chair in it, and on the bed was a man who seemed to be sound asleep. Tommy looked at him for a little while, but he did n't speak to him, because he felt sure he must have a headache, or some illness, to be lying down in the day-time. His mamma had headaches, and then nobody ever spoke to her; so he went on to the next gate.

There sat a man leaning forward, his eyes fixed on the floor, and he was thinking so hard that he did n't hear Tommy at all as he came softly up and stood still before him. The man had a sort of red cap on his head, and a long red dressing-



gown, with a cord and tassel around the middle. Tommy looked at him very hard, and then thought to himself, "He's as nice as my papa, and I guess he's a prince; they wear long red gowns and things."

The man sat very still, and Tommy looked at him for what seemed a long, long time, and then he said, "Good-morning, sir."

The man started so that Tommy jumped too, and dropped his shovel on the floor. But he need not have been scared, for the man had a pleasant face and a pleasant, kind voice, and, after looking at Tommy for a minute with very wide open eyes, he said: "Why, how did you get in here, and how do you do?"

"I'm very well," said Tommy. "Mr. Young let me come in. I play with Carry."

"Oh, you do!" said the man. "What do you play? And what's your name?"

"Oh, lots o' things. Carry and me has planted a garden. My name's Tommy. What's yours?"

"Mine?" said the man. "Well, I have n't any just now."

They chatted on for a minute or two, and then Tommy said: "Let me in there, I want to sit down."

A queer look came over the man's face. "I can't open the door," he said. "You sit down on the floor."

"Why can't you open it?" And Tommy looked very much puzzled.

"Because it's locked, and I have n't got the key," said the man; and then he said, half to himself, "Wish I had."

"I'll get the key," and Tommy turned to go back to the big gate.

"No, no," said the man, in a quick, sharp way, and Tommy looked at him, and was half scared again. But by the next minute the man looked as pleasant as he had at first, and so Tommy sat down on the floor in front of the gate, with his legs crossed in front, his little pail of fading dandelions on one side and his wooden shovel on the other, and, with a little dimpled hand on each knee, prepared to have a nice talk—for Tommy was a very sociable boy.

He looked at the man very intently for a minute, and then he said, with a solemn look in his big blue eyes, "Have you been naughty?"

The queer look came into the man's face again, and he said, "What makes you think so?"

"'Cause once I was naughty and my mamma shut me up all alone in the nursery, and I did n't have a nice door like this. I had a big, hard door, and I could n't see out at all, and I did n't like it. *Have* you been naughty—say?"

"Well," said the man, "yes; I'm afraid I have."

"Wont you be good if they'll let you out?" And Tommy looked very serious.

The man looked at Tommy. He looked at him so hard that Tommy could only stare back at him, wondering what made him look so, and then the man said slowly, "I don't know."

"Oh, yes, you'll be good. Now, *say* you'll be good, an' then you'll *mean* to be good, an' you can come out," said Tommy, and he shook his head so that the yellow curls on either side waved to and fro. The man did n't answer, and Tommy went on. "Now, you see, when my mamma shut me up I was an *awful* bad boy, 'cause I *bit* Ellen one day 'cause she would n't bring up and put on my shoes, an' my mamma she sat down by the door, an' she said if I'd say really I was going to be good I would be good, an' so I said *really* I was, an' she opened the door an' I came out, an' I'm a *real* good boy now. Now, *you* say you'll be good *really*, an' then I'll go tell my mamma, an' she'll open the door."

Just then a man came up, and, opening a tiny little door in the gate, handed the man a plate with something on it.

The man took it and put it on the floor. "Have some?" he said.

"No, thank you," said Tommy, looking scornfully at the plate. "That does n't look good like what we have. Don't you have chicken? We're going to have chicken to-day. I saw 'em when I came out."

"No; they don't have chicken here," said the man, and he pushed away the plate with his foot, as if he did n't like the look of it.

"Well, now, you're going to be good, are n't you?" and Tommy put on his most coaxing and winning air.

The man sat very still, and then he suddenly put his hand through the bars: "Yes," he said, "I guess I am going to be good. Shake hands on it."

Tommy jumped up in such a hurry that he spilled all the dandelions, and put his little hand in the man's big one, and put up his lips for a kiss, and when the man had kissed him, Tommy said, "Now I'll go and tell my mamma, an' she'll let you out." Then he picked up his pail and shovel, and said, "I guess I don't want those flowers. There's lots out in our yard," and then he stood still a minute looking at the man, who was looking straight at him. Presently Tommy opened his eyes and mouth wide. "Why!" he said, "you aint going to cry—you're too big. Mamma says *I'm* too big to cry."

"No," said the man; "I'm not going to cry." And yet Tommy was sure that big tears were in his eyes. The man put out his hand. "Shake hands," he said, "and come again some day."

"Why, yes!" said Tommy; "but they'll let you out now 'cause you're goin' to be good. I'll tell 'em. Good-bye. I'll come back right off." And so he went away to the big gate, passing the room where the man had been asleep. But he was sitting up then. "Good-morning," said Tommy, stopping a minute. The man lifted a sullen, cross face, and said, in a very cross voice, "Get out with you!" and Tommy, fairly scared this time, ran to the gate crying: "Oh, let me out! quick! let me out!" And Mr. Young let him out, and, before he could lock the gate again, Tommy was running home across the garden just as fast as his legs could carry him, and he never stopped until he got safely inside the kitchen-door.

And then he was busy with his dinner, and so busy after his dinner—for he went to the circus—that he quite forgot about his visit and the poor man that was locked up, until he was going to bed; then he said, "Oh! Mamma, they have such funny little beds in the jail; and, Mamma, I forgot to tell you, there's a man there,—an' he says he'll be *really* good,—an' wont you let him come out now?"

Tommy's mother looked very much surprised, and said, "Why, where *have* you been, my little boy?"

So, although Tommy was very sleepy, he told about his visit to the man. After Tommy had finished his story, his mother held him very tight in her arms for a minute, and then said, "But, Tommy, you know I said you must n't go into Carry's house."

"Well, I forgot," said Tommy—"I truly did, and I wont go any more; only, Mamma, do let him out, 'cause he's goin' to be good." Tommy was very, very sleepy, but he found time to wonder, before he fairly went off into dream-land, why his mother's eyes and mouth looked so queer when she leaned over and kissed him good-night.

"Just like crying," he thought, and, the next minute, was fast asleep. And at about the same time Mr. Young stood talking to the man in the jail.

"So you had a visitor this morning?"

"Yes," said the man, "and I spent the best half-hour with that little fellow that I've had since I took up my lodgings in this hole."

"Well, good-night," said Mr. Young, and he went on.

The man threw himself on his bed, but not to sleep; he tossed restlessly all night long, and through the long, narrow window opposite the door of his cell the very same stars looked in upon him that looked in on little Tommy, sound asleep in his crib. *He* lay flat on his back, with parted lips and rosy cheeks, one fat arm thrown over his head and one extended along his side, with his fingers

thrust out of the bars of his crib, that he might put out his hand to find his mother's if he should wake in the night.

A day or two after Tommy's visit to the jail, the man, with whom he had talked so innocently, and who called himself Williams, was taken to the court-room for trial. There was little to be said in his defense, and the evidence against him was strong. He was found guilty of robbing a safe, and so the judge sentenced him to five years at hard labor in the State-prison at Charlestown, Mass. He was taken there at once and put to work.

Now, this man had never worked in all his life. His father was a rich man, and had, for years, given him plenty of money to spend. But he got into bad company, partly because he always had plenty of money in his pocket, and when he fell in-

to bad company, his father refused to give him any more money, and turned him out of his house. And he had learned to think it easier to steal than to work; and one night he, with several other men, robbed a safe; and that was the way he got into prison.

He suffered dreadfully when he was shut up and made to work hard, and never allowed to walk out except in the dreary prison-yard. He tried very hard to escape, but he and all the other prisoners were too closely watched for that; and so after awhile he gave up trying to get away, and worked faithfully, partly because he was happier when he was very busy, and partly because he won the good-will of all the prison officers by so doing, and once in awhile obtained little favors from them, such as a little longer walk in the yard on Sundays, and, after awhile, work that was easier for him to do.

So two years went by, and one bright summer



"HE HALTED WITH HIS HAND ON THE LOCK."



day one of his fellow-prisoners came to him and told him of a plot among them which, if successfully carried out, would give him and several more the liberty they so longed for. But to carry out the proposed plot it was absolutely necessary to kill one of the prison officers; then they would take his keys, and, before the alarm could be given, get safely away.

What a temptation it was to Williams! He wanted so much to get out to breathe the free, fresh air again, for somehow the air even in the prison-yard did not seem fresh to him, and he was only there for such a little while every day. But to kill the turnkey!—That was a dreadful thing to think of even!—And yet there was no other way to get out, and he would be free—yes, he *would*. So he agreed to the plan, and the last night came. At the cell three doors below the one occupied by Williams the keeper was to be stabbed, and then within an hour twelve men would be free again.

It had been a very, very warm day; the air was close and heavy and sultry.

Williams lay on his bed, thinking "It is the last night," when he heard the turnkey coming down the corridor on his evening round of locking doors.

Every step took him nearer to death. Williams knew it, eleven other men knew it, and he knew that these men would if they could kill the man who should even offer to betray them. But the keeper came on, whistling a tune as he walked. The tune was commonplace enough, and worn threadbare by endless repetition in singing, whistling, and organ-grinding—only the old tune of "My Mary Ann"; but it saved his life.

For, as the keeper came whistling on, Williams listened, and then noiselessly sprang off his bed, while great drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead, although he no longer felt the heat, but seemed to have grown suddenly ice-cold.

He saw once more a little face looking in between the bars of his cell-door, and heard a sweet young voice that said, "Well, you're going to be good now?"

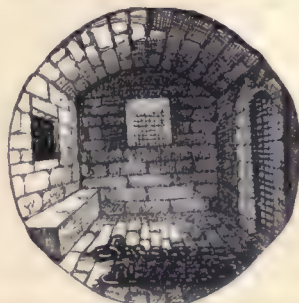
Why did he think of that little innocent face just at that moment? Because on that day when

Tommy had been to see him, and just after he had passed out of sight, with his yellow curls and big hat and faded dandelions, an organ-grinder in the street had stopped and played that tune, and he had heard it very faintly—but clearly enough to forever associate it with Tommy and his visit.

"Going to be good?" Yes, he had said he was "going to be good." And yet that very night he was going to be bad—aye, worse than he had ever been!

Tommy's little face grew more and more plain before his eyes. "Going to be good—going to be good now" seemed to be shouted in the air as Williams stood leaning against the wall of his cell. The keeper came on; he was the next cell but one above—at the next—at Williams's own; in a second he would be gone—it would be too late. He had already shot the bolt and turned the key, when Williams, standing in the shadow, with his finger on his lips, whispered, "Stop!" He did not dare to show himself at the grating, but again he whispered "Stop!" The keeper heard, and halted with his hand on the lock, bending his head slightly to listen, while Williams, tremblingly and half under his breath, told him all the truth. Then, as the low whisper ceased, the keeper stared wildly for a moment, but, recovering himself, said aloud, in careless tones, "I'll get it for you," and with a quiet, steady step walked back the way he had come.

There was nothing strange in that, for he often went back for a book or to attend to some question of a prisoner, as it was his last round for the night; and so the men, farther down the hall, who were in the plot thought nothing of it, and waited. But when he came back there was a tread of many feet, and he had brought a strong guard with him. The eleven men were put in solitary confinement, and Williams received from the governor of the prison his most hearty thanks. Within a month he was pardoned out and once more free, and he really did become a good man. He went away to a foreign country, where no one knew his story, and from that day to this he has led a perfectly upright life. And this is what came of Tommy's visit to the jail; and the story is a true one.





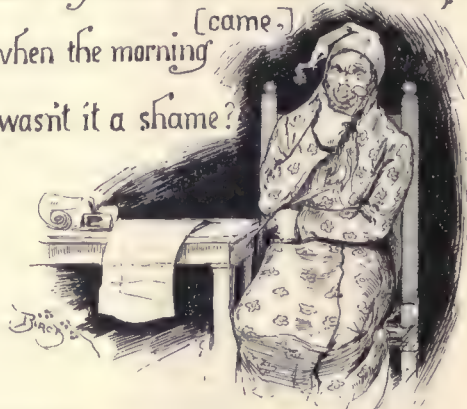
And then I slept contentedly.  
I couldn't recollect a word!



Here was a dignified old bard, the chief of whose delights  
Was to think of pretty poems as he lay awake o' nights  
I once composed an ode," said he, "that no one could eclipse,  
Which would have caused my name to be forever on men's lips,

but, when the morning <sup>(came)</sup>

Now wasn't it a shame?



## THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD.\*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM HOLDS A GREAT ARCHERY MEETING.

AS THE days flew past, the happy yeomen of the greenwood spent most of the time in hunting. They roved through the shady forests, with their strong bows in their hands, killing many fine deer and a great number of birds. Their bowstrings twanged musically at every shot, and their feathered arrows fairly whistled through the air.

Meantime, the Sheriff of Nottingham issued a proclamation inviting all the good bowmen of the country to meet on his field for a grand day of target-shooting. He offered as the principal prize a silver arrow, feathered and pointed with gold. Hearing of this, Robin Hood called his men together, and bade them get ready to attend the meeting and contest for the splendid prize. This delighted the jolly yeomen, and they at once set to selecting their best bows and arrows, and their gayest hoods and kirtles for the occasion. Nor did

they fail to practice at the distances to be shot, so as to be able to do themselves credit at the match.

It must have been a pleasing sight when Robin and his men set out for Nottingham. The company numbered one hundred and forty strong and comely fellows, the best archers in the world, all dressed in uniforms of green, and bearing bows of yellow yew that shone in the sun like gold. They were confident of success, and sang merry ballads of life in the greenwood as they marched along.

When they reached Nottingham, they found a broad, level field set with rows of butts one hundred yards apart. Against these butts, or walls of sod, were placed the marks at which the archers were to shoot. The proud Sheriff was there superintending the proceedings, surrounded by a large number of his boldest followers and best bowmen.

Robin and his yeomen marched into the field, relying upon the Sheriff's oath for protection from harm.

The bugles sounded gayly, calling the archers to their places to begin the merry contest. Bows began to bend, and bowstrings to ring, and ar-



rows to fly, well aimed at the shining white willow wands which served for the marks. Robin Hood's very best archers were five in number: Little John, Much, Gilbert of the white hand, Reynold, and Scathelock. They beat every bowman on the field, save Robin himself, who split the wand at every shot. The Sheriff stood by the butt at which Robin aimed, and watched his shooting with admiration and amazement. The stalwart archer's arm was as steady as a rock, and his eye as sure and keen as an eagle's. When he would raise his bow to shoot, every one would pause to note his movements. Steadily he would

have broken your oath to me! When I had you in my power I did not thus treat you! I fed you and let you go. I have depended on your oath and your honor, and you have proven false. Shame upon you!"

By this time, all Robin's men had formed in a body and began retreating toward the forest, showering their arrows upon their enemies as they went. Little John could not walk—he was so hurt—and was about to fall into the

Sheriff's hands, when Much, the miller's powerful son, picked him up and carried him, occasionally putting him down to launch an arrow at the pursuers.

The Sheriff was determined to take Robin Hood, dead or alive. He roused all his men and followed closely. The good yeomen were greatly outnumbered, and there was danger of their spending all their arrows.

While Robin was thus sorely



ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MEN  
TAKE REFUGE IN THE CASTLE.

draw back the cord of his powerful yew bow until the feather of his arrow touched the tip of his right ear, then an instant's pause for aim, and, with a "twang," away would fly the whizzing arrow, to strike the very center of the mark a hundred yards away! No one could compare with him. He won the silver arrow, which he received from the hand of the Sheriff.

It was now growing late, and Robin called his company together to depart for the greenwood, when suddenly horns began to blow on all sides, and the Sheriff and his villainous followers attacked our yeomen, with intent to kill or capture them all. An arrow struck Little John in the knee, wounding him severely.

"Treason! Treason!" cried Robin Hood, shaking his bow at the treacherous Sheriff. "You

pressed, he suddenly came in sight of a strong castle situated in the edge of the forest. This was the home of the knight to whom Robin had lent the four hundred pounds. He was called Sir Richard at the Lea. The gentle and honorable knight was glad to do Robin and his men a good turn, so he took them into his castle and closed the gates, and would not let the Sheriff in. The latter tried to take the castle by siege; but, find-

ing this impossible, he withdrew his men and went off to appeal to the King.

In the meantime, Robin and his merry men returned to the greenwood, after receiving bountiful kindness from the grateful knight.

About this time Edward I. had succeeded Henry III. on the throne of England, and it was to him that the proud Sheriff went to appeal. The King said that in a short time he should be coming up to Nottingham, when he would capture both Robin Hood and the knight Sir Richard at the Lea.

The Sheriff was very angry when, on returning from his interview with the King, he found that Robin Hood and his men had again taken to the greenwood, but he dared not do anything until he was sure of success. So he set about watching for a chance to take Sir Richard at the Lea by surprise, which he succeeded in doing one day when the knight was out hawking. He ordered his men to bind poor Sir Richard upon a horse, and so took him in disgrace along the streets of Nottingham. But Sir Richard's wife hastened into the greenwood, and informed Robin Hood of what had befallen her husband. Then Robin blew his bugle, and his sevenscore of yeomen hastened to gather around him. They were eager to rescue the gentle knight, whom they greatly loved. They bent their tough yew bows, and filled their baldrics with arrows. The greenwood echoed with the murmur of their voices and the sounds of their preparations for the coming attack.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FIGHT AT NOTTINGHAM.

THE proud Sheriff rode along the streets of Nottingham, his trumpeters blowing their trumpets in sign of triumph, because he had captured the gentle knight, Sir Richard at the Lea, and the King's archers rode along with him, treating the poor, bound prisoner with great cruelty and contempt.

"Now, if I could get Robin Hood," said the Sheriff, "I should be happy."

Scarcely had he spoken, when there came the sound of more than sevenscore bowstrings twanging at once, and immediately a flight of arrows along the street struck down a number of his men. Turning about, he saw Robin Hood and his company charging down upon him with loud cries.

The Sheriff, though dishonorable and mean, was not a coward. He drew his sword, and forthwith prepared to attack Robin Hood.

"Stop!" cried Robin, drawing his bow; "stop and speak with me. What did the King say when you went to him?"

But the proud Sheriff did not deign to answer him, nor to stop when he bade him. Flourishing his sword he still advanced. And then it was that Robin Hood let fly an arrow, killing him on the spot.

The gentle knight was soon released from his bonds, and went with Robin and his men to dwell in the greenwood, until such time as it should be safe for him to return to his castle. He was given a bow and arrows, and was taught all the ways of the merry forest yeomen.

The hunting season came on, and the sevenscore archers, with Robin and the gentle knight, roamed from grove to grove and made great slaughter of the deer. They feasted under the greenwood tree, and had a merry time; but they never forgot to help and protect the poor. Whenever they heard of a husbandman who was oppressed by the rich, they went to him, and gave him money and gifts of venison.

Meantime, King Edward came to Nottingham with a strong company of brave knights and finely equipped soldiers. He was very angry when he found that his Sheriff had been killed; wherefore he at once confiscated the estates and goods of the gentle knight, and began scouring the woods to capture Robin and his men. In the wood called Plompton Park, he discovered that his deer had nearly all been slain by the merry bowmen. This doubled his wrath, and he offered to give all the gentle knight's land to whoever would smite off the head of Sir Richard at the Lea and bring it to him. But the presence of the King at Nottingham could not frighten Robin, nor could the King and all his troops keep the yeomen from killing the deer, the pheasants, and the other game in the forest and streams.

Edward I. was not, in Robin Hood's estimation, a bad king. The outlaw had been desirous of making a friend of him ever since he had come to the throne—a friendship which had been prevented by the Abbot of Saint Mary's and the Sheriff of Nottingham. On the other hand, Edward was a great admirer of bravery, and looked upon the prowess and exploits of Robin and his men through the rosy mists of a fervid imagination.

It was not long before the King and the master yeoman met in the greenwood under most romantic circumstances, as we shall see in a later chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ROBIN HOOD AND THE CLOUTED BEGGAR.

ROBIN HOOD sometimes did wrong, and at such times, as is usually the case with those who willfully misbehave, he received evil in return.



One day, he met a strange-looking beggar in the road. The fellow was covered with many thick-nesses of rags, or clouts; in fact, his cloak was so patched and repatched that, in its thinnest part, it was more than twenty-fold. His hat was really three hats put together so as to form one heavy covering for his head. He carried a sack of meal swinging from his neck by a leather strap, fastened by a strong buckle.

It was near night-fall when Robin stepped out of the woods, and called to the beggar to stop and

aside your ragged old cloak and offer no further resistance. Untie your sack, and let me see what is in it, and, if you make any noise, I will see what effect a broad-headed arrow can have on a beggar's hide!"

But the beggar only grinned at the outlaw, and very quietly said:

"You 'd better let me alone. I 'm not afraid of your bent stick and little pointed shafts, which are only fit for pudding-skewers. If you offer me any harm, I 'll baste you till you 'll be glad to let me go."



THE CLOUTED BEGGAR GETS THE BETTER OF LITTLE JOHN AND SCATHELOCK.

talk awhile with him. But the clouted tramp paid no heed to his words, and walked right on as if he had not heard.

"Stop when I speak to you!" cried Robin, growing angry.

"I wont do it," responded the beggar, quite boldly. "It is some distance to where I lodge, and I don't care to miss my supper."

"Lend me some money," jeeringly cried Robin. "I must have supper, too."

"I 've no money for you," responded the beggar, gruffly. "You are as young as I, and you seem lazy and good-for-nothing. If you wait for your supper till I give you money to buy it, you 'll be apt to fast the rest of the year!"

This last speech made Robin very angry.

"If you have but one farthing," he exclaimed, "I 'll take it from you. So you may as well lay

Robin at once flew into a towering passion, and bent his bow to shoot the beggar; but, before he could draw an arrow, the clouted tramp struck at him with his oak staff and knocked his bow into splinters. Robin drew his sword; but, before he could use it, the beggar struck his sword hand, disabling it, and knocking the weapon away. Poor Robin was in a bad fix. The sturdy vagrant now fell upon him, all defenseless as he was, and belabored him mightily. He basted his head, his shoulders, his back, his legs, till at last Robin fell down senseless.

"O fie! stand up, man! Don't lie down to sleep this time o' day! Wait till you get my money, and then go to your tavern and be merry!" shouted the beggar, in derision; and thinking Robin was dead, he trudged on his way, not caring a whit for what he had done.

Shortly after, Little John, Much, and Scathelock came up to where Robin lay. He was moaning and writhing, the blood flowing freely from his basted head. They poured cold water on his face, chafed his hands, and finally restored him to consciousness.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with a deep sigh, "I never before was so thrashed. It is forty years that I have wandered in the greenwood, but no man ever so mauled my back as has that beggar whom you see trudging away up the hill yonder. I did not think he could do me any harm, but he took his pikestaff and beat me so that I fear I never shall be well again. If you love me, you will run and catch him and fetch him back to me. But beware of his staff: get hold of it first, or he'll pound the life out of all of you."

"Never fear," said Little John; "Scathelock and I will take him. Much may stay and take care of you."

So the two seized their bows and ran after the beggar, who was leisurely pursuing his way over the distant hill. They did not go along the road, however, but took a route through the woods, and, running very fast, got ahead of their victim and hid on each side of the road. When the beggar came on they sprang out, Little John catching hold of his staff and Scathelock holding a drawn dagger before his breast.

"Give up your staff, or I'll slay you on the spot!" cried Scathelock.

The beggar let go his staff, which Little John stuck in the ground hard by.

"Don't kill me!" cried the beggar in a whining voice. "I never did you harm."

"You have nearly killed our master, who lies

back yonder by the road," exclaimed Little John. "Come along with us, that he may give you your sentence!"

"Now," said the beggar, assuming a different tone, "I know you are honest fellows, and do not wish to harm me for acting in self-defense. If you will let me go, I will give you a hundred pounds in good money which I have in my bag."

To this proposition Little John and Scathelock agreed. It was a wicked thing; for they intended to get his money and then take him all the same. So they bade him count out the money.

The beggar took off his cloak and spread it upon the ground. Then he unslung his meal-bag and put it in the middle of the cloak. Little John and Scathelock drew close, to see him count out the good money. As they did so, the beggar thrust his two hands into the bag, and taking up a lot of meal in each he dashed it into the eyes of Little John and Scathelock. They were blinded so that they could do nothing but dance about and rub their faces. The beggar quickly seized his staff and began thrashing them terribly. He rapped them over the head, he basted their backs, he belabored their broad shoulders till the woods resounded with the heavy blows.

As soon as they could escape, Little John and Scathelock took to their heels and ran.

It was with great shame that they returned to Robin and reported the result of their adventure. The chief laughed at them, and they all three felt in their hearts that they had got no more than they had deserved. They had broken their rules in attacking a poor man, and had been soundly punished in turn.

(To be continued.)

## AN ARGUMENT.

BY KATHARINE R. MCDOWELL.

SAID Ted: "I've brought my father's boots—  
He wants to have them mended."

The cobbler laid aside his awl

And to the boy attended.

"Vot vill he haf?" the cobbler asked—

"Are dey half-solt to be?"

"Half-soled?" said Ted, with wondering eyes—

"Half-soled? Why, let me see."

He stood in thought, and then ere long,

With brightening face, began:

"I do not think so, sir, because

He 's called a *whole-souled man*!"



Four-owls-upon-a-limb  
 Sat-dozing-in-a-row  
 Four-little-maidens  
 Stood-scolding-Just-  
 below.

You-ought-to-be-ashamed  
 Said-they-  
 You-lazy-Owls-  
 To-sleep-all-day.



Four-little-maidens  
 With-round-frightened  
 eyes,  
 Four-owls-upon-the-sill  
 Looking-wondrous-wise  
 Do-you-mean-said-they  
 In-tones-polite-  
 To-say-you-really-  
 SLEEP-ALL-NIGHT?



## THE BAPTIST SISTERS.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

SKYVILLE is very up and very down; in fact, there is nothing but ups and downs in the village.

Around about it, hills arise on hills, with the result that the sky always seems a trifle smaller in Skyville than anywhere else.

Where so many hills are, hollows

Morehouse. He was the old inhabitant of the region; all the houses to the right of him and to the left of him were new, and the long streets going down into the village were new, with new houses, and nearly every house with new-comers in it: for Skyville was growing—growing very fast, the local newspapers claiming five hundred new families in less than a year.

The old Morehouse homestead had sheltered more than forty rogues in its day, but the forty rogues had resolved themselves into forty good citizens, and only one specimen of the roguish race was left, in Ora Arabella, aged ten and a half, and



must be; and in a long and crooked hollow to the northward of the village lies the lake—a clear, deep, winding-in-and-out sheet of water, nearly two miles long, and at no point more than a furlong or two wide.

An old highway runs along the height about fifty feet above the lake. From this highway three streets struggle down the long hill village-ward, until sharply met by the next hill going up.

In the farm-house on the highway,—old and wide and strong, and flanked by barns, store-houses, corn-crib, and windmill,—lived Farmer

grand-daughter of the Old Inhabitant. Now Ora Arabella was a quaint little maiden, with a wonderfully strong affection for Alta Maud, a lesser maiden, who lived in one of the new houses on one of the new streets.

Ora Arabella and Alta Maud were, in reality, not even cousins, but they always said (either one or the other) "We are Baptist sisters." This very odd relationship arose one Sunday, when the children were mere infants, in a church in the city



of Hartford, through the rite of baptism; and as they grew older they laid claim to each other, and told the children and their teacher, when they moved to Skyville, "We are sisters."

"Why don't you live together, then?" they were asked. Their invariable reply, "'Cause we are *Baptist* sisters," mystified and awed the children, while it greatly pleased the teacher.

I regret to write it, but the spirit of reverence was so slight in the young Skyvillains that they shortened the names Ora Arabella Morehouse and Alta Maud Whittlesey to Ora Bap and Alta Bap. "Bap! Bap!" new-comers would question, when they first heard this queer appellation. "That is a new name in this region. Where *did* the Baps come from?"

Now, Ora had a snug little fortune, all her own, that had been left to her by her father, and her grandfather was her guardian. Ora herself would have divided every penny she had with her Baptist sister: for the Whittleseys had met with sore misfortune, losing thereby all their possessions. The family had come to Skyville to begin life anew. The father and three sons worked in a great mill. Even the mother and Alta Maud helped by taking work home from the mill to do, by which they could add sometimes seventy-five cents and sometimes a dollar a day toward paying for the bright new house that had been built for them by one of the mill-owners. The Whittleseys were fired by but one ambition—to get the house paid for. Everything was going on prosperously to that end; the house was nearly paid for, when—But I must wait a little, to tell what did happen.

Grandfather Morehouse intended to be very wise and very economical with Ora's money; but he had a way, common with grandparents, of indulging the little elf almost to the extent of her wishes.

One day in June, Ora made known her wish for a boat. It must be just large enough, but none too big, to hold her Baptist sister and herself; it must be very light blue, with a gold edge, and one oar must have a blue blade, and one a golden blade, both with white handles, and "Ora" was to be put in gold letters on the blue blade, and "Alta" in silver letters on the gold blade. "And Grandpa," she added, "the name of the boat is to be 'The Baptist Sisters.'"

"Ora," said Mr. Morehouse, "do you know what the boys will call your boat?"

"'The Bap,' of course," said Ora; "but we don't care, not a bit, if only that we have the boat."

"And you really think I am going to order such a grandiose affair for you?—do you, child? Have you any idea of the cost of a gew-gaw like that?"

"I don't know what grandiose means exactly, Grandpa, but look here," and the child tugged out

of a small pocket in her dress a catalogue from a boat-building establishment, profusely illustrated with cuts of boats, and containing glowing descriptions of the same.

"Here's my boat! Just fifty dollars, Grandpa, only, maybe, 't would be a little more with the gold painting on it. I found this up by the boat-house on the lake. I suppose it was lost by some of the gentlemen who came up from New York to fish."

Grandpa Morehouse put the little book into his pocket and walked off toward the big corn-field, without saying another word.

That was in June. The fifteenth of July was Ora's eleventh birthday. Vacation began on the Saturday before "The Fourth," so that there had been about two weeks of it when the time came.

Alta was at work in the morning of that day out under a quince-bush—the only thing about the new house that gave shade; and that was there rather by accident than through any care or foresight of the Whittleseys.

Ora went in search of Alta, and begged her to come out and play.

"You *must* come," she said.

"But my work!" replied Alta. "I'm trying so hard to earn fifty cents to-day. I shall have earned thirty when I have finished this card."

"It's too bad you have to do it at all; and just to-day, Alta—come away for to-day, and stay with me to dinner. Where is your mother? Let me ask her," pleaded Ora.

"No! no!" cried Alta. "Please don't say one word about it. Come back here, and I will tell you something. On Saturday, Papa is going to make a payment on this house, and we have all been trying, as hard as we can, to make up two hundred dollars. Father and the boys were counting it all up, and they wanted ten dollars more. Mother and I never said one word, but we meant all the time to surprise them by having a ten-dollar bill ready for them that day. Don't you see?—And we can't do it without working every minute?"

"Really?" exclaimed Ora, with sudden enthusiasm. "What is the use of birthdays when houses are to be paid for? Give me a thimble and let me help. I can sew on buttons."

"I have only this thimble, Ora, and Mother's is a great deal too large for you."

"Then, I'll run up home and fetch mine, and sew with you," said Ora.

As the one young girl sped up the hill, the other one never lifted her eyes from her work, but steadily sewed button after button on the white cards, until she had fastened six dozen of them in place. "Dear me!" she sighed at last. "Here I have been working away—two dozen on a card,

six cards to a gross, and all for four cents. *It takes seven thousand five hundred stitches to earn one dollar!* But we must n't give up, and we shall have such a good time when we hand the money over to Father and the boys."

Alta did not see Ora come tearing down the hill, her hair flying, her collar loose, her face fairly glowing with some new excitement, but she did hear her voice crying joyously:

"Oh, come—come home with me! It's come! It's come!"

"What's come?" questioned Alta.

"Oh, my boat, my boat! And, Alta Whittlesey, I say you are to come this minute and see it! Here! Grandpa gave me this, and you are going to have it to help make out. See? Catch it!" And a big silver dollar jingled among the buttons. "I never even stopped to take one look at the boat; did n't want to see it till you did. Come, come!" Ora was dancing up and down, and just bubbling over with the joy of anticipation.

"Ora!" cried Alta. "I sha'n't take your money—your birthday gift."

"Yes, you will," affirmed Ora; and the controversy went on until it was finally decided by Ora, who impetuously flung the silver dollar into the well, saying, "*Now*, it may stay there until somebody needs it enough to go down and get it."

Ten minutes later, the Baptist sisters were hurrying up the height, hand in hand, to see the new boat. It had arrived during the time of Ora's first visit to Alta, and the child's unexpected return for a thimble (which was utterly forgotten) disappointed Mr. Morehouse, who wished Ora to have her first sight of the boat after it had been launched. It had been brought in an ox-cart up the hills from the railroad station in the valley. When the two girls reached the farm-house, ox-cart, boat, and all had gone on to the lake.

It was but two minutes' run down the hill to the lake's edge, and so on to the place where the boat lay. It was ready for the final shove that sent it into the water, and they were in time to see it go, and to behold, in golden letters on its stern, the words, "*The Baptist Sisters*"—a name that had puzzled the boat-makers greatly. Ora was so pleased and glad that she seized her Grandfather's hand and kissed it.

Mr. Morehouse remarked that, if Ora and Alta were sisters, why, then, they must both be his grandchildren, whereupon Alta seized his other hand and kissed that. Then it was suddenly discovered that the bonny blue boat, with the golden-bladed oars, could not be used that afternoon, because it leaked a little, and must stay in the water a day or two until the seams closed.

After that, Alta and Ora decided to spend the

afternoon in the boat-house, sewing on buttons. The afternoon was warm and bright and lovely; the lake was lightly stirred by the breeze that came over it, and busy young hands made haste to earn the pennies, until, suddenly, from the depths of the village below, came up to them the screech of the great brass-mill whistle, followed by the sound of the clock-shop gong; and then all the lesser steam-tongues and bell-tongues of the town were set agoing, to tell that six o'clock had come.

Alta and Ora went home to tea, and, after that, they met once more just as the sun was sinking and the shadows had settled down on the lake. They had come to say good-night, and to take one more look at the graceful blue boat rocking itself to sleep—home-sick, perhaps, but still rocking itself into the shadows of night.

"It's too bad, Ora, and I feel very sorry about it," said Alta, at the farm-house gate, "that I have n't done one single thing to make it pleasant for you to-day."

"Oh, yes, you have," said Ora. "You have given me the pleasure of planting a silver mine in a well, as well as of earning a few pennies for you. Was n't it fourteen cents I earned to-day? You wait until I am of age, and then see what I will do."

"Just ten years!" laughed Alta. "Why, you may be married before then. I don't think I had better wait, do you? Good-night. It looks as though we were going to have a thunder-shower. I must hurry home." And the Baptist sisters kissed each other good-night—Alta passing under the creaking blades of the windmill, and Ora entering the old farm-house door, with a vague, hungry feeling in her heart for a real sister, who could stay all night and every night with her.

Grandmother Morehouse and Aunt Matilda had been making butter that afternoon. They were sitting in the gloaming on the veranda overlooking the lake, and watching the gathering clouds in the west, when Ora went in search of them.

"It will be a dark night," said Mrs. Morehouse.

"It looks ugly," said Miss Matilda. "We will go in."

They went in and closed the doors. Meanwhile, up from the great brass-mill had come Mr. Whittlesey and his sons. This was Friday night, and on the morrow the payment was to be made. After supper was over, Mrs. Whittlesey and Alta sat down to count over their week's work, and Mr. Whittlesey read the morning paper. The boys went upstairs, having said good-night, and the house was very still.

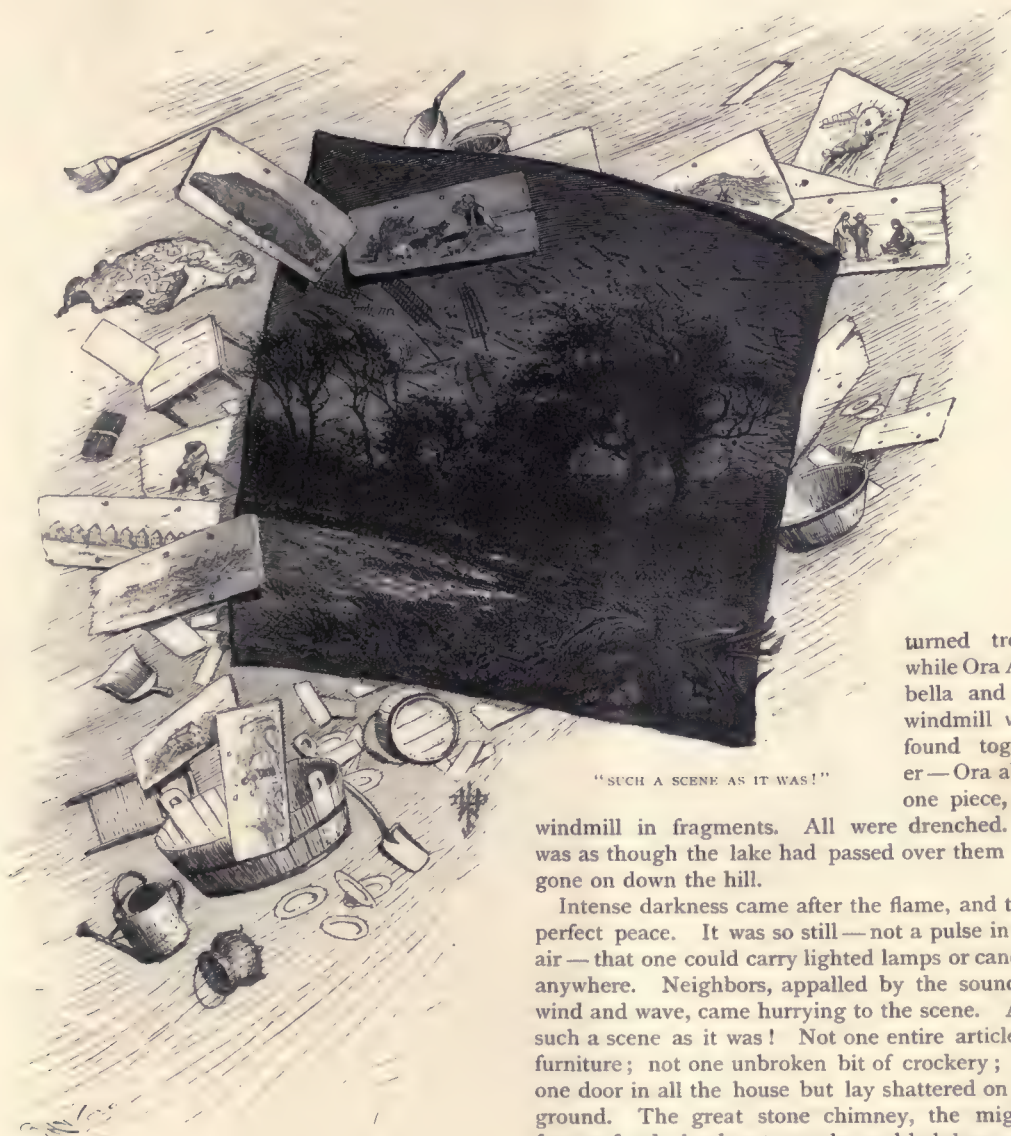
There were ten houses on that fifteenth of July on one of the streets leading down from the farm-house to the village. Eight of the houses had barns



belonging to them. The Whittleseys lived in the third house. In the ten houses were forty-six persons, at the very moment that Ora and her Aunt Matilda, standing by a window looking down upon the lake, saw it become, as it were, a sea of fire. Suddenly, it was "lifted up and opened out

into shreds as fine as hair, and their branches braided together like the strands of a cable.

Farmer Morehouse came to himself in the midst of his pig-pen; Mrs. Morehouse was found under a feather-bed, unharmed; Miss Matilda returned to consciousness across the field, in the midst of up-



"SUCH A SCENE AS IT WAS!"

in mountain waves of flame," that rolled into sound—an awful sound—ten thousand sounds; and then the house seemed caught up—*was* caught up into flame and wind and wave, and dashed into fragments. Old, old elm-trees had their hearts torn

turned trees; while Ora Arabella and the windmill were found together—Ora all in one piece, the

windmill in fragments. All were drenched. It was as though the lake had passed over them and gone on down the hill.

Intense darkness came after the flame, and then perfect peace. It was so still—not a pulse in the air—that one could carry lighted lamps or candles anywhere. Neighbors, appalled by the sound of wind and wave, came hurrying to the scene. And such a scene as it was! Not one entire article of furniture; not one unbroken bit of crockery; not one door in all the house but lay shattered on the ground. The great stone chimney, the mighty frame of oak, lay burst asunder and helpless; the very stones of the old cellar were loosened from the foundation.

As, one by one, the members of the family gathered in sorry plight, dripping fragments of garments clinging to them, conscious only of the glad fact that they were saved alive, the news began to

be brought up the hill that Peter Brown's house was gone — and the widow Blim's — and the Whittleseys'; and then up came Will Whittlesey with the astonishing news that there was n't a house left on the street, nor a barn, nor a horse, nor a cow, nor anything but a few stumps of trees; the folks had been blown out of the houses, but nobody killed, he believed; he could assure Ora that Alta was all right, anyhow.

Such a night as it was! Skyville had seen the hills above it wrapped in flame and had heard the cyclone's awful voice, and it hurried to the scene in the dead stillness of the July night, to offer aid and sympathy to the suddenly houseless families.

While the Morehouse group was still clinging together, the women weeping convulsively, and Mr. Morehouse and the farm-men anxious to see what had become of the cattle, a curious sound, smothered and unreal, crept through a mass of hay near by. Vigorous hands sought out the source, and found that a cow lay beneath. Being released, the creature got up and walked away into the corn-field, with no fence to hinder.

Only three persons out of the forty-six that were within the ten houses had received serious injury. Wonderful, indeed, had been the escapes.

Ora and Alta went to different parts of the town to sleep that night, and did not meet until the next morning. It was very early, not more than half-past three in the July dawn, when the owners of the late houses were astir on the premises, seeking out whatever of value the wreck might have in keeping for them. Such a sight as it was! Looking up the hill from below, there was nothing to be seen but eighteen piles of what appeared to be firewood.

Ora and Alta were up before five, and, both hurrying at once to the scene of the tornado, they met at the foot of the hill. They rushed together and kissed each other, Alta gasping, "Is n't it just awful?" and Ora crying, "What *shall* we do?"

"I would n't mind so much about the house and the money that was to be paid to-day, and everything," whimpered Alta, "if it was not for Mamma."

"What is the matter with her?" asked Ora, anxiously.

"Why, did n't you hear?" said Alta, keeping back her tears with difficulty. "She went out too near the seeding-machine, and it fell on her and cut her dreadfully. Dr. Carson has her all wrapped up in bandages, and says she must n't move for ever so long. But everybody has been so kind to take us in and give us everything we need, that I don't feel nearly so bad about it as I did at first. And, Ora Morehouse, *don't* tell anybody, but

just look at my foot. I would n't tell of it, 'cause the others had so many hurts." Alta sat down beside a great pile of hay by the roadside and drew off her boot. Her stocking was stiff with blood, and her foot black and swollen, as she held it up to the gaze of Ora.

"You shall come with me up to Deacon Pratt's this very minute, and Aunt Matilda will do it up for you. You ought n't to take a single step on it," advised Ora.

"Hello, there! You, Alta! Did you save that foot out of the tornado?" asked Tommy Glade, suddenly making his appearance from around the hay-pile.

"Are n't you ashamed of yourself, Tommy?" cried Ora. "To make fun of us, just because your house was left!"

"Well," said Tommy, "our barn was n't left, anyhow, for this is all there is of it—this lot of hay. And, if you'll believe it, a carpet that was tight down on Polly Green's sitting-room floor went right through on the very tip-top of the tornado; and where do you suppose it is now?"

"Where is it?" questioned Alta and Ora, in the same breath.

"As sure as I live and breathe, girls, that carpet is wrapped around John Stone's chimney, a mile and a half over the hills across yonder. Well, Alta Whittlesey, your foot did get a bang," he went on.

"Did you see the wind coming?" asked Ora of Tommy.

"See it coming!" laughed the boy. "I heard it, after it had gone. I just looked out, and everything was all fire; the air was burning up, and then things went bang!—bang!—bang!—as quick as that, and it was all over; and a minute afterward it was so still that you'd have thought the whole world had fainted away. Tell a fellow how *you* got out, girls?"

Ora could n't remember anything about it, and all that Alta knew was that she saw the fire, and, thinking that the house had been struck by lightning, she caught hold of the door-knob to get out, and the next she knew she was on the ground by John Knox's house. "And," said she, "every time I tried to get up off the ground, the *waves* knocked me down again."

"I'm mighty glad we did n't any of us get killed," remarked Tommy. "Can I help you any? Where were you going?"

"I was going to see if I could n't find something to save for Mother," said Alta. "Father and the boys staid up all night, hoping to find the money we had in the house as soon as it was light, and I'm going now to see if it is found."

The money was not found. Boards, bricks,



stones, fragments of furniture—all were turned over, but nowhere could be seen the long pocket-book, containing one hundred and ninety dollars.

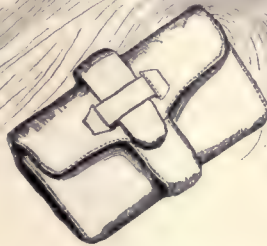
Alta's tears came quickly as the two girls went into the cellar. There lay little heaps of straw-berries and raspberries and blackberries, amid broken glass, rings of rubber, and tops of cans.

"Poor Mamma!" sobbed Alta. "She worked so hard over these, and—and——"

But Alta's "and" never came to anything more, for, with an exclamation of delighted surprise, Ora ran up from the cellar and to Mr. Whittlesey, with the news, "I know where there is *some* money!"

noon. It was in vain. A few silver spoons were recovered, and other articles of small value. The long pocket-book had evidently gone abroad on the wings of the wind. The next day, the town of Skyville called a meeting of its citizens, and a generous sum was raised for the present help of the families that had lost everything they owned.

It was a mournful sight, as the days went on, to see one and another of the home-



Alta checked her tears and ran after her, only to find that Ora had thought of the silver dollar she had thrown into the well on the day before.

"That dollar will stay there" was the reply which Ora received, and the search went on until near

less ones still going over the ground, hoping to find something that once had belonged to the old home.

Farmer Morehouse gathered up the fragments from his grounds and began to build anew. He

was not dependent on the bounty of his neighbors. Mrs. Whittlesey's wounds were slowly healing, while the brass-mill was again the scene of the labors of her husband and sons, when, one day, Ora, Alta, and Tommy Glade chanced to meet on the hill.

"Tommy," said Alta, "did you ever go down a well?"

"Lots on 'em!" answered Tommy. "Used to keep a board-seat in a well to hide on when I did n't want to go to school."

"Tommy," continued Alta, "I know where there is a well with a silver dollar in it."

"Wish I did," responded Tommy.

"I'll give you a quarter out of it, if you'll go down and find it," said Alta.

"Is it very deep? The water, I mean. Don't care nothing 'bout how deep the well is," said the boy, in a reflective tone.

"It is n't very deep," said Alta; "not more than—I guess—about fifteen feet. We can drop a string down and find out."

The three children experimented with strings and nails, and were assured that the water was too deep for Tommy Glade to enter. Then Ora started off for a neighboring house and came back with a looking-glass, and presently the reflected rays of the sun illuminated the depths. The well-curb having been blown away, the opening was covered with boards. Removing these, and sitting as close to the opening as she dared, Alta looked for the silver dollar. Ora held the glass, and Tommy joined in the search.

"Don't see nothing of it," said Tommy, in disgust. "Don't believe it's in there."

"Tommy! Tommy!" cried Alta. "Ora! hold it still—right there!" and Alta peered once more, and then she jumped up and said: "Tommy, I guess Father and the boys will have to come to find it. You can go so much faster than I can. Wont you please run to the mill, as quick as you can, and tell Father I want him right away, and the boys, too. You may have the whole of the silver dollar, when it is found, if you will."

"Guess they wont leave work for *that*," said Tommy.

"Father will come right away if I send for him," said Alta, with dignity.

Tommy ran down the hill.

As soon as he was out of hearing, Alta threw her arms around Ora and began to laugh just as hard as she could laugh, crying out: "Did you see it? It's *there!* It's *there!*" and then she giggled so that Ora, out of patience, exclaimed: "You goose! Of course it's there. Did n't I throw it in there myself?"

"It's the pocket-book with the money in it that

I mean," giggled Alta. "I'll hold the glass and let you look; it lies on a stone close to this side of the well."

Ora peered through the depth and through the water, and presently fancied she saw something long, and the least bit like a wallet of her grandfather's, lying there.

The time seemed long, and yet it was not fifteen minutes ere three figures, followed by Tommy, were seen coming up the hill.

Alta and Ora, laughing together, ran down to meet them.

"It's my lucky dollar," shouted Ora, "that did it!"

"Papa," said Alta, "I've found the money!"

"When—where?" was the cry.

"In the well. The pocket-book is in the well. I've seen it, and Ora's seen it, and it's *there!*"

Mr. Whittlesey looked, and the boys looked, and each and every one had to admit that it certainly was the long pocket-book, and that the strap that fastened it was in place.

In less than half an hour the money, thoroughly water-soaked but legible, was in the hands of its owner; and it was a happy sight for the Whittleseys, soon after, to watch the row of bills drying in front of a bed of coals, between the proud and-irons that held the line to which the "green-backs" were pinned. Before the Skyville bank closed, at three o'clock, it was placed to the credit of the man from whom the house had been purchased.

"Now, my boys," said Mr. Whittlesey, "we will begin the world with free hands. We owe no man any money. Let us be happy."

The next evening, the great brass-mill being closed, and all Skyville settling down for a good August night's rest, just as the moon came up and illuminated the lake, inquiry was made at the Sandersons', where the Whittlesey family had taken refuge, for Mr. Whittlesey.

"Papa is n't here, Mr. Pratt," said Alta, who was sitting near the door-way.

"And you are the little girl who found the money in the well, they tell me," said Mr. Pratt, smiling kindly upon her.

"Yes, sir," said Alta.

"Well, my dear," said he, "would you mind taking very good care of this little bundle till your father comes in, and then giving it right to him. Don't lay it down anywhere and lose it."

Mr. Pratt wrote a few words with a pencil on the wrapper of the parcel, and, giving it to Alta, went away. At the gate he turned back, and said, "Now, be careful."

"Yes, sir," said Alta.

The twilight was quite gone when Mr. Whittle-



sey returned. Alta had staid awake with the little parcel under her pillow, waiting for his step in the next room.

"Alta has something that was left for you," said his wife.

"Papa! Papa!" cried Alta, running into the room in her long white night-gown, and holding forth the parcel toward the lamp. "What does he mean? I read it, but I don't know."

Mr. Whittlesey took the package, and, holding it under the lamp, read aloud these words:

"MY FRIEND: When God took that house away, I had an interest in it that I don't want to give up. Call and see me to-morrow.

"A. L. PRATT."

The parcel being opened disclosed one hundred and ninety dollars, with which sum the Whittleseys, happiest of the blown-out families of Skyville, began the world anew.



## OUR PICNIC.

BY MARIAN A. ATKINSON.

THE teacher sat in her silent hall,  
Her glance o'er the playground straying,  
And marveled much that the children all  
Had suddenly ceased their playing.

No frowning faces her eye surveyed,  
Or gesture of childish passion,  
But eager groups in the old trees' shade,  
Debating in merry fashion.

Their roguish whispers betrayed full soon  
Fresh plannings for romp and riot;  
While she, in the languor of sultry June,  
Longed only for rest and quiet.

The picnic, promised for pleasant May,  
Had been hindered by wind and weather,  
So now, to battle 'gainst more delay,  
They were putting their heads together.

A laughing phalanx at length inpoured,  
Brave with the noon-tide hour,  
Till she thought of the Liliputian horde,  
With Gulliver in their power.

No flash of sabers, or roar of guns,  
As this enemy took position;  
Their "arms" were loving, not warlike ones—  
And kisses their ammunition;



They asked that the streets of the quaint old town  
Should be changed for the hills so airy;  
The school-room carpet for mosses brown,  
Red-cupped for the elf and fairy!

The cool, deep shade of the fragrant wood,  
June skies in their azure splendor,  
Were lures that won her to pliant mood,  
As well as their pleadings tender.

For a brilliant sunset we longed all day,  
Till we voted old Phœbus lazy,  
And weather prophets we bored, till they  
Declared we would set them crazy.

But morn came, rosy and fair and sweet,  
And soon was the air resounding  
With joyous voices and restless feet,  
And frolic and mirth abounding.



Over ride, and weather, and feast, each one  
Spent sagest consideration:  
For the joy that's next to the day's own fun  
Is the bustle of preparation.

The street seemed brightened with shining eyes,  
As the boys and each beawing maiden  
Brought baskets, hiding some sweet surprise,  
Like bees, with their honey laden;





In rustic state came the great farm wain,  
Whose ample arms, used to holding  
Sweet-scented hay and the golden grain,  
Were a richer freight enfolding.

The laughing teacher bewildered grew  
In the midst of the blithe young faces,  
As the floating raiment—pink, white, and blue—  
Came crowding to fill the spaces.

To the doors and windows the neighbors flew,  
To view the new illustration  
Of the puzzled old dame and her crowded shoe,  
And to laugh at the situation.

An inner cluster of wee ones sweet  
She placed with the girls in order,  
While our gallant boys, with their daring feet,  
Perched, jubilant, round the border.

A gay procession, we moved along—  
Our music a laughing chorus;  
Till the hills reëchoed our woodland song,  
And waved green banners o'er us.

We went where a clear spring bubbled through,  
The emerald mosses stirring;  
Where ferns were waving and wild flowers grew,  
And the wings of birds were whirring.

We chased stray butterflies through the trees,  
Then hunted the hill-sides over;  
For Fortune's pet is the first who sees  
The magical four-leaved clover.

Late coronation of May-day's queen  
We held then, in pomp and glory,  
And a sweeter sovereign was never seen,  
Or read of, in song or story.

Her wreath was woven by fingers deft;  
With fairest of buds we crowned her;  
While her knights and ladies stood right and left,  
And her "Maids of Honor" around her.

Her rustic throne, by a gnarled old tree,  
We had formed with some crimson draping;  
And there each subject bent loyal knee,  
A kiss from the small hand taking.

But even butterflies honey sip,  
And courtiers have hungry hours;  
And a queen's own delicate, dainty lip  
Is not above sweets and sour.

So a chosen band spread the damask fair,  
The goodly hampers untying;  
And fragrant coffee perfumed the air,  
With scents of the woodland vying.

The noontide call was a welcome sound;  
And gay little lads and lasses  
Came quickly trooping the cloth around,  
To sit on the fringing grasses.

For once, reality seemed more sweet  
Than fondest anticipation;  
As sauces dainty, cakes, puddings, meat,  
Showed oddest conglomeration!

The buzz and chatter, first low and mild,  
Lost seemingly all connection;  
Our words got lost in the hubbub wild,  
Or went in the wrong direction!

The verbal tangle I can't depict:  
The fun waxed wilder and faster,  
To culminate when the teacher strict  
Said "Dear" to the drawing-master!

Then some went swinging, some played croquet,  
While others old sports were trying,  
And through Copenhagen's wild mazes they  
Went swiftly, merrily flying.

But the brightest day must sink in the west,  
And shadows must cover the clover,  
And so at last in each dear home nest  
We sighed that our picnic was over.





## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

AS IT would seem but proper that some explanation of the re-appearance of the "Recollections of a Drummer-Boy" in these columns should be made, the writer desires to say that, upon the conclusion of the former series, so many letters from different sections of the country having been received by the editors of ST. NICHOLAS, as well as by the writer, expressing regret at the too early conclusion of the series, and urgently pressing that they be further continued if possible, it has been decided to yield to these kindly demands of many appreciative readers. There will, therefore, appear in these summer numbers of ST. NICHOLAS such additional chapters of his

personal recollections of army life as the Drummer-Boy's second rummage through his diary, and second inquiry into his memory of the stirring scenes of twenty years ago, have afforded. There will be no repetition of events already rehearsed, albeit the ground will be a second time traversed from enlistment well-nigh to muster-out. The new chapters, while observing the proper sequence of events as given in those which have already appeared, will be found, on examination, to form a more or less continuous series by themselves. It is hoped that they may prove as interesting as did the former series to the many readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

### FIRST DAYS IN CAMP.

OUR first camp was located on the outskirts of Harrisburg, Pa., and was called "Camp Curtin." It was so named in honor of Governor Andrew G. Curtin, the great war Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, who was regarded by the soldiers of his State with an enthusiasm second only to that with which they, in common with all the troops of

the Northern States, greeted the name of Abraham Lincoln.

Camp Curtin was not properly a camp of instruction. It was rather a rendezvous for the different companies which had been recruited in various parts of the State. Hither the volunteers came by hundreds and thousands for the purpose of being mustered into the service, uniformed and equipped, assigned to regiments, and shipped to

the front as rapidly as possible. Only they who witnessed it can form any idea of the patriotic ardor, amounting to a wild enthusiasm, with which volunteering went on in those days. Companies were often formed, and their muster-rolls filled, in a week, sometimes even in a few days. The contagion of enlisting and "going to the war" was in the very atmosphere. You could scarcely accompany a friend to a way station on any of the main lines of travel without seeing the future wearers of blue coats at the car-windows and on the platforms. Very frequently whole trains were filled with them, speeding away as swift as steam would carry them to the State capital. They poured into Harrisburg company by company, usually in citizens' clothes, and marched out of the town again a week or so later, regiment by regiment, all glorious in bright new uniforms and glistening bayonets, transformed in a few days from civilians into soldiers, and destined for deeds of high endeavor in many a desperate battle.

Shortly after our arrival in camp, Andy and I went to town to buy such articles as we supposed a soldier would be likely to need—a gum blanket, a journal, a combination knife-fork-and-spoon, and so on to the end of the list. To our credit I have it to record that we turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of a certain dealer in cutlery, who insisted on selling us each a revolver and an ugly-looking bowie-knife, in a red morocco sheath.

"Shentlemen, shust te ting you vill need ven you goes into de battle. Ah, see dis knife, how it shines! Look at dis very fine revolver!"

But Moses entreated in vain, while his wife stood at the street-door looking at a regiment marching to the depot, weeping as if her heart would break, and wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron from time to time.

"Ah, de poor boys!" said she. "Dere dey go again to de great war, away from dere homes and dere mutters and dere sweethearts and vives, all to be kilt in de battle. Dey will nefer any more coom back. Ah, it is so wicked!"

But the drums rattled on, and the crowd on the sidewalk gazed, and Moses behind his counter smiled pleasantly as he cried up his wares and went on selling bowie-knives and revolvers to kill men with, while his wife went on weeping and lamenting because men would be killed in the wicked war, and "nefer any more coom back." The firm of Moses and wife struck us as a very strange combination of business and sentiment. I do not know how many revolvers Moses sold, nor how many tears his good wife shed; but if she wept whenever a regiment marched down the street to the depot, her eyes must have been turned into a river of tears: for the tap of the drum and the

tramp of the men resounded along the streets of the capital by day and by night, until people grew so used to it that they scarcely noticed it any longer.

The tide of volunteering was at the full during those early fall days of 1862. But the day came at length when the tide began to turn. Various expedients were then resorted to for the purpose of stimulating the flagging zeal of Pennsylvania's sons. At first, the tempting bait of large bounties was presented,—county bounties, city bounties, State and United States bounties,—some men, toward the close of the war, receiving as much as one thousand dollars, and never smelling powder at that. At last, drafting was of necessity resorted to, and along with this came all the miseries of "hiring substitutes," and so making merchandise of a service of which it is the chief glory that it shall be free.

But in the fall of 1862 there had been no drafting yet, and large bounties were unknown—and unsought. Most of us were taken quite by surprise when, a few days after our arrival in camp, the County Commissioners came down for the purpose of paying us each the magnificent sum of fifty dollars; while, at the same time, the United States Government agreed to pay us each one hundred dollars additional—of which, however, only twenty-five was placed in our hands at once, the remaining seventy-five to be received only by those who might safely pass through all the unknown dangers which awaited us, and live to be mustered out with the regiment three years later.

Well, it was no matter then. What cared we for bounty? It seemed rather a questionable procedure, this offering of money as a reward for an act which, to be a worthy act at all, asks not, and needs not, the guerdon of gold. We were all so anxious to enter the service, that, instead of looking for any artificial helps in that direction, our only concern was lest we might be rejected by the examining surgeon and not be admitted to the ranks.

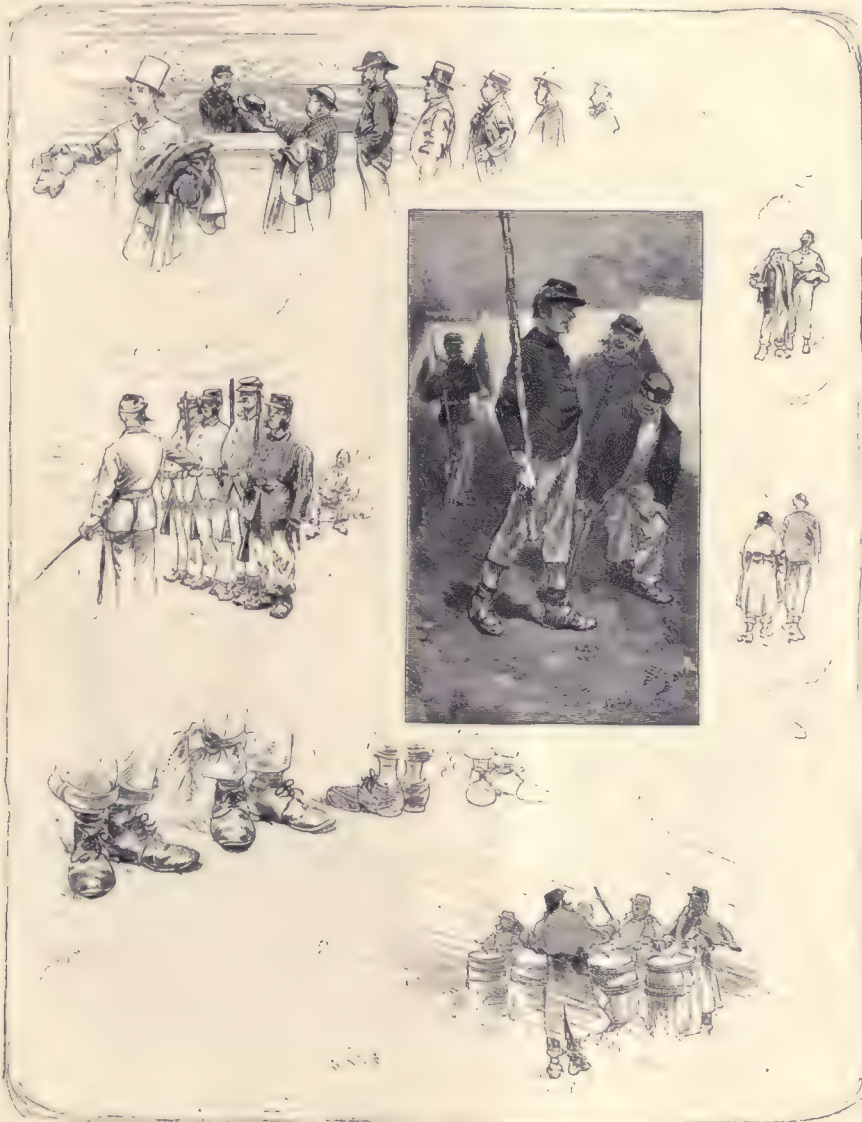
For, soon after our arrival, and before we were mustered into the service, every man was thoroughly examined by a medical officer, who had us presented to him, one by one, divested of clothing, in a large tent, where he sharply questioned us—"Teeth sound? Eyes good? Ever had this, that, and the other disease?" And pitiable was the case of that unfortunate man who, because of bad hearing, or defective eyesight, or some other physical blemish, was compelled to don his citizens' clothes again and take the next train for home.

After having been thoroughly examined, we were mustered into the service, and so made, in



a peculiar sense, the sons of Uncle Sam. As we now belonged to his family, it was only to be expected that he would next proceed to clothe us. This he punctually did, a few days after the muster. We had no little merriment when we were called out, formed in line, and marched up to

pantaloon, a coat, cap, overcoat, shoes, blanket, and underwear, of which latter the shirt was—well, a revelation to most of us, both as to size, shape, and material. It was so rough that no living mortal could wear it, except, perhaps, one who wished to do penance by wearing a hair-shirt.



the quartermaster's department, at one side of the camp, to draw our uniforms. There were so many men to be uniformed, and so little time in which to do it, that the blue clothes were passed out to us almost regardless of the size and weight of the prospective wearer. Each man received a pair of

Mine was sent home along with my citizens' clothes, with the request that it be kept as a sort of heir-loom in the family to excite the wonder of future generations.

With our clothes on our arms, we marched back to our tents, and there proceeded to put on our

new uniforms. The result was in the majority of cases astonishing. For, as might have been expected, scarcely one man in ten was fitted. The tall men had invariably received the short pantaloons, and presented an appearance, when they emerged from their tents, which was equaled only by that of the short men, who had, of course, received the long pantaloons. One man's cap sat on the top of his head, while another's rested on his ears. Andy, who was not very tall, waddled forth into the company street, amid shouts of laughter, with his pantaloons turned up some six inches or more from the bottoms. The laughter was increased when he wittily remarked:

"Uncle Sam must have got the patterns for his boys' pantaloons somewhere over in France; for he seems to have cut them after the style of the two French towns, Toulon and Toulouse."

"Hello, fellows! What do you think of this? Now just look here, once!" exclaimed Pointer Donachy, the tallest man in the company, as he came out of his tent in a pair of pantaloons that were little more than knee-breeches for him, and began to parade the street with a tent-pole for a musket. "My opinion is that Uncle Sam must be a little short of cloth, boys."

"Brother Jonathan generally dresses in tights, you know," said some one.

"Ah," said Andy, "Pointer's uniform reminds one of what the poet says—

"Man needs but little here below,  
Nor needs that little long!"

"You're rather poor at quoting poetry, Andy," answered Pointer. "Because I need more than a little here below; I need at least six inches!"

But, by trading off, the big men gradually got the large garments and the little men the small, so that in a few days we were pretty well suited.

I remember hearing about one poor fellow in another company, a great, strapping six-footer, who *could not* be suited. The largest shoe furnished by the Government was quite too small. The poor fellow tried his best to force his foot in, but in vain. His comrades gathered around him and chaffed him unmercifully, whereupon he exclaimed:

"Why, you don't think they are all *boys* that come to the army, do you? A man like me needs a man's shoes, not a baby's."

There was another poor fellow, a very small man, who had received a very large pair of shoes, and had not yet been able to effect any exchange. One day the sergeant was drilling the company on the facings,—Right face, Left face, Right-about face,—and, of course, watched his men's feet closely to see that they went through the movements promptly. Noticing one pair of feet down the line

that never budged at the command, the sergeant rushed up to the possessor of them, with drawn sword, and in menacing tones demanded:

"What do you mean by not facing about when I tell you? I'll have you put in the guard-house."

"Why, I did, sergeant!" said the trembling recruit.

"You did not, sir! Did n't I watch your feet? They never moved an inch."

"Why, you see," said the poor fellow, "my shoes are so big that they don't turn when I do. I go through the motions on the inside of them."

Although Camp Curtin was not so much a camp of instruction as a camp of equipment, yet once we had received our arms and uniforms we were all eager to be put on drill. Even before we had received our uniforms, every evening we had some little drilling under command of Sergeant Cummings, who had been out in the three months' service. Clothed in citizens' dress, and armed with such sticks and poles as we could pick up, we must have presented a sorry appearance on parade. Perhaps the most comical figure in the line was that of poor old Simon Malehorn, who, clothed in a high silk hat, long linen duster, blue overalls, and loose slippers, was forever throwing the line into confusion by running back to find his slipper, which he had lost in the dust somewhere; and happy was he if some one of the boys had not quietly smuggled it under his coat, and left poor Simon to finish the parade in his stocking feet.

Awkward enough in the drill we all were, to be sure. Still, we were not quite so stupid as a certain recruit, of whom it was related that the drill-sergeant had to take him aside as an "awkward squad" by himself, and try to teach him how to "mark time." But, alas! the poor fellow did not know the difference between his right foot and his left, and consequently could not follow the order, "Left! Left!" until the sergeant, driven almost to desperation, lit on the happy expedient of tying a wisp of straw on one foot and a similar wisp of hay on the other, and then put the command in an agricultural shape—"Hay-foot, Straw-foot! Hay-foot, Straw-foot!" whereupon, he did quite well: for if he did not know his left foot from his right, he at least could tell hay from straw.

One good effect of our being detained in Camp Curtin for several weeks was, that we thus had the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of the other nine companies with which we were to be joined in a common regimental organization. Some of these came from the western, and some from the eastern part of the State; some were from the city, some from inland towns and villages, and some from the wild lumber regions. Every rank and class and profession seemed to be represented.



There were clerks, farmers, students, railroad men, iron-workers, lumber-men. At first, we were all strangers to one another. The different companies, having as yet no regimental life to bind them together as a unit, naturally regarded each other as foreigners rather than as members of the same organization. In consequence of this, there was no little rivalry between company and company, together with no end of chaffing and lively banter, especially about the time of roll-call in the evening. The names of the men who came from the West were quite strange, and were a standing source of amusement to the boys from the East, and *vice versa*. Then there were certain forms of expression peculiar to the different sections from which the men came, which were a long-standing source of merriment. Thus, the Philadelphia boys made all sport of the boys from the upper tier of counties because they said, "I be going deown to teown,"

and invariably used "I make out to" for "I am going to." Some of the men called every species of board, no matter how thin, "a plank"; and every kind of stone, no matter how small, "a rock." How the men laughed one evening when a high wind came up and blew the dust in clouds all over the camp, and one of the rural boys was heard to declare that he "had a rock in his eye!"

Once we got afield, however, there was developed such a feeling of regimental unity as soon obliterated whatever natural antagonisms may at first have existed between the different companies. Peculiarities of speech of course remained, and a generous and wholesome rivalry never disappeared; but these were rather a help than a hinderance: for in military as in social life generally there can be no true unity without some degree of diversity—a principle which is fully recognized in our national motto, "*E Pluribus Unum*."

(To be continued.)

## THE PLUCKY PRINCE.

BY MAY BRYANT.



THERE was a youthful scion  
Of a race of tyrant kings,  
Who roused his father's anger  
By the way he wasted things.  
Quoth then the wrathful monarch:  
"Quick from my presence flee!



Yet turn your heedless ear  
To this my stern decree:  
No fish or flesh or fowl  
Shall your hunger's needs supply,  
Nor beast nor worm contribute  
To the clothing which you buy.

When comes the gloomy night-time,  
 No oil or vapor light,  
 No wax or tallow candle,  
 Shall make the darkness bright.  
 Nor grains upon the hill-side,  
 Nor tuberous roots on earth,  
 Nor fruitful vines, and juicy,  
 Contribute to your mirth.

Thou prodigal! Avaunt!  
 Go, starve upon the plain!  
 Thou never, nevermore,  
 Shalt waste my wealth again."

His son this law of exile  
 Conned over at his ease;  
 "He has," he said, "left to me  
 The mighty help of *trees*."  
 He gayly snapped his fingers,  
 He slammed the palace door—  
 "Stern monarch, I shall flourish  
 As proudly as before!"

A house he quickly builded;  
 It all was wondrous fine:  
 Of English oak its rafters,  
 Its floors of Norway pine.  
 On pillars of palmetto  
 The cypress-shingled roof,  
 With oaken eaves and gargoyles,  
 Against the storms was proof.  
 There curious palm-mattings  
 Spread over all the floors,  
 Dyed crimson with the logwood  
 From warm Caribbean shores.  
 Quaint furniture of walnut  
 And perfumed sandal-wood,  
 With highly polished rose-wood,  
 Throughout the mansion stood.  
 "Now," said this Prince complaisant,  
 "A ball I mean to give,  
 I'll show the King, my father,  
 How finely I can live."

The night came on apace  
 When the house was light as day,  
 For candle-nuts in sconces  
 Shed many a golden ray.  
 Magnolias from the South-land,  
 Pink apple-blooms from Maine,  
 All vied with orange-flowers  
 The subtlest sense to chain.  
 The noted guests assembled  
 Found waiting for them all

A fairer feast than ever  
 Graced kingly banquet-hall.  
 For dishes, carved in queer ways  
 That haunt the Chinese mind,  
 Bore nuts and fruits from every land  
 Familiar to mankind.

Cassava cakes from Java,  
 The solid plantain's meat,  
 With chocolate were proffered,  
 And maple-sugar sweet.  
 Fair pomegranates and soursops,  
 With luscious guava jam,  
 Stood near the odious durion  
 From islands near Siam.  
 Bananas, figs, and lemons,  
 Dates, cherries, plums, and pears,  
 All seemed so *very* common  
 One passed them unawares.

Amid this festive splendor  
 The Prince received his guests;  
 In robes of cocoa woven  
 He was superbly drest,  
 While from the crown of laurels  
 His realm placed on his brow,  
 Down to his shoes of caoutchouc,  
 He looked a king, I trow.  
 "Warm welcomes to my mansion!"—  
 'T was thus he met the King—  
 "See what a man you made me  
 By your cold banishing!"

A genial smile illumined  
 The monarch and his train.  
 "O Prince! of you I'm very proud—  
 Come to my arms again!"  
 So spake the King, embracing  
 His enterprising son,  
 And then, with jokes and laughter  
 The banquet was begun.  
 The court drank so much cider  
 They complimentary grew,  
 While the King declared the cashew  
 Was the finest wine he knew.  
 To this the Premier added,  
 He hoped the Prince would grow  
 Like to the giant banyan,  
 And live long here below.  
 Then soon the party ended,  
 The guests all said "Farewell,"  
 And the wonders of the woodland  
 They hastened home to tell.



## SWEEP AWAY.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

## CHAPTER V.

## DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

THERE is something indescribably dreadful in the emotion which comes over us when the earth trembles and rocks with the earthquake. We are so accustomed to look on the ground as a solid and sure refuge that, when it fails us, we feel as though we were all "at sea" and adrift on a tempest-tossed ocean.

The sensations of Jack, Dollie, and Crab were something similar when the cabin, after wrenching itself loose from its foundations, went rocking and bounding away in the darkness, no one could say whither. For a few minutes the children did nothing but cling to the roof, which once or twice sank almost to a level with the water; but when they became accustomed to the situation, they relaxed their desperate hold, spoke to one another, and assumed less restrained positions.

Strange to say, the house, from some cause which was not apparent, instead of keeping an upright position, leaned so far to one side that the roof became almost horizontal, offering a support something like the floor of the cabin itself.

"One side of the house must be heavier than the other," suggested Jack, when the three had referred to the curious fact.

"How much of the cabin am afloat?" asked Crab.

"I know of no way to tell that," answered Jack. "I see that the stone chimney has gone, but some of the lower floor must have been left, or the house would n't take such an odd position."

"But will it stay so?" asked Dollie, anxiously.

"I think so," said Jack, "for when a house starts on a voyage like this, it is apt to settle at once to a level—though it may swing over from scraping fast to the trees—— Heigho!"

It seemed curious, but at that very moment the three felt the tops of trees scraping against the raft. The swiftness with which they seemed to glide from under the cabin showed that the house was going down the river very rapidly. The scraping sounds followed each other in such rapid succession that they knew they were passing through or rather over a stretch of forest.

The night was so dark that they could scarcely see anything, and the weak rays of the lantern

were of little service. They could make out one another's figures, and now and then catch sight of the bushy and bowing top of a tree, which seemed to shoot swiftly toward them from out the gloom, while the cabin waited for its approach.

Then again, some of the trees were so tall and strong, and so far out of the water, that they did not bow down and allow this floating Juggernaut to sweep over them.

At such times, the raft would strike the trees with considerable force and swing partly around, but the next moment would continue its journey without the least slackening of speed.

There was much danger in passing such places, for, if the building should come in contact with a particularly large and strong tree, the sides of the house were liable to be knocked apart by the violence of the collision, and the three children might find themselves clinging to separate pieces of timber.

The boys were good swimmers, but Dollie could not support herself a single minute above water without help.

Great was their relief, therefore, when the obstructions were all safely passed, and they found themselves in smooth water again. There was still constant danger, however, of their striking against some treacherous "sawyer"; but that peril would continue to threaten them till they should reach the channel of the river, where no such obstructions existed.

"Jack," said Crabapple, presently, "if I are n't mistaken, I see a light."

"So do I," said Dollie, with a promptness which showed that she also had been studying the matter.

"Where?" asked Jack.

"Off dar," answered Crab, stretching out his hand into the gloom.

"There *is* a light," said Jack, after a moment's scrutiny; "but it must be a long way off—a quarter of a mile, at least."

"What!" exclaimed Crab, in amazement. "I could frow a stone out to whar it am."

Dollie was of the same belief, but Jack insisted that it was all of a quarter of a mile distant, if not farther. It is very hard to judge of distances under such circumstances, and, as the parties could not agree, Jack hallooed across the waters, thinking with reason that, where a light was visible, there must be persons near at hand. But though he

shouted and whistled, and Crab joined in the tumult, no response came back.

While they were hailing the unknown parties, the light suddenly vanished from sight, and all around was darkness again.

"No use ob hollerin'," said Crab; "de folks feel so important dey wont notice us."

"We don't know that there are any persons where we saw the light," said Jack. "And if there were, remember that was a good way off, and they may not have been able to hear us."

Crab laughed at this conclusion of Jack's argument, but made no answer, though he still believed that only a few rods separated them from the star-like point which had vanished as unaccountably as it had first appeared.

This curious fact, more than anything else, impressed them with the vastness of the flood. The evidence that others beside themselves were afloat spoke vividly of the extent of the overflowing waters.

Suddenly the crow of a chanticleer resounded across the flood. Somewhere a cock was proclaiming his defiance of the elements around him.



A JOLLY RAFTFUL.—TAKING THE FLOOD GOOD-NATUREDLY.

When one of these fowls begins to crow, he generally repeats his call several times, and this plucky fellow's voice was heard again and again across the dark waters until our voyagers were able to locate him, and almost in a straight line, several hundred yards below them.

Thinking that the owner of the bird might be near, Jack and Crab shouted again, but with no more response than in the former case.

"We kin jist as well gib up de shoutin' business," said Crab, finally, "for nobody wont say nuffin back to us."

The three now disposed themselves with the care of those who expected to make a long stay. The roof having settled so that it lay horizontal on the water, this was comparatively an easy matter, and could they have felt any assurance that there would be no overturning or shifting, they would not have considered their situation one of especial danger.

As nearly as could be told in the darkness, the roof was some three or four feet above the current, and its bouyancy was such that it would have floated ten times the weight that now rested on it.

Crabapple Jackson rolled his clothing into a compact bundle and sat down on it to keep it from being lost, while Jack laid the bag containing the provisions near the center of the raft and as far as possible from the water. Dollie, who had no extra garment except a shawl, wrapped that around her shoulders and placed herself close to her brother, where she meant to stay as long as it was possible.

The weather remained calm and moderate. Had it been otherwise, the hundreds and hundreds of people who were then afloat on the Mississippi would have suffered terribly, and many must have perished.

"De light am gwine out!" suddenly exclaimed Crab.

A glance toward the lantern was enough to show he spoke the truth; the candle which had been placed inside had burned so low that little was left of it, and the light of that fragment must soon expire.

"I thought it might have been useful in keeping others from running into us," said Jack;



"but, after all, I don't know that it would have been of much account."

"Do you 'spose," suggested Crab, "dat any ob de cabins will come down faster dan we do, or dat dey will be cotched in such a whirlpool dat dey will run up de Massissipp?"

"I'm not afraid of that," said Jack; "but if



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a steamer should strike the house, nothing could save us."

"We must keep awake all de time and watch out fur dat sort ob bus'ness," said Crab, with the determination that he would not close his eyes again so long as darkness brooded over the waters.

A few minutes later, the bit of tallow dip burning in the lantern flickered up, burned brightly a few seconds, and then collapsed into nothingness. The little party, afloat on the roof of the cabin, and sweeping down the Mississippi, were alone in the starless night, without a ray of light to cheer them.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE STEAMER

FOR several minutes Jack Lawrence had fancied he heard a series of strange sounds coming across the water. They resembled the deep and rapid breathing of some huge animal; but it was hard to tell the direction whence they came. Sometimes they seemed to be close at hand, then far away, and he even found himself glancing upward, as though he expected to find the answer he sought in the air above him.

But, during the few minutes he spent in trying to ascertain the origin of these sounds, he was conscious that, whatever the unknown something

might be, it was approaching him with the steadiness of a hand moving over the face of a watch.

Jack was presently able to locate it. While peering down-stream through the darkness, a light burst out in the gloom, like the sudden rising of a star of the first magnitude. The boy, for a single moment, believed it was a star, but the next instant the truth flashed upon him: it was a steam-boat coming up the river.

"If it was only day-time now," he remarked, as he announced his discovery to Dollie and Crab, "they would pick us up."

"What's to hinder 'em from doing it now?" asked Crab.

"A good deal," said Jack, gravely. "It is so dark, and the river is running so fast, that they would n't be able to manage a small boat."

"What's de use ob dar doin' dat?" inquired Crab. "Dey can jist slide alongside wid de steamer itself and h'ist us on board."

"Not in the night-time, when there is so much danger of running us down. But," added Jack, interrupting himself, and rising to his feet in some alarm, "she is going to pass very close to us. Now is the time the lantern would have been of some use."

"We kin yell and make 'em hear us," suggested Crab; "den you know I kin whistle like de 'Warrior' when she comes to de wharf for wood."

Crab, who had also risen to his feet, brought the palms of his hands together, and then turned them partly around, thus forming a peculiar hollow, with a small opening between the thumbs, to which he placed his thick lips. Then, blowing strongly, he produced a sound which, when heard rolling across the water, resembled very closely the whistle of a steam-boat. It was, of course, impossible that Crab's whistle should be so loud, but the pitch was precisely that of the whistle of the well-known "Warrior," and could easily have been mistaken for it.

The boys, who had ridden up and down the Mississippi many times and studied the actions of the pilot, knew most of the signals, and now utilized



ALL ALONE.

their knowledge in whistling to the unknown boat the signal which directed it to turn to the right, with a view of preventing a collision.

All this time the gleam of the steamer's lights was growing rapidly brighter, showing that it was approaching swiftly. It continued in such a direct line that the boys became seriously alarmed. A collision appeared certain, and in such an event, as Jack had truly said, nothing could save their raft from destruction.

Crabapple whistled harder than ever, and, as though to add emphasis to his signals, danced up and down and back and forth on the roof. The lights on the steamer still brightened, the glow being plainly seen from the top of the smoke-stacks, which were throwing off sparks in a manner which showed that she was toiling hard to make her way against the powerful current. Suddenly, the puffing of steam stopped, the tinkle of a bell was heard, and the captain, who had finally caught the signals of Crab, called out in an angry voice, wanting to know why the approaching boat had not her lights displayed.

"We have n't any light," called back Jack, "our lantern went —"

"Your lantern went out!" roared the captain, growing still more wrathful. "Have n't you got but one lantern on board your old hulk? Who are you, anyway? Where from? Where bound?"

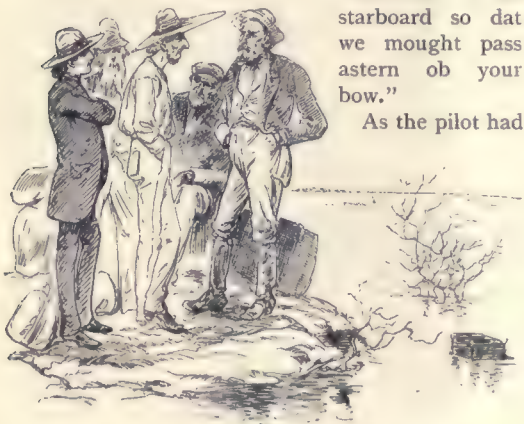
"We 're the children of Mr. Archibald Lawrence," answered Jack, "with his servant, Crab Jackson, and we 're floating down the Mississippi on the roof of our house."

"But I heard the whistle of a steamer 'just now —"

Crab broke in with a loud laugh:

"Dat ar war me, cap'n; I blowed for you to slew off to de starboard so dat we mought pass astern ob your bow."

As the pilot had



A CONFERENCE OF CITIZENS.—"IT'LL BE HIGHER YET!"

heeded the signal and veered his boat toward the channel, the danger of collision, which had been so imminent, was now over.

"Shall we take you aboard?" asked the cap-

tain, whose feelings had undergone a change the instant he learned the truth.

"If you can, we wish you would," replied Jack; "but *can* you do it?"

It will readily be understood that such a rescue as the captain contemplated was almost impossible; the current was sweeping downward with such swiftness that a small boat, if it should be lowered and sent out, would find it almost beyond its power to stem the current; and this fact, taken in connection with the darkness of the night, greatly added to the difficulty and danger of the undertaking. If the steamer should drift down the river with the cabin, the boat might pass between them, but even then the risk would be very great.

Yet the rough-spoken though kind-hearted captain, ever ready to venture his own life to save that of another, prepared to make the attempt. But Jack was so strongly of the belief that they would thus run greater risks than they incurred by staying where they were, that he called to him:

"We 're much obliged to you, but we would as soon stay here till morning."

"Do you mean that?" called back the captain, who was not quite sure he had heard aright.

"Thanks, all the same, but we would rather wait till daylight," replied Jack. "Good-bye!"

"You 're a queer lot," was the commentary of the captain, as the two crafts drifted apart.

"Dat shows de needcessity ob keepin' awake," observed Crab, as he seated himself on his bundle of clothing.

"It shows that one of us must always be on the lookout," said Jack; "but we must have sleep at one time or another."

"*You* may need it, but *I* don't," replied Crab, in a preternaturally wide-awake tone.

For a half-hour more the cabin floated silently on through the darkness. Dollie still sat close to her brother, who presently noticed that her head was nodding. He gently lowered it so that it rested in his lap, and almost immediately she sank into profound slumber.

"I don't know that there is any need of both you and me keeping awake at the same time," said Jack, speaking to Crab. "I feel wakeful, and you may as well gain sleep while you — Just what I expected!"

Crabapple Jackson was also in the land of dreams.

"Everything depends on me now," thought Jack Lawrence, at once realizing the situation. "I must, indeed, keep *my* wits about me."

But in less than half an hour he, too, unused to night-watching, and fatigued by the unwonted excitement of the day, had sunk into a sound and dreamless sleep.



## CHAPTER VII.

## BOUND FOR VICKSBURG.

"HALLO! HALLO-O-O!"

The call was repeated several times, and finally found its way in a misty and indistinct manner to the consciousness of the sleeping Jack Lawrence.



ON THE ROOF.

At first he thought it was a dream, and he muttered in his slumber. Then, as his senses gradually returned, he looked up.

"My gracious! I've been asleep!" he exclaimed, gently lifting the head of his unconscious sister from his lap and laying it on the sack beside him.

Crab, of course, was still dreaming, and Jack shuddered to think how remiss he himself had been; they might have gone to destruction for all his care of them.

"Hallo-o!" again rang across the water, and Jack, with a suspicion that he had heard the voice before, called back:

"Hallo-o! Where are you?"

"Afloat, off here to the left of you, I suppose," answered the voice. "Who are you?"

Jack answered the hail as he had done that of the steamer, and his unknown interlocutor immediately exclaimed:

"Well, now, that's too bad, for I'm to blame for all this."

"How do you make that out?" asked Jack, in some surprise.

"I'm Colonel Carrolton," was the reply, "and you know I advised you to wait till to-morrow before making a move."

"Yes, but you see I *could* n't wait," said Jack, who remembered the advice but too well.

"Are you all right?" asked the Colonel, who appeared to be in cheery spirits, despite his dismal situation.

Jack gave a brief account of what had taken place since the flood reached the doors of his house, and the effusive Colonel congratulated him on his good fortune.

"How are you fixed?" asked Jack.

"The same as usual—on a hen-coop," was the reply.

"Any other passengers?" asked Jack, with an irrepressible laugh at the ludicrous similarity of the Colonel's aquatic misfortunes.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "I've got two—a fighting cock and a hen, and I shall try and take them through this time."

"Our stock is all drowned, I suppose," continued Jack. "But where are you going now?"

"To Vicksburg, of course," replied the Colonel, in a very matter-of-fact tone. "Every time after this that there comes a flood, I expect to go down there in this style. I shall tell my friends there to keep a lookout for a big hen-coop whenever the Mississippi rises; and, when they see one, they may make up their mind that I'm somewhere about it. Shut up there!"

This last remark was addressed to the game-cock, which just then essayed a defiant crow—rudely cut short, however, by the Colonel, who compressed the bird's neck in such a manner that the salute was extinguished before it was fairly begun.

"I don't mind one blast," explained the Colonel, "but, when he starts, he never stops till he has crowed a dozen times or more, and I'm tired of it."

"We heard a rooster some time ago," said Jack. "I wonder whether it was yours?"

"No," was the reply, "for I've shut him off every time he started, till I think it's time he began to feel discouraged. But it seems to me I'm going down-stream faster than you are."

Such was undoubtedly the case—the space between them was growing perceptibly greater every minute. This was due to the fact that the Colonel had floated into a swifter current. Then, too, he was nearer the channel, though that would not have affected his speed under the present circumstances, when the expansion of the river was so prodigious.

The Colonel, who had lived along the turbulent Mississippi until he was thoroughly accustomed to its moods, and who was one of those men who accepted every event of life with true philosophy, kept up a rambling but cheerful interchange of remarks with Jack, until the increasing distance made conversation too much of an effort. Then they shouted a good-bye to each other, and the curious interview ended.

Jack was so afraid of again falling asleep that he assumed a standing position, picking up the



NARROW QUARTERS.

gun and leaning on that, like a hunter absorbed in meditation.

"I never heard of a man who stood up without any support going to sleep, so I'm safe so long as I don't sit down," was the logical conclusion of the tired boy.



HAILING A STEAMER.

A few words of explanation are necessary to enable the reader to appreciate the situation of young Jack Lawrence and his companions at this time. They were approaching a section of Arkansas bounded by the converging White and Mississippi rivers, and which was overflowed not only between these two mighty streams, but for a great distance on the western bank of the former and the eastern bank of the latter. The width of the submerged lands varied from ten to a hundred or more miles. The children were, as you see, really afloat on a vast sea, which was sweeping southward with great velocity, and bearing on its surface houses, cabins, barns, boats, trees, and everything else of sufficient buoyancy to float.

All around our youthful voyagers was engulfed in thick darkness. The sky was so clouded that not the first glimmer of a star nor the faintest gleam of the moon could be seen. There was little air stirring, though now and then a cool puff struck the cheek of the lonely watcher. As much of the water came from the country around the head-waters of the Mississippi, its coldness lent an unwonted chill to the atmosphere.

The surface of the Mississippi was comparatively smooth, though now and then something would produce a whirling eddy in the current, which would cause the waves to plash against the logs. But the sensation was as if the raft was standing still on the bosom of the mighty expanse of muddy waters.

Suddenly they were swept into a whirlpool, which began swinging the raft around with such velocity that Jack was greatly alarmed. It seemed as if the building had become a gigantic top, which spun about until the frightened lad became

so dizzy he was forced to lie down on the roof to keep from rolling off.

Just as he was on the point of awakening Dollie and Crab, the floating building swung out of the whirlpool and acquired a steadier motion, though it continued to revolve slowly for a considerable time.

Jack had been so well shaken up that he was sure nothing could lull him to sleep again that night. But, through fear of losing himself, he prudently resumed his tiresome standing posture, grasping his gun as if he were prepared to "repel boarders."

Dollie stirred uneasily, and her brother noticed that she was talking in her sleep. As he stood close to her, listening, he presently caught the broken words:

"Good-night, Mamma — kiss me to sleep — there — good-night — kiss me, too, Papa —"

Poor girl! In her dreams she was with her father and mother, though one had been in heaven many months, and the other was hundreds of miles distant, and wholly ignorant of the perils to which his children were exposed in these hours of darkness and wide-spread devastation.

Jack sighed deeply as he recalled the sad hour when he had kissed his mother for the last time, and the eyes which had always looked upon him



A FAMILY OF FOUR.

and Dollie with such fond love had faded out forever.

Many a time had the brave-souled fellow lived over the sorrowful moments, as he did now, and many a time, when no human eye saw him, the tears had silently trickled down his cheeks. He gave himself up for a time to the saddening memories, and then, with a great effort, tried to throw off the depressing weight.



Something cold struck the uppermost hand resting on the gun. It was a drop of rain, and he started and looked up.

"If a storm is coming, we shall be in a bad fix," he said, remembering, with a feeling of tender anxiety for his delicate sister, that they had no means of placing the slightest covering over themselves.

Fortunately, however, only a few drops fell. When the cloud from which they came had passed over, Jack drew a deep breath of relief, for he might well dread the discomforts and miseries that would be theirs in case of a fall of rain.

A long distance to the eastward, toward the Mississippi shore, a faint glow was now dimly visible, gliding along toward the northward. Listening attentively, Jack could faintly hear the throbbing noise made by the engines of another steamer which was laboring upward against the flood; but he would not have signaled to it, even had it been within hailing distance.

"I would rather stay where I am until morning," he thought, watching the glow-worm like light until it vanished in the darkness. "There's no saying where we may strike or what may happen to us; but, come what will, it's the best thing we can do."

The boy had no means of telling how long he had slept, but he rightly thought that it must be now after midnight.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A HAPPY PARTY.

NEVER did the hours seem so dismal and long to Jack Lawrence as when floating down the Mississippi on that memorable night, keeping his lonely watch. Once or twice he started to pace back and forth, but his quarters were so narrow that he found himself in danger of stepping off; so he gave up the attempt.

But, with true grit, he never once sat down during those long hours. While Dollie and Crab were sleeping as soundly as though in their own beds, Jack continued his lookout for danger.

At last it began to grow light in the direction of the Mississippi shore, and presently, to his infinite relief, the beams of the rising sun illumined the vast waste of waters.

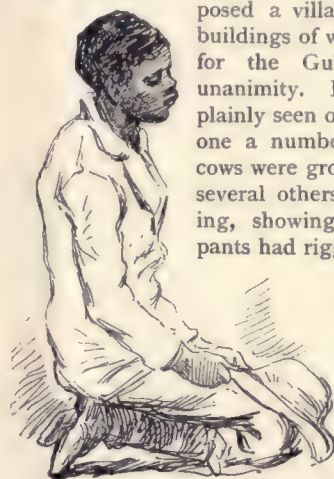
The scene presented to his gaze was one of desolation indeed. In every direction the turbid current bounded the horizon. For all he could see to the contrary, he might have been floating over the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, or even in the very center of the Atlantic itself. Nowhere could his straining eye catch the first glimpse of land; even the towering bluffs along shore were under water, and it was impossible for Jack to tell whether he

was drifting over the real bed of the Mississippi, or whether he was fifteen or twenty miles from it. But one thing was certain: he was somewhere on the flood, which may have been fifty or a hundred feet deep under him, and he was being borne he knew not whither.

A long distance to the westward was a group of cabins floating downward together, looking, as Jack fancied, something like a flock of crows sailing across the sky. They undoubtedly had once com-

posed a village or town, the buildings of which had started for the Gulf with singular unanimity. People could be plainly seen on the roofs. On one a number of mules and cows were grouped, while from several others smoke was rising, showing that the occupants had rigged up some sort of cooking arrangements.

To the eastward were six or eight other cabins, the most of which had people on top—all negroes. The nearest house



CRAB'S DEVOTIONS.

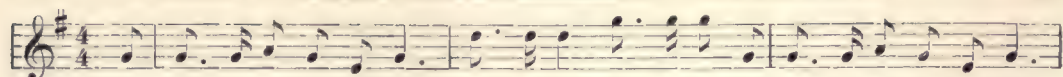
seemed to have fully a dozen. A fire was burning, and while one—a large, fat negress, with a red handkerchief tied about her head—was preparing the best breakfast she could under the circumstances, the others were singing and dancing as they used to on the old plantations before the war.

There were musical voices among them, which came floating pleasantly across the water, and altogether the scene was a strange one. Between each verse, a couple of barefooted darkeys, wearing immense flapping straw hats, danced a "double-shuffle" with tremendous vigor, while the brethren and sisters sang and swayed their bodies by way of accompaniment, even the cook, forgetting her culinary duties for the moment, joining in the chorus. It seemed as though there might be danger of the whole breaking through the roof; doubtful

if even the certainty of such a catastrophe would have checked the negroes when once they were fairly launched upon the flood-tide of their song. The following melody appeared to be one of their greatest favorites:



"DE BAG O' PERWISONS."



We're gwine to de camp meetin', On de road, on de road, We'll hab a hap-py meetin',



On de road, yes, on de road; Den jine in on de chorus, On de road, on de road; Out-sing dem folks before us,



On de road, while on de road. We're gwine to de camp meetin', Sing, brudder, sing; We



We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing,



We're gwine to de camp meetin', We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, We



Sing, brudders, sing, we sing,



gib you all a greet-in', Sing, sis-ter, sing, We're on de road to glo-ry;



We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing,



gib you all a greet-in', We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, We're on de road to glo-ry;



Sing sis-ter, sing, we sing,



Don't you hear de bu-gle call, We'll tell de hap-py sto-ry Un-to all,... un-to all.



Don't you hear de bu-gle call, We'll tell de hap-py sto-ry Un-to all,... un-to all.



Yes, on de road to glory,  
On de road—on de road—  
We'll tell de happy story,  
On de road—on de road;

Keep time unto de marches,  
On de road—on de road—  
We'll shout frough heaben's arches—  
On de road—while on de road.

[Chorus.]



Come, go wid us to heaben,  
 On de road—on de road—  
 Dar day shall hab no eben,  
 On de road, yes, on de road;  
 We 'll hab a happy meetin',  
 On de road, yes, on de road—  
 In heaben's own camp-meetin',  
 On de road—while on de road.  
 [Chorus.]

## CHAPTER IX.

## A CHECK.

JACK was looking toward the negroes and listening to their strange and impressive singing, when Crabapple Jackson gave a prodigious yawn, slowly opened his eyes, raised his head on his elbow, and then stared about him in a confused manner for several minutes. He presently came to himself sufficiently to inquire:

"Jack, is dem perwisions dar?"

"Yes; there 's the bag," was the reply.

"Wall," continued Crab, "does n't you tink dat dis am a good time to lighten de weight ob de bag?"

"I don't know but that you are right, Crab," responded Jack. "We 'll awaken Dollie—Ah! she has saved us the trouble."

The little girl was indeed wide-awake. After a quick glance at her surroundings she recalled everything, and then, as was always her custom, bowed her head in prayer; seeing which action, Crab was recalled to his duty and did the same. Jack had already, before the others were awake, invoked the care of his Heavenly Father in the unknown perils that still awaited them.

Although the water did not look very inviting, the children leaned over the edge of the cabin and washed their faces and hands in the stream, after which they quenched their thirst.

"We 're better off than shipwrecked persons in one respect," said Jack, as Dollie began taking the food from the bag; "we can never die from thirst, as they often do."

"De Massissipp don't look wery invitin'," said Crab, "and when we fust come from old Kaintuck I war shuah dat I neber could drink it; but I hab got so now dat I kinder like it."

"There 's nothing strange in that," said Jack, "for river-men grow to like it better than anything else."

"'Ceptin' whisky," amended Crab.

"I mean, better than any other water, even that from the clearest spring," explained Jack. "Hark!"

The singing of the negroes on the nearest cabin had stopped some minutes before, but now one of them was heard speaking in a loud voice.

Looking toward them, the children saw that the whole party were kneeling, while one of their number, evidently an exhorter or preacher, was leading in prayer.

The scene was an impressive one, and our young voyagers could not but join them in spirit. The plea of the African was touching in its earnestness and simplicity. He had a rich, sonorous voice, which was mellowed and softened in its passage across the water to their ears.

The negroes must have been hungry, but this fact did not prevent their leader from making his petition as long and all-embracing as he was accustomed to make it when exhorting his brethren and sisters in their cabin at home.

Meantime, the three children began their own breakfast. Jack found it necessary to limit the extent of Crab's repast, or but little would have been left for the future.

"What 's de use ob bein' so partic'lar?" asked the disappointed darkey: "Like enuff dar 'll be some steamer along to-day and take us off, and den we kin get all we want to eat without starvin' ourselves now."

"There 's no danger of starving as long as we can get one meal a day, such as you have just eaten," said Jack.

"But don't you expect to be taken off to-day?" asked Dollie, as she carefully put away the remains of the meal.

"I hope so," answered her brother; "but there is n't any certainty. Don't you see that the river is so wide here that we can't begin to see either shore? The flood may stretch out fifty or even a hundred miles further, for we are not yet out of the lowlands of Arkansas."

"What 's dat got to do wid de steam-boat taking us off?" asked Crab, with some sullenness. He evidently had no fancy for any theory, however plausible, that was likely to stand in the way of his seemingly unappeasable appetite.

"A good deal," said Jack, decidedly. "There are not half enough steamers on the Mississippi to cover such a lot of water. We may drift all the way to New Orleans before being picked up. That will take several days, supposing we are not delayed by any accident; and what shall we do in the meantime if our provisions give out?"

"And then," added Dollie, whose tender heart was always remembering others, "there must be a good many who have nothing at all to eat, and we may have a chance to share with them."

Crab found he was outvoted, and so said no more, though he looked longingly at the bag which contained the food, for which he seemed always to be craving.

Our young friends now observed that the roof



was much nearer the water than before. This at first caused some uneasiness, but there was really no occasion for it. A large part of the cabin beneath had been loosened so that it had come apart and floated away, leaving so much less to support them.

But had nothing save the roof remained, that alone would have sufficed to carry them safely, so long as no unexpected danger interfered.

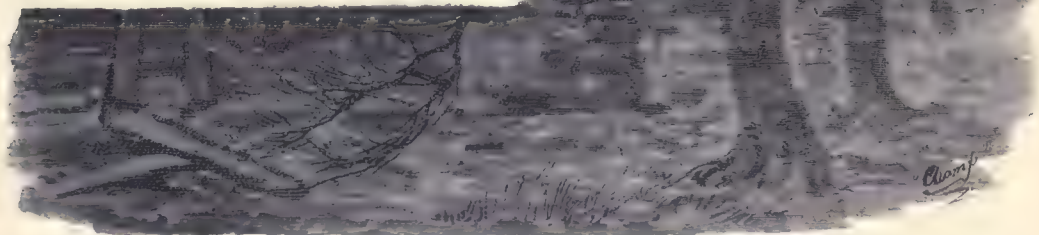
Suddenly, and without the least warning, the raft, which had all along been floating downward at a swift and uniform rate of speed, stood still. The check was so instantaneous and violent that all three were thrown down, and Crab, who happened to be on the lower edge, escaped going overboard by a hair's-breadth only.

This sudden stoppage caused the water to strike the upper end of the roof with such force that it boiled and foamed over the edge, threatening to submerge the whole structure.

The little party were for a few minutes terribly frightened. Unable to understand what had happened, and bewildered by the suddenness of the accident, they at first feared that the entire raft was about to be torn asunder.

But as nothing of the kind took place, they presently concluded that something beneath, most probably the branches of a tree which did not quite reach the surface, had become entangled in the logs of their raft. This was indeed what had happened. For the time, the building was held as immovably as if securely tied to a wharf.

*(To be continued.)*





## A GOOD MODEL.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

I HAVE lately been visiting a gentleman whom I should like to tell about. He lives on the banks of the Delaware River, not far from Trenton, New Jersey. The place was the seat of an old Quaker neighborhood long before the Revolution, and Washington's soldiers passed along its roads and crossed its fields many a time. And later, many men who became famous, particularly as naturalists, have lived or visited there.

The Delaware River below Trenton is bordered by very wide flats, known as "The Meadows." At one place, fully a mile from the river, a long, steep bank rises to the level of the farming-lands behind, and shows the ancient limit of the river-freshets. In a beautiful grove on the summit of this bluff stands the picturesque old home of my friend, with its group of barns and sunny gardens about it, and the broad grain-fields behind. Thus pleasantly placed for hearing and seeing what goes on out-of-doors, this gentleman has taught himself to be one of the best field naturalists in the world. By "field naturalist" I mean one who finds out the appearance and habits of plants and animals as they are when alive and in their own homes, and who does not content himself merely with reading what others write about them.

It is very delightful to talk with this gentleman, and to see how well he is acquainted with the birds and the four-footed animals of his district, all of which are under his jealous protection. He has half a dozen little "tracts" within a mile of his house, each of which is tenanted by a partly different class of plants and animals, so that there is never any lack of variety in his studies. The truth of this will not seem clear to you at first, perhaps, because you are accustomed to think that, in order to find any great diversity in outdoor life, you must search through great spaces of country. But my friend's farm would show you that a great many little differences are ordinarily overlooked, which, when you come to know them, are seen to be real and important. And this can be proven in one place about as well as in another.

For instance, it is easy to divide the estate I am speaking of into four districts, so far as natural history is concerned. First, there are the upland fields and house-gardens; second, the steep hill-side, grown dense with trees and tangled shrubbery; next, the broad, treeless, lowland meadows; and

lastly, the creek, with its still, shaded waters, marshy nooks, and flowery banks.

Now, while there are many trees, bushes, and weeds that are common to all these four districts, it is also true that each of the districts has a number of plants and animals that are not to be found in the others. You would not expect to get water-snakes, muskrats, or any wading birds on the high fields behind the house, nor do the woodchucks, quails, and vesper-sparrows of the hill-top go down among the sycamores by the creek. One quickly gets a hint here of the great fact that any species of animal or plant may be spread over a whole State, or half the continent, yet, nevertheless, be found only on that kind of ground which is best suited to it. One of the first things a naturalist has to learn, therefore, in respect to an animal whose habits he wishes to study, is what sort of surroundings it loves, and he will be surprised, particularly in the case of the smaller creatures, to learn how careful animals are in this matter, since upon it, as a rule, depends their food and safety. There are certain snails, for example, which my friend finds in one corner of his farm and never anywhere else. A pair of Bewick's wrens have lived in his wagon-house for some years, but they are the only pair in the whole county. It would be no use for him to look anywhere than on his bush-grown hill-side for the worm-eating warbler, the morning warbler, or the chat, though his gardens up above entice many other birds. Similarly, if the bird called the rail decides to make its home on his land, it will not settle along the creek, but in a marshy part of his meadows. I might mention a large number of these examples, but these will suffice.

For more than twenty years my friend has been diligently studying this single square mile around his house. One would think he knew it pretty well by this time, and he does—better, I believe, than any other square mile is known in the United States. He can tell you, and has written down, a hundred things about our common animals which are real news; yet he thinks that he has only begun, and is finding out something more every few days.

Here is an instance:

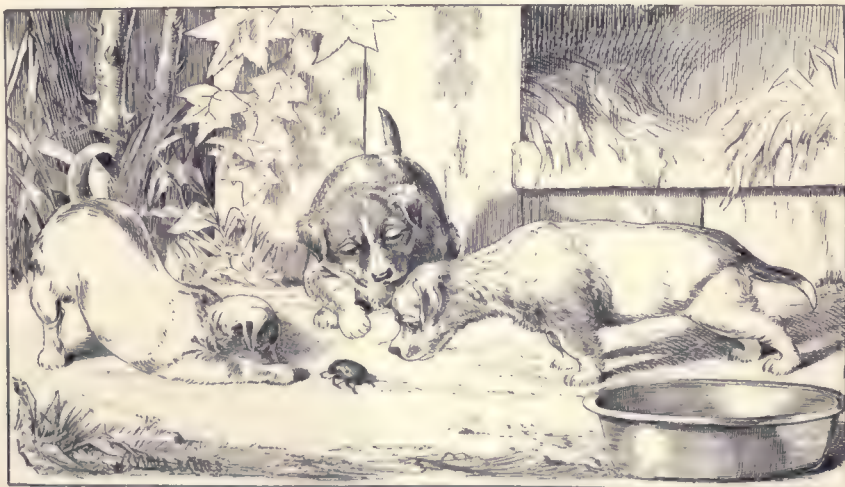
Forty years ago, or more, a small, brightly spotted turtle was described as living near Philadelphia, and two miserable specimens were sent

to Professor Agassiz. It was called Mühlenberg's turtle, and since then not one has been seen until last summer. My friend was always on the lookout, never failing to pick up or turn over every small turtle he met on the meadows or along the creek, and examine whether the marks on its under shell were those of the lost species. Finally, one of the ditches in the meadows was drained off to be repaired, and there, within a short distance, were picked up six Mühlenberg turtles! If you go to Cambridge, Mass., you can see four of them alive and healthy to-day. They could easily have gone out of that ditch into other ditches, and so into the creek; but, if they ever did, they have succeeded for twenty years in escaping some pretty sharp eyes that would have been very glad to see them.

This little incident has a moral for us in two ways. One is, that often the apparent rarity of an animal comes from the fact that we don't know where to look for it; and the other, that it takes a practiced eye to know it when we have found it, and to take care that it does n't get lost sight of again. Practice your methods of observation, then, without ceasing. You can not make discoveries in any other way. And the cultivation of

the habit will be of inestimable advantage to you in many ways.

This is the merest hint of how, without going away from home, by always keeping his eyes open, a man, or a boy or a girl can study, to the great advantage and enjoyment not only of himself (or herself), but to the help of all the rest of us. I should like to tell you how patiently the naturalist watches the ways of the wary birds and small game he loves; how those sunfish and shy darters forget that he is looking quietly down through the still water, and go on with their daily life as he wants to witness it; how he drifts silently at midnight, hid in his boat, close to the timid heron, and sees him strike at his prey; or how, concealed in the topmost branches of a leafy tree, he overlooks the water-birds drilling their little ones, and smiles at the play of a pair of rare otters, whose noses would not be in sight an instant did they suppose any one was looking at them. But I can not recount all his vigils and ingenious experiments, or the entertaining facts they bring to our knowledge, since my object now is only to give you a suggestion of how much one man may do and learn on a single farm in the most thickly settled part of the United States.



TRIO OF NATURALISTS: "How now? Six legs! And a dwarf, at that!"



## A LITTLE LADY.

BY LIZZIE L. GOULD.

I KNOW a little lady  
Who wears a hat of green,  
All trimmed with red, red roses,  
And a blackbird on the brim.

She ties it down with ribbons,  
Under her dimpled chin:  
For oftentimes it's breezy  
When she comes tripping in.

She 'll drop a dainty courtesy,  
Perhaps she 'll throw a kiss;  
She brings so many hundred  
That one she 'll never miss.

With laughing, sunny glances  
She comes, her friends to greet:  
There 's not another maiden  
In all the world so sweet!

Her name? The roses tell you!  
'T is in the blackbird's tune!  
This smiling little lady  
Is just our own dear June!



## ON THE REFUGE SANDS.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"RATHER an inhospitable refuge," said Rob Clinton, with a laugh—"ragged rocks for those who come from the sea, and bare sands for those from the land."

"Yet it is when we are among ragged rocks and bare sands," said Mrs. Eustace, who stood by him, "that we want a refuge, you wise boy. And there is the house, which is the real refuge."

"I was n't thinking of the house," said Rob; "but perhaps, on a stormy night, it might be better than the rocks and sands, though at present I don't think so. But Mr. Eustace is calling us. He and the girls have regularly gone into refuge on the piazza."

The Eustace party, which now found itself in a lonely "House of Refuge" for shipwrecked sailors

on the Atlantic coast of Florida, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace, their nephew Phil, with his two sisters, and Rob Clinton, Phil's school-fellow and best friend. They were taking a trip down the Indian River in two sail-boats, and the captain and owner of the larger of these two boats—the "Wanda"—had selected this place as a very suitable spot at which to moor their craft and pass the night. For a hundred miles or more the party had heard the roar and moan of the ocean on the other side of the narrow strip of land which separates the Indian River from the Atlantic. But, until now, they had not crossed the barrier. Here the high bank of sand and rock on which the "House of Refuge" stood was so narrow one could almost throw a stone from the quiet waters

of the river into the roaring surf on the other side.

The keeper of the Refuge, a young man named Norman, who, with his wife and child, lived in this lonely house, met the visitors with a glad welcome. He had little to offer them save the shade of the broad piazza which fronted on the ocean; but this was all they wanted, and, on his part, it was delightful to him to see again some human beings from the outside world.

Our party remained on the beach until long after sunset. Mr. Eustace was not strong, and he sat upon the warm sand; but Mrs. Eustace and the girls, with Rob and Phil, wandered about among the great twisted and jagged rocks, at the foot of which the waves rolled and tumbled. The unceasing roar of the incoming surf, the splendors of the setting sun reflected on the eastern sky, the great pelicans swooping along over the crests of the breakers, and the far-stretching ocean itself, made a scene so grand and impressive that our friends could not bear to tear themselves away. Darkness had almost set in, and the good-natured captain of the "Wanda" had three times called them to supper before they would leave the beach.

In the evening, by Norman's invitation, they came up to the house and sat in what he called his parlor, a large, bare room, furnished with a desk and some rickety chairs and stools. This house had once been a life-saving station, Norman told them, but it was now simply a place of refuge and shelter for sailors and other shipwrecked persons who might be cast upon this beach. Above and below, at distances of a few miles apart, sign-boards were set up on the beach, on which were painted, in two or three languages, directions by which the House of Refuge might be found. In the second story of the long, low building were a number of small beds, and the Government kept here always a goodly supply of hard bread and salted meats.

"In the boat-house down there," said Norman, "are two life-boats. They are of no use now, as I am the only man at this place. All I can do is to take care of any poor fellows who are lucky enough to get themselves ashore from a wreck. But it is n't often we have wrecks on this coast, and if it was n't for a hunter or fisherman now and then, and the people on board the supply-ship when that comes along, we should be pretty hard up for company."

When our friends went down to their boat, about nine o'clock, they found that the air had grown colder and that a strong wind was blowing from the sea. The boats lay under the lee of the land, but their occupants were a good deal rocked that night, for the wind grew stronger and stronger.

In the morning, Captain Silas told the party that he expected to tie up at this place all day. There was a big storm coming up, and the Indian River in a gale was no place for a top-heavy boat like the "Wanda."

After breakfast, everybody went over to the beach. There, for the first time in their lives, they saw a real storm at sea. It did not rain, but the sky was full of scudding clouds, the water was in wild commotion, and the waves dashed high over the rocks on which the young people had stood the evening before. The wind and the spray soon obliged Mr. and Mrs. Eustace and the girls to go into the house, where they watched the stormy scene from the windows. But Phil and Rob put on their heavy coats, and remained upon the beach. Rob was a tall young fellow, with a full chest, and big muscles on his arms. He was fond of baseball and boating, and delighted in athletic sports and outdoor life. Phil was of slighter build, and, though healthy and active, had distinguished himself much more in the study of the classics and mathematics than in boyish games and exercises. Still, it must not be supposed that, because he did not excel in these latter pursuits, he did not care to do so. Like many another boy of spirit, he was just as anxious to perform those manly deeds to which he was little used, and which were not expected of him at all, as to be thought proficient in his studies. For instance, it would give him as much pride and pleasure to successfully sail a boat in a stiff breeze as to work out the hardest problem in differential calculus. He was of a quiet disposition, and had had little opportunity of engaging in what are called manly exercises. But he had a manly spirit, and often envied Rob the dash and courage that carried him at once into the front of every sport and adventure. Rob frequently took the tiller of the "Mary," the smaller boat on which the boys generally sailed, when Joe Miles, the boatman, was busy forward. Phil, too, would have liked nothing better than to take his turn at steering, but somehow it had never occurred to Joe to ask him, and Phil was too sensitive to offer his services; still, he could not help feeling a little sore that Joe should never think of him as a person who could steer a boat.

The storm continued, the wind growing stronger as the day progressed, and finally even the boys were glad to take shelter in the house. About noon Norman called the whole party out on the porch. "Look out there!" he cried, pointing over the tossing waves. Plainly in sight for an instant, then lost behind the heaving billows, then up again in view, was seen the hull of a large vessel, apparently two or three miles from shore.

"She was a three-masted schooner," shouted





THE LIFE-BOAT IN THE SURF. (SEE PAGE 615.)

Norman, "but she 's a no-masted one now. She is driving before the wind right on shore!"

"Do you think there is anybody in her?" cried Mrs. Eustace.

"I reckon so," answered Norman. "She seems all right, except that her masts are gone. The storm is worse out at sea than it is here. I reckon we 're only on the edge of it."

"Will she be driven on these rocks?" asked Mr. Eustace, the noise of the surf making it necessary to shout the words into Norman's ear.

"Can't say," answered the keeper. "She 's more likely to come in a mile or two below here."

"And what will you do then?" asked Rob, eagerly.

"I 'll go down and help all I can," returned Norman.

"And we 'll go with you!" cried both the boys together.

Mr. Eustace and the girls now went into the house, but Mrs. Eustace, well wrapped up, remained on the porch with the boys and Norman, where Silas, the captain of the "Wanda," with the colored man, his assistant, and Joe Miles, soon joined them.

The wind now shifted, blowing more directly from the east, and the men predicted that the vessel would come ashore close to the house.

"Shall you get out a boat?" asked Rob.

"If she comes in here there wont be any need of boats," Norman answered. "She 'll drive right

up on the rocks in front of us. The water is deep enough, a dozen yards from low-tide mark, to float a big ship at any time. She 'll come close in, if she comes at all."

"Then what she has got to do," said Silas, "is to drop her anchors as soon as she gets in soundings. If they hold where the water is deep enough, she may be all right yet."

On came the dismasted vessel, tossing, pitching, and rolling, and making almost directly toward the House of Refuge.

"She 's American," said Norman. Except these words, no one spoke, but with rapidly beating hearts all stood and watched the incoming and helpless vessel. The captain of the schooner evidently saw his only chance of safety, for, when apparently but a few hundred yards from shore, a man was seen to throw a lead, and very soon afterward two anchors went down, one at the bow and one at the stern.

Now came a moment of intense anxiety. Would the anchors hold?

On came the vessel. "She 's got to let out cable!" said Norman, and in a few moments her shoreward course was arrested. She rolled and pitched, but came no nearer the dreadful rocks.

"They 're holdin'!" cried Silas, as he waved his hat above his head, and if it had not been for the noise of the surf his voice could have been heard on board of the vessel, where many men could be seen about the decks.

"But there's no knowin' how long they'll hold," said Norman. "Them breakers are givin' them an awful strain."

"Is n't there any way of saving those people?" cried Mr. Eustace, coming out in great excitement.

"She'd be all right if she could hold out till the storm is over," said Silas.

"But if one of them anchors or hawsers gives way," said Norman, "the other wont hold her, and she'll come smashing right on to these rocks! What the people on that vessel ought to do is to get on shore as soon as they can; but there's not a boat on her davits. She's been caught in some sort of a cyclone, and everything has been swept away."

"Can't you go out in one of these boats and take the people off?" said Mr. Eustace.

"I'll go out in the small boat," said Norman, "if these men will help me; and then, if we can bring some of the crew ashore, we can man the big life-boat and take them all off, if there is time and the boats don't capsize."

"I would go with you in a moment," said Mr. Eustace, "if I was strong enough to pull an oar."

Everybody was now on the piazza, and the general excitement was so great that even the girls did not seem to notice the fierce wind and the spray which every minute or two swept in from the sea. The men on the vessel, apparently to the number of fifteen or twenty, were scattered about the deck, holding on to parts of the wreck, and all anxiously gazing toward shore. Now and then one of them waved a handkerchief or a cap. It was very likely that, seeing the boat-house and the larger building, they judged that this was a life-saving station,—perhaps some of them knew that it used to be such,—and they, doubtless, wondered why the boat had not already put out to their rescue.

"If you three men," said Norman, addressing Silas, Joe Miles, and the negro Tom, "will each take an oar, and one of these young gentlemen will steer, we'll get out the little boat, and pull to the schooner."

"We'll go," said Silas, speaking for himself and the other two, "but I reckon these young men'll be afraid to venture out in a sea like that."

"Afraid!" cried both boys in a breath. And then Rob added, "There is no danger of our being afraid, is there, Phil?"

"Well then, if one of you'll go," said Norman, "we are all right." And he hurriedly led the way to the boat-house.

Mr. Eustace and the girls retired into the house; but Mrs. Eustace, filled with the excitement of the moment, drew her shawl around her head, and followed the men. It did not take long to run the small boat out of the boat-house, and over the

smooth sand to the water's edge; then the men buckled on their life-preservers, four oars were quickly put aboard, the row-locks fixed, the rudder shipped, and she was ready to launch.

"Now, which of you is going?" cried Norman.

Phil said not a word, but his eyes sparkled.

"Can't we both go?" asked Rob.

"No," said Silas, who stood nearest, "there's no need of two, and the other one would just take up the room of a man from the wreck. The boat is small enough, anyway."

"Come, hurry up!" cried Norman, who had taken hold of the side of the boat, "and make up your minds which of you is goin'. It is enough to make you afraid, I know; but one of you promised to go, and you're in for it now! Jump in, one of you, and we'll run her out!"

The men now stood, two on each side of the boat, ready to push her out behind the next outgoing breaker. Just at this moment there came through the storm the first sound that had been heard from the ship. It might have been the scream of a bird or an animal, but it sounded wonderfully like the cry of a child.

"There is a woman on board," groaned Mrs. Eustace. She saw the flutter of her dress.

Whatever this cry was, it seemed to send a thrill through every person on the beach. The men, who had already pulled the boat out so far that the water dashed about their legs whenever a wave came in, turned around and looked angrily at the boys. Phil made a step toward the boat; then he stopped, and looked at Rob.

There was nothing in the world that would have given Phil such intense delight as to go out in that boat, and help rescue the crew of the disabled ship. No hero of chivalry had a braver spirit than he. No knight had ever desired more earnestly to plunge into the battle than he desired to steer that boat.

Rob's blood was boiling. For the first time in his life he had been looked upon as a coward, and the injustice of the thing stung him to the heart. Such an adventure was something that suited him exactly, mind and body. In the excitement of the moment he had no more fear of those wild waves than of the rippling waters of a pond.

He, too, made a step toward the boat, and as Phil looked up at him their eyes met. Rob knew exactly how Phil felt. He saw that he was trembling with fierce desire to go in the boat, and yet he knew the boy would never push himself forward to a place to which he thought he had no right.

The storm of undefined emotions which had been raging within Rob now suddenly ceased. He spoke to Phil, but his voice was hoarse and unnatural.

"Get in," he said.



"Do you mean it?" cried Phil, with a quick flush upon his face.

Rob nodded; and in a moment Phil had secured a cork belt about his waist and was in the stern of the boat. A wave rose beneath the boat, waist-deep into the water ran the men, and then they clambered in and seized the oars.

"I thought the big fellow would 'a' gone," muttered Joe Miles. And that was all that was said.

Rob stood and watched the boat as eight strong arms pulled it away in the very face of the in-rolling breakers. Then his legs seemed to grow weak beneath him. He felt he had given up the only chance he would ever have of doing the thing that of all things in the world he would most like to do. He sank upon his knees on the sand, and put his hands before his face. The water washed up close to him, and the spray dashed over him, but he did not notice anything of this.

Presently he felt a touch upon his shoulder. He looked up, and saw Mrs. Eustace standing over him. In an instant Rob sprang to his feet.

"Mrs. Eustace," he cried, with glowing face, "I was n't afraid!"

The lady took the boy's hand in both of hers. "Rob," she said, "I never had a brother; but, if I could have one, I should like him to be a fellow just like you. You need n't tell me anything about it. I know why you did it."

Now came Mr. Eustace and the girls hurrying to the spot. They had been astonished to see Phil going off in the boat.

"I had thought," said Mr. Eustace to Rob, "that you would go. You are so much larger and stronger than he is."

"He can steer as well as I can," said Rob, with an attempt at a laugh.

Phil's sisters turned their tearful and reproachful eyes on Rob, and Mr. Eustace was about to speak, when his wife interrupted him.

"Come here," she said, "and you girls too. I want to speak with you." And she took them apart.

In half an hour the boat returned, bringing three men of the crew and the captain's wife and baby, Phil still proudly sitting in the stern and steering. The little boat was run upon the sand, and the seven men hurried to the boat-house and brought out the larger life-boat. In ten minutes it was afloat, six men at the oars, and Captain Silas at the helm. Before sundown every living being, and some of the clothing and property of the crew, had been safely brought to shore.

The storm continued all night, and, before morning, the hawsers of the schooner parted, and she was driven ashore a short distance below the House of Refuge. She was beaten to pieces on

the rocks, and when daylight appeared the beach for half a mile was strewn with her broken timbers and the flour-barrels which formed a part of her cargo.

Phil was the hero of the occasion, for everybody agreed that no fewer than four men could have rowed that first boat out to the wreck; and it would have been hard and doubtful work for them without some one to steer. Mr. Eustace and the girls thoroughly understood the whole affair, but they were no less proud of Phil. After all, he had gone out in the boat.

As for the captain of the wrecked schooner, which was an American vessel, bound from Baltimore to the West Indies, his gratitude and that of his wife was so great that poor modest Phil longed most earnestly for the gale to subside, so that the sail-boats might continue their journey. But the wind, though much abated, was still so high, that the prudent Captain Silas saw that he would have to remain at his present moorings until the next day, and the younger members of our party found occupation enough in watching and assisting the efforts of the rescued crew to save the boxes and barrels that the sea had thrown, or was throwing, on the sands and among the rocks.

The next morning broke bright and clear, with a fresh but moderate breeze, and, after breakfast, the "Wanda" and the "Mary" were made ready to continue their trip down the river. Just before the larger boat, on which the whole party was then assembled, had cast loose from the little pier, the captain of the wrecked vessel came on board. He held in his hand a scarf-pin, surmounted by an ancient golden coin or medal.

"I have n't much of value," he said, "but this is a curious Moorish coin which I got in Madrid, and I want to give it to the noble boy who came through the storm to help save me and mine." And, handing the scarf-pin to Phil, he turned and stepped ashore.

That afternoon, when the two sail-boats were many miles from the House of Refuge, Rob was sitting at the open end of the cabin of the "Wanda," writing in his journal on the little folding shelf which served as a table. Phil and the girls were on the other boat, and Mr. Eustace was taking a nap. Presently Mrs. Eustace arose from the camp-stool on which she had been sitting, and went up to Rob. She took from her pocket a silver fruit-knife, which she laid on the note-book before him.

"I have n't much of value," she said, "but I want to give this to the noble boy who did n't go through the storm to save anybody."

Captain Silas had been watching this little scene from the stern. "I've been thinkin' that that might be about the rights of it," he said, with a smile.

## FOR A GREAT MANY NEDS.

BY EVA L. CARSON.

WHEN Ned was a baby—oh, ages ago!  
 (Well, that is, a matter of six years or so)  
 There once was a wonderful talking.  
 From upstairs and down-stairs every one ran,  
 When Mamma called: "Come, Susan! Look,  
 Mary Ann!  
 The most wonderful thing since the world  
 began!  
 Oh, look! Come! See!

*Neddie is walking!*"

But to-day a more wonderful thing you may see,  
 For now a bold youngster called Ned climbs a  
 tree,  
 Plays at ball, tag, or shinney (and beats at all  
 three),  
 And is ever in mischief and riot.  
 And when this astonishing thing the folks spy,  
 To one and another they wond'ringly cry,  
 While amaze at such accident fills every eye:  
 "What a marvel! *Here 's Ned sitting quiet!*"

## THE FRESH-AIR FUND.

BY I. N. FORD.

CLOSE by the river, at the foot of a dismal street, stands a big shed, in which eighteen families eat and sleep. It is a quarter of New York where decent people are seldom seen. On every side there are shanties and rookeries, and the air is heavy with sickening smells from slaughter-houses. Dirt is everywhere: a foul ooze of garbage and standing water in the gutter; solid layers of dust in dark entries which are never scratched by a broom; heaps of unclean straw serving for pillow and bed in the closets which are known as bedrooms; and thick coatings of grime, ancient and modern, on the hands and faces of the children swarming about the door-ways, as well as in the shreds, tatters, and patches with which they are scantily clothed. The midsummer sun heats up the piles of refuse until they steam with foul vapors, which are caught up by the windows; and when the doors leading into the halls are opened for a draught of fresh air, there is a stifling sense of closeness and dampness, which makes the babies sneeze and the mothers cough. The long wooden building, with its three floors and rickety staircases, is so unsteady and tottering that one who watches it in the noontime heat of a July day fairly holds his breath, expecting to hear a sudden crash and to see its ragged roof and dingy walls fall to pieces, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

That ugly shed is known as "The Barracks." Rubbish heap though it be, it contains within its patched and slimy shell eighteen homes, with as

many as sixty children. On each of its three floors there are six families, and no household has more than two rooms, one of them being barely larger than a closet, and as dark as night even in the day-time. In those two rooms the cooking and washing for the family are done, and at night the father, mother, and sometimes as many as six or eight children, have to sleep close together, like sardines in a box.

"The Barracks" is one of the tenement houses where the children of the poor live all the year round. It is a long way from that dismal rookery to Cherry street, on the East side, where as many as one hundred and twenty families are lodged in "Gotham Court," once one of the most hideous tenement houses in the city, but now greatly improved. Between those two landmarks, and from one end of Manhattan Island to the other, there are tenements of all kinds and grades for half a million or more poor people. Among them are many well-kept mechanics' floors, where the halls are scrubbed once a week and the children oftener, and where there are carpets, pictures, easy-chairs, and many signs of thrift and comfort. But there are also thousands of cheerless and comfortless homes, where the poor lead lives of misery and want—rear tenements where the sunlight can not enter, rickety garrets as dark as a pocket, damp cellars and foul stable-lofts, where a breath of fresh air can never come, let the winds blow as they may.

The children in these tenement houses always





look older than they really are. Their pinched cheeks and hollow eyes tell a piteous story of hunger and want, for the city missionaries often find families with six or more children whose food is a few cents' worth of liver a day. Sometimes there are cruel bruises in their hags.

THE BARRACKS.

SICKNESS.

THE FIFTH FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

HOME DUTIES.

gard, sickly faces, bearing witness of a father's intemperance or a mother's ungovernable temper. Often there is the jaded look of weariness which comes from the drudgery of daily work and heavy burdens taken up and borne before

GOTHAM COURT.

there is strength to bear them. In one way or another their looks belie their age. They are children who have been cheated out of their childhood. In their rags, patches, and everlasting smudge, they are the little old men and the little old women of the tenement world.

The childhood which accords with their years, if



REV. WILLARD PARSONS.

not with their faces, can not be permanently restored to them, for poverty is their birthright, and every season brings with it privations and misery. But if they can be helped to be children for two weeks in the year, the memories of their holiday and the renewed health which it gives to them will make them younger as well as healthier and happier. If, when the scorching midsummer sun falls with a white glare upon the thin roofs and flimsy walls of their tenement homes, the children can be taken out of the narrow closets where they sleep, and the steaming gutters where they swarm like big black flies, and set down in the center of the children's play-ground, which is the country, a new glow will be kindled in their cheeks, and they will be the children they were meant to be—not little old men and little old women.

Now, this is the work of what is called "The Tribune Fresh-Air Fund." People who are rich or have moderate means furnish the money for the children's traveling expenses, sending it to "The Tribune" newspaper. Last summer there were more than fifteen hundred generous persons, many of them children themselves, who gave money for this purpose, the contributions amounting to \$21,-

556.91. With this sum, 5599 of the poor children of New York were taken into the country, given a holiday of two weeks, and carried back to their tenement homes. While their traveling expenses were paid by the contributors to the Fund, the children were the invited guests of farmers and other hospitable people living in the country. During the spring, seventy-five public meetings were held in as many villages in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Vermont, and other States, and arrangements were made with committees and clergymen in as many other localities; and when the kind-hearted entertainers in the country were ready to receive them, the children were sent out from the city in large companies, and distributed among the villages. The farmers' wives never knew whom to expect, although they always had timely notice as to how many were coming and when to meet the little visitors at the railway station. The children in setting out on their journey did not know where they were to spend their fortnight's vacation, but sooner or later they found themselves separated from their traveling companions and trundling in a farmer's wagon over a country road toward what was to be for a few happy days their home; and although they had to tell their names and their ages when they reached the farm-house, and everything was strange and new to them, they always found a motherly woman bustling about and trying to make them feel at home.

The manager of the Fresh-Air Fund is Willard Parsons, a bachelor clergyman, who has adopted the poor children of New York for his own. Hale and hearty, with a ruddy face and an eye twinkling with good humor, he has a heart brimful of kindness for neglected children, and the energy of twenty men. He it was who devised this simple and effective plan of entertaining in the country the poorest of poor children living in New York and Brooklyn. The experiment was tried six years ago, when he had a country parish in Pennsylvania, and now he is making this the business of his life. His work has already been crowned with success. The first year, sixty children were taken into the country. Last year, 6000 children had an outing in green fields and pastures new. It is a charity as popular as it is beautiful, for every heart is touched by the sorrows of neglected childhood.

The children are selected by those who spend their lives in working for and among the poor. Last year, Mr. Parsons was assisted by more than two hundred physicians, clergymen, city missionaries, Bible-readers, and teachers, and use was made of the principal benevolent societies and charitable institutions, the design being to extend aid only to those who required and deserved it. All that was asked of the mothers or friends was that the



children under their charge should be clean when they started. Now, in tenement houses, water seldom runs above the first and second floors. Families living in the remaining floors have to carry water upstairs in pails, and consequently use it sparingly. The children are not encouraged to keep themselves clean from day to day and week to week, so that something besides a surface washing is required when they are prepared for their summer travels. They have to be steamed, scraped, scrubbed, and shaken; and as their mothers either will not or do not know how to be thorough in this process of renovation, the work is sometimes done at mission-houses and institutions. The transformations wrought by soap and water are often startling. One of the little girls at the Five Points, who did not recollect ever having had a bath in the course of her short career, caught a glimpse of her small self in a fragment of looking-glass, and gave expression to her emotions in the exclamation: "Oh! I've been born again, just like Eve!" In this way, some of the ugliest children of the street are gradually bleached into comeliness and decency, and when they are clean, perhaps for the first time in their lives, they are arrayed in new clothes provided by the institutions. Often maternal pride, when the child is washed and

poor children, and are carefully selected by those who know them and how they live.

One of the largest parties sent out last summer left the city on the afternoon of July 5th. For an hour before the steamer's paddles began to move, troops of from twenty to forty children, conducted by Mr. Parsons's volunteer aids, had been filing across the wharf; and, when the last whistle was blown, four hundred and seventy little travelers were mustered in the cabins and on the decks. Each child wore a badge, and carried either a bundle of clothes or a carpet-bag, much the worse for wear; but there the common points of resemblance ended and variety began. There were all sorts, sizes, ages, and tempers. There were veterans in holiday travel, who, having had an outing the previous year, knew all about it and were ready to abash their companions with their superior wisdom. There were shy little toddlers, to whom this was a terribly new experience, and who seemed to be uncertain whether they would find any place like a bed in that great cinder-mill of a steamer, or any person like a mother in the wonderful country whither they were going; and apparently this feeling was shared by a few of the mothers themselves, who clung to the little ones with sobs and kisses, unwilling to let them go, even for two short weeks, although they knew it would be for the best. Then there were tall, awkward girls, painfully conscious of the fact that they were wearing their best clothes; wide-awake boys bent upon exploring the hold and mounting to the wheel-house; timid figures cowering silently in corners where they would not be observed; bolder spirits elbowing their way through the throng and making all manner of racket; and wistful little faces, which seemed to have been waiting for a day's pleasure from their birth, and to have found it, at last, this merry day. It was a strangely assorted company of sad and joyous, listless and active, dull and intelligent, sickly and vigorous boys and girls. Every face was glowing with anticipations of happiness. Every little figure was quivering with excitement. "Is this the country?" piped a sweet voice, before the steamer had fairly swung out of her dock and headed up-stream. Not yet, little one; for, see, yonder is "The Barracks" showing its dirty face among the slaughter-pens, and higher up are the hovels of "Shanty-town." But have patience, for the country is coming soon!

What a wonderful voyage that was! How the children romped, sang, and screamed as the steamer glided by the dingy piers, and green banks and tall trees came into view! How quickly the lunches were whipped out and pocketed in those hungry mouths! How many bewildering sights there were for those tenement eyes — vessels drift-



PREPARATION.

dressed at home, produces a faded ribbon or a bit of cheap finery. When these finishing touches are neglected, the dresses of the girls are carefully ironed, and the boys' ragged and thread-bare suits are neatly patched and sponged. So clean and tidy are they, as with eager, excited faces they set out on their holiday journey, that it is often hard for bystanders to believe that these are indeed the children of the poor. But they are the poorest of

ing by, trains whizzing in the distance, and, at last, real mountains towering above them! How unwilling they were to be put to bed, and when they were once tucked in and the madcaps had been cautioned to hold their tongues, how quickly they all were sound asleep, the girls in the cabin and the boys forward! What a scramble there was when the first urchin rubbed his eyes and found out that it was morning, and that he was on a steam-boat with 469 other children, and not in a close, stuffy tenement house! What a famous breakfast they had, when the boat landed at Troy and kind-hearted Shepard Tappen led them into

and pickerel pools, and with great mountain masses looming up in the distance!

This was the first of the holiday journeys. As the season advanced, parties of children were sent out in rapid succession, sometimes as many as eight starting in a single day. From June to mid-September the children were entertained in as many as one hundred and sixty villages in the Mohawk Valley, among the Catskills and the Berkshire hills, on the Connecticut and the Sound, in New Jersey close at hand, and as far away as Bennington and the Adirondack woods. The average distance traveled by each child in



SAVING GOOD-BYE ON THE WHARF.

a great room, where there were seven long tables, with cold meats, hot biscuits, cookies, oranges, and a glass of milk at each plate! And then came what was to most of them a first ride on a railway train. Seven cars packed with children bowled along through Saratoga and Ticonderoga toward the villages on the west shore of Lake Champlain, where the farmers were waiting at the stations for the expected guests. And now, little one, whose voice piped so sweetly opposite "The Barracks," this is the country; and it is the real country, with flowers and berries, with farms and cows and chickens, with woods and squirrels, with tumbling brooks

going and returning was 360 miles, and the manager of the Fund has made the interesting calculation that the aggregate number of miles traversed by the children would have enabled them, if they could have gone on a straight line, one starting where another left off, to go around the world eighty-five times!

Whether the children traveled by boat, train, or stage, whether they went north, east, or west, they had a common destination. That destination was the country. Those who had been sent out in previous seasons knew what to expect. To the others it was a vague but glittering idea. "What



is it like, anyway?" was a serious little maiden's eager question on the cars between the great depot and Harlem bridge, when her chance acquaintance on the opposite seat was boasting that she had been there twice before on the poor children's excursions. "Oh! there 's cows," was the quick response; "and then there 's apple-trees and big mountains and chickens and kind folks; and there 's big rooms to sleep in, and there 's always lots to eat, when they blows the horn; and they blows it frequent!" This crude bit of description appealed to the imagination of the demure little questioner, who had never seen either grass or trees outside City Hall Park. She opened her eyes very wide, and bobbed up and down on the cushioned seat after the manner of little people who are in a state of ecstatic expectancy. Some of the boys, who had been taken to the country early in July, when the apples were green and unripe, might have left them out of the summary of country delights. "Don't talk to me," said one of these experienced boy-travelers on one of the river boats, "about apples as grows on trees. Did n't I climb a tree and bite into 'em as soon as I got there? and was n't they sour though! Just give me a good sweet apple as grows in a barrel in town!" But if the apples were not always ripe, the berries were; and if the mountains were sometimes only hills, the country was always a cool and shady place—a land of cow's milk and the milk of human kindness, a land of plenty.

The children generally reached the farm-houses in the evening, and were too tired to do more than stuff their small selves at supper and then crawl into their beds. In the morning they found themselves in large, airy chambers, very different from the close closets in which they were accustomed to sleep in town; and their beds were so soft and comfortable that they would have been late to breakfast, if curiosity had not tempted them to bestir themselves and find out what sort of place the country really was. The barn-yard was always the first object of interest, and if there were children in the farmer's family, they would take charge of their little visitors from the city tenements, laughing merrily at their exclamations of bewilderment. A brown-faced country girl, in a sensible sun-bonnet and plain frock, would show a group of shy and awkward city girls, in fantastic, made-over, and patched-together attire, how to feed the chickens, the youngest child hanging back half-afraid, and being thrown into a flutter of excitement whenever a rooster crowed or a vigorous hen flapped her wings. At the other end of the barn-yard a sturdy country lad would give a puny tenement boy a first lesson in milking,

smiling at his pupil's dread of the cow's hind feet, and bursting into a roar when the little voice would ask: "I say, mister, is she milk all the way through?"

The visitors invariably found out at breakfast that country milk was something very different from tenement milk. It was neither blue, thin, nor watery, but fresh and rich. "It 's more like good bread and butter than milk!" said one pale-faced little invalid, who found it to be, indeed, both meat and drink. Many of the children, however, were unable to enjoy it during the first few days, being accustomed to diluted milk. "It 's too strong!" they would exclaim, and then look wistfully at the teapot: for the children of the poor are invariably given what their mothers term "messes of tea" in the tenements. Country milk soon found its way to their hearts as well as to their stomachs, and long before the vacation ended they were ready to take it whenever it was offered to them. Indeed, if some of the wayside stories are to be credited, their education in this respect was completed on the first day's journey. At Albany, for example, where a party was entertained at a large restaurant, eighty quarts of milk were drunk by eighty-six children in fifteen minutes.

Before the first breakfast came to an end, the waifs of the New York streets were like members of the farmer's household, and from that moment until it was time to go back to the city they were contented and happy. The number of genuine cases of home-sickness among the six thousand children taken into the country last year could be counted on the fingers of a single hand. The bewildering pleasures of country life, the flush of health following the change of air and diet, and the unwearied attentions of those who were entertaining them, combined to make this fortnight the happiest ever known in those bare, neglected lives.

The boys naturally took to the water like so many Newfoundland puppies. Wherever there were brooks and quiet pools they were to be seen, at any hour of the day, fishing, swimming, and wading. One bright-eyed little sportsman, who had provided himself with two formidable beanshooters, gravely asked his host if the woods back of the barn were "gamy." All the boys took an intense interest in the farm dogs, the woodchucks, and gray squirrels, and even the tiny field-mice and tree-toads. Riding horses bareback to the watering trough was esteemed one of the highest privileges; but what a newsboy described as "the boss fun of all" was driving a load of hay. When the big countryman gave him the long whip and directed him to start up the oxen for the barn, while the little ones on the hay-cart were eying him enviously, it was decidedly the most important

moment of that newsboy's life, no matter how many dreadful murders and startling fires he had cried in the streets of New York.

The boys were always saying queer things, which convulsed the jolly farmers with laughter. "Who watered those plants last night?" asked a little

them into the country, and were happiest when they could play by themselves in some shady place. One little maiden near Essex was not distressed when she found that she had no playmates in the house. She had her doll, and that was company enough. She chose a sheltered corner



fellow at Guilford, catching a first glimpse of dew on the grass. "My eye! what big lemons!" was an exclamation called out by squashes in the garden. "I say! who owns all the robins round here?" was another amusing question. At Old Lyme, an urchin could not repress his astonishment when he saw a man digging potatoes in the field. "Have n't you any barrels in your cellar?" he asked, contemptuously. "Why do you keep 'em stowed away in the ground that way?"

The girls outnumbered the boys two to one, the farmers' wives having a decided preference for them. They were more domestic in their tastes, but as happy in their quiet way as their noisier and more venturesome brothers. They were interested in the work of the dairy and the other household occupations; they were never tired of playing croquet in the front yard; they gathered wild flowers in the woods, and clapped their hands with delight whenever they found a ground-sparrow's nest in the meadow; and they went berrying every day, always contriving to fill themselves with wild strawberries, or blueberries, even if they did not have leisure to heap up their baskets.

Some of the smaller girls took their rag-dolls with

of the front yard as her nursery, and every morning went out to sing her dolly to sleep, her favorite lullaby being a popular religious hymn. Across the road lived a country lad of her own age, who at once began to annoy her by repeating her music in a high key, with numerous variations. For two days she paid no heed to her troublesome neighbor. On the third, her blood was roused. She propped up her doll against a post of the fence, marched across the road with flashing eyes, and cuffed her audience of one boy about the ears. "Now, just see here!" she exclaimed. "I came here for two weeks' fun, and I mean to have it!" The boy fled riotously, and the moral effect of the demonstration was marked. The sturdy little maiden was suffered to have her fun in peace and quiet until it was time for her to return to the city.

The farmers, surprised by the intelligence and good manners of their guests, and moved to compassion by the stories of city life which were told, bestirred themselves to fill the cup of holiday pleasure until it should be brimming over. They purchased hammocks, croquet sets, sometimes even velocipedes, for the use of the children. Long drives over country roads were arranged for them;



fishing parties were formed, and river and lake excursions were planned; luncheon was often served in the woods; and on the sea-board they were taken to clam-bakes and allowed to bathe in the surf. In many instances, all the families entertaining children in the same village united in a combination picnic in the woods, with a bountiful luncheon supplied from the kitchens of the farm-houses, and ice-cream served from the country hotel. At one village on the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, seventy-five children were entertained in this way; and at Whitney's Point there was an ice-cream festival.

At Maple Grove, near Bennington, where Mr. Trenor W. Park (by whose recent death the poor children of New York have lost a most generous friend) entertained several large parties, the children found what was to them an earthly paradise. An old-fashioned farm-house, with piazzas on three sides, stood in the center of a park of one hundred and seventy-two acres. A gravelly path led from the porter's lodge to the porch; a crystal spring, a bubbling brook, a rustic bridge, and a summer-house were to be found under the maples and



THE DETERMINED  
LITTLE GIRL.

pinetrees; and in the background was a great orchard with a vista of meadow and woodland. A matron and several servants were placed in charge of the

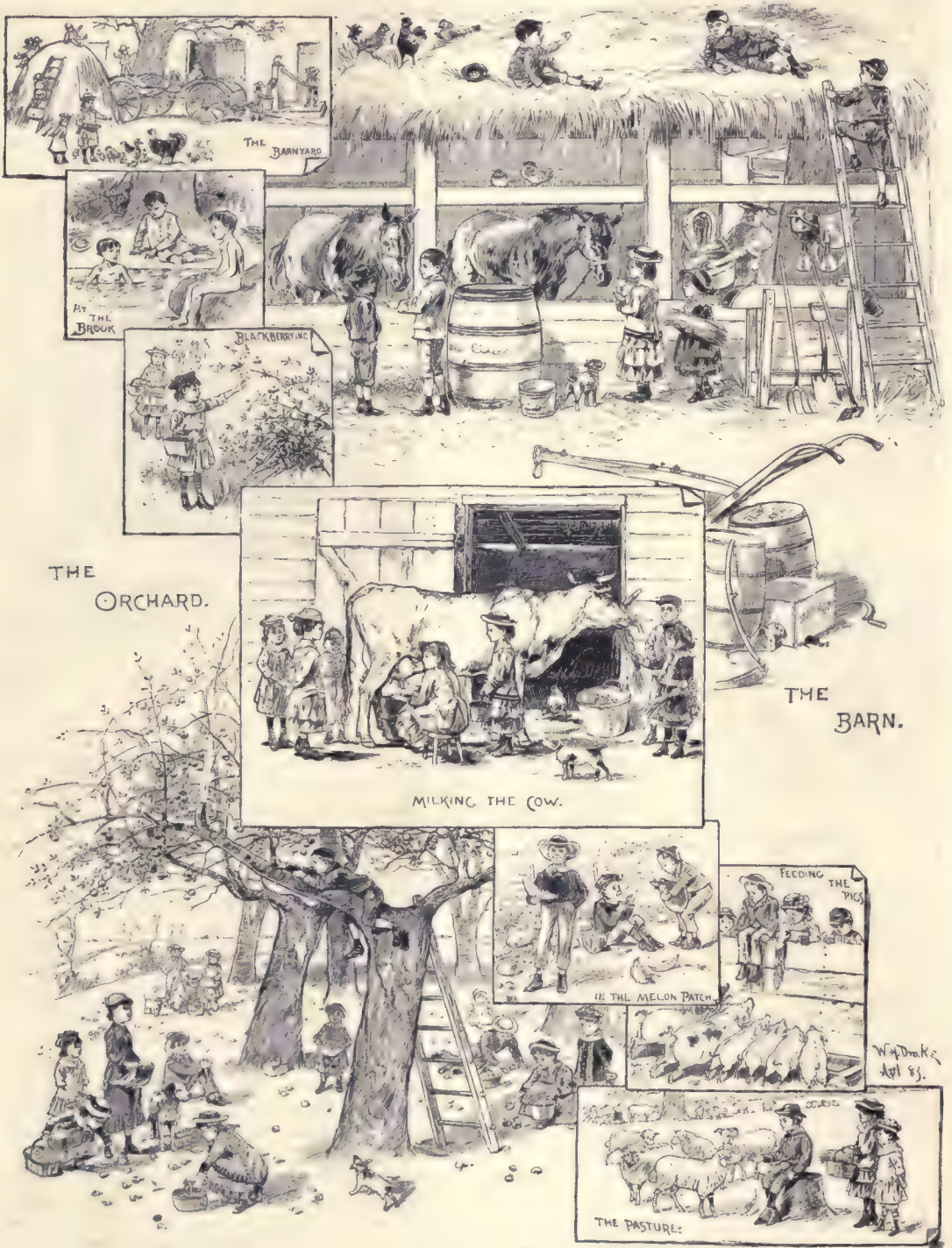
house; a physician kept his eye upon the children; there was a cabinet organ for use in Sunday services in the large parlor; and in September great fires of pine logs blazed in the open fire-places, and



[SEE PAGE 626.]

stories were read or told to the children in the long evenings. Happy days were these for the little ones of the tenements! Not only the happiest they had ever known in their meager, neglected lives, but sometimes the only happy days.

But they were days that were numbered — one to fourteen! As the day for the return to the city drew nigh, faces would lengthen and sighs and groans would be heard. "Must we go, rain or shine?" the boys would ask; and it was evident from their manner that they would gladly take the risk of a brisk tornado or a deluge of rain, if the methodical Mr. Parsons's arrangements could be upset and their stay in the country be prolonged for a week. But never a tornado nor a deluge intervened in their behalf. Rain or shine, the wagon would drive up to the door, the muslin bags stuffed with presents for the folks at home would be stowed away under the seats, and the children would be forced to say good-bye to their kind entertainers, the smallest ones sometimes sobbing as if their hearts would break. Waving handkerchiefs and hats to those left behind, they would





crane their necks at the first turn in the road to get a last glimpse of their country paradise; and ages of pop-corn and bags of butternuts, baskets of fresh eggs and strawberries, bundles of clothing,



DECORATING THE FIGS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

then they would be homeward bound to "The Barracks," to "Gotham Court," and to "Shantytown." Homeward bound, their cheeks ruddy with boxes of vegetables, sometimes even a brood of chickens, or a gray squirrel securely caged. By stage, train, and boat their journeys were



A BIG LOAD.

health, their little heads stored with precious memories, and their arms loaded with plunder—packed, retraced, and when they arrived at the wharf or depot in New York, what exclamations fell from

the lips of those who met them to take them back to mission-school, asylum, or tenement! Pale, sickly faces had grown as brown as russet apples. The lean, hungry look had gone. Sad, wistful faces had lapsed into content. The hollow-eyed, listless maiden, who had explained to her hostess on her first morning in the country that she never could eat any breakfast at home, because there were six of them in two rooms and she had to sleep on a mattress close by the cooking-stove, came back plump, rosy, and cheerful. Some of the children seemed to have nearly doubled their weight. The sick babies, the nervous children who had been in the hospital for months, and many an exhausted, careworn mother, who had been sent away because physicians had said that their lives depended upon their having the country air, returned wonderfully improved in health. They were all at home again, many of them entirely reclothed, every one stronger, fresher, and happier. The children's vacation was over.

Some of the good people in the country were glad that it was over. There was the staid deacon, who was sorely disappointed when the boy and girl at his house begged to be excused from going to church one Sunday, and greatly horrified to find, at the close of the service, that they had taken advantage of the occasion to invade the pig-pen with a pot of black paint, and touch up every ear and tail in a new litter of little pigs. He was glad to have such mischievous children go back to town. Then there were a few weary farmers' wives, who had listened too credulously to the exaggerated accounts given by the children of their city homes, and become painfully oppressed with the thought that they were being

imposed upon. But these instances of dissatisfaction were rare. As a rule, the children's conduct was excellent and their departure was viewed with keen regret. Here and there a child was adopted by a farmer's family, or given a home for six months or a year, and often the vacations were prolonged a second or even a third fortnight at the request of the entertainers. The pathos of neglected childhood softened many a heart. There was the motherly little maiden who, accustomed to looking after her agile brother, discovered on the second day that he had shed a button, and sedately produced

from the depths of her pocket a large pill-box labeled, "For Johnny. Take one every hour." The hourly dose was only a button, which she proceeded with great earnestness to sew on his jacket, but the child's thoughtfulness and sweetness touched the sympathies of every member of the household. In many ways the children transplanted from back alleys to green fields have exerted a good influence upon those who were generously contributing to their pleasure.

As for the little ones themselves, they were always sorry to have their vacation over, but they consoled themselves with the reflection that what had happened once might happen again. They were right, for this is surely one of those works of mercy which appeal to every heart in town or country, and which will flourish year after year.

"What do you think Heaven will be like?" asked a teacher in one of the city mission-schools during the autumn.

"Oh, I know! I know!" exclaimed the smartest girl in the class, her face brightening with a look of delight,— "It will be like the country!" Perhaps she had seemed thankless and indifferent while she was there, but the country remained in her mind, a blessed and restful thought.





## A BEAUTIFUL CHARITY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



"A DISTANT PATTTER OF DANCING FEET."

I.

A SUMMER morning, cool and fair;  
 A whisper soft in the sunny air,  
 And a sound of rippling laughter.  
 A distant patter of dancing feet;  
 A chorus of eager voices sweet,  
 And a happy silence after.

II.

A motley, merry crowd of youth,  
 With garments ragged and worn, forsooth,  
 But never a step that lingers.  
 Lads and lasses in laughing bands,  
 Babies that hold to guiding hands,  
 With clinging, anxious fingers.

## III.

Faces merry, or grave, or sad,  
 Lit up with expectation glad—  
 Where are the children going?  
 Away from dust, and noise, and heat,  
 The bustling city's narrow street,  
 With crowded life o'erflowing.

## IV.

To sunny fields of daisied grass,  
 Where cool the fitful breezes pass  
 Above the blossoms leaning.  
 Where, far from walls and boundaries,  
 With birds and butterflies and bees,  
 They learn the summer's meaning.



## V.

Under the wonderful blue sky,  
 The mighty arms of tree-tops high,  
 In green woods arching over;  
 Where spicy perfumes lightly stray,  
 In breezy meadows of new-mown hay,  
 And fields of purple clover.

## VI.

On sandy shores beside the sea,  
 Where roll the tides incessantly,  
 And dancing ripples glisten;

Where whispering shells repeat the tale  
 The ocean thunders in the gale,  
 To rosy ears that listen.

## VII.

Sorrowful, wistful, patient eyes  
 Grow bright with rapturous surprise,  
 Or soft with happy wonder,  
 And cheeks as white as the winter snows  
 Blossom in tints of brown and rose,  
 The summer sunshine under.



## VIII.

Wise Mother Earth to sad young hearts  
Her choicest gifts of all imparts,  
Their careful thoughts beguiling;  
She breathes her secrets in their ears—  
Their eyes forget the smart of tears,  
And catch the trick of smiling.

## IX.

They learn sweet lessons, day by day,  
While speed the wingéd hours away,  
In gray and golden weather;

They find, in flower or bird or tree,  
Faint gleams of the beautiful mystery  
That clasps the world together.

## X.

Perchance some serious, childish eyes,  
Uplifted to the starlit skies,  
Read there a strange, new story;  
And dimly see the Love that holds  
The round world safe, and o'er it folds  
The mantle of His glory.

On sandy shores beside the sea.



## XI.

A distant patter of dancing feet,  
A chorus of happy voices sweet,  
Amid the summer splendor.  
Glad voices, rise through all the land!  
Reach out, each little sunburned hand,  
In greeting warm and tender,

## XII.

To those whose thoughtful hearts and true  
Have lightened lovingly, for you,  
Your poverty's infliction;  
And on each helpful spirit be  
For this—the lovely charity—  
The children's benediction!

## WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. VI.

## SILK-CULTURE ASSOCIATIONS.\*

BY C. M. ST. DENYS.

BOYS like to know what boys can do. Let me tell you what a few Philadelphia boys have done. "The Boys' Silk-Culture Association of America" has a large room over a corner store in Philadelphia. You might suppose from the name that it is a large company. But it has only five members. These members, however, are so active and devoted that they have made their enterprise not only successful but well known throughout the country.

Hearing that they were glad to see visitors, we called. In the shop-window some of the boys' work was displayed—a frame of light wood, with silk-worms feeding on mulberry leaves, some cocoons in jars, and others in the little paper cones where they had been spun. There was, also, a pamphlet for sale at twenty-five cents, which had on its cover the modest statement, "Compiled by the Boys' Silk-Culture Association of America."

We were quite disappointed on being told that the "Association" was out at the park gathering mulberry leaves; but we were all the more curious to see it. An Association that would travel two or three miles to the park to gather fresh leaves for its silk-worms must be worth seeing.

So we called again, and this time were fortunate enough to see the President of the Association himself, a bright-looking boy of about fourteen years, who showed us the various apparatuses, and explained everything very politely.

The center of the room was occupied by a large stand of about five tiers of trays, made of light wooden frames, with a net-work of twine tacked on them.

"They were not hard to make, but they took a tremendous lot of tacks," said our informant.

Here lay sheets of paper covered with the little grayish eggs, not as big as a pin-head. On some the eggs had hatched, and the little brown worms were already feeding on the leaves which the boys had chopped fine for them. Each paper had the date of the hatching marked on it, so as not to get worms of different ages mixed.

"This is a very late brood," explained the young silk-culturist. "It is a lot of eggs we sent to Paris for in a hurry, because we had more orders for eggs than we could fill from our own raising, and they were delayed."

"So you boys have dealings with foreign

business houses?" we inquired. "Do you correspond in French or English?"

"In English," was the reply. "And we have sent orders to Japan, too. We never have any trouble about the language. I suppose the houses from which we order have persons in their employ who understand English. The French eggs are the best; but the French are careless in making up their packages. When we send for an ounce of eggs, we don't want old wings and legs of moths and bits of leaves mixed up with them. Not long ago I wrote to ask what they meant by sending us such light weight. They replied that it was 'French weight.' And that was all the satisfaction I got."

We suggested that it must be a new denomination of French weight that had not got into the tables yet: "Several hundred moth wings and legs make one ounce of silk-worm eggs."

He laughed, and proceeded to show us some full-grown worms that were preparing to spin. Picking one up gently, he showed us its legs and eyes and breathing-holes; explained about the invisible little spinnerets on each side of its mouth; and afterward showed us a chrysalis and a moth, so as to give us a clear idea of the insect from the beginning to the very end of its existence.

Then he showed us his jars of cocoons, looking like fresh pea-nuts, and the twists of reeled silk, softer, finer, and more shining than the most beautiful golden hair, and a piece of satin, with the initials "B. S. C. A." embroidered on it in silk of "our own make."

It was interesting to watch the caterpillars feeding. In the last stage they are smooth and whitish, and two or three inches long. We fancied we could actually hear them chewing, they ate so greedily.

"No," explained the young President; "that is only the crackling of the leaves as they are pulled over each other. But they are great gluttons. They seem to eat all the time. No matter how early I am up, I find them at their breakfast, and I leave them eating at night."

"Do they never sleep?" we naturally asked, on hearing this.

"I never saw them at it. And, by the way the leaves disappear during the night, I don't think they take much time for sleep even then. But they

\* See also the article on "Silk-Culture for Boys and Girls," in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1883, page 225.



can sleep enough in their cocoons. Now see them crowding together in the corner of the tray. They will do that, no matter how often we separate them. I suppose they are like people. When one finds something good, the others flock around to share it."

Here a worm in the center of the tray stood up on its tail and waved its head from side to side.

"What does that mean?" we asked. "Is he tired of eating at last?"

"Yes; he is ready to spin now," and the boy carefully dropped the worm into a paper cone, where it at once began to spin its delicate threads and fasten them on the paper. "Some people let them spin on twigs," he added, "but we like the cones better. We made them in the evenings last winter."

Sure enough. There were piles of the little paper cones neatly stacked on a shelf.

A worm now tumbled over the side of a tray. The boy stooped to pick it up and replace it. He was gentle, even with a worm.

"Every cocoon counts for something," he said. "We can't afford to lose even one."

At one side of the room stood the reel which the boys had invented and made themselves.

"You won't find a reel like that anywhere else," said the President, with pardonable pride. "When I planned that I had never seen a silk-reel. Of course, I knew the principle, and worked according to that. And I got a carpenter to make the wheel, but the rest we did ourselves. It works very well, too. We sand-paper the part the silk is wound on every time we use it."

Then he showed us the very first silk they had reeled, and a specimen of the later reelings, which an expert had pronounced equal to the best.

The boys had also experimented with chemicals, and had dyed some of their silk in bright colors.

In the corner stood what looked like an old spinning-wheel.

"That's a twisting-machine," he explained. "A gentleman who visited our place gave it to us to twist our silk on."

"Why, really, you do everything here but weave," we could not help remarking.

"Yes," said he, "and we are not going to stop till we learn weaving, too."

"It looks as if you were going to make it a business for life," we continued, inquisitively.

"I don't know about that," said the boy; "but I like to do thoroughly anything I undertake."

"How long have you been interested in silk-worms?" we next asked.

"About three years," he replied.

"I suppose," we continued, "it keeps you busy only in the spring, while the worms are feeding?"

"No," said he; "we can always find something

to do. We made all our own apparatus, and we read all the books we can find about silk-culture. Then our correspondence is pretty large. People write to us from all parts of the country."

"I suppose boys who are interested in silk-raising write to you?" we inquired.

"Yes; boys, and grown people, too."

"Probably they think you are head-quarters for information," we rejoined, with a smile.

"I suppose so," he answered, laughing.

"Do you find your interest in your silk-worms interferes with your studies?" we asked.

"I never let it," was his reply. "When I'm in school, I attend to my lessons; and when I am here, I attend to my silk-worms. I always keep them separate. We give the worms enough leaves in the morning to keep them busy till we get back."

Who could help admiring such a spirit!

"But, between them, don't they keep you too closely confined for your health?" we could not help inquiring, with natural anxiety.

"Oh," said he, "you know we have to walk out to the park for the mulberry leaves. That gives us plenty of exercise. It is inconvenient raising silk-worms in the city, where we are so far from the mulberry-trees; but we have a branch establishment in New Jersey, where the trees are right on the place. Two of the boys live there, and we communicate by mail."

"How is it you have so few members?" we pursued.

"The Association was only established for the mutual information and help of boys who are interested in silk-raising," he rejoined. "There is no money to be made by joining. Every boy has to do his own work and earn his own money."

"How is the money to be made?" we asked.

"We sell eggs and cocoons," said he, "and give lessons in the business; and we take in reeling. Before long we shall have reeled silk to sell. But we make the most money on the eggs."

We here picked up the little pamphlet published by the Association, which our young friend, with innate refinement, had not shown to us, lest it might have the appearance of asking us to buy it. We purchased a copy as a souvenir, and after inscribing our names in the visitors' book, took our leave.

Soon after, we were pleased to read in the columns of a Philadelphia daily, in an account of the trades' procession at the time of the Bi-centennial in October, 1882, the following item:

"The Boys' Silk-Culture Association next appeared with a wagon ingeniously arranged with a good display of cocoons, silk, etc. A part of a mulberry tree, on which silk-worms feed, was also shown, together with a reeling machine, with which the boys reeled silk as the wagon passed over the line of procession. This Association was started a few years ago by four school-boys, who, it is said, have been greatly successful in their venture."

## ONE, TWO, THREE!

By M. J.



ONE, two, three!  
A bon-ny boat I see.  
A sil-ver boat, and all a-float,  
Up-on a ros-y sea.

One, two, three!  
The rid-dle tell to me.  
The moon a-float is the bon-ny boat,  
The sun-set is the sea.



## "WINKY, BLINKY."

By M. H. B.



WINKY, blinky, niddy, nod !  
Father is fishing off Cape  
Cod.

Winky, blinky, sleepy eyes,  
Mother is making apple  
pies.

Cuddle, cuddle, the wind 's in the trees !  
Brother is sailing over the seas.  
Niddy, noddy, up and down,  
Sister is making a velvet gown.

Winky, blinky, can not rise,  
What 's the matter with baby's eyes?  
Winky, blinky, cre, cri, creep,  
Baby has gone away to sleep.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WE will open our June meeting this time, my hearers, with this wise little song, written for us by our friend Jessie McGregor:

IF words  
Were birds,  
And swiftly flew  
From tips  
Of lips  
Owned, dear, by you;  
Would they,  
To-day,  
Be hawks and crows?  
Or blue,  
And true,  
And sweet? Who knows?

Let's play  
To-day  
We choose the best;  
Birds blue  
And true,  
With dove-like breast!  
'T is queer,  
My dear,  
We never knew  
That words,  
Like birds,  
Had wings and flew!

## A SLOW-COACH.

THE Deacon must have some very clever friends. I heard him repeating what he called "a good thing" the other day, adding very quietly, "Franklin said it." The "good thing" was this: "Laziness travels so slow that Poverty soon overtakes him."

If any of you happen to meet this Mr. Franklin, I'd like to hear from him again.

## "CONNECT ME WITH THE WOODS, PLEASE!"

YOUR JACK has been much interested of late in the telephone, that wonderful instrument which ST. NICHOLAS has explained to you so clearly.\* I say "so clearly," not because I know how clearly, but because the children of the Red School-house seemed to understand the Little School-ma'am when she made the remark. Yes; I've heard them all talking, and talking, and talking about the telephone, and how the instrument and its wires enable folk to hear each other's voice when miles and miles apart, and how all you have to do is to say: "Connect me with such or such a party, please!" and straightway that person shouts "Halloo!" at you out of the telephone's trumpet, held close to your ear, and how you shout "Halloo!" back, and then enter into conversation with that person, just as if she, or he, or *it* (if it's a telephone operator at the central station) were right at your elbow.

And the thing has grown so amazingly!—improved, I should say. At first, persons could talk from one street to another, or across a few fields or a little stream like the British Channel; but lately they have been talking from New York to Cleveland, and at greater distances, perhaps; and now, as a final touch, what *do* you think they find they could do with the telephone if they wished? Why, they think that in time they could make it connect city folk, in their own ugly brick houses, with the woods and the streams of the country! Make them hear the very winds that sigh in the trees!

Imagine it! Frogs croaking, by request, in city parlors; forest birds singing to order in lawyers' offices; brooks babbling at elegant dinner parties. I can't imagine it, being, you see, only a Jack-in-the-pulpit. But Deacon Green and the Little School-ma'am imagined it the other day, and they enjoyed it amazingly.

## WHY NOT, INDEED?

LEST some of you very, very wise and knowing big chicks should think the Deacon and the Little School-ma'am expect too much of the telephone, I'll just give you here a paragraph that landed on my pulpit one day. It came from an English publication of good repute, I'm told:

"A short time ago, while Mr. N. G. Warth, manager of the Midland Telephone Company, Gallipolis, Ohio, U. S., was conversing by telephone with Major H. B. Hooper, of Pomeroy, Ohio, some twenty miles away, he was surprised to hear the croaking of frogs and songs of wild birds very distinctly. The telephone wire is

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1878, p. 549.—[ED.]



known to pass through some dense woods on its course, and the explanation is that some loose joint in the wire acted as a microphone, and taking up the woodland sounds, transmitted them to the telephone at the end of the line. The accident shows that it would be possible to have wild-wood music brought into the heart of the city every morning along with fresh milk and flowers."

#### LOOK OUT FOR THE MOTH!

WHY is this smiling little girl sitting here, my chicks? She can't be waiting to go out for a walk, because, you see, she has on thin shoes and a summer dress. If these are suitable, then the warm muff and the great feathers are sadly out of place. What, then, is she doing? Who is she?

I'll tell you who and what she is. She's a text. Now, do you understand? No? Well, then, you shall hear further. She is illustrating a fact.

You must know that it is very early June, and the little girl's mother (who should have attended to the matter earlier) is packing her winter clothes and curtains and what-not away for the summer, so that the moth now flying about may not lay eggs in them. For these eggs in time would hatch into tiny larvæ, or worms, that would eat the fabrics and make unsightly holes in them.



Furthermore, you must know that there are many kinds of moth. Some kinds attack feathers, some attack furs, some attack woollens, some attack carpets, and some, I am told, do not trouble any of these things. The history of these various moths is very interesting, but I can not tell it here. It would take too long. And that is why the little girl, with her muff and her feathers and her

woolen cushion, is sitting in your midst. She says: "Study the moth, and you'll know more to-morrow than you do to-day."

#### THE MOON IN A NEW LIGHT.

I HAVE noticed a slightly consequential air about the moon of late, a sort of set-up manner, so to speak, and I have been somewhat at a loss to account for it,—for the silvery little lady always has been as modest and simple-minded a moon as one could wish to see,—but to-day I have found out the cause. She has developed a new talent.

Yes, the Little School-ma'am says—and it must be true—that there are now such things as lunar photographs, or photographs taken by moonlight! Think of that! Not likenesses of persons, but of places, lovely hills, lakes and streams and meadows.

And the pictures are lovely, they say—soft, low, and rich in effect, besides being clear and well defined. Well, well! That beats anything your Jack has heard of for a long time. Quite a new field for the moon, is n't it? I suppose in this case the fact of her finding out this new power late in life will make but little difference. "Late" and "early" are synonymous terms with the heavenly bodies, I'm told.

Would n't it be too bad, now, if the moon has known all this time that she could make nearly as good photographs as the sun, if somebody only would give her a chance? I can't imagine a more trying situation.

Come to think of it, have n't you often noticed how, at night, she sometimes winds her way in and out among the clouds as if she were searching for something? I have, often. What if it's a camera she's been looking for all these years?

#### OH, THAT PUG!

Now, I love dogs, and honor them. A dog is a noble animal; and a pug dog, while it can not exactly be called noble, may still be a confiding friend. But what do you say, my chicks, to this news:

OH, DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I *must* send you these two paragraphs, which came from two different papers. Mamma found one, and I found the other:

Canine fashions in Paris are guided by as strict rules as those for human beings. Thus, no poodle belonging to a fashionable mistress must wear the metal bracelet which replaces the collar on the right foot, but the tiny ring must always encircle the left paw just above the fringed tuft which ornaments the ankle. If "Mustache" is black, his bracelet should be silver, but if his shaven coat is snowy white, a golden circlet is more becoming.

A young lady entered a prominent engraver's the other day, with an order for the engraver to furnish her with a hundred visiting cards for "Bijou," No. — East Fifty-seventh street." The fashion for engraved visiting cards for pet dogs has caught like wildfire. The ladies say it's so pretty and so novel; besides, it gives the dog's maid (many of the pets have a special attendant) an additional duty in keeping up calling lists and reception days.

Do show these to the boys and girls, dear Jack. Your young friend,  
MAMIE G—.

THAT OTHER FELLOW WHO WANTED AN ANSWER  
WILL find it, I am told, in this month's Letter-Box.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

WE are obliged to postpone to the July number the report (promised for this month) concerning the compositions received in answer to our offer made in the April issue. The number of these compositions sent in has greatly exceeded our expectations, making it impossible to examine them all in time for this number. There are still several hundred to be read, but we shall print next month the best composition on each of the two subjects: "A Shark in Sight" and "Robert Burns," together with a Roll of Honor containing the names of those who shall have *almost* won in the competition.

AS THE four composition subjects for this month, we present the following:

THE MONTH OF ROSES.  
STRAW HATS—WHO MAKES THEM?  
MY LUCK AS A SPORTSMAN.  
THE MOSQUITO—ITS USES AND ABUSES.

MR. FORD's admirable article in this number on "The Tribune Fresh-air Fund" can not fail to enlist the interest and sympathies of all our readers in the beneficent work which he describes. And there is perhaps no charity more deserving and practical than this of giving a fortnight in the country, with all its attendant blessings of joy, rest, and new life to the neglected poor children of the city tenement houses. "The New York Tribune" receives and credits subscriptions to the Fund, whether large or small, and last year the names of many boys and girls appeared in the lists of donations. Indeed, this, like the "Children's Garfield Fund," is a charity to which the subscriptions of young folk are especially fitting.

## ANSWERS TO "THAT FELLOW."

A GREAT many of our young readers have tried to answer that fierce-looking animal who stalks across page 395 of the March number of ST. NICHOLAS asking for a name, and declaring that he is "not to be trifled with." He would be furious, indeed, if he were to hear the scores of titles that our correspondents have given him.

We must stand bravely between the savage fellow and all those who have mistaken his name, but the following "answerers," though not exactly correct, may approach him, we think, with safety:

Eddie Chenevert—Annie B. Harter—Mabel Milhouse—E. Hunt—Carleton Radcliffe—Harry Kellogg.

Meantime, we take pleasure in showing, one and all, a correct description of the animal taken from "Cassell's Natural History."

## "THE LONG-TAILED TIGER-CAT."

"This little-known form—the 'Oceloid Leopard,' as it is sometimes called—was discovered by Prince Maximilian of Neuwied, in Brazil, where it inhabits the great forests, and is often killed for the sake of its beautiful fur. In color it is not unlike the Ocelot, in size it is inferior to it, and its longitudinally elongated spots are neither so large nor so well marked. It is chiefly distinguished from other forms by its long bushy tail and its big staring eyes. It is considerably smaller than the preceding species (*i.e.* the 'pampas cat'), the body being about twenty-seven inches long, the tail fourteen."

PHILADELPHIA, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In Mr. Forbes's article, on page 347 (March number), he uses lurid in reference to crimson clouds, and Mr. Trowbridge says, on page 354, Mart showed his "lurid brows." One of these is certainly incorrect. Yours truly, CLARA T. P.

WARSAW, N. Y., Feb., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received my magazine to-day. I have taken the ST. NICH. ever since 1876. It has been given to me every

year by one of my brothers. I never have written to you before, and presume you wish something had happened to me before I did now; but I am threatened with "quinsy," and am rather hard up for something to do. So I went to work at your first puzzle. In hopes it is right, I will tell you the way I read it.

Yours truly,

JULIA G.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Bob's Wonderful Bicycle," in the April number, is something like a case I know of, but the boy (his name was Charlie), instead of proving himself a genius as "Bob" did by making a bicycle, thought he would try one already made. At first he tried riding a cart-wheel, but it went too fast, or he went too slow; anyway, he did n't ride it but once. And then he tried a grindstone. I don't know what happened then, but he did n't feel very well for the next few days, and I have n't heard him mention "Bicycle" since. I am fourteen years old. I study algebra, philosophy, and lots of other things, especially mischief.

Yours truly, SADIE C.

MENDON, Dec. 22, 1882.

EDITORS OF ST. NICHOLAS: My father has a very curious cat and cow. My brother has seen the cat lying between the cow's horns, and the cow will stay perfectly still, as if she liked it; and my brother has seen the cow lapping the cat, as if she thought it was a calf, and liked to do it.

Yours truly,

PAUL WILLIAMS (aged 9 years).

SAVANNAH, March 8th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in your March number that you were surprised to hear that the little girl in San Francisco, twelve years old, never saw a snow-fall. Why, I am fifteen years old, and I have never seen one, and neither has my brother, who is twenty. With much love to you, I remain

W. T. H.

WE are now beginning to be surprised, dear W. T. H., at the goodly number of ST. NICHOLAS readers who have never seen a snow-fall. Besides the little California girl and yourself, there is, at least, one other, as the following letter shows. And we can not help wondering whether the many thousands of people in the tropics, to whom snow is only a name for a thing they have never seen, share Minnie V.'s idea that it "fell in *chunks*, and would hurt people when falling on them."

LOWELL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please allow me to say to Miss Annie Keiller, before I close this letter, that I have the advantage of her. I was born and raised in San Francisco, and had never seen any snow until this winter when I came to Lowell. I always had an idea that snow fell in little *chunks*, the size of my finger, judging from the snow I had seen in pictures, and thought it would hurt people when falling on them. Judge of my pleasant surprise when I saw real snow falling so softly and noiselessly.

Yours truly, and *au revoir*,

MINNIE V.

WE gladly print the following letter, and see much to commend in the suggestion made. Who will be the first of our young readers to respond to it with some sample rhymes?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I venture to suggest an idea to you which might, if it should strike you favorably, be made to combine both instruction and amusement? I have long wished that some enterprising Mother Goose could be found in this generation who would undertake to put some *useful* facts in jingling rhyme. Who of us ever forgets the doggerel of his babyhood, with its red-and-yellow pictures? When I see how easily these stick fast in the memories of my children, and how much drilling a little geography and history require (especially dates and numbers), I mourn at the waste of memory.

How many of us recall at once the number of days in each month without mentally rehearsing: "Thirty days hath September," etc.?



And I for one am always indebted to the old rhyme: "First William the Norman, then William, his son," and the rest, for my knowledge of the succession of the English sovereigns. One of Mother Goose's rhymes says:

"The King of France, with twenty thousand men,  
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again!"

No child ever forgets his number, or that the king was French. I think if ST. NICHOLAS would suggest some such idea in its pages, and ask the young people for contributions, a good deal of fun, as well as benefit, might come of it. Certainly, there is enough that is odd and strange in history to furnish material equal to that of the most grotesque and tragic Mother Goose rhyme, and if illustrated by some of your bright artists, I think the result of this plan might be both useful and entertaining.

Yours very truly, MARY T. SEECOMB.

IS N'T this good, young friends, for a nine-year old poet? Thanks, Master Willie, and we'll print it with pleasure:

#### THE DEER.

Who roameth in the wintry wind?  
The deer.  
Whom doth the hound pursue?  
The deer.  
No doubt he often feels forlorn  
When startled by the hunter's horn—  
The timid fallow-deer.  
That creature beautiful and mild,—  
The deer,—  
With eyes so large, and brown, and soft,—  
The deer,—  
O hounds and hunters, leave your prey!  
Let him pursue his woodland way—  
The pretty fallow-deer.  
WILLIE GAUNETT (nine years old).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you the following charade. It is not original, but I never have seen it in print:

My first, beloved by ancient dame,  
Within my next, from ancient countries came;  
Oh, fragrant whole, of which each forms a part,  
Thou art not science, but thou teachest art.

Answer.—Tea-chest.

Did you ever hear, dear ST. NICHOLAS, of a certain teachers' convention where each teacher was given a pretty memento—a tiny tea-chest, suitable for a watch-charm, which bore the words *Tu doces*? Your readers who are studying Latin will see the joke.

Your constant reader, J. W. P., JR.

#### AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—TWENTY-SEVENTH REPORT.

WITHOUT stopping to refute the careless error of those who think that in winter "there are no specimens to be found," let us all make the most of these bright May and June days, when Nature is so lavish with her richest treasures. Probably the greatest obstacle to the young naturalist has been the difficulty in naming his specimens. Is it not a thousand times repeated story that a boy begins to make a collection of minerals or plants, and after a few weeks of diligence and enthusiasm finds his shelves covered with a confused mass of unknown stones and flowers, despairs of attaining exact knowledge or orderly arrangement, and presently suffers his dusty minerals to become dispersed, and his neglected plants to be burned or broken? And, certainly, it is no light task definitely to analyze either mineral or plant. To do this requires a wider and more precise knowledge of language, and a finer training of mind and eye, than most young people possess. It is a work that, fortunately, may be largely left for riper years.

But what we all can do is to find our specimens and study them. We can set in our note-books the date and the locality of each. We can write our descriptions in our own language, using the best terms of our own vocabulary. We can test in our own way hardness, weight, color, elasticity, clearness, crystal-shape, and fusibility. If by chance or friendly aid we learn the name of a

specimen, we can study about it in our text-book, dictionary, and encyclopedia, and compare the technical characteristics there given with our own simpler and less accurate description. We shall soon be able to make the broader distinctions, and to recognize at a glance many forms of quartz, limestone, and iron. It is well to remember that the name is not by any means the most important fact about a specimen. But it is a very necessary thing to learn; and, as we said in the beginning, it is most discouraging not to know it. For this reason we are peculiarly grateful to the gentlemen who have recently offered us their services in the matter of determining for us the names of our refractory pebbles, ferns, and beetles. It is now possible for each of us to proceed intelligently and with satisfaction, even if slowly. With the new offers of aid this month, which we thankfully accept, we have a specialist to help us in nearly every department known to the A. A.

"I shall be happy to answer questions in the ornithological line.

"JAMES DE B. ABBOTT, Germantown, Pa."

"I will help you out in anything that pertains to the microlepidoptera, including *Pyralida*, *Tortricida*, *Tineida*, and *Pterophorida*; and my son, H. L. Fernald, with me, will answer questions on the *Hemiptera*.

C. H. FERNALD,

"Prof. Nat. Hist., Maine State College, Orono, Me."

"I will undertake to answer questions referring to Pacific Coast (U. S.) Mollusca, and also most of the land and fresh-water shells of N. A. I am also willing to exchange with any who have desirable specimens.

"HARRY E. DORE, 521 Clay st., San Francisco, Cal."

"STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, WESTFIELD, MASS.

"In response to your call for a mineralogist to identify specimens that members of the A. A. may collect, I beg to offer my services, as far as my time may admit.

F. W. STAEBNER,

"Late Mineralogist Ward's Nat. Sc. Establishment,  
Rochester, N. Y."

"WATERVILLE, MAINE, March 20, 1883.

"I read with much interest the account of the Agassiz Association in last ST. NICHOLAS. It is a work that has my heartiest sympathy, and I would like it to have also what little cooperation I may be able to render. I shall be happy to answer questions relating to the mineralogy of Maine.

CHAS. B. WILSON,

"Instructor Nat. Sc., Colby University."

"DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,

"DIVISION OF ENTOMOLOGY, WASHINGTON, D. C. }

"I chanced to pick up a number of ST. NICHOLAS this evening, and learned for the first time of the A. A., and saw evidences of its good work. I also noticed your call for an entomologist, and desire to offer my services. Our facilities here for identifying species in the great group of insects are exceptionally good, and I should be very glad if I could help any boy or girl in his or her studies in this direction.

LELAND O. HOWARD "

We add the following Department directions for sending insects:

"All inquiries about insects, injurious or otherwise, should be accompanied by specimens, the more the better. Such specimens, if dead, should be packed in some soft material, as cotton or wool, and inclosed in some stout tin or wooden box. They will come by mail for one cent per ounce. INSECTS SHOULD NEVER BE INCLOSED LOOSE IN THE LETTER. Whenever possible, larvæ (*i. e.* grubs, caterpillars, maggots, etc.) should be packed alive in some tight tin box,—the tighter the better, as air-holes are not needed,—along with a supply of their appropriate food sufficient to last them on their journey; otherwise, they generally die on the road and shrivel up. Send as full an account as possible of the habits of the insect respecting which you desire information; for example, what plant or plants it infests; whether it destroys the leaves, the buds, the twigs, or the stem; how long it has been known to you; what amount of damage it has done, etc. Such particulars are often not only of high scientific interest, but of great practical importance. In sending soft insects or larvæ that have been killed in alcohol, they should be packed in cotton saturated with alcohol. In sending pinned or mounted insects, always pin them securely in a box to be inclosed in a larger box, the space between the two boxes to be packed with some soft or elastic material, to prevent too violent jarring. PACKAGES SHOULD BE MARKED WITH THE NAME OF THE SENDER."

"NAT. SC. DEPT., WELLS COLLEGE, AURORA, N. Y.

"My class in Botany are very anxious to make a substantial addition to our herbarium by their own exertions. To this end they propose collecting a number of sets (each to include at least 100 species), characteristic of this 'lower lake region.' These they hope to exchange for corresponding sets—east, west, north, and south—of the flora of many localities. Of course only field, swamp, and forest specimens, none cultivated, will be included, and they wish just such in return. Can you not put in motion the machinery of your very admirable A. A. and help us to arrange for such general exchanges? We will collect through the entire summer, and have our sets ready

for distribution by Oct. 15. I will say, just here, that it will give me great pleasure to determine and classify any botanical specimens which may be sent me. Indeed, I will do anything to help on this good work.  
EDWARD L. FRENCH."

[This proposition of Prof. French seems to us one of the very best and most practicable plans possible. No Chapter, or member who is botanically inclined, should by any means fail of seizing this rare opportunity of securing a fine collection. We suggest, in addition, that the Chapters be not content with collecting a single set for this exchange, but that several be made at once, which is scarcely more difficult. These can then be exchanged with other Chapters, and thus scores of excellent herbariums be built up in an exceedingly cheap and pleasant way.]

"LABORATORY AND ENGINEERING OFFICE,  
"SOUTH PITTSBURG, TENNESSEE.

"To observe correctly and to register accurately is a greater education than to acquire the artificial systems of analysis in half a dozen branches of science. As a test of how much is obtainable from the Chapters in the way of direct observation as opposed to mere 'book learning,' I will ask all who will to observe what they can about the growth, flowering, and seeding of the geranium plant (*Pelargonium Zonale*) and report to me by the 15th of October. Geraniums are everywhere. In this plant are some interesting details, which are not in the books. We will see how many of them they can catch.

"As far as I can command time, I am at the service of the A. A.  
"WM. M. BOWRON." [F. C. S.]

[Prof. Bowron can not fail to pique the curiosity of our boys and girls; and, unless we are mistaken, many of them will discover how the geranium scatters its seed, and—but we must not anticipate.]

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
444.	Rockland, Me. (A).....	15.	Miss Grace T. Cilley.
445.	Hamilton, Ohio (A).....	9.	Ed. M. Traber, Box 198.
446.	Saco, Me. (B).....	7.	Miss Helen Montgomery, Box 713.
447.	Chittenango, N. Y. (A).....	12.	Ch. A. Jenkins.
448.	Washington, D. C. (G).....	6.	Miss Isabella McFarland. [Will the Sec. please send full address?]
449.	Richmond, Va. (B).....	6.	W. O. English, 707 East Franklin.
450.	Fitchburg, Mass. (D).....	8.	G. F. Whittemore.
451.	Sydney Mines, C. B. (A)....	4.	Miss M. T. Brown, Beech Hill.
452.	Burlington, Vt. (A).....	4.	H. B. Shaw, 253 S. Union.
453.	Oswego, N. Y. (A).....	7.	W. A. Burr.
454.	Rochester, N. Y. (B).....	8.	Miss Mary E. Tousey, 263 N. St. Paul St.

[This Chapter of Deaf Mutes is specially welcome to the A. A.]

#### EXCHANGES.

Insects and minerals.—Ernest Stephan, Pine City, Minnesota.  
Iceland spar, for fossils.—E. R. Heitshu, Lancaster, Pa.  
Petrified shells (*Spirifer radiata*), for a male and female silkworm moth.—E. R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn st., Chicago.  
Electric and chemical apparatus (\$3), for minerals.—Kenneth Hartley, Fort Scott, Kan.  
Correspondence, North and West.—P. S. Benedict, 1243 St. Charles st., New Orleans, La.  
Southern woods, sea-shells, and minerals.—Isaac Ford, 1823 Vine st., Philadelphia.  
Mistletoe from Kentucky, and red hematite from Balboa, Spain, for army worm, its eggs or larvae.—Wm. W. Mills, Reading, Pa.  
Gold ore and amethyst. Write for particulars.—R. J. Wood, 134 Jackson st., Jackson, Mich.  
Woods, eggs, minerals.—Winifred H. Trimble, Princeton, Ill.  
Insects, woods, petrified wood, for fossils and minerals.—A. A. Crane, Auska, Minn.  
Silver ore.—Dr. Jos. A. Stiles (Sec. Ch. 306), Belmont, Nye Co., Nevada.

#### REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

Jamaica Plain (124) has been studying the formation of ice, and sends good drawings.—Newton Upper Falls (256) is taking increased interest in the work, making individual collections.—Washington, D. C. (109) has been studying the brain of the dog. The specimen was prepared by Robert Bigelow, according to Giacomini's method. The brain is first soaked for about a week in a saturated solution of zinc chloride. On the second day the membranes are removed. It is then put in alcohol for at least a week. Then it is soaked in glycerine, in which it floats, until it sinks to a level with

the fluid. The surplus glycerine is then washed off, the brain is dried and varnished and placed on a piece of glass. The Chapter has also examined algæ under the microscope, and detected the grains of chlorophyll. Animalcula have been studied, and the following facts reported: The skin of the whale is insensible, for barnacles grow upon it. The flesh of the whale is red and coarse.—168, Buffalo C, is prospering. All Buffalo Chapters meet together once a month.—91, Buffalo A, has at length bought a very fine microscope, for which it has been working a year and a half. It is an "Improved National Binocular," and cost, with two objectives, \$137. Cora Freeman, Sec. [Accept our congratulations.]—W. M. Patterson, Sec. Chicago G, sends a good article on the *Proteus*, which he finds to be a batrachian, with a naked, slimy skin, about a foot long, half an inch in diameter, pale flesh color, and with bright crimson branchial tufts. It is found only in the subterranean waters of some caves in Europe, especially in the Adelsberg cave in Carniola. Its food consists of aquatic worms, insects, and molluscs.—374, Brooklyn, now numbers 15, and is about to buy a ten-dollar cabinet.—Germantown B is prosperous, and wishes to know whether any fossil animals are found in coal.

#### NOTES.

(15) *Water Lilies*.—What becomes of the water lilies when through blooming? By observation, we find that the closed lily sinks in an upright position, and disposes of its long stem by coiling it around and around on the bottom of the river.

JOSIE M. HOPKINS, Ch. 256.

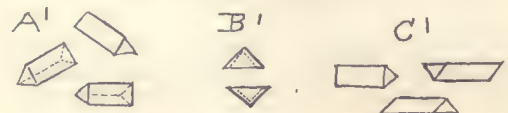
(16) *Beetle*.—I have a beetle like the *Phanous*, excepting the horn. Is it the female? [Yes.]

(17) *Snakes' Eggs*.—We found some garter-snakes' eggs while digging bait. Two of them broke, and we saw the young snakes, which were alive.

(18) *Pollen*.—As nearly as I can determine, the pollen grain of *Nasturtium* is a triangular prism. I can think of no other way of explaining the shapes which appear under the glass. I show the principal appearances at A, B, and C, all of them being very common.



Figures A<sup>1</sup>, B<sup>1</sup>, and C<sup>1</sup> represent what I imagine must be the real shapes of the outlines shown at A B C:



(19) *Leaves*.—Some years the ash leaves before the oak, and some years the oak leaves first.  
SYLVIA A. MOSS.

(20) *Polyphemus*.—I have found this larva on oak, elm, willow, and birch; *Promethes* on ash, cherry, and lilac; *Cecropia* on apple, maple, and willow.  
PHILIP S. ABBOT.

(21) *Sleep of Plants*.—We brought home some locust beans, and were surprised one night to find them asleep. At sunset, the leaflets at the top of the stalk began to close. The only way I can illustrate the closing process is to join the two hands by commencing at the wrist, and place each finger against the corresponding one on the other hand, as we do when praying. Will some one tell me what causes a yellow spot on hawthorn leaves?  
A READER.

Those of our members who avail themselves of the services of the specialists mentioned in this and the two previous numbers of ST. NICHOLAS must remember the directions for correspondence already given. If any members are assisting in any department in which no specialist has yet volunteered assistance, they will please communicate with the President of the A. A.

Any person may join the Association, whether a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS or not; but those who are not members can not have notices of exchange mentioned here.

Address all communications, except questions in the several departments, to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## CHARADE.

In silence sweet the morning broke;  
The air was still, 'mid beech and oak,  
Till the song of my *first* rose high and clear,  
And waked from sleep a startled deer,  
Who bounded off with eager feet  
The brightly dawning day to greet.  
As near the edge of the wood he came,  
He crossed the path of a rustic dame,  
Who tied my *second* beneath her chin  
As she cheerily called the cattle in.  
By a distant pool with boughs o'erterped  
The timid animal, listening, stopped.  
Ah! then with sure, unerring aim,  
A deadly arrow swiftly came  
From the hand of a marksman steady and true.  
As with eagle eye the string he drew—  
One of a band of outlawed men,  
Of courage tried and warlike ken;  
With lawless freedom and greed of gold  
They followed my *whole*, a chieftain bold.

M. S.

## ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains four letters. The zigzags, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a great reformer who was born on the 17th of June, 1703.

1. A Chinese vessel.
2. A harbor.
3. A continuous pain.
4. Nine inches.
5. A monk's hood or habit.
6. A drink made of water and honey.
7. The principal body of a tree or plant.
8. Amusement.
9. Habitual food.
10. A small horse.

M.

## DIAMOND.

1. IN Tuesday.
2. Red ochre.
3. Jeopardy.
4. A period of religious awakening.
5. A great Greek tragic poet, born 481 B. C.
6. Distributed.
7. Loaded.
8. Allured.
9. In Tuesday.

"ALCIBIADES."

## TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9
10	11	12

READING ACROSS: From 1 to 3, a kind of collar; from 4 to 6, a girl's name; from 7 to 9, the sun; from 10 to 12, a measure.

READING DOWNWARD: From 1 to 10, foundation; from 2 to 11, an image; from 3 to 12, a sphere.

From 1 to 10 and from 3 to 12, when read in connection, name a game.

GILBERT F.

## PROGRESSIVE ANAGRAMS.

In each of the following sentences the omitted words are formed of the same letters transposed. Moreover, the omitted letters of one sentence may be found by adding one letter to the omitted letters of the preceding sentence.

1. This is \* puzzle.
2. The \*, commonly called the Aar, falls into the Rhine above Basle.

3. We \* \* \* told that Dr. \* \* \*, of Edinburgh, is famous among the physicians of our \* \* \* for treating diseases of the \* \* \*.

4. I have just \* \* \* the pamphlet by our \* \* \* friend.

5. Which was the more unfortunate—Major \* \* \* or Enoch \* \* \*?

6. As we \* \* \* the city, we learned how the mayor, in attempting to \* \* \* himself to one party, had \* \* \* the contempt of all good citizens.

7. The dean, weary of the turmoil of London, \* \* \* for the quiet of his \* \* \*.

C. P. W.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

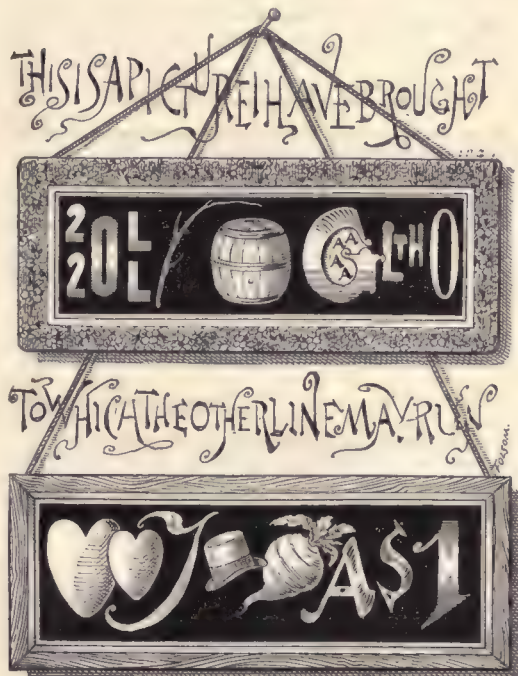
I AM composed of fifty letters, and am two lines from one of Longfellow's poems.

My 32-43-37 is resembling. My 39-16-26-42-50-41 is amazement. My 9-21-15-23-20-40-41-34 is the direction in which most emigrants travel. My 23-40-30 is a river of Scotland. My

47-37-2-38 is to unite. My 17-46-36-5 is in the highest degree. My 14-4-18-19 are what all doctors like. My 6-27-10-11 was the vulnerable point of Achilles. My 28-25-45-22 is dumb. My 29-33-17 is a purpose. My 39-35-12-1 is being in health. My 31-49-48 is a horned animal found in South Africa. My 24-13-8-36 is to throw. My 6-16-44-50-30 is a sweet, thick fluid.

"BAB."

## PICTURE PUZZLE.



THE answer to the above puzzle is a four-line stanza. The first and third lines are written out; the second and fourth lines are each represented as a rebus. The first and second lines rhyme, as do also the third and fourth.

## EASY SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a domestic animal, and leave an article of clothing.
2. Syncopate brief, and leave a piece of lead.
3. Syncopate to strike, and leave location.
4. Syncopate to puff, and leave part of a boat.
5. Syncopate a royal personage, and leave cost.
6. Syncopate immense, and leave a large tank.
7. Syncopate a course, and leave a wand.
8. Syncopate a part of the body, and leave a stag.
9. Syncopate destruction, and leave to hasten.
10. Syncopate a reason, and leave a covering or sheath.

G. S. HAYTER.

## QUINCUNX.

*	*	*	*	*
	*		*	
*		*		*
	*		*	
*	*	*	*	*

ACROSS: 1. To bruise. 2. Often on the breakfast-table. 3. Clamorous. 4. A perch. 5. A combat. DIAGONALS, reading upward from left to right, beginning at the upper left-hand corner: 1. In mutiny. 2. A meadow. 3. Amphibious animals. 4. Uneven. 5. To augment. 6. In mutiny.

DYCIE.

## NOVEL WORD-SQUARE.

DEFINE each of the italicized groups of words by one word. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, these will form a word-square.

I walked out in a *leafy month* and saw *one who makes use of a thing*, who was *not far off*, picking berries to eat. I stopped him, knowing they were poisonous, and afterward said to myself, "Even he sometimes *makes mistakes*."

## OUTLINE PUZZLE.



MAKE the above diagram without removing the pencil from the paper, and without going over any line twice.

## RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Sluggish. 2. Open to view. 3. A famous epic poem. 4. Narratives. 5. Marks made by blows.  
DOWNWARD: 1. In assistance. 2. A word of denial. 3. A biblical character. 4. To leave. 5. To set the foot. 6. A plate of baked clay. 7. A haunt. 8. A familiar abbreviation. 9. In assistance.

H. H. D.

## GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS.



CENTRALS (reading downward): An eminent English statesman.  
ACROSS: 1. A range of mountains in the United States. 2. A portion of the British Isles. 3. A country of Europe. 4. A mountain of Crete. 5. In United States. 6. A town of Brazil, situated on the Tiete river. 7. A river of Europe flowing into the Mediterranean Sea. 8. A city of Spain. 9. A country of England.

FRANCIS W. I.

## EASY DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My firsts are in jewel and jacinth;  
My seconds in purchase and buy;  
My thirds are in doughnut and cruller;  
My fourths are in flutter and fly.  
If you look through the words I have given,  
You may see the two answers quite clear;  
A couple of words of but four letters each—  
They are two pleasant months of the year.

DYCIE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

PROVERB REBUS. A fool and his money are soon parted.  
RHOMBOIDS. ACROSS. 1. I. Dove. 2. Hive. 3. Mere. 4. Name. II. 1. Reel. 2. Deal. 3. Lion. 4. Room.  
PI. The robin, the forerunner of the spring,  
The bluebird with its jocund caroling,  
The restless swallows building in the eaves,  
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,  
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,  
All welcome this majestic holiday.

Longfellow, "Lady Wentworth." Line 113.  
SYNCOPIATIONS. Wisconsin: 1. Se-Wer. 2. Bra-I-n. 3. Do-S-e. 4. S-Cold. 5. B-O-al. 6. K-N-it. 7. Re-S-in. 8. Pa-I-n. 9. To-N-e. — CHARADE. Mason.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, maypole; finals, garland. Cross-words: 1. MockinG. 2. ArabiA. 3. YeaR. 4. PeaL. 5. OsceolA. 6. LeaN. 7. Eland.

MYTHOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked. *Psalms*, xxxvii, 16.

NINE-BLOCK PUZZLE. Remove 1, and move 4 up, 7 up, 8 left, 5 down, 6 left, 9 up, 5 right, 8 right, 6 left, 9 left, 5 up, 8 right, 7 right, 6 down, 4 down, and replace 1.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the May number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 9.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Paul Reese—Cuchee Smith—F. H. Davis—E. F. L.—"A. P. Owder, Jr."—E. and S. Blake—Two Subscribers—"Alcibiades"—Jennie and Birdie—J. P. Denison—Carl E. Ton—The Cantine Family—Finnie and Jack—Molly and Martyr—"Miltiades"—Charles J. Durbrow—Clara J. Child—Louis R. Custer—Madeleine Vulture—"Town and Country"—Arthur Grice—"Marna and Bae"—Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from G. D. L., 5—Frank A. Burling, 5—Pansy, 10—C. W. Woodward, 5—Etta M. Taylor, 1—Eugenia B. Hay, 1—Theodore Yankauer, 2—G. M. T., 6—Arthur W. Tidd, 3—Geo. Earle Hicks, 3—Charley Weymouth, 4—Lorenzo Webber, 1—Harry and Joe Apple, 1—Samuel H. and Ruth D. Camp, 8—"June and November," 6—Belle Patterson, 6—Sallie, 6—Howard Coale, 1—Edith L. B., 7—F. H. W. and M. M. D., 6—Charlotte Gandil, 3—"Bardell and Pickwick," 10—L. I., 12—"Oskaloosa," 1—Hessie D. Boylston, 9—"Proteus," 4—Edith L. Field, 3—Edith M. Hallock, 1—Willie Trautwine, 9—Gaylord Boys, 5—Frank Harper, 1—David R. Hawkins, 2—"Mama and I," 2—Sadie Chase, 5—Marion A. Knox, 1—Nannie McL. Duff, 7—Arthur Hoopes, 5—Génie J. Callmeyer, 11—V. P. J. S. M. C., 7—Warren, 5—Carl Niemeyer, 6—Philip Embury, Jr., 12—Austin H. Pease, 2—Mother, Ruby, and Mabel, 3—"Houghton Family," 12—Alice Wann, 2—Irving Easton, 12—Addie L. and Mary E. Fries, 6—Maud Bugby, 5—Georgie Draper, 6—"Blue Beard," 4—Lydia Bostwick and Lizzie Kurtz, 12—Mary Mitchell and Nanny Stevens, 1—Effic K. Talboys, 9—B. T. Hynson, 1—Bernice Elise P., 4—Edith, Millie, and Wallie, 4—M. D. T., 3—Minnee A. Olds, 7—Nellie, Katie, Tom, and Frankie, 10—George Lyman Waterhouse, 12—"Rochester, Pa.," 4—Louise Gilman, 10—Mary C. Burnam, 7—W. R. Hamilton, 5—Ellen L. Way, 3—Arthur C. Hixon, 12—"Silhouette," 8—Chas. H. Wright, 4—Vin and Henry, 11—"Fin. I. S.," 2—Helen M., 6—Charlie M. Philo, 10—Florence G. Lane, 6—M. Florence Noyes, 6—Livingston Ham, 4—Helen E. Matran, 1—L. H. B., 6—Sallie Viles, 11—"Patience," 4—Mary E. Baker, 4—H. L. P., 8—Lottie A. Foggan, 5—D. B. Shumway, 10—"Professor and Co.," 11—Lalla E. Croft, 3—Daisy Talman, 1—"Ignoramus," 1—"Nonentity," 7—Clara Small and Emeline Jungerich, 9—Mamma and Willie, 11—Mary P. Stockett, 8—Mary T. Garnett, 1—Charles Haynes Kyte, 11—Vessie Westover, 6—Maggie T. Turrill, 12—Lausina and J. Wallace, 10—"J. Checkley," 1—M. G. and M., 6—Stiles A. Torrance, 5—"Ethel Leontine," 6—"Dycie," 11—Meg, 3—Frank White, 1—Mary E., 7—Jennie M. Elliott, 8—Lulu Culver, 7—Hazel, 12—Valerie, 9. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

WORD SYNCOPIATIONS. 1. De-cide. 2. T-win-ed. 3. Fam-in-e. 4. Re-war-d. 5. Str-etch-ing. 6. N-ear-est. 7. Be-long-ing. 8. Li-mite-d. 9. Re-call-ed. 10. F-or-eign. 11. S-cold-ing. 12. Pos-tag-e.

GREEK CROSS. Upper Square: 1. Star. 2. Tare. 3. Arts. 4. Rest. Left-hand Square: 1. Pair. 2. Abbe. 3. Ibis. 4. Rest. Central Square: 1. Rest. 2. Ella. 3. Slur. 4. Tare. Right-hand Square: 1. Tare. 2. Adit. 3. Rien. 4. Etna. Lower Square: 1. Tare. 2. Acid. 3. Ride. 4. Eden.

FAN PUZZLE. From 14 to 2, overlap; 15 to 3, outpour; 16 to 6, observe; 17 to 5, outstep; 18 to 6, Otranto; 19 to 7, Ottoman; 20 to 8, off-hand; 21 to 9, outrage; 22 to 10, officer; 23 to 11, Octavia; 24 to 12, outpost; 25 to 13, offense. From 2 to 13, preponderate.

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. May-day.  
PATRIOTIC PI. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Cam. 3. Camel. 4. Camelia. 5. Melon. 6. Lin(ger). 7. A.







THE LIFTING OF THE FOG.

("The Brooklyn Bridge."—Page 689.)



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## HOW JOHNNIE'S MEN STRUCK WORK.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

IT did seem strange that, just as soon as Mr. Sparrow went to Colorado for his health, everything about the creamery began to go wrong. Johnnie had been *determined* that everything should go right. He had told his father, over and over again, that he need not feel the least uneasiness about the business, because *he* should look after it. Johnnie was not quite fifteen, but he was the tallest boy in Potowka for his age, and when he talked about managing the business while his father was away, he always seemed to grow several inches taller.

Smart? Johnnie had his own opinion about that, and almost all Potowka was inclined to agree with him.

He had won all the prizes there were to be won at the grammar-school, and without seeming to try, either, for he was never known to be studying when he was wanted to join in any game, and everybody said they had never had a Fourth-of-July orator at Potowka who could equal him at declamation. At a game of ball he was sure to be on the winning side, and when there was a rowing match on the river, everybody regarded it as a foregone conclusion that Johnnie Sparrow would bring his boat in ahead.

That was the kind of boy that Johnnie Sparrow was.

His father kept one of the largest stores in Potowka, and a creamery besides. Johnnie did not think much of the store, but the creamery suited him. He had almost decided that the firm

should be John J. Sparrow & Son when he grew up. When he was younger, he had thought that he should run for Congress, or keep a livery stable, but he found that with advancing years his ambitions changed.

He felt very proud when the long trains of refrigerator cars went off laden with butter and cheese, to fill orders that had come to Potowka, the little village in the heart of Illinois, not only from Chicago and St. Louis, but from far-away New York and Boston. For no butter was sweeter and yellower, no cheese had a richer flavor, than that made in John J. Sparrow's creamery.

When a very large load was sent (fifteen tons sometimes went at once) Johnnie felt as if everybody would have a surfeit of butter, and it would never be possible to sell any more. But still orders kept coming—sometimes from the very city to which the fifteen tons had just gone. It seemed as if everybody must live on butter. Johnnie had almost come to the conclusion that it was butter that made the world go round. And he certainly talked as if it were. He sternly rebuked his little sister Minty, who held buttercups under people's chins to see whether they loved butter.

"Everybody loves butter," he said. "Anyway, you must n't put it into people's heads that they don't, because it might hurt the business!" By which you will see that Johnnie was of a practical turn of mind.

But he was not so practical but that he sometimes enjoyed revolving in his mind a scheme by

which the whole world was to be supplied with butter from his father's creamery. He had dreams of establishing an agency for the creamery in Japan, and even in the Cannibal Islands. From the north pole to the south there should not be a spot where Sparrow & Son's butter was unknown.

Just how many cows they should have to keep, and just how many men would be required to collect cream enough in the country around; just how large a steam-engine they would need, and just how many pigs it would take to eat up the buttermilk, when that day came, he tried in vain to calculate. But, then, arithmetic was not Johnnie's strong point.

He had, however, very little doubt of his own ability to manage such a business as that when he grew up.

With such confidence in his power to do great things, it was certainly very humiliating to Johnnie that, just as soon as his father left for Colorado, things began to go wrong in the creamery.

It was more aggravating from the fact that Johnnie's uncle Daniel seemed to think that *he* had been left in charge of the creamery, and when he was unexpectedly called away to New York on business, he patted Johnnie on the shoulder, and said:

"You're getting to be a big boy, Johnnie; you can keep an eye upon the business. I am sorry that I'm obliged to go away, but I know your father trusts you a great deal, considering you're only a boy, and there's Jotham Jenkinson, a good, faithful man, to take the responsibility."

Very condescending, as you see, was Uncle Daniel, who kept a hardware store, and scarcely knew cream from skimmed milk. Johnnie had resolved to show him whether he knew how to manage the business or not—he whom Uncle Dan called only a boy.

But, alas! things had gone wrong.

In the first place, Jotham Jenkinson, the engineer, fell ill of rheumatic fever, and there was nobody to take his place. Johnnie made inquiries, and sent letters far and wide, but it was in a busy season, and every man who understood running an engine was occupied. Young Jotham Jenkinson thought he could run the engine about as well as his father, but young Jotham was barely sixteen, and everybody said a boy ought not to be trusted with so responsible a position. The other men did not like the idea of working under a boy, and gave Johnnie to understand that they should leave if he employed young Jotham.

In the meantime, work in the creamery was at a stand-still. It did not pay to buy cream only to grow sour, and the people who were in the habit of supplying the creamery threatened to make an

engagement to sell their cream to a rival firm in an adjoining town; and the men who collected the cans of cream, although they received their pay regularly, thought they had better offer their services to the rival firm, since it certainly seemed probable that the Potowka creamery would come to an untimely end and throw them out of employment. The cream from their own cows was fed to the pigs, but they knew the difference, or Johnnie fancied so, and grunted dolefully for their accustomed buttermilk.

Orders came in thick and fast, with threatenings from the different firms to give their trade to those who could supply them promptly. Johnnie was at his wits' end. He had thought of telegraphing to his father to ask what he should do, but the doctor had said his father must have absolute freedom from care, and such news might be seriously injurious to him.

He might telegraph to Uncle Daniel, but what did Uncle Daniel know about it? Aunt Daniel had come to the creamery, and had wrung her hands because the pigs were eating all the cream, and had said she should write to Uncle Daniel. She could if she wanted to, but *he* should n't, Johnnie said to himself.

But something must be done. Johnnie felt as if he should really become crazy, as he walked about the creamery and looked at the engine that did n't go, at the horses and wagons standing unused in the stable, at the empty churns, the empty butterworkers, and the pigs squealing for their buttermilk.

One day, he heard a man say that "the creamery never ought to have been left with nobody but a boy to look after it." And that day Johnnie made up his mind.

The first thing he did after that important event happened was to go to see young Jotham Jenkinson. The two boys had a long conference behind the wood-pile in young Jotham's back yard, Johnnie insisting upon privacy.

That the interview was satisfactory to Johnnie might be inferred from the fact that he turned a double somersault in the seclusion afforded by the wood-pile after young Jotham had left him. Young Jotham looked unusually serious as he returned to the house, but he was an old boy for his years, and had a great sense of responsibility about whatever he undertook.

Johnnie was so grave and dignified when he re-appeared on the main street that nobody would have believed that wood-pile if it could have told what it had seen.

He next made a call upon Absalom Decker. Absalom was a boy of about Johnnie's own age, who had worked more or less upon his father's



farm since he left off wearing dresses. He was not a very brilliant scholar; he could do addition, if you gave him time, and he professed a firm belief that the earth was round, after being kept after school every day for a month to find it out, and, furthermore, having his faith aided by the school-master's rattan. But he had a cloudy idea that Patagonia was a suburb of Paris, and a strong conviction that the Sultan of Turkey was a North American Indian.

But Absalom was a marvel of strength and toughness. He could do more work than any three boys in Potowka; and as for lifting, there *were* boys who believed he could lift the church and carry it off on his back if he wanted to.

He was very slow of comprehension; it was a long time before he seemed to get any idea of Johnnie's plan, and then it required a great deal of logic and persuasion to make him agree to do what Johnnie wanted him to. He made so many objections, in his slow, stammering way, that Johnnie almost lost heart, and quite lost his temper. Absalom was so aggravating, sitting on the top rail of the fence, with his hands in his pockets, and his long legs dangling, saying:

"You're the ser-mar-mar-marrest boy I ever saw, Johnnie, but you ker-ker-can't do it! Men always work in a cre-cre-creamery, not b-b-boys. And Jotham might be reading a b-b-book—he always is reading a b-b-book—and let the b-b-boiler burst, and b-b-blow up ev-everything. Or the cars might go to ker-smash, and you'd lose all your b-b-butter, or the ker-ker-cows get poisoned, or your father get well, or your Uncle D-D-Daniel come home, or s-s-something. S-s-something always does happen to a b-b-boy!"

But in the end Johnnie secured Absalom's services, Absalom's father giving his consent, although with a good deal of amusement, as if he regarded it as a joke.

Three or four other boys Johnnie hired without any difficulty, except in the matter of wages, they considering that they ought to receive as much as men if they did the same work, while Johnnie thought that when it came to the question of wages boys were boys!

Johnnie went home, and with his grandest air discharged the few remaining workmen from the creamery. In less than an hour the rumor had spread all over Potowka that Sparrow's creamery had closed for good.

But, lo and behold! the very next morning work was resumed.

Collectors went over the old route and brought the big cream-cans back full. Into the churns went the cream, and the engine, starting up with as much spirit as if it had never known an idle

moment, churned it into butter; it seemed to Johnnie that he had never heard such a delightful roar, and rush, and clatter. Strong hands moved the butter from the churns to the butter-workers, and with a whisk and a splash and a spatter the engine worked it; and before night there were rows and rows of tubs ready to be sent to the railroad early in the morning, and the pigs' voices were drowned in buttermilk!

And, as Patsy O'Brien, who took care of the pigs, remarked: "The workmin was ivery man o' them b'ys!"

It must be acknowledged that Johnnie strutted and tossed his head considerably about the streets of Potowka the next day. The general topic of conversation was the doings at the creamery; and while there were some who ridiculed and prophesied that the prosperity would be short, and wondered where in the world Mr. Daniel Sparrow was, that that boy was allowed to go on as he did, there were others who had always known that Johnnie was an uncommonly smart boy, and since there was no work at the creamery that boys could not do, they saw no reason why it could not be kept running—provided, of course, that the boys did not get tired of it.

The orders that came in were filled "with promptness and dispatch," to quote from telegrams which Johnnie sent to both his father and Uncle Daniel, and Aunt Daniel actually wept tears of joy at seeing the pigs restored to their buttermilk diet, and decided not to write to Uncle Daniel. A letter came from Johnnie's mother, who was with his father in Colorado, saying that it was gratifying to hear that matters were going on so well at the creamery, but his father's condition was such that perhaps he had better say nothing about business in his letters for awhile. His father was perfectly confident that Jotham Jenkinson, the engineer, would manage the business as well as it could be done in his absence, and was able to keep it out of his mind if he heard nothing to recall it to him.

Johnnie was sure that he should have no difficulty in obeying that injunction, and he trusted that nobody in Potowka would be so officious as to write to his father that the engineer was disabled, and boys were running the creamery. For although his father was a very sensible man, he might not be above the common prejudice about boys, and think they were not fit to manage a business and do the work alone.

Uncle Daniel wrote that he was especially glad to hear that there was no trouble at the creamery, because he found that he should be detained for several weeks in New York. Johnnie felt that he could be resigned to Uncle Daniel's absence for as long a time as he found it convenient to stay.

Uncle Daniel never seemed to have the least respect for boys, perhaps because he had none of his own, and knew very little about them. He would be sure to regard the doings at the creamery as mere child's play, and feel it to be his duty to make a revolution. For he thought the creamery had been left in his charge. And Jotham Jenkinson, the engineer, thought it had been left in his. But Johnnie thought that, as it belonged to his father, it was clearly his right and duty to manage it, *and he meant to do it.*

And now that his bold stroke had turned out so well, he felt himself to be master of the situation.

A week passed, and work still went on prosperously at the creamery. Absalom Decker had thrashed Alonzo Herrick for spilling a can of butter-milk all over him; and one of the collectors had stopped his team so long to watch a base-ball match that the cream had all soured; and half a dozen cheeses had been gnawed by rats. But Johnnie was not discouraged by these little misadventures. He gravely admonished the guilty boys, and got a dozen traps and half as many cats to dispatch the rats; and he wisely argued that he might have had the very same trials if he had hired workmen instead of work-boys.

The boys became very proud of their position. They fully believed Johnnie when he told them that the work had never been so well done before, and, strange as it may seem, that was the root from which trouble sprang!

The boys decided that they ought to have higher wages, but when they expressed that opinion to Johnnie, he told them, with the firmness and decision which he thought becoming to a man of business, that he should not pay them a penny more. He was paying them more than they could earn in any other way, and, besides, they felt a pride in the business; there was no fear that any one of them would leave, Johnnie said to himself. And he adopted an independent and lordly bearing toward them which was intended to show them that there was not the slightest chance of his yielding to their demands.

That night the boys held a council in Jotham Jenkinson's back yard, behind that identical wood-pile that had concealed Johnnie's somersault from the public gaze.

Alonzo Herrick, who was the chief spokesman, had a newspaper containing an account of a strike of iron-workers in a Pennsylvania city, which he read aloud to the boys, who listened with breathless eagerness.

Potowka was in the midst of a farming region, and strikes were almost unheard of; but they all agreed with Alonzo Herrick that there was no reason why Potowka boys should allow their rights

to be trampled upon — all except Absalom Decker; he had some misgivings.

He "did n't know but they had b-b-better keep right on, seeing Johnnie was n't one to give in easy." But Absalom was soon brought to terms by the other boys, and the momentous agreement to strike for higher wages the next day was made, and solemnly ratified.

So it happened that the next forenoon, just as some extra orders came in, which it was very important to have filled at once, Johnnie went into the creamery and found work stopped, with the churns full of cream that was just beginning to show little floating specks of butter, and the cream-cans empty that should have gone out on their daily routes to be filled with cream at the neighboring farms; with the butter-workers full of half-worked butter, and the tubs and firkins that ought to be filled and on their way to market still empty. Johnnie might have been at a loss to understand what it all meant if it had not been for placards pasted upon the walls, with these astonishing sentiments, in very black letters, upon them: "Down with The Opresur!" "Potowka Boys Never will Be Slaves!" "Good Work deserves Good Wages!" "Laber is King!" "Down with the Tirant!" "Long Live the People!" "We Must and Will have Bread!"

Johnnie was considerably impressed. They certainly were very fine sentiments, even with their glory somewhat marred by faulty spelling. He felt guilty, as if he really were an "opresur" and a "tirant."

But after he had reflected a little, and become somewhat accustomed to these placards, with their big black letters staring at him, and calling him names, his feelings changed. Johnnie possessed a liberal share of that lively commodity known as temper. And it flared up.

If those boys thought they could get the better of him, and make him pay them more wages by any such trick as that, they were mistaken! He would get others to take their places at once.

But how? Johnnie's heart sank as that question confronted him. He knew there was not a boy in Potowka, except young Jotham Jenkinson, who understood how to run the engine, and there was scarcely one to be hired for the other work.

Suddenly, in the midst of his despair, a bright idea struck Johnnie. There was a cheese manufactory at Yankton, a town twenty miles away, from which he had heard that a good many boys had been lately discharged. He had a vague recollection of hearing that it was for misconduct that they had been discharged, but they would be sure to know something about the business, and one could not be stopped by trifles in such an emer-



gency! If they were bad boys, Johnnie felt sure that he could manage them. And in a very short space of time he was on his way to Yankton, prepared to offer almost any wages to the discharged cheese-makers.

They *were* a rough-looking set,—Johnnie was forced to acknowledge that to himself, but they were big and strong, and two of them professed to understand how to run an engine; so, although they called him "young feller," and various other slang names that tried his dignity, and persisted in regarding his offers as a joke, Johnnie used all the arguments he could think of to persuade them, and they finally promised to go to Potowka the next day, and "see how they liked the looks of things."

On that next day, the boys who had disappeared, not only from the creamery but from the streets of the town, as suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up, came slinking around the creamery. In some way, they seemed to have got an inkling of what was going to happen. (Johnnie *had* confided it to a few intimate friends.) Young Jotham Jenkinson and one or two others made several shy hitches, and cast conciliatory glances in Johnnie's direction, but Johnnie ignored them, save for a scornful look. If only his new hands came, as they had agreed, he should be master of the situation, and could bid defiance to the strikers.

In any case, he would not take them back, though they should get down on their knees to him.

And there the new hands were! A group of rough-looking boys, probably just alighted from the train, was coming up the road toward the creamery. Very rough-looking they were. The guardians of public morals in Potowka were very strict, and Johnnie had some fear that his new workmen would be arrested as suspicious and desperate-looking characters before they reached the creamery.

But no such misfortune befell them; they came shuffling and swaggering up to the creamery, while the old hands, who had gathered themselves into a group, looked at them and then at each other in wonder and dismay.

Suddenly—if any of his movements could be described as sudden—Absalom Decker planted himself in the door-way.

"Maybe you'd b-b-better not let them in here! We might be apt to p-p-pitch them out," he said to Johnnie.

"Remember what the strikers did that I read about, boys!" cried Alonzo Herrick, putting himself into a fighting attitude.

"Well, now, if there's going be fun, 't was n't such a bad plan for us to come," said the biggest of the new hands, proceeding, with great deliberation, to take off his jacket.

Matters were assuming a serious aspect. Johnnie, who had a great horror of a disturbance, began to have an uneasy consciousness that he was *not* going to be master of the situation; that position was being rapidly taken out of his hands. The queerest thing about it was that, now that these Yankton roughs seemed about to engage in a fight with the Potowka boys, Johnnie felt an impulse to pitch in on the Potowka side. The origin of the difficulty, and the fact that the Potowka boys were the aggressors, seemed to escape his mind. Some of the Potowka boys wavered and hung back a little—the Yankton boys were so much larger, and were evidently so much more used to warfare; but Absalom Decker was evidently all ready to "grace battle's brunt."

There was a kind of savage war-whoop, and a wild rush, when suddenly into the midst of the *mêlée* stepped Uncle Daniel! He had his portmanteau in his hand, and his spectacles and tall hat on awry. His clothes were very dusty, his face was very red, and he was almost breathless with haste and anger.

"A pretty state of things, upon my word!" he cried, while the combatants fell back, but remained in fighting attitude, as if all ready to resume hostilities the moment the interruption should be over. "A pretty state of things! Half the men in Potowka writing to me to come home and save the creamery from going to ruin! And I should think it was time! Hiring a lot of *boys* to run the creamery! Why was n't I informed that the engineer was sick? I never heard of a boy taking so much upon himself since I was born! But it's a good deal the fault of your bringing up, and I shall tell your father so! When I was young, boys were kept in their places! It's a wonder you have n't been chosen Selectman before this time! Maybe that's too small business for you, though! I expect you'll be running for President in a year or two!"

All these unpleasant remarks Johnnie bore with meekness. Uncle Daniel had come at an opportune moment, and the relief that Johnnie felt in his presence made the sting of his words less hard to bear.

"Now I would have *you* to understand," pursued Uncle Daniel, turning from Johnnie to the crowd of boys, "that I am the manager of this creamery, and I don't want to hire any boys! The sooner you're off the premises the better!"

The Yankton boys demurred, and made some threats of thrashing Johnnie for getting them there under false pretenses, but they finally decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and moved off.

The Potowka boys gathered around Johnnie,

their late "opresur" and "tirant," with an air of sympathy and good-fellowship.

"I telegraphed to your father how things were going," said Uncle Daniel, "and asked him what I should do, and here's his answer!" And he drew a telegram from his pocket, and unfolded it before Johnnie's eyes, and, what was worse, before the eyes of all the boys. It contained these four crushing words:

*"Send Johnnie to school."*

"D-d-don't you mind, Johnnie," said Absalom Decker, "I t-t-told you so! Folks are always d-d-down on a b-b-boy."

"If you had n't struck, it would have been all right!" said Johnnie, returning to his grievances against his friends, now that the common enemy had departed. "We were going on splendidly! Boys are fools, anyway!"

"It would have been all right if you had paid us

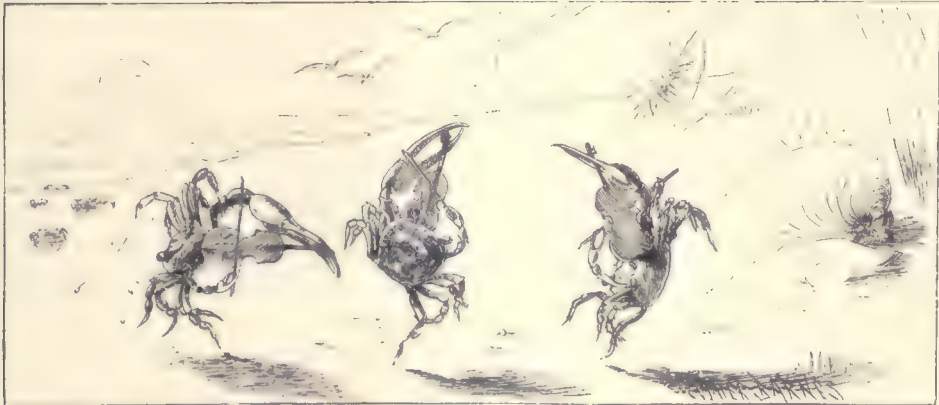
the wages that we ought to have had!" put in Alonzo Herrick. "Boys *don't* know how to manage business!"

"You would have struck before long if I had," grumbled Johnnie. "You wanted to do it for the fun of it!"

And there *was* a guilty look on the faces of the boys!

At the Drumfield Academy, where Johnnie is a pupil, the boys are often entertained by wonderful stories of the success of the Potowka creamery when Johnnie managed it; but just how Johnnie's management came to an end they have never had explained to them.

Johnnie has decided that, after all, he shall not have a creamery when he grows up. There are so many vexations attendant upon a business life that he has returned to his old plan of a future career, and means to run for Congress.



"OLD KING COLE was a jolly old soul,  
And a jolly old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three."

Now who were the fiddlers? And what did they fiddle,  
And where were the fiddlers three?  
A fiddle for fiddles! King Cole is a riddle—  
The fiddlers are down by the sea.





"IN THE COOL OF THE MORNING."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.

NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

### II.

#### A MUD-MARCH AND A SHAM BATTLE.

WE had been lying in winter quarters at Belle Plain some two months, early in the spring of 1863, without having yet had much to vary the dull monotony of a soldier's ordinary life. There was, of course, plenty of work in the way of picket-duty and endless drilling, and an abundance of fun in the camp, of one kind or other; but of the fatigues

of the march and the excitement of battle we could so far form not the slightest conception. It is my purpose, in the present paper, to give the readers of ST. NICHOLAS some little account of our first mud-march, and the sham battle to which it led.

It was Monday, April 20th, 1863, when we suddenly received orders for the march. As good luck would have it, Andy and I had just finished a hearty meal on apple-fritters; for by this time we had repaired our chimney, which had been destroyed by the fire, and had already several

times prepared our fritters without burning our house down over our heads in the operation. Having finished our meal, we were lying lazily back against our knapsacks, disputing whose turn it was to wash the dishes, when Andy, half-catching the sound of an unusual order, with the nimbleness of a frog suddenly leaped out of the little door in the side of our cabin into the Company street, exclaiming:

"What's that, Sergeant? What's up?"

"Orders to move, that's all," said the sergeant. "Orders to move—that's what! Pack up immediately."

"Where are we going?" queried a dozen voices in chorus, as the boys tumbled out of their tents and gathered about the sergeant in a group.

"You tell me and I'll tell you," answered the sergeant, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he shouted: "Pack up immediately, men! We go in light marching order. No knapsacks; only a shelter or gum-blanket, and three days' rations in your haversacks, and be lively now."

It was not long before we were all ready, our haversacks duly supplied with hard-tack, pork, coffee, and sugar, and our gum-blankets or shelters, rolled and twisted into a shape somewhat resembling an immense horse-collar, slung over the shoulder diagonally across the body, as was universally the custom with the troops when knapsacks were to be dispensed with in winter, or had been thrown away in summer. We drummer-boys, tightening our drums and tuning them up with a tap-tap-tap! of the drum-stick, took station on the parade-ground upon the hill, awaiting the adjutant's signal to beat the assembly. At the first tap of our drums, the whole regiment, in full view below us, poured out from its quarters, like ants tumbling out of their hill when disturbed by the thrust of a stick. As the men fell into line and marched by companies up the hill to the parade-ground, where the regiment was ordinarily formed, cheer upon cheer went up; for the monotony of camp life was plainly at an end, and we were at last to be up and doing, though where, or how, or what, no one could tell.

When a drum-head is wet, it at once loses all its charm and power, for it sounds as hoarse as a frog. On the present occasion our drum-heads were soon soaked, for it was raining hard. So, unloosing the ropes, we slung our useless sheepskins over our shoulders, as the order was given: "Forward, route-step, march!" The order of "route-step" was always a merciful and welcome command; for the readers of ST. NICHOLAS must remember that troops on a march always go by the "route-step." They march usually four abreast, but make no effort to keep step; for marching in reg-

ular step, though good enough for a mile or two on parade, would soon become intolerable if kept up for any great distance. In "route-step," each man picks his way, selecting his steps at his pleasure, and carrying or shifting his arms at his convenience. Even then marching is no easy matter, especially when it is raining, and you are marching over a clay soil. The soil about Belle Plain was the toughest and most slippery clay in the world, it seemed to us—at least, in the roads that wound serpent-like around the hills, among which we were marching, and where many a poor mule, during the winter, stuck fast and had to be pulled out, or, if that was impracticable, left to die in his tracks after the harness had been ripped off his back.

At first, however, we had tolerable marching, for we took across the fields and kept well up on the high ground as long as we could. We passed some good farms and comfortable-looking houses, where we should have liked to go in and buy some bread and butter, or get some pie and milk; but there was no time for that, for we made no halt longer than was necessary to allow the rear to "close up," and then were up and away again at a swift pace.

The afternoon wore on. Night set in, and we began to wonder, in all the simplicity of new troops, whether Uncle Sam expected us to march all night as well as all day. To make matters worse, as night fell dark and drizzling, we left the high ground and came out on the main road of those regions: and if we never before knew what Virginia mud was like, we knew it now. It was knee-deep, and so sticky that, when you set one foot down, you could scarcely pull out the other. As for myself, I found my side-arms (if they deserve to be dignified by that title) quite an incumbrance. Drummer-boys carried no arms, except a straight, thin sword fastened to a broad leathern belt about the waist. Of this we were at the outstart quite proud, and kept it polished with great care. However, this "toad-sticker," as we called it, caused us a world of trouble on this mud-march, and well illustrated the saying that "pride goes before a fall." For as we groped about in the darkness, and slid and plunged about in the mud, this sword was forever getting tangled up with the wearer's legs, and, whenever it came between his knees, down he went sprawling on his face in the mud. My own toad-sticker I handed to the quartermaster after this march was done, agreeing to pay the price of it thrice over rather than to carry it any more. The rest of the drummer-boys, I believe, carried theirs as far as Chancellorsville, and then solemnly hung them up on an oak tree—where they are to this day, unless some one has



found them and carried them off as trophies of war.

We had a little darkey along on this mud-march, who had an experience that night which was as provoking to him as it was amusing to us. The darkey's name was Bill. Other name he had none, except "Shorty," which had been given him by the boys because of his remarkably short stature. For, although he was as strong and as old-fashioned as a man, he was so dwarfed in size that the name Shorty seemed to become him better than his original name of Bill. Well, Shorty had been employed by one of the captains as cook—which office, on this occasion, seemed also to include the duties of a sumpter mule. For the captain, having an eye to comfort, had loaded the poor darkey with a pack of blankets, tents, pans, and

we forded a creek, and kept still on and on, till at last we were allowed to halt and fall out on either side of the road into a last year's corn-field, to "make fires and cook coffee."

To make a fire was an easy matter, notwithstanding the rain. For some one or other always had matches, and there were plenty of rails at hand, and these were dry enough when split open by a hatchet or ax. In a few moments the fence around the corn-field was carried off, rail by rail, and everywhere was heard the sound of axes or hatchets, the premonitory symptoms of roaring camp-fires, which were soon everywhere blazing along the road.

"Harry," said my lieutenant, "I have n't any tin cup, and when you get your cup of coffee cooked, I believe I'll share it with you. May I?"



THE QUARTERMASTER'S TRIUMPH.

general camp equipage, so large and bulky, that it is no exaggeration to say that Shorty's pack was quite as large as himself. All along it had been a wonder to us how he had managed to pull through so far with all that immense bundle on his back; but, with strength far beyond his size, he had trudged on at the captain's heels over hill and through field quite well, till we came at night-fall to the main road. There, like many another sumpter mule, he stuck fast in the mud, so that he could not pull either foot, and had to be dragged out by force.

At length, in the thick darkness, no one being able to see an inch before his face, we lost the road. Torches were then lighted to find it. Then

"Certainly, Lieutenant. But where will I get water to make the coffee? It's so dark nobody can see how the land lies so as to find a spring."

The lieutenant not being able to aid me with any suggestions, I silently, and without telling him what I was about, scooped up a tin cupful of water (whether clean or muddy I could not tell—it was too dark to see) out of a corn-furrow. I had the less hesitation in doing so, because I found all the rest were doing the same, and if they could stand it, I could too. Tired as I was, I could not help but be sensible of the strange, weird appearance the troops presented, as coming out of the surrounding darkness I faced the brilliant light, with groups of busy men every-

where. There they sat, squatting about the fires, each man with his quart tin cup suspended on his iron ramrod, or on some convenient stick, and each eager and impatient to be the first to bring his cup to the boil. Thrusting my cup in among the dozen others already smoking amid the crackling flames, I soon had the pleasure of seeing the foam rise to the surface—a sure indication that my coffee was nearly done. When the lieutenant and I had finished drinking it, I called his attention to the half-inch of mud in the bottom of the cup, and asked him how he liked coffee made out of water taken from a last year's corn-furrow. "First-rate," he replied, as he took out his tobacco-pouch and pipe for a smoke—"first-rate. Gives it a good flavor, you see."

"Fall in!" It was now half-past eleven o'clock, and away we went again, slap-dash, in the thick darkness and bottomless mud. At three o'clock in the morning, during a brief halt, I fell asleep sitting on my drum, and tumbled over into the road from sheer exhaustion. Partly aroused by my fall, I spread out my shelter on the road where the mud seemed the shallowest, and lay down to sleep, shivering like an aspen.

At six o'clock we were aroused. And a pretty appearance we presented, for every man was covered with mud from neck to heels. However, daylight having now come to our assistance, we marched on in merrier mood toward Port Royal, a place or village on the Rappahannock, some thirty miles below Fredericksburg, and reached our destination about ten o'clock that forenoon.

As we emerged from the woods and came out into the open fields, with the river in full view about a quarter of a mile in front, we were persuaded that now at last we were to go into battle. And so indeed it seemed, as the long column halted in a corn-field a short distance from the river, and the pontoon trains came up, and the pioneers were sent forward to help lay the bridge, and signal flags began flying, and officers and orderlies began to gallop gaily over the field—of course we were now about to go into our first battle.

"I guess we 'll have to cross the river, Harry," said Andy, as we stood beside a corn-shock and watched the operations of the men engaged in putting down the pontoons, "and we 'll have to go in on 'em and gobble 'em up."

"Yes," answered I, "'gobbling up' is all right; but suppose that over in the woods, on the other side of the river yonder, there might happen to be a lot of Johnnies watching us, and ready to sweep down and gobble *us* up while we are crossing the river—eh? That would n't be nearly so nice, would it?"

"Hah!" exclaimed Andy, "I 'd like to see 'em do it! Look there! There come the boys that 'll drive the Johnnies through the brush!"

Looking in the direction Andy was pointing,—that is, away to the skirt of the woods in our rear,—I beheld a battery of artillery coming up at full gallop toward us, and making straight for the river.

"Just you wait, now," said Andy, with a triumphant snap of his fingers, "till you hear those old bull-dogs begin to bark once, and you 'll see the Johnnies get up and dust."

As the battery came near the spot where we were standing, and could be plainly seen, I exclaimed:

"Why, Andy, I don't believe those dogs can bark at all! Don't you see? They are wooden logs covered over with black gum-blankets and mounted on the front wheels of wagons, and—as sure as you're alive, it's our Quartermaster on his gray horse in command of the battery!"

"Well, I declare!" said Andy, with a look of mingled surprise and disappointment.

There was no disputing the fact. Dummies they were, those cannon which Andy had so exultingly declared were to drive the Johnnies through the brush. And we began at once to suspect that this whole mud-march was only a miserable ruse or feint of war, got up expressly for the purpose of deceiving the enemy, so that there was n't going to be any battle after all! Such indeed, as we learned later, was the true state of the case. But, nevertheless, the pioneers went on putting down the pontoon boats for a bridge, and our gallant Quartermaster, on his bob-tail gray, with drawn sword, and shouting out his commands like a major-general, swept by us with his battery of wooden guns, and away out into the field like a whirlwind, apparently bent on the most bloody work imaginable. Now the battery would dash up and unlimber and get into position here; then, after an imaginary discomfiture of the enemy at this point, away it would dash on a gallop across the field and go into position there, while the Quartermaster would swing his sword and shout himself hoarse as if in the very crisis of the battle.

It was, then, alas! all a ruse, and there would be no battle after all. About nine o'clock that night we were all withdrawn from the river-side under cover of darkness, and bivouacked in the woods to our rear, where we were ordered to make as many and as large fires as we could, so as to attract the enemy's attention, and make him believe that the whole army of the Potomac was concentrating at that point; whereas, the truth was that, instead of making any movement thirty miles *below* Fredericksburg, the Union army, ten days



later, crossed the river thirty miles *above* Fredericksburg, and met the enemy at Chancellorsville.

But I have never forgotten our gallant Quartermaster, and what a fine appearance he made as the commanding officer of a battery of artillery. It was an amusing sight, for my readers must remember that a quartermaster, having to do only with army supplies, was a non-combatant — that is, did no fighting, and, in most cases, “staid by the stuff” among his army wagons, which were usually far enough to the rear in time of battle.

Thinking of this little episode on our first mud-march, the writer recalls a conversation he had recently with a gentleman, his neighbor, who had also been a quartermaster in the Union army:

“I was down in Virginia on business last spring,” said the ex-quartermaster, “and I found the people there very kind and friendly indeed. One man came up to me, and says he:

“Major, you were in the war, of course, were you not?”

“Yes,” said I, “I was. But I was on the other side of the fence. I was in the Union army.”

“You were? Well, Major, did you ever kill anybody?”

“Lots of ‘em!” said I. “Lots of ‘em!”

“You don’t say so!” said the Virginian; “and how did you generally kill them?”

“Well,” said I, “I never like to tell, because bragging is not in my line; but I’ll tell you. You

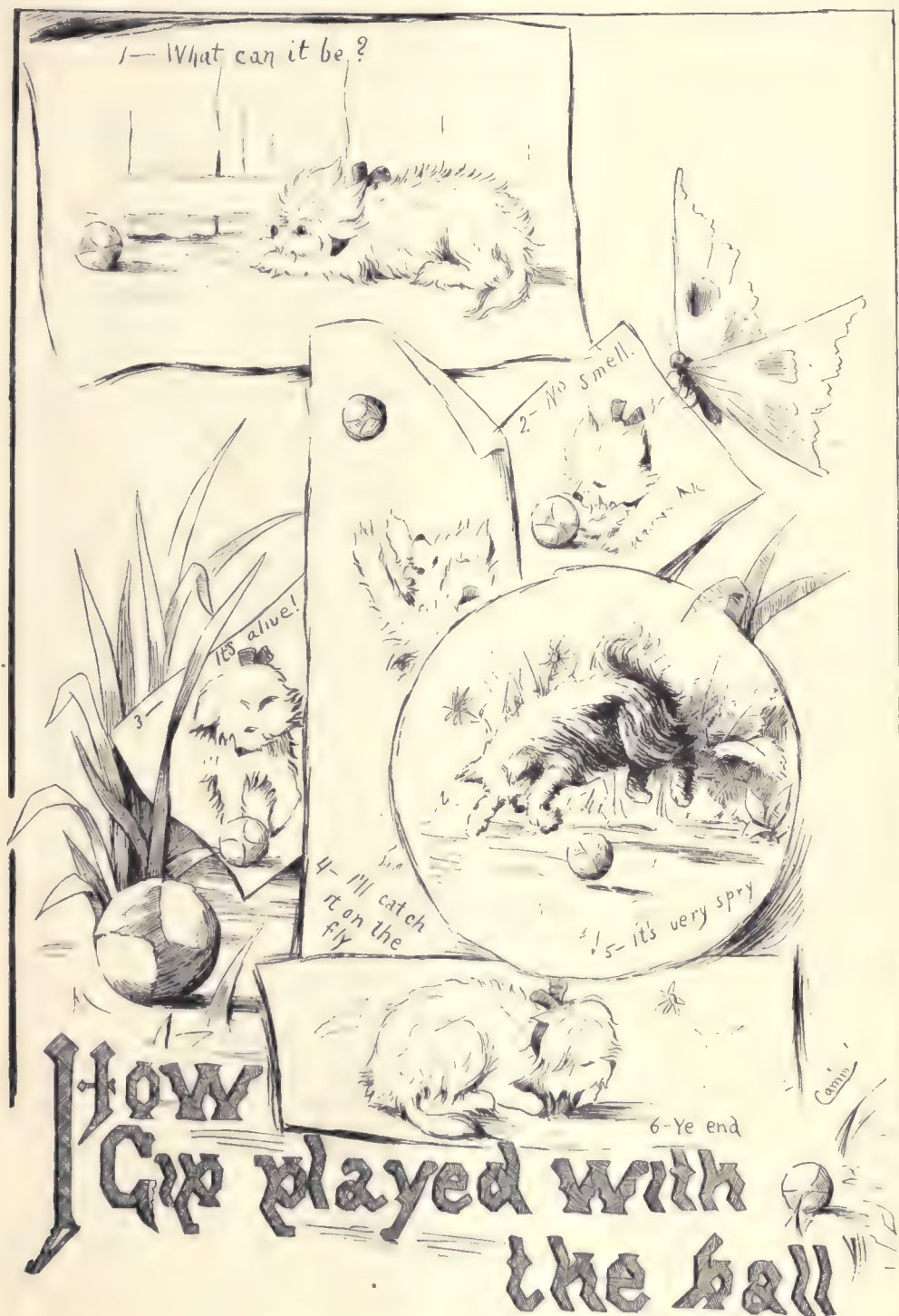
see, I never liked this thing of shooting people, because I was a kind of Quaker, and had conscientious scruples about bearing arms. And so, when the war broke out, I entered the army as a quartermaster, thinking that in that position I would n’t have to kill anybody with a gun, anyhow. But war is a dreadful thing—a dreadful thing, sir. I found that even a quartermaster had to take a hand at killing people, and the way I took for it was this: I always managed to have a good, swift horse, and as soon as things would begin to look a little like fighting, and the big guns would begin to go off, why I’d clap spurs to my horse and make for the rear as fast as ever I could; and then when your people would come after me, they never could catch me—they’d always get out of breath trying to come up to me; and in that way I’ve killed dozens of your people, sir—dozens of ‘em, and all without powder or ball. They could n’t catch me, and always died for want of breath trying to get hold of me!”

We slept in the woods that night under the dark pine trees and beside our great camp-fires; and early the next morning took up the line of march for home. We marched all day over the hills, and, as the sun was setting, came at last to a certain hill-top whence we could look down upon the odd-looking group of cabins and wigwams which we recognized as our camp, and which we hailed with cheers as our home.

(To be continued.)



OUR FIRST SUMMER BOARDER.





## THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD.\*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

## CHAPTER VII.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE KING.

FOLLOWING the advice of a shrewd forester, King Edward took five of his noblest and bravest knights and went to an abbey, where they procured monkish clothing and disguised themselves as ecclesiastics, the King donning the Abbot's apparel. Thus completely transformed in appearance, they set out to search for Robin Hood, guided on their way by the forester, and followed by servants with pack-horses.

As they rode through the forest, they heard the woodwile singing in the cool, shadowy tops of the trees. The King was in a very gay mood. He felt sure that Robin and his men could not penetrate his disguise or in any way discover his identity. The guide, who, as I am inclined to think, was really one of Robin's company, led the way directly toward the *trystel tree*; but before they reached it they were seized by some of Robin Hood's watchful foresters, who took them to dine with the chief, as was their custom when they captured a rich company.

Robin took hold of the King's horse, and said:

"Sir Abbot, we are yeomen and freemen of this forest. We are the protectors and guardians of the poor against the oppression of the rich. You grind the bread from our poor people to make you fat. Now, in turn, I shall take from you your money, and divide it among the poor."

King Edward, adopting the tone and manner of an abbot, said in reply:

"I have but fifty pounds left. I have been with the King and his nobles at Nottingham, and have spent a great deal there. What I have left I give you freely."

Robin took one-half of the money and gave it to his yeomen; the rest he returned to the supposed abbot, saying as he did so:

"Keep this—I do not wish to cause any one to suffer. We shall meet again some day."

This strange generosity touched the King. He drew forth his broad seal, and handing it to Robin, said:

"The King sends you his seal with greeting, and cordially invites you to come to him at Nottingham and partake of his royal hospitality."

Robin knew the seal was genuine. He felt a thrill of delight run through him. He had long

desired to become friendly with Edward, and get his royal sanction to live unmolested in the forest he loved so well. He bowed before the seal, and said:

"I love my King above all men. In token of my delight at this good word from the comely and generous Edward, I bid you welcome to this forest, and you shall dine with me under my *trystel tree*."

He took the King by the hand, and courteously led him to the space where the yeomen usually dined. Here he caused a sumptuous meal to be spread. There was fat venison and roasted pheasants and broiled trout, with wine and ale.

Robin lifted his bugle horn, so famous in song and story, and blew a cheery blast upon it. In response there came from all parts of the forest seven score yeomen, all dressed in green mantles and armed with beautiful yew bows. Each of them in turn knelt on the ground before Robin Hood, as a sign of their respect for him and of their readiness to do his bidding.

"This is a rare and beautiful sight," thought King Edward. "This outlaw's men are more obedient and deferential to him than are my men to me!"

When the dinner was ready, Robin Hood and Little John waited upon the King, doing everything in their power to please and entertain him.

"Eat and be merry, Sir Abbot," said Robin, graciously, "and a blessing on you for the good tidings you have brought from the King. Before you leave, I will show you how we live and how we sport in the greenwood, so that you may tell the King when you go back to Nottingham."

The meal being now over, Robin Hood suddenly gave a sharp signal, whereupon his men sprang up and seized their bows in an instant. The King was terribly frightened. He thought that he and his followers were to be slain outright. He was mistaken, however, as he soon discovered. The yeomen were merely preparing to give an exhibition of archery. Willow rods, two yards long, and peeled so as to be bright and white, were set up to be shot at. The King was surprised when he saw the great distance to the marks. His bowmen could not shoot so far with any accuracy by at least forty yards.

A garland of wild roses was hung on each rod or wand.

"Now," said Robin to his men, "whosoever shall miss the garland at which he aims shall for-

feit his arrow and shall receive a buffet with the hand on the side of his head. No one shall be spared."

So they began to shoot, Robin joining in the game. One yeoman missed his aim, and Robin struck him a powerful slap, making the fellow's head ring and ache. Gilbert with the white hand, Little John, and Scathelock shot surpassingly well, as did many others of the merry foresters. When it came Robin's turn to shoot he excelled them all, cleaving the garland with every shaft save the last, which by some mischance flew more than three finger's-widths wide of the mark. Thereupon Gilbert with the white hand said:

"Master, you must take your buffet. You have missed. Stand out, and take what we all have to accept when we fail."

"Very well," said Robin. "Sir Abbot, I deliver my forfeited arrow to you. Here, deal me a buffet on the side of the head."

Robin was cunning. He knew that the churchmen did not work or take any manual exercise; wherefore their hands were soft and their muscles weak. A blow from the Abbot's hand, he thought, would not be much to bear.

"It does not become one of my order to strike a man," said the King, speaking as an abbot might. "I fear I may hurt you."

"Strike away!" exclaimed Robin, turning the side of his head to the King. "I give you full liberty. It is our rule."

Then the King rolled up his sleeve and struck Robin Hood a tremendous slap, which knocked him almost flat upon the ground. The yeomen were astonished. How could an ecclesiastic show such strength? Surely there must be some mistake.

Robin was surprised as well as pained. He stared at the King, and cried out: "I vow you are a stalwart abbot! There is strength in your arm. You would make a good bowman and shoot well."

He looked searchingly into the King's face. He



KING EDWARD, DISGUISED AS A MONK, DEALS ROBIN HOOD A SOUNDING BLOW.

had penetrated the disguise, and all of a sudden he knew that Edward stood before him. At the same instant the knight, Sir Richard at the Lea, also recognized the King. They both knelt upon the ground, and Robin said:

"I know you now, my King, and I beg your mercy for myself and all my merry men."



"Upon one condition I can grant your request," said the King: "you and all your company shall go with me to my court and enter into my service."

"I promise," said Robin. "I will take seven score and three of the best archers in the world into your service."

And now a happy thought came into Edward's mind. He procured from Robin's store green mantels for himself and his followers, which they put on, and they took bows in their hands.

"Now," merrily cried the King, "let us go back to Nottingham all together, as a band of good fellows."

So off they went, shooting at marks on the way. Robin and the King rode side by side through the green groves and along the shady lanes, their men following in a jolly mood, singing and talking together. Robin and Edward gave each other heavy buffets whenever the mark was missed by either,—the winner buffeting the loser,—and they did not spare each other a whit, but laid on with full power.

The people of Nottingham were greatly frightened when this rollicking band of bowmen came into the town. They knew the uniform of the outlaws, and supposed that their King had been killed, and that Robin Hood had come with his men to murder them all. They all, old and young, male and female, rich and poor, fled, and left the town deserted.

Edward enjoyed their consternation; but he called them back and ordered a great feast. He pardoned the outlaws, and restored the estates of Sir Richard at the Lea. All the people of the country rejoiced, and feasted, and danced under the trees.

When the King went back to London, Robin and his men accompanied him, and they were made a part of the Royal Band of Archers.

For a time this life at the King's court was pleasant; but the men began at length to long for their old happy days under the greenwood tree. So, one by one, they slipped away and went back to the forest, to chase the deer and shoot the pheasant in freedom.

Finally, one day Robin went and knelt before the King, saying:

"My Lord, the King of England, I beg to go back and visit Barnesdale. These seven nights I have not slept a wink, and for seven days I have not been able to eat even a morsel of food. I pray you, let me go."

"You may be gone seven days and no longer," said the King.

Robin thanked him, and seizing his good bow he made haste to reach the greenwood.

It was a beautiful spring morning when he ar-

rived in the forest near his trystel tree. The birds he loved so well were singing everywhere. The perfume of wild flowers loaded the air. He was delighted.

A fat hart came bounding along. Robin bent his bow and brought down the game. Then he blew his bugle horn, as he had done of old. The merry blast went echoing through the groves, and the lurking yeomen, hearing it, knew that their beloved chief had returned. They flocked around him and fell upon their knees. Once more they all were happy and free.

For twenty-two years longer Robin Hood lived in the greenwood. The King could not get him to again give up his merry life for all the gayeties and splendors of the court.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DEFEAT OF SIR WILLIAM.

THE years went merrily by. Robin Hood and his bold men refused to submit to the King's authority, because he upheld the right of the rich nobles to oppress the poor by exacting exorbitant taxes from them. Many expeditions were fitted out and dispatched against the outlaws. All were disastrously unsuccessful, though at times Robin was forced to fly from town to town for fear of treachery.

At last the outlaw chief was beginning to grow old and his strength was failing somewhat, when the King ordered Sir William, a bold and powerful knight, to take a hundred of the very best of the English bowmen, and go make an end of the rebellion of the foresters.

"Go to bold Robin Hood," said the King, "and tell him to surrender to my authority, or else he and his men shall all be killed. Take a hundred of my strongest and truest archers, armed in the best manner, and lead them into the forest till you find the outlaws."

Sir William answered that he would do the King's bidding, and that he would fetch Robin Hood, dead or alive, to the court.

It was midsummer when this carefully chosen company set out for the greenwood to search for the merry bowmen of Sherwood and Barnesdale. Their spears and swords, their bows and arrows, and their gay uniforms, shone bravely as they marched along.

When they had reached the forest, Sir William bade his men halt and stay there with their bows ready, while he went to summon the outlaws to surrender. In the midst of a grove, under a tent or canopy, he found Robin, who, when told to surrender, stood up and defied the King and all his

armies. "So long," he cried, "as I have seven score brave archers to do my bidding, I never will be controlled by any king or his officers. Tell them this for me."

Sir William then attempted to take Robin by surprise, but one of the foresters, Locksley by name, frustrated his plan.

Robin Hood blew his horn. The knight, Sir

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD.

ALL accounts affirm that Robin Hood lived to a very old age, and at last died by treachery. He had a cousin, who was the prioress of a nunnery called Kirklees, and when he was aged and infirm,



ROBIN HOOD MARKS THE SPOT FOR HIS GRAVE.

William, blew his. In a moment the followers of each rushed to the spot and formed about the leaders.

A terrible and bloody fight ensued, in which Sir William was killed and his men driven from the forests.

This was the last effort made to subdue the merry greenwood rovers. Thenceforth they were left free to dwell in the forests unmolested.

They shot the deer and caught the trout, they helped the poor tillers of the soil against the usury and tithe-taking of the rich, until at last wiser laws were enacted, and the blessing of freedom was secured to all.

and suffering from an attack of disease, he went to her to be bled. In those days, blood-letting was considered a remedy against many kinds of illness.

Robin was very sick when he reached the gate of the nunnery, where he was met by his cousin. Little thinking of treachery, he suffered her to conduct him to a room and open a vein in his arm. There he was left bleeding. The door of the room was locked, and the window was too high above ground to admit of jumping out. He remained in this state till the next day at noon, when he thought to blow a blast on his horn. It was but a quavering and feeble sound. One faithful soul caught it, however. Little John was lingering



about, waiting to see his beloved master. When he heard the mournful blast, he sprang up and hurried to the nunnery. He broke locks and dashed open doors until he reached the room where Robin lay dying. He fell on his knees, and begged to be allowed to burn Kirklees Hall and all the nunnery; but Robin said: "No, I never hurt a woman in my life, nor a man in company with a woman, and I will not allow such a thing to be done now. But string my bow for me, and give me it and a broad arrow, which I will shoot from the window, and where that arrow falls there let my grave be dug. Lay a green sod under my head and another at my feet; and lay my bent bow by my side, for it has always made sweet music for me."

This request was complied with by Little John.

The arrow that Robin shot fell under a tree, and there the bold chief was buried. His death was probably near the year 1300.

Some worthy historians have doubted whether such a man as Robin Hood ever lived, and have classed the stories of his exploits among the myths of the past. It is hardly probable, however, that this is the correct theory. The safer and more reasonable conclusion would seem to be that Robin Hood really reigned in the forests as represented, but that many of the stories about him have been exaggerated by the ballad singers and early writers of England. I have taken what I thought to be the simplest and most authentic incidents of the outlaw's life, and have put them together for the benefit of my young friends.

THE END.

## A BACK-YARD PARTY.

BY PALMER COX.

ONE evening bright there was a sight  
That should recorded be.  
All gazed in wonder—well they might—  
Such funny things to see.

A neighbor's yard is smooth and hard,  
And through the block extends,  
And there came lively rats and mice,  
With town and country friends.

It may have been a wedding scene  
They celebrated there,  
A birthday party, or *soirée*,  
Enjoyed in open air.

But this is plain, whatever train  
Had brought the rogues that way,  
From loft and lane and bins of grain,  
A jovial troop were they.

The household cat, so sleek and fat,  
Is by the servants fed,  
And only leaves the rug or mat  
To find her cream and bread.

So nought was there to harm or scare  
The lively groups below  
That danced and played in light and shade,  
Or rambled to and fro.

No slaves were they to fashion's sway,  
With all its outs and ins:

For some wore gauze or summer straws,  
While others dressed in skins.

Beside the gate, upon a crate  
That once held earthen ware,  
An old musician, throned in state,  
Gave many a pleasing air.

He scraped and paw'd and chopped and saw'd,  
But never seemed to tire,  
Though oft his bow would run as though  
To set the strings on fire;

While at his side, in pomp and pride,  
A knowing mouse was stalled,  
And while the sets he sharply eyed,  
The mazy dance he called:

"To partners bow the first, and now  
To those on either side,  
Across and back, the lady swing,  
Now balance all!" he cried.

'T was charming fun to see them run,  
And curtsy, bow, and wheel,  
Or slip and slide and trip and glide  
Through some plantation reel.

The smallest mouse about the house,  
And most destructive rat,  
Danced half an hour with grace and power—  
An Irish jig at that;





Upon a pan the dance began,  
And round the yard they passed,  
But dancing still for life, until  
The rat gave out at last.

The Highland fling and pigeon-wing,  
The polka and quadrille;  
The waltz and schottish—everything—  
Was found upon the bill.

The latest dance that came from France,  
From Germany or Spain,  
The most delightful hop or prance,  
Their programme did contain.

And people who could gain a view  
Of either jig or reel  
Would hardly grudge the lively crew  
A little corn or meal.

The moon was high and morning nigh  
Before they quit their play,  
To shake their paws and say "Good-bye,"  
And pass in pairs away.

And when again they're in the vein  
To pass a night in fun,  
May we be nigh the window pane  
Until the sport is done !



## HOW TO BUILD A CATAMARAN.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

EVERY boy knows how hard it is to get permission to go sailing. His mother is sure he will be drowned, and his father tells him to "be careful" in a way that clearly shows his wish that sail-boats had never been invented. And though the boy himself says, "There is no danger," he knows, if he is familiar with sailing, that there is nothing easier than to capsize a cat-boat by a moment's carelessness or a little recklessness.

Now, if a boy had a boat which could neither capsize nor sink, no reasonable mother would feel

any uneasiness as to his being drowned. If at the same time this boat could outsail any ordinary sail-boat; could carry twice as many people as a cat-boat of the same length; could be taken out of the water and carried over a reef or a dam by two boys; and could be built by any intelligent boy who is handy with his tools, at a very slight expense, would it not be just the thing that every boy ought to have?

The boat in question is what is called a catamaran—that is, a boat with two hulls. It is not

so fast as the wonderful Herreschoff catamaran, but it is a great deal cheaper, drier, and more roomy, and is in every way better suited for cruising. Moreover, a boy can have the pleasure of building it himself, and there is no better fun than building a boat which, when it is launched, answers all your expectations.

The first thing you need to do is to send to a lumber-yard or saw-mill for four good pine planks, fifteen feet long, eighteen inches wide, one inch thick, and planed on both sides. It may be necessary to have them sawed to order at the mill, as they are unusually large. The rest of the lumber that you will want can be had at any carpenter's shop, and a good deal of it you may be able to find at home in the shape of old boxes and strips of wood.

Put two of the four planks aside, and busy yourself at first only with the other two. Planks of this size, if put in the water, would be sure to warp. To prevent this, screw across one side of each plank four strips of wood, about three inches wide by three-quarters of an inch thick. These should be placed regularly, so as to divide each plank into four divisions of exactly the same size. Be sure that on one of the two planks these strips are seventeen inches long instead of eighteen, thus leaving a clear space an inch wide along one edge of the plank.

The next thing is to shape the ends of the planks. Begin three feet from the end, and cut away the wood, first with a saw and then with a drawing-knife, until you have a nice curve extending from the point where you began to cut to the end of the plank. When you are satisfied with this curve—which is to be the bow of your boat—lay the plank down on the other uncut plank and mark out on it precisely the same curve. After this is cut, then take the other ends of the two planks, shape them in the same way, taking great care that each one of the four curves shall be precisely like every other one. The way they will look after this part of the work is done is shown in Fig. No. 1.

Now lay one plank flat on the floor, with the side on which the strips are fastened uppermost. Take the other plank—the one with the seventeen-inch strips—and stand it up on its edge close against the one on the floor, having first white-leaded both the edges that are to touch. (See Fig. 2.)

You will now see why the strips on one plank were shorter than the other strips, for this has enabled you to bring the edges of the planks close

together. Nail these edges together with galvanized iron nails, using a good many of them, and taking great care not to split the wood.

The next thing is to cut four pieces of three-quarter-inch plank into the shape diagrammed in Fig. 3.

The side A B is seventeen inches long, and the side A C eighteen inches. These sides must form a true right angle, and be made very smooth and straight. When the four pieces are finished, white-lead the edges and place them between the two planks, so that they will lie close to the strips which you secured to the planks to prevent them from warping. Fasten them with long galvanized screws, carefully countersinking the heads. Then run a strip of quarter-inch white cedar, two inches wide, from A to B, cutting mortises in the curved edge of the four triangular pieces of wood to secure it. (See Fig. No. 4.)

You have now the frame-work of one of the hulls of your catamaran. While the chief object of the triangular pieces of wood is to brace the two planks, they are also

meant to divide the hull into water-tight

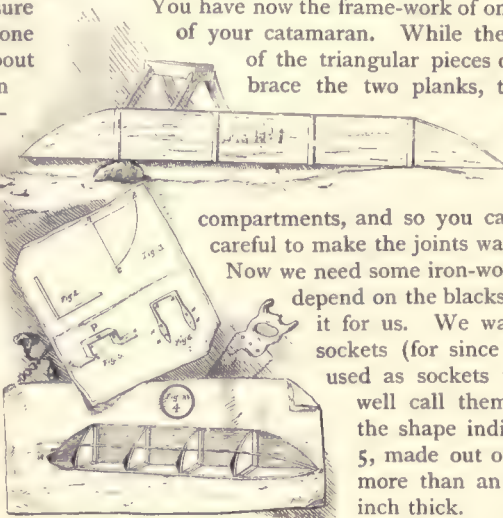
compartments, and so you can not be too careful to make the joints water-tight.

Now we need some iron-work, and must depend on the blacksmith to make it for us. We want three iron sockets (for since they will be used as sockets we might as well call them sockets) of the shape indicated in Fig. 5, made out of iron, rather more than an eighth of an inch thick.

From A to B is four inches, and from A to C the same. The iron should be an inch and a half wide, and the two holes, H and H, should be large enough for a quarter-inch bolt.

When the blacksmith has made these, then have him make three other sockets out of half-inch rod-iron, hammering the ends flat and piercing them with holes countersunk for screws. (See Fig. 6.)

This round-iron socket is four inches wide, and each arm ten inches long. The holes (H) are for quarter-inch bolts. Order a double set of each of these sockets, as you will need three of each kind for each hull. The flat sockets are to be placed on the upper side of your hull—the side which is eighteen inches wide, the other side being an inch narrower. One is to be placed exactly halfway between the two ends of the plank, and the

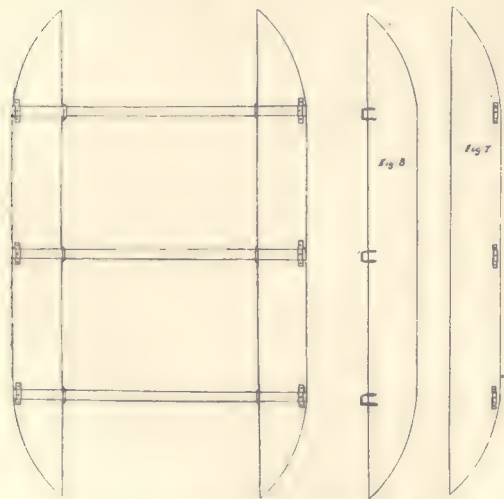




others exactly three feet each from either end, and they should all be placed about three inches from the outer edge of the planks. These positions are indicated in diagrams 7 and 8, given below.

The other sockets are to be placed in the other plank precisely on a line with the first three. Use screw-bolts, with nuts for fastening all the sockets, and put a thin leather washer under the part of the iron which the bolt passes through, and an oak washer under the nut on the other side. Screw them on as tightly as possible, and put plenty of white-lead on the under side. The iron and the bolts ought to be galvanized, but if you live in the country, you may not be able to have this done.

Your hull is now nearly ready to be covered with canvas, but first you should give the inside a thick coat of paint, and bore an inch hole through the middle of the upper plank into each water-tight compartment. Plug the holes with corks, and



should your hull spring a leak at any time it will always be possible for you to pump or empty out the water. The canvas should be well oiled and dried before it is used, and should be forty inches wide. Place the keel—or the part of the hull where the keel ought to be—in the middle of the canvas, and tack it with copper tacks to the lower edge of the plank, except on the two ends where the plank is curved. Then bring the edges of the canvas around both sides of the hull to the upper plank, and tack them firmly. To fit the canvas to the curves at the bow and stern is a more difficult task, but it can be done with the exercise of care and judgment. Perhaps your mother could help you in this matter with her womanly ingenuity in handling cloth. Remember when you are putting on the canvas to strain it as tightly as possible.

Along the lower edge of the side-plank you must fasten an oak or ash keel a quarter of an inch thick, putting it on with screws, and painting the canvas under it just before you put it on. By soaking it in hot water—or, what is better, steaming it—you can bend it to fit the bow and stern. Strips an eighth of an inch thick should be screwed to the outer edges of each of the triangular pieces of wood that form the water-tight compartments, thus making the canvas fit more closely to them than it would were it fastened only with tacks. After all is done, give the entire hull two heavy coats of paint, and you can feel reasonably confident that it will not leak.

One hull is now finished, and the second, which is to be precisely like it in every respect, can be built in much less time than the first one, thanks to the experience you have gained. When they are all ready, place them with their flat sides toward one another and seven feet apart. Then take three pine joists, four inches square and nine feet long, and push them through the iron sockets, fastening them with iron pins, dropped (not driven) through the holes in the middle of the flat sockets. In the drawing of the socket (Fig. 5), the hole for the pin is marked P. These pins will prevent the joists from slipping in either direction.

The catamaran is now ready for her deck. This is simply a platform, nine feet square, made of planks a quarter of an inch thick and six inches wide. It is to be made double, the upper layer of planks running fore and aft, the under layer running at right angles to the upper. Fasten them firmly together with clinched copper nails, and finally nail a quarter-inch strip of oak all around the platform, so as to keep the water from the edges of the planks. Every seam on both sides must be carefully filled with white-lead.

The deck is to be fastened to the joists or deck-beams with screw-bolts, and grooves must be cut in it to receive the upper part of the iron sockets, so that it will lie flat on the deck-beams. Four good-sized bolts will hold it firmly. An iron ring of the same thickness as the iron used for the flat sockets, and supported by three iron legs in the shape of a tripod, about eighteen or twenty inches long, two of which should be bolted (with screw-bolts) to the forward deck-beam, and the third to the deck itself, will support the mast, the foot of which will rest in a wooden step. A somewhat similar piece of iron work, with a row-lock in place of the ring, must be bolted to the aftermost deck-beam, to hold the oar with which the boat is to be steered, and also to enable you to scull her in case you are becalmed.

Before rigging the boat, take an ordinary eight-foot "A" tent and pitch it on the deck, fastening

the corners and the sides to little brass rings screwed into the deck—the kind that will lie down flat when not in use. Inside of the tent, and just where the four ends are fastened, nail narrow strips of wood, a quarter of an inch thick, to the deck. These will keep the water out when it rains.

Now, take away your tent and rig your boat. The sail should be fifteen feet in the boom, nine feet in the gaff, fifteen feet in the luff,—or the edge nearest the mast,—and nineteen feet in the leech. You had better get a sail-maker to make the sail, which is the only part of the work which you can not do well yourself. Put a big ring-bolt in the forward deck-beam to make your cable fast to when you anchor, and also to hold your painter when you want to make the boat fast to the dock. Put a long oar on board to steer with, and you are now ready to set sail.

It would be a good plan to put a little railing, if it were only an inch high, around the deck, so as to keep things from sliding overboard. All iron work that is not galvanized should be thoroughly

painted, and whenever a screw is used it should be dipped in white-lead, and its head covered with the same material after it is driven home.

You will find that it is impossible to capsize your catamaran. The mast and sail would be torn out by the wind long before it would blow hard enough to bury one hull and lift the other out of water. The boat will sail fast either before or on the wind, and, with the help of the steering oar, will tack easily. Of course, if you run on the rocks, you will knock a hole in the canvas, but such an injury can be easily repaired, and the deck will float even were both hulls full of water.

There is no better boat to cruise in than such a catamaran. At night you anchor her, unship your mast, pitch your tent, and sleep safely and comfortably. If you come to a dam, you can take the craft apart, and carry her around it piece-meal. If you once try to build a catamaran, and succeed,—as you certainly will, if you have patience,—you will have the safest and most comfortable sail-boat in the world:



A SAFE CRAFT.



## THE STORY OF A BRAVE GIRL.

BY GEORGE ENOS THROOP.

IF any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, happening to be in Albany, have gone down South Pearl street as far as Schuyler, they have doubtless noticed at the head of the latter what appears to be a hill with the sloping sides cut off and a fence built around it.

Now, this is not a hill, as its looks would indicate, but merely the old level of the country, which, as the city grew and people commenced to dig away the land so that the streets might be even, was left untouched, as we see it now.

If you open the gate in the fence and go up two flights of stairs, you will find yourself facing a white brick house with gabled roof, pretty front porch, and large, pleasant windows, all telling of peaceful times and happy days they had witnessed before the Revolutionary War. Upon closer inspection, however, it will be seen that the window-blinds are covered with iron and the extra thick door has as many bars and bolts as a prison—signs that there have also been stirring scenes enacted around these walls. This was brave General Schuyler's house, and it is about one of these very scenes that I am going to tell you.

In the year 1781, while Clinton and Washington were closely watching each other's movements in the neighborhood of New York, there was comparative peace in the North, during which both sides took a breathing spell and gathered strength to plunge once more into the bloody strife.

At that time, the war was chiefly carried on in the South, but the northern frontier was constantly troubled by parties of Tories and Indians, who would swoop down on some small settlement, plunder the houses, and make off with whatever they could lay their hands on.

During this time, Schuyler, having resigned the command of the northern division, on account of some unjust charges against him in connection with the surrender of Fort Edward, was staying at this house, which then stood alone outside the stockade or wall of Albany. The British commander, therefore, seeing his opportunity, sent out John Walter Meyer, with a party of Tories and Indians, to capture General Schuyler.

When they arrived at the outskirts of the city, they learned from a Dutch laborer, whom they had taken, that the General's house was guarded by six soldiers, three watching in the day-time and three at night. They then let the Dutchman go,

after having made him swear an oath of secrecy. But this oath he did not keep very strictly, for the minute the band was out of sight he took to his short legs, and warned the General of their approach.

On one of those scorching August days, when you feel as if you hardly had energy enough to move, and when the very trees droop their dusty leaves, too lazy to hold up their heads, Schuyler and his family were sitting in the large hall, when a servant entered, and told the General that there was a strange man at the back door who wished to see him.

Schuyler, understanding the trap, gathered his family in one of the upper rooms, and giving orders that the doors and windows be barred, fired a pistol from one of the top-story windows to alarm the neighborhood.

The guards, who had been lounging in the shade of a tree, started to their feet at the sound of the pistol; but alas, too late! for they found themselves surrounded by a crowd of dusky figures, who bound them hand and foot before they had time to resist.

And now you can imagine the little group collected in that dark room up-stairs; the sturdy General, standing resolutely by the door, with his gun in his hand, and his black slaves gathered around him, each with some weapon; and at the other end of the room, the women huddled together, some weeping, some praying. Suddenly, a crash is heard which chills the very blood, and brings vividly to each one's mind the tales of Indian massacres so common at that day. The band had broken in at one of the windows.

At that moment, Mrs. Schuyler, springing to her feet, rushed toward the door; for she remembered that the baby, only a few months old, having been forgotten in the hurry of flight, was asleep in its cradle on the first floor. But the General, catching her in his arms, told her that her life was of more value than the child's, and that, if any one must go, he would. While, however, this generous struggle was going on, their third daughter, gliding past them, was soon at the side of the cradle.

All was as black as night in the hall, except for a small patch of light just at the foot of the stairs. This came from the dining-room, where the Indians could be seen pillaging the shelves, pulling down the china, and quarreling with one another over their ill-gotten booty.

How to get past this spot was the question, but the girl did not hesitate. She reached the cradle unobserved, and was just darting back with her precious burden when, by ill luck, one of the savages happened to see her. Whiz! went his sharp tomahawk within a few inches of the baby's head, and, cleaving an edge of the brave girl's dress, stuck deep into the stair-rail.

Just then one of the Tories, seeing her flit by, and supposing her to be a servant, called after

men: "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house! Secure the villains who are plundering!" The cowards knew that voice, and they each and every one of them took to the woods as fast as their legs would carry them, leaving the General in possession of the field.

There is very little more I can tell you of the brave girl, his daughter, except that later in life she was married to Stephen Van Rensselaer (Patroon), of Albany, and lived very happily in another inter-



THE OLD SCHUYLER HOUSE AT ALBANY.

her: "Wench, wench, where is your master?" She, stopping for a moment, called back, "Gone to alarm the town!" and, hurrying on, was soon safe again with her father up-stairs.

And now, very nearly all the plunder having been secured, the band was about to proceed to the real object of the expedition, when the General, raising one of the upper windows, called out in lusty tones, as if commanding a large body of

esting old house on the extreme northern end of the city.

The old Schuyler house looks now as it looked then, except that the back wing for the slaves has been torn down, and some few alterations have been made around the place; but when you are shown the house, you can still see the dent in the stair-rail made by that Indian's hatchet more than a hundred years ago.



## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## RUSH HAS AN IDEA.

A BUSY night began. A lantern was lighted, and lamps were carried to the mill. The two younger boys were sent to the village for a pickax and a spade and some galvanized nails, while the two older ones began at once to saw joists and sharpen stakes.

Rush left them sawing and trimming, and arguing again the question of a temporary dam; and taking the lantern, with a hammer and a hatchet, went out to the pile of fragments below the mill.

He set the lantern on the ground, and was occupied in clearing the mud-sill of old nails and bits of broken spilings, when a sound of oars working in their row-locks told him that a boat was coming up the river.

He heard voices, too; and these words, though spoken in a low tone, were borne to him distinctly over the water:

"It will take 'em at least three days to rebuild it, even if they have a chance. But they wont have a chance."

"No, sir! There's no dam to bother us to-night, and there never will be again!"

"Keep quiet! There's a light in the mill, and there's one of 'em with a lantern!"

The voices ceased suddenly, and Rush, who all the while kept quietly at work, heard no more until the boat drew near the mill. Then some one on board called out derisively:

"Where's your dam?"

"It will make good fire-wood," said another, "what there is left of it."

"Stop your nonsense, boys!" said a third. "Don't hit fellows when they're down."

Thereupon Rush straightened himself up from his work, and stood beside his lantern, hatchet in hand, and gave the passing boat a haughty look, with these words:

"If you think the Tinkham brothers are down, you'll wake up some fine morning and find yourselves mistaken. Don't keep any of your insolence corked up on our account. We can stand it."

He got no reply; but heard low voices again, after the boat had passed a few rods up the river.

"That's the bloodthirsty one that was going to knock Milt on the head with a bean-pole, and hove the big rock at his boat this afternoon."

"Yes! and he looked just now as if he'd a little rather fling his hatchet at us than not!"

Rush went on prying off the broken ends of the spilings. He fancied the boat passing the bridge, and wished for a moment that he was there with another "big rock," to drop down gently and softly on the Argonautic heads.

Then suddenly a startling thought flashed upon him. He rose, gazed excitedly up the river, then, stooping again, drew out and hammered down the last of the nails.

This done, he stepped into Mr. Rumney's boat, which had been hauled up beside the mill, placed the lantern low in the stern with some broken boards to hide it, pulled into the current, and followed the other boat at a cautious distance.

His absence was soon noticed by Mart and Lute; and as he did not return for nearly half an hour, they grew more and more surprised at his going off in that mysterious way, when time was precious.

At length he returned and walked into the mill, where he found them still preparing material for rebuilding and discussing plans. When they asked where he had been, he replied with a counter question:

"Have you decided about the temporary dam yet?"

"I rather think Mart agrees to it," answered Lute, "though he has n't said as much yet. know he hates the n-n-notion."

"If we're going to lay the mud-sill in the night, I suppose we must manage somehow to keep the water back," Mart admitted. "But I'm afraid Lute's plan wont work well, and I hate to strip the siding off the sheds."

"Well!" cried Rush, with a joyous countenance, "you need n't! We'll get along without Lute's temporary dam. And we'll plant the mud-sill without having much water to work in, either! The Argonauts are going to help us!"

"This is a poor time for a j-j-joke," said Lute, reproachfully.

"It's no joke at all," Rush replied, with eager confidence. "I've looked the thing all over, and I know what I'm talking about."

Mart laid down a piece of joist he was shaping into a stake, and regarded his brother with solemn scrutiny, saying, after a pause:

"The boy is certainly crazy!"

"Hear my plan first," cried Rush; "then, if you don't say we can get the mud-sill in without trouble

or danger from the water, and have the dam all built before high-tide to-morrow morning, I'll give you leave to put me into a straight-jacket."

"Some folks say the age of m-m-miracles is n't over," was Lute's cool comment; "and now Rocket is going to p-p-prove it."

"Go ahead," said Mart, "before I make any more stakes. We've got enough for the permanent dam already."

"You wont need any more, I promise you."

The brothers listened, at first incredulously, then with a respect which quickly grew to admiration, as Rush proceeded to convince them that he was not crazy, and that the plan he proposed was in no sense a miracle.

"Well, I declare, Rocket!" exclaimed Lute, "you're a chip of the T-T-Tinkham block! How did you ever happen to think of it?"

"Why, just as either of you would, if you had been in my place," Rush replied, not at all anxious to gain extraordinary credit for a scheme which his older and more ingenious brothers had failed to hit upon. "I was trying to think of some trick I could play off on the Argonauts, when it popped into my head."

"It never would have p-p-popped into a foolish head!" exclaimed Lute.

"Nor into a very crazy one, for that matter," Mart added. "I owe you a humble apology, Rocket."

"Pshaw!" laughed Rush. "It's all right, since you see it as I do."

The three were earnestly talking over details of the plan, when the younger brothers returned, bringing the pickax and spade and the rust-proof nails.

"They knew at the store what we wanted of 'em," said Rupert. "One of the men asked if we were going to build up the dam again to-morrow, and I told him I did n't know."

"That's right, for you don't know," said Mart. "Nobody can tell what may happen then, or between now and then. Now, you youngsters go to bed."

"Oh, no!" Rupe exclaimed, in astonishment.

"We are going to stay up and help," said Rodman. "Why can't we?"

"There'll be nothing you can help about for three or four hours," Mart explained. "All we can do before ebb-tide is to get ready. If you stay up, you'll be all tired out by that time, and good for nothing. But go to bed now, and I'll have you called at twelve or one o'clock. It will be moonlight then; you'll be fresh after your nap, and I promise you some fun."

"Will you surely call us?" asked Rupert.

"Surely, unless the bottom drops out of our

scheme, which does n't look likely now. Have your old rubber boots ready to put on,—for you may have to stand in mud and water,—and your worst old clothes. We are going to put ours on."

"Well, don't forget to call us. Come, Rod!"

The two youngest returned reluctantly to the house, and went to bed. Excitement kept them awake for a time, and they seemed hardly to have fallen asleep when they felt somebody shaking them, and heard a voice exclaim:

"Wake up! wake up, boys! You're wanted at the dam!"

Opening their sleepy eyes, they saw in the moonlit room a dim figure bending over them. It was Letty, who had sat up with her mother, waiting for a signal from the mill to call the sleepers.

"We've only just come to bed," yawned the confused Rodman.

"You've been in bed four hours," cried Letty. "Now make haste, or the dam will be built before you get there."

They were well aroused by this time; and quickly putting on their old clothes and rubber boots, they ran out to the bank of the river, where they looked down on what appeared a scene of enchantment.

It was a night of wonderful stillness and beauty. The moon was high in the cloudless eastern heavens, flooding the valley with its mild radiance, by which they could see, beyond the black shadow of the mill and in strange contrast with it, a sheet of water, flashing with curves and streaks of silver fire, not much more than ankle deep to three figures that now appeared in the moonlight, crossing the plashy and glimmering river-bed.

Rupe and Rod ran down the bank, marveling more and more. There was no temporary dam to be seen; and yet that pool, or rather a series of such, connected by little runnels, shining here and there amidst the black and oozy bottom, was all that was left of the Tammoset River. The appearance of fiery snakes was caused by the sparkling wakes and ripples of hundreds of alewives, with perhaps a few eels and other fish, darting and writhing about, in the endeavor to escape into deeper channels.

"Where's all the water?" cried Rupert, splashing in where the older boys were at work.

"Be quiet!" said Rush, in a low voice. "The Argonauts are keeping it back for us."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### HOW THE ARGONAUTS HELPED.

THE older boys had evidently been busy while the younger ones were asleep. They had, in fact,



not only got everything in readiness for rebuilding the dam at low water, but, after putting out the lights in the mill, they had embarked on what Rush called an Argonautic expedition.

There was no regular meeting of the club that night; but it was to have been expected that a good many members would get together, to enjoy the triumph they had that day achieved in the destruction of the dam. The upper windows of the boat-house were lighted and open, and loud talk and laughter resounded within, when the Tinkham brothers rowed noiselessly by in the Rumney boat, making careful observations, and waiting for the Argonauts to disperse.

The tide had turned before they left the mill. It would soon be going out rapidly. The time had come for them to begin their secret night's work. Yet nothing could be done until the last of the Argonauts' boats had gone down the river.

The boys grew exceedingly anxious and impatient, as they floated about under the shadow of the high shore, and counted the wasting moments.

"They never staid so late before," said Rush.

"They must crow and crow again over the old dam," replied Mart. "Don't begrudge 'em that short-lived satisfaction."

"There goes a b-b-boat," said Lute.

In fact, one, two, three boats put out from the shadow of the club-house, crossed the moonlit arm of the lake, and disappeared at the outlet.

"There were only three moored at the float," said Rush. "The way will soon be clear now."

At the same time the Argonauts could be heard leaving the house on the shoreward side, and talking and laughing as they went up the lane to the road. Still, lights were seen and voices heard within.

"See here, boys," said Mart, "we're losing too much time. It won't do!"

"We must r-r-risk something or miss our chance," said Lute. "Don't the fools know it's time all honest folks were abed?"

A bold stroke was finally resolved upon, and the boys paddled silently up to the side of the club-house, where the platform lumber of which Mr. Rumney had told Rush lay half in moonlight on the bank.

While the lamps still shone and voices were heard from the open windows overhead, one by one, eight boards, each twelve feet long and a foot in width, were slid down into the water, placed one upon another, and lashed together. Then three stout poles were selected from a pile designed for posts to be driven down into the mud for the platform to rest on, and launched in like manner without noise. This done, the boat was pushed silently off, boards and poles following darkly in tow.

A shout of laughter from the windows rang out over the water as the Tinkham brothers, now in their turn, emerged from the shadow of the boat-house and rowed across the moonlit arm of the lake.

Reaching the outlet, they pulled with strong strokes, in the full, slow current, down to the bridge. Under that they paused, and drew the boards and poles alongside.

"So far, so g-g-good!" chuckled Lute.

The abutments had been already examined, and the bed of the channel explored and cleared of loose stones. A pole was now drawn forward and set in an upright position, slightly leaning, against the upper side of the bridge. Rush and Lute held the boat against the stream, while Mart thrust the pointed end down into the gravelly bottom.

A second pole was then placed still more slantingly, a few feet nearer one of the solid granite abutments. To these two uprights the boat was made fast, broadside to the stream, and all hands were free to work.

A board was now forced down edgewise, extending from the first post to the abutment, to be supported by them against the pressure of the current. The second post was just outside of the board; it served as a guide in placing it, and held it fast when it was down. A heavy sledge-hammer was used in the water, with a sort of churning stroke, in driving the lower edge of the board into the bed of the river.

A second board was placed in like manner as the first, a third on that, and finally a fourth put into position; the upper edge of the last rising four or five inches above the surface of the water.

The entire span of the bridge measured not more than twenty feet, so that now the boys had only to extend a similar set of boards from the first post to the other abutment, in order to have a complete gate across the channel.

They had worked cautiously at first, listening often for footsteps approaching the bridge. As none came, and it was getting late, they grew bold in their movements, and worked rapidly, until, as Mart was setting his third post in place, somebody looked over the edge of the bridge, and called out, "Halloo!"

All was still in a moment, except the gurgle of the water against the side of the boat; the boys, hidden by the shadow beneath the bridge, keeping quiet until another head peeped over, and another voice said:

"What are you doing down there?"

Then Mart answered back, in as gruff and careless a tone as he could assume:

"Did n't you ever see anybody spear eels?"

"It's a queer place to be spearing eels, and a

queer way to do it," said one of the voices above. "Look at that big pole!"

"There's two more!" said the other voice. "They're setting some sort of trap to catch alewives. Come along! it's awful late!"

The voices went off with the sound of hurrying footsteps, and died away in the distance. The brothers breathed again.

"They are Dempford Argonauts footing it home," said Rush.

"Good fellows!" said Mart, resuming his work. "They help us best by lending their lumber and getting out of our way. Now, give us a board."

The current was growing stronger and stronger all the while, and by the time the third board of

I wont warrant either of those posts to stand long, after the water begins to tear its way under."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### REBUILDING THE DAM.

THEY hastened to the mill, and floated the mud-sill in place while there was yet water enough in the fast-draining channel. It was a foot deep when they began; it was not much more than ankle-deep by the time they had got ready to make the trench for it.

On the arrival of the younger boys, Mart and Lute and Rupert began at once, with pick and



"SOMEBODY LOOKED OVER THE EDGE OF THE BRIDGE, AND CALLED, 'HALLOO!'"

the second set was in place, the water poured over it in a cascade. A fourth shut it off; and then the sledge-hammer was used again to drive each set of boards firmly together and settle them still deeper into the level river bed. The water under the bridge fell away rapidly, the boat dropping with it, and the brothers had the satisfaction of seeing their extemporized gate emerge before them like a dark wall.

As the pressure of water held the boards in place, the two outside posts were now set inside, in a row with the first, as assistant supports; and Mart, getting upon the bridge, drove one after another with all his might into the bed of the channel.

"Now, boys!" he said, jumping down from the abutment, "we must make the most of our time!

spade and hoe, to dig out the gravel beside the old spilings; while Rush, with Rodman's assistance, carried out a plan suggested by Lute for getting rid of more of the water.

It was a modification of Lute's first idea of a temporary dam. The mill-sludge was opened, and the water that came down from above drained into it by means of a diagonal line of boards set up edgewise and supported by short stakes. A hatchet and a hoe, in lively hands, made a quick job of it; and some of the same boards served which were afterward to be used in the dam.

"We sha'n't care much for the water, you know, after the mud-sill is laid," said Rush; "then those boards can come up."

Meanwhile, the simple device was found exceed-



ingly useful. For though the water came down for a time in a constantly dwindling stream, it began at length to increase in volume, showing a considerable escape at the bridge. The drain turned it easily into the sluice, however; so that in throwing out the loosened gravel the spade and hoes kept the trench also tolerably free from water.

The moon shone brightly. It was not very hard digging, and in an unexpectedly short time the new bed was made ready for the mud-sill. This was then pried into it, one side being set close against the spilings, and secured in its position by stakes driven close against the other side. Each stake was then firmly nailed to the sill.

"This is j-j-jolly," said Lute. "Now if we can only get the spilings nailed before there's a d-d-deluge!"

To do that the boys had first to dig out some of the gravel on the upper side of the spilings. These they found in quite as good condition as they had expected, and the sill being laid below the line of broken tops, only two or three had to be patched.

Never did young fellows work with greater energy and speed. As they were now engaged on the shady side of the row of spilings, Rod held the lantern; and the digging done, Rupe handed nails for the older ones to drive.

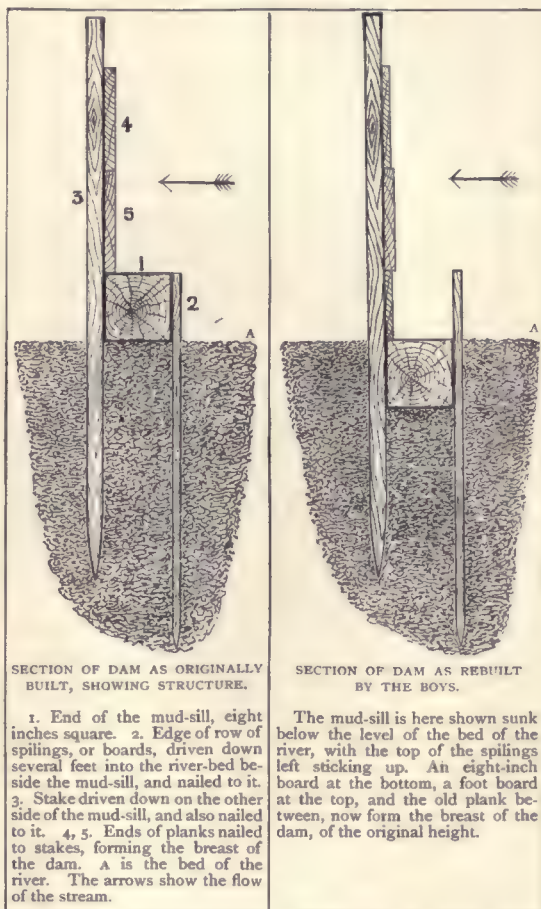
A strange sight they must have been in their rubber boots, splashed clothes, and brigandish hats, there in the glimmering river-bed, by moonlight and lantern light, if only Dempford and Tammoset had been awake to see! But all around them the two towns lay fast asleep, while the secret night work went on.

The rapid hammering made merry music to the boys' ears; for they now felt that the most difficult part of their task would soon be over. Rush kept the water scooped out of the new trench in advance of the nailers, and filled in the gravel after them. The sill, which had originally rested on the river bottom, was now sunk to a level with its surface, only the notched ends of the line of spilings being left sticking out, "like the back fin of a b-b-buried sea-serpent," Lute said.

More than once in the meantime Rush had to spring to his line of boards, which an ever-increasing flow of water threatened to wash away. He, however, managed to keep them in place until the sill and spilings were safe, and the mud and gravel packed against them.

Then the boards were to be nailed to the stakes. And though that part of the work might have been done in the water, it could be done much faster out of it; and no time was lost in running on the first tier.

There had been originally two tiers of foot-wide planks above the sill. But now the sill had been sunk, and in order to make the dam as high as before, three tiers would be necessary. For the first, the boys used some narrower stuff they had, running it clear across the flash-board opening. The best of the old planks served for the second. Finally, for the upper tier, the boards were taken



SECTION OF DAM AS ORIGINALLY BUILT, SHOWING STRUCTURE.

SECTION OF DAM AS REBUILT BY THE BOYS.

1. End of the mud-sill, eight inches square. 2. Edge of row of spilings, or boards, driven down several feet into the river-bed beside the mud-sill, and nailed to it. 3. Stake driven down on the other side of the mud-sill, and also nailed to it. 4, 5. Ends of planks nailed to stakes, forming the breast of the dam. A is the bed of the river. The arrows show the flow of the stream.

The mud-sill is here shown sunk below the level of the bed of the river, with the top of the spilings left sticking up. An eight-inch board at the bottom, a foot board at the top, and the old plank between, now form the breast of the dam, of the original height.

from the diagonal drain. And it was time. A rush of water was sweeping them away.

"There must be a big wash-out under the Argonauts' gate!" Rush said. "Do you suppose there's any chance of the abutments being undermined, or that the bridge will be in danger?"

"Let 'em be undermined!" exclaimed Lute, "and let the b-b-bridge be in danger! What's that to us?"

"Good enough for Tammoset and Dempford, for tearing our dam away!" said Rupe.

"Besides," said Mart, with a nail in one corner of his mouth, "after the bridge is gone, the little

Commodore's yacht can pass with the mast up. That's to be considered."

No serious fears for the bridge were entertained, however; and it was hoped that the gate would hold until the flood-tide came to carry the borrowed lumber back up into the lake.

As soon as the spilings were nailed, the two younger boys had got a basket and a garden rake, and gone to catching fish. The rake served to snatch them out of the shallows in which they were still flopping, and the basket was before long filled with fine alewives, measuring nearly a foot in length. As they were taken on their way up into the lake to spawn, they were in excellent condition. Eels, too, might have been secured, if the boys had known how to hold the slippery creatures or to keep them in the basket after they were caught.

One thing of interest they fished out of a puddle; it was neither an eel nor an alewife, but a small sledge-hammer which had been missing from the back shop ever since the night when the blades of the mill-wheel were broken. This discovery confirmed their belief that it had been stolen for the occasion, and afterward flung into the river.

Birds were now singing, and the brothers had the growing daylight to finish their work by. The platform and fish-way were repaired. The dam had no "apron," as Lute declared it ought to have, and should have some day, to prevent the water that poured over from washing out the river-bed below, Dushee's way having been to fill with stones and gravel any holes thus formed.

It was sunrise by the time the last plank was sawed, and the end of the dam against the Dempford shore stanchied with stakes and earth. Then the tide came up, meeting the water that came down, and forcing it back. The boys put away their tools and stood on the platform, splashed and muddled, but picturesque and triumphant, regarding their completed work.

"Now let 'em come on with their writs to prohibit us from doing what is already done!" exclaimed Rush.

"Writ or no writ," replied Mart, wiping his bespattered face, "it's something to say the dam was back again by daylight the morning after the two towns had their big jubilee tearing it away."

"Besides," said Lute, "it will let 'em know the T-T-Tinkham brothers are no t-t-triflers. Now hurry in, boys, with your fish, and tell Mother we and the dam are right-side up with c-c-care."

The widow had been up nearly all night, keeping her chair or her lounge, and sleeping little, while anxiously awaiting the result of her sons' extraordinary undertaking. Great, therefore, was her joy when the younger ones came in, announcing its success, and lugging their basket of fish.

Letty had gone to bed, but she, too, was now awake, and had to get up and rejoice with her mother over the good news. Then the three older boys appeared, begrimed and streaked from head to foot, from old slouched hats to rubber boots; haggard but hilarious, hardly knowing they were tired, but knowing very well they were hungry, and eager for congratulations and gingerbread.

The pride and happiness of the little household did not, it is to be presumed, prove extensively epidemic in the two towns when it was discovered, and told swiftly from mouth to mouth, that the dam, after being destroyed with such pomp and circumstance, had been replaced as if by magic in a single night.

What the Argonauts thought of it after their late jubilation does not appear. Some glimmer of light is perhaps thrown upon the subject by an article from the local newspaper, which I find pasted in Mart's interesting scrap-book.

Much the larger part of it was evidently written and set up in the silent hours of that same moonlit night when the Tinkham brothers were busy with their magic. A glowing description is given of the magnificent uprising of the sister-towns, and the inspiring spectacle of their united people gathering in majesty and might, and putting an end to a grievance which had been too long endured.

Only brief allusion is made to the appearance of the crippled mother on the bank—"a somewhat painful incident, which marred the otherwise perfect satisfaction which must have filled every patriotic heart on this glorious occasion."

Then follows this postscript:

"Since the above was put in type, we have learned with very great surprise that the dam has been rebuilt! Unable to credit so astonishing a rumor, we dispatched our reporter to the spot early the next forenoon, not doubting that those who started it were deceived by some illusion. He found it only too true! The dam had been entirely reconstructed within twelve hours of the time when at least two hundred people looked on and saw it, as was supposed, finally and forever destroyed!

"How the feat was accomplished is a complete mystery. There is evidence that the water was stopped at the bridge. Persons were heard at work under it late that night—'spearing eels,' they said. Some lumber belonging to the Argonauts was found adrift in the lake the next morning, bearing such marks of rough usage that there is no doubt it had played an important part in this strange drama. It is believed that it was placed across the channel, between the abutments, by means of posts, one of which still remained in position against the upper railing of the bridge at ten o'clock the next morning. The rest of the temporary gate, if there was one, had been carried up into the lake at flood-tide. The posts—the ends of which were found battered, like the edges of some of the boards—had also been borrowed of the Argonauts. To make the members of our honored boat-club contribute in this way to the rebuilding of the dam was a piece of impudence which may be termed simply colossal.

"Our reporter states that many Tammoset and Dempford people visited the locality in the morning, to assure themselves, by the testimony of their own eyes, that the dam was indeed there. Comments were various. If the young mill-owners worked all night in replacing it, it would seem as if they must have required rest the day after; but at ebb-tide the mill was going, and they were busy at work as if nothing unusual had happened. The general impression seems to be that, whatever else may be said of them, they are smart."

(To be continued.)



## ARCHIBALD STONE'S MISTAKE.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

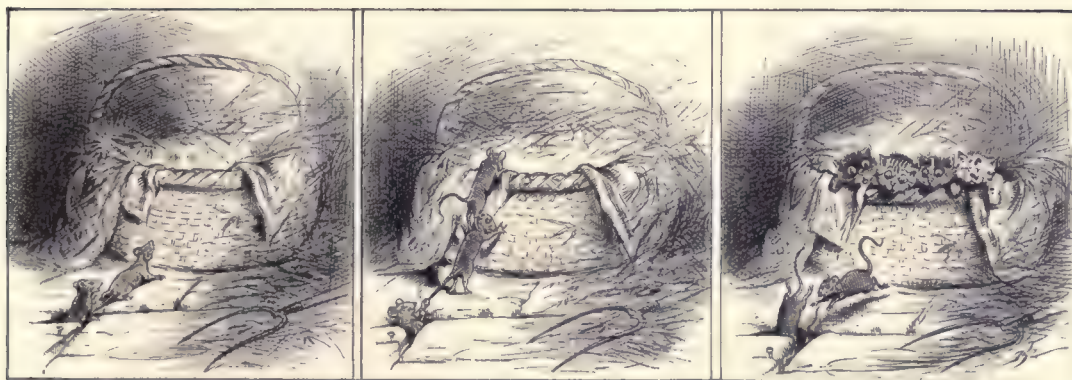
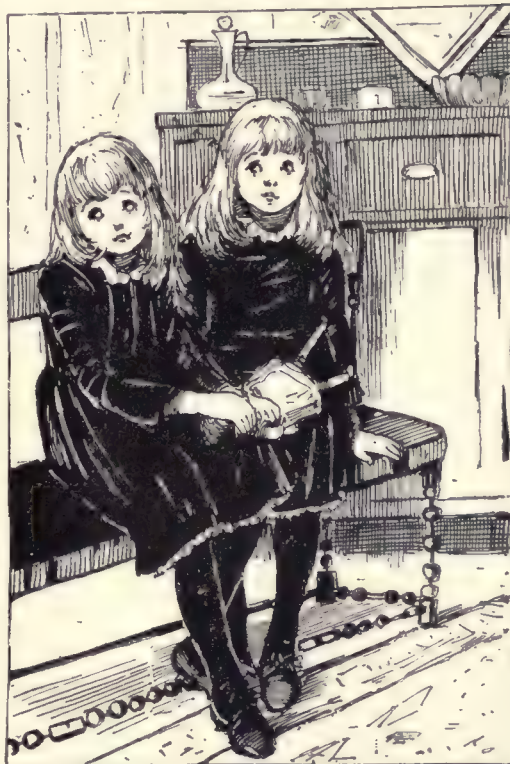
ARCHIBALD STONE is Archie's name,  
And Daisy Stone, that's Daisy;  
Mamma's and Papa's are just the same,  
And mine—why, I am Maisy.

Daisy and I are twins, you know,  
Exactly eight years old;  
We are just alike from top to toe,  
And our hair is just like gold.

And Archie he is almost ten,  
And figures on a slate,  
But does not add up rightly when  
He says we are not eight.

For I have learned a little song—  
Its name is "Two Times Two";  
That's why I know that Archie's wrong,  
For 'course the song is true.

Papa says not to worry more,  
Nor vex my little pate;  
But Daisy's four and I am four,  
And that makes us just eight.



"LET 'S SEE IF IT 'S ANYTHING GOOD TO EAT."

—!!!

## MAGGIE DARNLEY'S EXPERIMENTS.

BY JANE EGGLESTON ZIMMERMAN.

"THERE!" said little Margaret Darnley in despair, as she stood, broom in hand, at the north door. The dust, and bits of paper, and string, and clippings of cloth which she had been collecting from all over the room with her broom, kept drifting back persistently when she tried to sweep them out at the door. And worse than all were the feathers from the pillow of Myra's doll, which were scattered in every direction. Myra did sew dreadfully, and a pillow was the last thing she ever ought to have made. And everybody knows what hard things to sweep up feathers are. Margaret leaned against the wall, tired out.

"Why don't you try the other door, Maggie?" asked her brother Jack, who sat by the window.

"That is just the queer part of it," said Margaret. "I tried the other door first, and it is just as bad there. The wind *can't* blow in exactly opposite directions at once, can it?"

"May be it shifted while you were sweeping the dirt across the room," said Jack.

"Well, that *would* be funny," said Margaret; "but I'll try it again. It will be a sort of nixperiment, I guess."

"A sort of what?" asked Jack.

"A nixperiment," said Margaret. "I listened to your philosophy-teacher the other day, and Mr. Baird said that everything in science had to be—something by nixperiments."

"Verified by experiments," said Jack, laughing. "Yes, that's so, and now we'll see if there's any philosophy about this dirt."

So Margaret swept the dirt carefully across the room again, while Jack looked on.

"There!" exclaimed Margaret, "look at that!"

Jack did look, and had to confess that it was too much for his philosophy. "Stop," said he, "I'll see which way the wind is really blowing." Margaret shut the door and sat down to wait. The poor little arms were quite tired by this time, for Margaret was only ten years old, and was but just learning to sweep.

"It's the stillest day we've had this season," cried Jack, bursting in. "The weather-cock turns tail to the south, so whatever wind there is comes from the north. Let's try the south door again."

To the surprise of both Jack and Margaret, the dirt, which had been so perverse and contrary, went out this time without making much trouble.

"That's it—the wind shifted, don't you see,

Maggie?" said Jack, with a wise look. "That's the way with science. Science believes nothing till it has thoroughly proved it. That's what experiments are for, and that's the beauty of science."

"Open the draft, Jack, and put in some more wood. What makes this room so cold?" called their father from a small adjoining room, which he used as a study. "What's that you were saying about science?" he added, with a quizzical look on his face.

Jack, with a very grave and scientific look, explained their experiment in natural philosophy.

"Ah!" said his father, "the wind shifted, did it? How many times?"

"Why, four times, Father," said Margaret. "Just as quick as lightning—almost," she added, seeing her father raise his eyebrows. "I swept the dust from one door to the other just as quick as I could, but by the time I got there, the wind got there too, and blew the dirt back every time."

"Suppose we try the experiment again," said Mr. Darnley.

"Oh, I've swept all the dirt out now," said Margaret, "for after we had tried and tried, it finally went out quietly."

"Well, here are a few feathers which gave you the slip, little Pearlle," said her father. "We can try the experiment with them. Put in some more wood and make the room pretty hot."

"What for, Father?" asked Jack, who was not very fond of carrying wood.

"It is necessary to our experiment," said his father.

Jack put in the wood. This was mysterious and interesting.

"Now, Maggie," said her father, when the room was uncomfortably warm, "get your broom and sweep out these feathers."

"Which door, Father?" asked Margaret.

"It makes no difference," said her father; "either door will do."

"Better let me look at the weather-vane again," said Jack.

"It is not necessary," said his father, smiling.

Margaret tried again, but the feathers all blew back, some entirely across the room.

"There they are, Maggie, close to the south door," said Mr. Darnley. "I'll shut this door, and you may sweep them out at that one."

But Margaret had no better success than before.



"Is n't it curious!" said Jack. "There must be witches standing in the door, blowing the feathers back."

"That is what ignorant and superstitious people would have said years ago, Jack," said his father, "but science shall teach us better than that."

"Now," continued Mr. Darnley, "let us make two piles of the feathers—one near the south and the other near the north door. Jack, get another broom for this pile. Now, both sweep in opposite directions at the same time. That will show us whether it is caused by the shifting of the wind."

Jack and Maggie tried faithfully, but the feathers went every way but out of the doors, some of them even rising toward the ceiling.

"It's the cold day," said Jack; "they don't like to go out."

"Father, what is the reason, please?" asked Margaret, earnestly.

"Hot air always rises," replied Mr. Darnley.

"Why?" asked Margaret.

"Because," answered her father, "hot air is lighter than cold. When it rises, of course cold air rushes in to fill its place. When you open the door, currents of cold air rush in at the bottom, while the hot air is escaping at the top. Open the

door, Jack, and try to drive out a feather above your head, while Maggie tries one at the floor."

The children did so, and found that, while the feather at the bottom blew in, the one at the top floated out.

"But, Father," said Maggie, "we did sweep the dirt out at last. Why was that?"

"Because you had let the room grow cold while you were trying your experiments," said her father, "and as the temperature became more like that outside, the currents were less strong. That is the way your 'wind shifted.'"

Jack looked foolish.

"Science is a fine thing, my son," continued his father, "and great beauty and interest, as well as importance, attach to its discoveries. But the life and soul of science lie in its exactness and thoroughness. A scientific experiment, to be worth anything, must be thorough. You tried an experiment half-way, and then jumped to a conclusion."

"Mother," said Margaret, "how do you sweep the dirt out?"

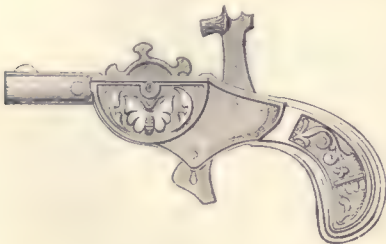
"I take it up on the dust-pan, Maggie dear," said her mother, smiling.

Jack and Maggie had both learned something that morning.

## THE TOY PISTOL.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

HERE is a picture of a toy pistol. You see it has a lock, a trigger, and a barrel, just like a real pistol. There is even a "sight"—a bead at the end of the barrel to help you take aim. This is very funny, because if you were to aim at anything with this pistol, you would be sure not to hit it. When it is



fired it will make a noise, but it will not shoot anything. For all this, it is truly a wonderful pistol. It might kill a horse—if he could fire it. It is sure to hit the boy who pulls the trigger. It is a sort

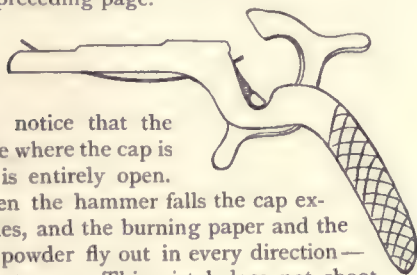
of boomerang, and fires backward. The fact is, this pistol is a sham and a cheat. It is made of cast-iron, and can fire neither powder nor shot.

If you wish to use this toy pistol, you must get some caps. These are little dots or wafers of paper, white on one side and red on the other. In the picture you see that there is a wheel, having large teeth on its edge, in front of the lock. Place one of the paper caps on the wheel, between the teeth. On drawing the trigger back, the wheel turns over and the hammer moves back. Pull the trigger, and the hammer falls on the cap, and it explodes with a flash of fire and a little report. To fire it again you must put in a new cap.

Girls who have brothers who like to playfully aim pistols at them will be charmed with this pistol. The persons at whom it is aimed never get hit. Many a boy who has fired it wishes he had never touched it. As I have said, it is a sort of boomerang, and like that remarkable weapon, is sure to fire backward.

As I tried it once, I can tell you about it. First, I twisted one of the caps around a match, and set the match on fire. When the flame reached the paper cap there was a little explosion. Suddenly I felt a stinging sensation in my hand, and, on looking at it, I found several tiny black splinters sticking in the skin. I pulled them out, but I felt the pain for some time afterward. Then I placed a cap on the hearth and struck it with a hammer. This time I was well scared, and kept my hands as far away as I could. When it went off I felt the same stinging sensation in my left hand, which was more than two feet away. I had been struck again by a flying splinter. This thing was getting decidedly dangerous, and when I took up the pistol to try it, I carefully wrapped my right hand in my handkerchief. It went off beautifully, but—ah! There was the mischief! The handkerchief was dotted here and there with the black splinters from the exploded cap. I did n't fire that pistol any more. Neither did I sell it nor give it away. I sent it to an artist, that a picture might be made for you all to see.

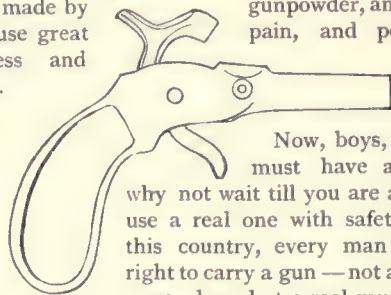
Now let us examine carefully the weapon on the preceding page.



You notice that the place where the cap is put is entirely open. When the hammer falls the cap explodes, and the burning paper and the hot powder fly out in every direction—except one. This pistol does not shoot ahead or through the barrel. The thing you aim at can laugh in your face, for the little projection on the wheel keeps the shower of sparks back and throws them upon your hand. The pistol “kicks” its whole charge right into the hand of the person who fires. Certainly this is a capital pistol for boys who wish to get hurt. It makes a pretty loud noise and a good flash of fire, but it may prove a terrible shot for the poor boy who fires it. The little burns and cuts made in the hand by the flying sparks sometimes bring on a strange illness, called the lock-jaw, which is apt to prove fatal.

There are several other pistols that can be used in this way. Some of them are pictured here, and each one is warranted to hurt the boy who fires it. Every one else will be perfectly safe, and that, I am sure, is a great blessing. I gave some of the caps used with these pistols to a chemist, and he tells me they are composed of a mixture of chlorate of potassium and sulphate of antimony.

These things may not of themselves be very harmful, but the wounds they make are the same as those made by gunpowder, and sure to cause great pain, and perhaps sickness and death.



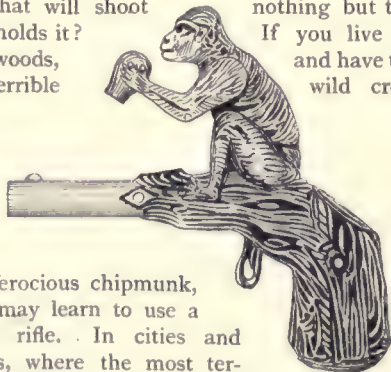
Now, boys, if you must have a gun, why not wait till you are able to use a real one with safety? In this country, every man has a right to carry a gun—not a pistol or revolver, but a real musket or

rifle, to be used in defending the country. These pistols are only toys, but they are very dangerous toys.

The Fourth of July is close at hand, when the very air will crackle with reports of the toy pistol. It is so safe, many ignorant persons think, because it carries neither shot nor bullet. But look into the newspapers on the day after the Fourth,—for days after the Fourth, in fact,—and you will see accounts of some of the innocent doings of the pretty toy in every city in the country.

The insane desire of the small boy to carry a pistol is one of the wonders of the age; and the worse than folly of those who allow him to do so is almost incredible. Of what use is it? If the pistol will not go off, it is, as its owner would scornfully express it, “no good.” If it does go off, it is a dangerous weapon that has power to maim and kill.

Did you ever think what it means to kill—to take away life? Who shall do so dire and terrible a thing as that? Are you fit to have a pistol? Are you wise enough to carry a revolver? No, sir. It is against the law in some States to carry pistols. Why, then, should you wish a toy-pistol, that will shoot nothing but the boy who holds it? If you live in the backwoods, and have to fight the terrible wild crow or



the ferocious chipmunk, you may learn to use a good rifle. In cities and towns, where the most terrific wild beasts to be seen are the cats, a boy who carries a pistol is a boy without sense—a boy whom girls despise and brave boys call a coward.



Said a sorrowing maiden named Jan;  
 "That they stuff all the dollies with bran  
 There is scarcely a doubt;  
 I have just found it out."  
 "What a horrid deceiver is man!"



## SWEEP AWAY.\*

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

### CHAPTER X.

#### A MISFORTUNE.

"I WONDER," sighed Crab, when the stoppage of the raft had lasted long enough for them to recover their self-possession,—“I wonder if dat am de end ob dis v'yage?”

"I hardly think so," said Jack, "for I don't believe the tree, or whatever it is that detains us, can hold the raft a great while."

"Why can't we shake it loose?" And Crab began to set the structure rocking, by way of experiment. But Jack stopped him, expressing a fear that he would loosen the logs and possibly dismember the entire raft.

Jack then walked around the margin of the roof,

as close to the water as was prudent, peering into the muddy depths, and trying to see what it was that held them. He saw nothing, however.

What was to be the end of this?

Well might they ask the question, for, if they were to remain anchored in this novel fashion, escape would be impossible, unless some one came to their rescue—which, in the present condition of things, was scarcely to be expected.

Looking about, over the great, turbid sea that was sweeping around them, they could discover nothing that gave them any encouragement—nothing but a confused mass of cabins, logs, trees, planks, and everything that a vast river gathers up when overspreading its banks for an extent of thousands of square miles.

True, there were many people in sight as well, but

none who were so situated as to be able to give them any assistance. All were sufficiently occupied in endeavoring to secure their own safety, without risking anything to help those who were strangers.

Far away to the south-west, a black streak stained the sky, as though some giant had drawn his soiled finger along the horizon; and, just beneath, a dark object could be discerned creeping slowly along, like the hour-hand across the face of a clock.

It was doubtless a steamer, but so far off that it was idle to hope it would be attracted by the plight of the children.

"Fire off de gun!" suggested Crab.

"What for?" asked Jack.

"Fur asalute," replied the negro; "maybe dey'll hear it and come ober to us."

Jack shook his head, with a half-smile.

"It would be only throwing away so much ammunition," said he. "There is no more chance of attracting their notice than that of the crowds on the wharf at Vicksburg."

"Den I would n't fire it," said Crab, who saw that his companion spoke the truth.

"There's something coming this way!" called out Dollie, suddenly.

The boys could not imagine what she meant, until she pointed directly up-stream, where they presently espied what seemed to be a large log floating on the current.

"That's going to strike the raft," said Jack, "and more than likely it will knock us loose."

"Wont it knock us to pieces as well?" inquired Crab, anxiously.

"I don't think the roof is put together so weakly as that ——" began Jack.

"That is n't a log!" interrupted Dollie, whose eyesight for once seemed to be more acute than that of the boys.

"What is it, then?" asked Jack.

"It's a boat!" she replied eagerly, clapping her hands.

Such proved to be the fact. The discovery naturally threw the children into a state of great excitement, for, as it was coming straight toward them, it offered the very means of escape they needed.

When within less than a hundred yards, it was seen to be a large flat-boat or scow, which stood so high out of the water as to indicate that little weight was in it.

"We must have that boat," said Jack, placing himself on the upper part of the roof, where the waters foamed and rolled over the shingles, "though it will not be very easy to get it."

Curiously enough, the scow was drifting as directly toward the roof as if a skillful boatman was

steering it. But it was reasonable to expect that it would swerve to one side just before reaching them, inasmuch as the current itself was forced to divide as it swept around their raft. Great care and no little skill, therefore, would be required to capture the prize.

"Stand here by me," said Jack to Crab, "and the minute it comes close enough, reach out and catch hold, but look out that you are not drawn into the water."

Crab promised to do his best, and prepared himself for action. The situation was exciting, but it became much more so in a very few minutes.

The swiftness of the current was fully appreciated for the first time when the scow, as it neared them, plunged toward the raft as if about to split it asunder.

Jack was afraid that he and Crab were about to attempt an impossible thing; but as he fully realized the value of such a craft to them in the present desperate state of affairs, he resolved to make the strongest possible effort to secure it.

As he anticipated, the scow, when quite close to them, swung partly around, so that it came quartering, and was certain to approach near enough for Jack to catch hold of the gunwale.

The instant it was within reach, and just as it began swerving with the powerful eddy, Jack stooped and, extending his right hand, grasped the gunwale with all his might.

Almost at the same instant Crab did the same, and both exerted their utmost strength to stop the boat. But they miscalculated its momentum.

They were both jerked off the roof and into the water like a flash, without in the least checking the motion of the scow itself. Dollie uttered a scream when she saw the two struggling in the river, and sprang up and down in frantic alarm.

But, fortunately for Jack and Crab, they held fast to the gunwale, and without difficulty drew themselves over the side into the boat, where they were safe.

But, brief as was the time occupied in doing this, it had carried them a couple of rods below the stationary roof, where Dollie stood looking at them, the tears still running down her cheeks.

In the scow lay a long pole and a broad paddle. "Quick!" shouted Jack to Crab. "We must work the boat back, or Dollie is lost!"

Jack caught up the paddle, and began plying it desperately. Crab thrust the long pole into the water, but, although he pushed it under until his hand touched the surface, he did not reach bottom. The lower end bounded up like a cork, and the pole flew from his grasp. But he caught it again before it got beyond reach.

Meanwhile, Jack plowed the water with the



broad paddle, with, however, only the effect of turning the boat slowly around. He then plunged it into the river on the other side, and put all his strength into each stroke, while Crab, no less in earnest, made a vigorous but futile attempt to use the pole as a paddle.

They strained every nerve to the utmost, but, to their consternation, the boat still continued to drift down-stream, and further away from the cabin on which poor Dollie stood, helplessly looking at them.

They toiled against hope, not pausing until they were fully two hundred yards away. Then they stopped, and looked despairingly at the distance which separated them from the raft.

"It's no use," said Jack, in a hopeless tone. "A dozen men could n't force this miserable scow against such a current."

"And hab we got to leab Miss Dollie all alone?" said the panting Crab.

"There is no help for it," replied Jack, despondently, hardly able to keep back his tears.

"What will become ob us?" said Crab, with a heavy sigh.

"What will become of us!" repeated Jack, indignantly. "What is to become of poor Dollie?"

"She's got all de per-wisions," replied Crab, in the most doleful of tones, "and we hab n't so much as a bite—and I'm hungry enough to eat a meeting-house dis berry minute."

Jack Lawrence made no answer to the characteristic outburst of Crab, who was evidently of the opinion that the situation of the forsaken little girl was, after all, better than their own: for she was provided with enough food to last her a long time, while they had not a mouthful.

But what was to be the fate of Dollie, who, a mere child as she was, could do nothing for herself?

Perhaps some passing steamer or boat might see and take her off before she succumbed to terror and exposure. But if no such help should reach her, what then?

Ay, indeed, what then?

## CHAPTER XI.

### DRIFTING APART.

"GOOD-BYE, Jack!" called Dollie, standing with her apron to her eyes, and calling to her brother, through her blinding tears.

"Good-bye, Dollie!" came back, in a tremulous voice. "Don't give up yet! Somebody will come to take you off."

"I will pray to the Lord to take care of you and me," said Dollie, simply, "and I know He'll do it. Good-bye, Crab!"

The negro essayed to reply, but his voice failed him, and he could only sob:

"Good—bye—Dollie—we'll neber see you ag'in! I feel—so bad—I want to die!"

"Good-bye, dear Dollie!" Jack called out.

They exchanged endearing terms, and called to each other as long as they could make their voices heard. Dollie remained standing on the roof, waving her handkerchief, as long as their brimming eyes could make out her figure. Presently they could see nothing but a fluttering speck in the distance, and finally even that faded out altogether.

Crab seated himself on the gunwale, the picture of woe, while Jack, with despair in every feature, sat opposite. They bent their eyes on the bottom of the boat for awhile without speaking.

Jack never felt more saddened and wretched in all his life. The consciousness that the cruel flood was carrying him further away every minute from his loved sister was enough to have crushed a stronger one than he.

He presently sprang to his feet and scanned the waters in every direction, in quest of some one whom he might send to the rescue of poor Dollie. But there was nothing in view that could give the least hope.

Not the faintest tint of smoke showed in the leaden sky, which proved that there was no steam-boat within many miles of them. There was ever in sight innumerable wrecks and drifting *débris*; but everything was sweeping in the same direction—all rushing helplessly toward the far-away Gulf, unable to stem the tremendous current.

Then Jack turned and peered up the river. Was he mistaken, or did he really see a dark object resting stationary on the waters, supporting the slight figure of a little girl, who stood erect, shading her eyes with one hand while she waved a tiny handkerchief with the other?

Possibly he did see such a sight, but, if so, it was only for an instant. Then everything became blurred, misty, and indistinct. Once more he realized that he and Crab were alone and hurrying



"GOOD-BYE, JACK."



on the gunwale, waiting for Crab to recover from his strong emotion.

Withdrawing his thoughts from the sad subject of his sister's fate, he now began to examine carefully the boat in which they were sitting.

It was fully twenty feet long by six in width, with a depth of two feet. The planks were thick, sound, and strong, and the seams were so well caulked that the interior was scarcely moist. The scow—



"JACK AND CRAB DREW THEMSELVES OVER THE GUNWALE."

downward, and that every minute was taking them further from poor Dollie, who could only pray and hope and wait.

"I thought at first that the boat was a great prize," said Jack, rousing himself, "but it has proven anything but that."

"Dat's so," added Crab, whose regret and grief seemed fully as great as that of his young master. "If I had an ax here, I bel'ebe I'd chop de ole flat-boat all to pieces."

"That would n't do any good," said Jack. "What would become of us then?"

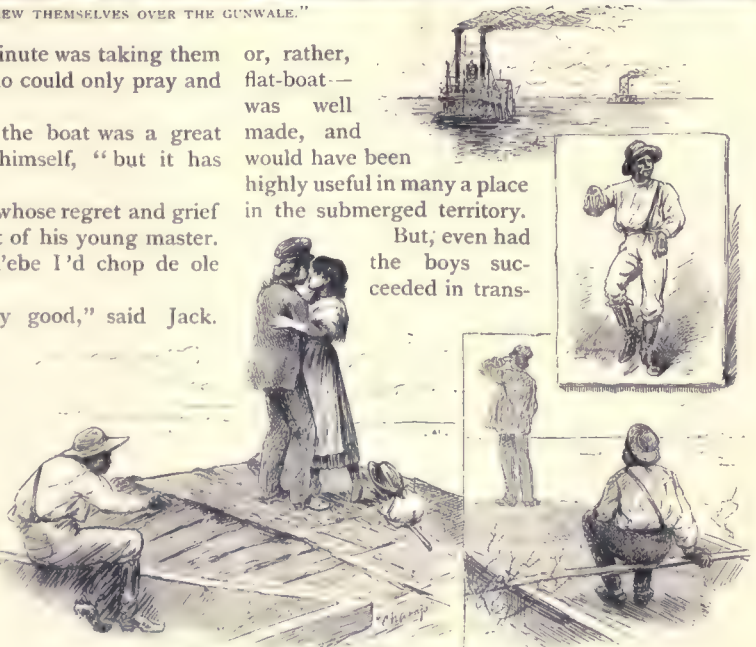
"Who cares what becomes ob us?" blubbered Crab. "Does you? I don't, I want you to understand, wid poor little Dollie back dere cryin' hereyes out, and we two can't do nuffin —"

And once more Crab gave way to his sorrow, and sobbed as if unable to stop.

Grief, like mirth, is contagious; and, though Jack had got the mastery of himself, his tears now flowed again in sympathy with Crab's. But he soon rallied, and sat silently

or, rather, flat-boat— was well made, and would have been highly useful in many a place in the submerged territory.

But; even had the boys succeeded in trans-



ferring Dollie and their luggage from the cabin to the boat, it was by no means certain that the situation would have been thereby improved.



The scow was empty, save for its human freight and the pole and the paddle which had been plied so vainly against the resistless current. There was nothing that could give a hint of the owner, or tell where the craft had come from.

Gradually the grief of Crab subsided into occasional sobs, and he finally ceased wiping his eyes. With moist and shining cheeks, he looked across at his young master.

"Jack," said he, in a softened voice, "dis am what I call rough, don't you?"

"Yes, it is dreadful," responded Jack. "I could hardly feel worse if poor Dollie had been drowned before our eyes."

"Is n't it purty near noon?" continued Crab, skillfully leading the conversation toward his favorite topic.

"I guess not, but there is no way of telling," said Jack, looking up at the sky, which was so heavy and overcast that the position of the sun could not be seen.

"It seems to me dat it's been a week since de night passed," pursued the negro, reflectively. "I was neber hungrier in all my life."

"Crab," said Jack, impatiently, "do stop thinking, if only for a few minutes, of something to eat."

"So I would," replied Crab, in a mournful tone, "if I could only stop feeling hungry for dem few minutes."

"You may as well make up your mind that you wont get anything to eat for two or three days," rejoined Jack, unrelentingly.

Poor Crab looked so horrified over the bare suggestion of such a terrible fate that Jack hastened to add: "That is, there is such a possibility, though we will hope for something better."

"Yes, let's keep on hopin'," said Crab. "I neber missed but one meal in all my life, and I did n't get ober dat for a good many weeks, so I don't want to try it ag'in."

Something at that moment scraped the bottom of the boat. The sound was a rough, brushing one, such as is made by the limb of a tree grazing a swiftly moving board.

"We 're going over a piece of woods," said Jack, his face lighting up with a sudden idea. "See whether you can't catch hold of one of the tree-tops."

Here and there the tree-tops of which he spoke could be seen, nodding and dipping after the manner of "sawyers"; and there were so many of them visible that there could be no doubt they were passing over a stretch of forest. But they were of such a character that it was hard to find anything that would hold. Although they seized several branches, the treacherous twigs broke off

or slipped through their fingers without in the least checking the progress of the boat.

Jack now took a careful look about him. Here and there, over a space of a quarter of a mile, the tree-tops reared their heads. Many of them were scarcely visible, but a few projected considerably above the water.

"Yonder is a big tree that is n't much out of our course," said he, presently, "and we must reach it."

"What for?" asked Crab, who did not seem to have caught his companion's idea.

"So as to hang on to it till the roof floats free and comes down-stream," explained Jack.

"Dat's a good idee," replied Crab. "Let me hab de paddle, and I'll make tings hum."

And so, in a figurative sense, he did. The task was not a difficult one, and Jack soon saw that the flat-boat would be driven straight among the branches of the tree that had caught his eye.

"You've got it headed right, Crab," said he, presently. "You needn't paddle any more, but hold the boat to its course."

"I'm so mad at de ole scow," said Crab, as he ceased paddling, "dat I'd jes' like to twist it apart."

Jack made no answer to this childish remark, but gave all his attention to the work before him. The boat, if it should strike broadside, was likely to overturn, and it was necessary to guard against such a catastrophe, which would be fatal.

The best of fortune attended the effort: the scow glided swiftly among the branches, and it so happened that Jack and Crab each seized a limb at the same moment.

They held fast, and the boat came to a standstill, pointing directly up and down the Mississippi.

The force required to maintain it in this position was much less than they had anticipated, the sloping bow of the boat allowing the swift current to sweep under it with comparatively little resistance when contrasted with the way in which it had surged and boiled against their raft under similar circumstances.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A CHANCE FOR DINNER.

SO SLIGHT an exertion was required to hold the scow stationary in the rapid current that the boys saw it would be easy to maintain their position for a long time.

"This is all well enough," said Jack, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, "but the trouble is we don't know how soon the roof will move, or whether it will move at all."

"If de riber am risin', wont dat help tings?" inquired Crab.

"I did n't think of that," replied Jack, his face brightening. "It can't help freeing the roof. If the water keeps on rising, it must lift the cabin clear of whatever it has caught against."

"But den," suggested Crab, "'s'posin' dat de Massissipp am fallin' or only standin' still—how den?"

"Then I don't see that there is much hope, for there is nothing to loosen the cabin," replied Jack. "However, we can soon tell whether the flood is going down or not by the tree here."

It was tiresome work to sit motionless, and the boys presently set themselves to find some means of lightening the task.

Jack soon hit upon a plan. The tree to which they had "anchored" was a sycamore, and the more slender branches were easily twisted and tied together, so as to make a firm knot. Through this the end of the pole was forced, and laid across the boat. Then, when one of the boys sat on the pole, the scow was held as firmly in position as before, while the strain on their hands was removed.

This was an improvement, but the tedious monotony of waiting was not diminished. The air was chilly, and Crab, whose coat was on the roof, regretted more than once that he did not have it with him.

While one of the boys held the pole in place and kept the boat still, the other remained on his feet, scanning the horizon, especially to the northward, in quest of the precious raft on which little Dollie Lawrence had been left.

"Shuah as I lib, if dar aint a steam-boat!" finally exclaimed the overjoyed Crab, indicating a point to the west and a little below them.

There was a large boat indeed, the smoke pouring from her two tall funnels, while her wheels churned the current into yellow, muddy foam. The pilot was at the wheel, and there appeared to be plenty of passengers moving hither and thither, principally occupied in surveying the waste of waters around them. Two could be seen with glasses leveled, apparently at something a long way off. But all failed to notice the scow, standing motionless, half-buried in a bushy tree-top.

Crab and Jack shouted, and in turn waved their arms and hats violently, and it was hardly possible that they were not seen. But, if they were observed, the boat did not change its course, and was soon so far up the river that the boys gave up their effort to attract the notice of those on board.

"Dat 's what I call a mean piece ob business," said Crab, taking his seat on the pole and banging his hat on the bottom of the scow. "They

need n't pretend dat dey did n't observe us, when I was jumpin' up and down all de time in front ob 'em."

"Of course they saw us," said Jack. "But they must have concluded that we were well enough off without taking us aboard."

"And dar's whar dey 're mistook," said Crab, in a tone of dejection.

Crabapple Jackson was so indignant over the action of the captain and pilot of the steamer that he was anxious they should be punished in some way.

"If dey did n't want to take us aboard," he continued, sulkily, "why did n't dey run alongside and fling some perwisions to us, so dat we wont starve to death—Heigho!"

"What 's the matter?" asked Jack, a little startled.

"Dis pole am sort ob twistin' loose," explained Crab, partly rising, and looking down as if to demand what it meant. "What makes it cut up in dat sort ob style?"

"I understand," said Jack. "The river is rising, and it makes more strain on the pole as the other end is lifted against the knot in the limbs. That pleases me."

"So it does me," said Crab, earnestly, "if it makes any better show for poor Dollie on de roof up de riber."

"It *must* help her," said Jack, with the emphasis of one who was determined to make himself believe the best.

Jack balanced himself on the side of the boat and strained his eyes in every direction, in the hope of catching sight of the old cabin on the roof of which this strange voyage had been begun.

He could not, however, discover anything that looked like it, and so he again took his seat on the pole, which stretched across from one side to the other. Crab then went to the bow, and balanced himself on the gunwale for a search in his turn.

While he was doing so, Jack intently watched the black, honest face, certain that he could read success or failure there. Only a few minutes had passed, when it seemed as though a ray of sunshine flashed from the sky and illuminated the swarthy countenance.

"What is it?" asked Jack, quickly.

"'Clare to goodness!" replied Crab, breathlessly, "'if I don't see sumfin' dat looks bery like dat same ole roof!"

At the risk of precipitating himself into the water, he rose on tiptoe so as to gain an additional inch or two in height; then he remained silent a minute gazing up the river, while Jack studied his face no less intently.

"Yes, I see sumfin' dat looks like de ole roof,"



repeated Crab to himself, "and it *am de roof, too!* — And I don't know, but I tinks I see sumfin' on top dat looks like a little gal wavin' her handkerchief— yes, it *am* a little gal which her name am Dollie, and here goes tank de Lord!"

And springing into the middle of the scow, Crab flung his hat into the air and danced a most vigorous breakdown, ending it by striking his heel against the planking with a force that threatened to start the seams. Then, with a face beaming with delighted expectancy, he added:

"*Now*, dar's a chance to get some dinner!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A HAPPY MEETING.

JACK was so afraid that Crab had been mistaken that he requested him to exchange places with him. Then he carefully balanced himself on the prow and gunwale, and looked up-stream.

There certainly was a dark object approaching, which might well be the cabin they left anchored among the trees, but for a minute or two he could see nothing resembling the figure of a person upon it.

Just as he was about to make a remark to that effect, Crab inquired:

"Don't you see her? — standin' in de middle ob de roof?"

"I can not see anything at all," said Jack — "but yet—hold on!" he added, excitedly.

"I thought so," said Crab, with a grin.

Yes, he now discerned a figure which a minute or two later was recognized as that of a little girl, who, of course, must be Dollie.

All doubt on that important point was removed when Jack plainly observed the fluttering handkerchief in her hand. She was signaling to her friends that she was coming, though it was hardly to be supposed that as yet she saw the scow among the tree-tops.

A thrill of joy and gratitude too deep for words went to the heart of Jack Lawrence when he realized that his lost sister had been mercifully restored to him (for there was no reason to fear any difficulty in taking her from the cabin).

Crab was so overjoyed that, although obliged to keep his weight on the cross-pole, he continued to shuffle vigorously with his large feet, ending the performance by banging one of his heels against the planking on the bottom with sufficient force, as it would seem, judging from the sound, to drive a nail to its head.

"Dat am de best ting dat could have happened," he said to himself; "for if dat steam-boat had taken us off, mebbe dey would n't hab had enough

to eat, while Dollie is sure to hab plenty, and it can't be far from dinner time."

Only a few minutes passed before Dollie caught sight of her brother, who was waving his cap and shouting her name. The distance decreased so fast that soon they were able to call to each other without difficulty.

"Halloo, Jack!" came in the clear voice he knew so well. "Are you and Crab all right?"

"Nothing is the matter with us——" Jack was beginning, when Crab, speaking eagerly and in an under-tone, interrupted him.

"Jes' frow in an observation dat I'm ready for dinner and can't wait much longer; dat will lead her to keep her eye on de bag ob perwisions."

Jack, however, chose to disregard the request of Crab, who straightened his body as much as he could while still sitting, so as to catch sight of the cabin and its single passenger. Finally, unable to restrain himself, he stood up, keeping one of his feet on the pole to prevent its slipping away.

This gave him the desired view, and he became so interested that he forgot himself until the pole was suddenly wrenched from its place, and the scow began moving down the current again.

"What's the matter?" demanded Jack, hastily catching at one of the branches. "Why don't you attend to your business, Crab?"

The accident was of small importance, however, for it was an easy matter now to propel the scow to the floating cabin, since their relative positions were the same as if the water was perfectly calm.

As the boys had paddled considerably out of a direct course to reach the tree, the cabin would have gone some distance to their left had they remained stationary until it had passed by.

But it was yet above them when Jack let go his hold and seized the paddle, while Crab essayed to assist his efforts with the pole; but, as before, it proved of no use, as it did not reach the bottom.

As Jack began working the heavy boat toward the cabin, he noticed that, since he had last seen it, the cabin had settled so that the roof was now almost flat on the surface. It looked as though the structure was being gradually dismembered by the action of the current. It was not unlikely that even the shingles of the roof might soon separate.

A vigorous use of the large oar sent the scow steadily toward the raft on which Dollie was standing, with the gun, the bundle of clothing, and the bag of provisions near her. Crab was quick to observe this latter article, and did all he could to hasten the transfer.

"Was n't it nice, after all?" asked Dollie, as they came closer together. "I did n't have to wait long before the water just lifted me clear."

"Did you see the steam-boat?" inquired Jack.

"Yes," said she, with a smile, "and I lay down as low as I could on the roof, so they would n't see me."

"What under the sun did you do that for?" asked her astonished brother.

"I was afraid they would come and take me off," said she, naively.

"But was n't that the best thing that could have happened to you, Dollie?" asked Jack, in a tone of grave reproach.

"Perhaps so. But," she added, with a sweet smile, "what would have become of *you* without *me*, and how would you have got anything to eat?"

"I declar'!" exclaimed the grinning Crab, "she am de most sensiblest little ting along de Massis-sipp. If dey had picked her up dey would n't hab come back for us, and like as not we would n't hab had any supper to-night arter going widout dinner, too."

With little trouble the scow was swung around so that the bow rested against the upper side of the cabin, where it could be easily held. Crab kept his place at the stern, while Jack stepped to the roof and met his sister.

"Oh, Jack, I am *so* glad to see you!" cried she, as they met. And, with one bound, Dollie sprang into the arms opened to receive her. The tears ran down the cheeks of both as they embraced each other, for their delight was beyond words.

Then, as he gently released his sister, Jack led her to the bow, where she was helped into the boat.

Happy Crab shook the hand of the little girl warmly, for he was scarcely less overjoyed than her brother.

"Look out, Jack, that we don't float away and leave you on the roof, just as you did me," said the anxious Dollie.

Jack laughed, and replied that no such danger could threaten while the raft and scow were floating down-stream together.

The bag of food and the clothing were quickly passed to the ready hands of Crab, and then, with the gun in his grasp, Jack sprang into the boat. Crab pushed the pole against the cabin, and separated the two by a distance of several yards.

"Good-bye!" called Dollie, waving her hand. "I don't suppose we shall ever see our house again."

"If we do, it wont amount to much as a house," laughed her brother, ready to make light of anything in his happiness over the recovery of his precious sister.

"Dollie," suggested Crab at this point, "don't you think it's 'bout dinner time?"

"For mercy's sake, do give him something to eat!" said Jack. "He is n't able to wait another minute."

The girl gladly waited on Crab, who devoured the bacon and cold corn-bread as though he were really famishing.

He was given twice as much as any one else, and would have been glad of as much more. Jack, however, prudently limited each to what he considered necessary.

The little party were now in a large scow, with pole and paddle, provisions, and a double-barrel gun. The last was loaded, but they had no more ammunition, so that the two charges were all that were at their command.

They had no means of telling where they were in the flood, the extent of which was such that the shore was invisible on the right and left. They judged, however, that they had not yet reached the mouth of the Arkansas, because in that case an agitation of the current would have been noticeable.

The hope of our voyagers was that they might be seen by some steamer passing up or down, and be taken aboard. Though their situation was scarcely an enviable one, it was still far better than that of thousands of others who were involved in the unprecedented flood which devastated the vast tract of country adjoining the lower Mississippi and its tributaries during the month of March, 1882.

"Keep a bright lookout," said Jack, "and, if we catch sight of a steamer, we'll make for it. We have seen three already, so it can't be so very long before we run across another."

All scanned the waters in every direction, but nothing was seen which could awaken hope of a speedy rescue.

(To be continued.)



## THE ADVENTURES OF RANA PIP.

BY EVELYN MULLER.



It was such a beautiful evening that you would have thought even the frogs would get out on the bank and watch the sunset; but they were too busy quarreling. Such shouts and groans came out of that pond! "You 're wrong, wrong, ong! Get down, ge'down, down!" "Cheat, a cheat, cheat!" These were only a few of the dreadful

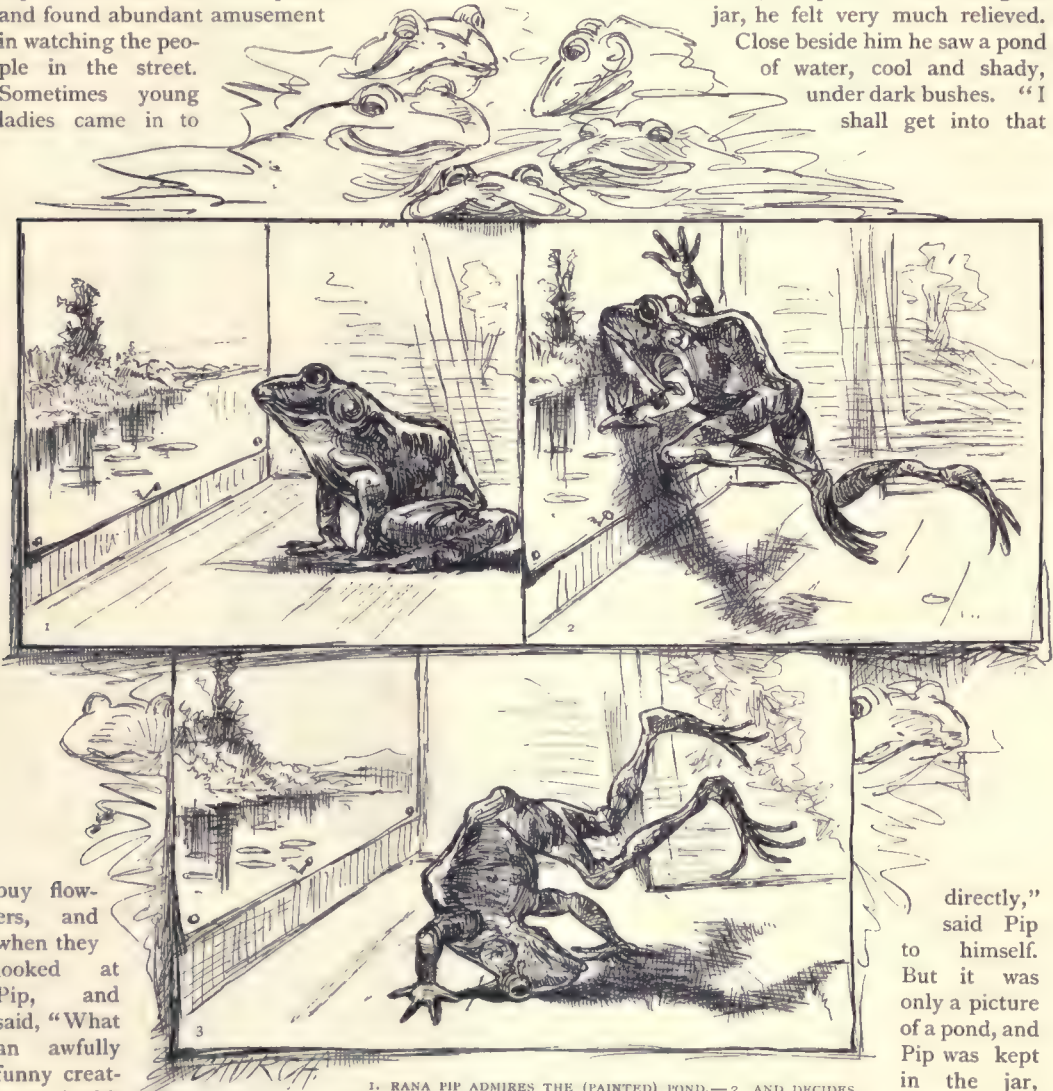
things the frogs were saying to each other, because some thought it would rain, and some did n't.

Suddenly, while they were fighting, a boy pounced on Rana Pipiens, and carried him off.

Rana Pipiens belonged to the family of Ranas, but he put his last name first because he was a frog (they don't put names the same way as we do), and he was called "Pip," for short. The boy carried him to town, and sold him to a man who kept a flower store, and the man put him into a large glass jar full of water, and set him in the window. Pip rather liked his new quarters, and found abundant amusement in watching the people in the street. Sometimes young ladies came in to

top of a house. Pip wished he was back in his glass jar, for he thought surely that a heron had got him, and was taking him up to a tree-top to eat him. Pip had an aunt's sister's cousin who had been eaten by a heron that way, and he remembered it now, and was very badly frightened. But when he found himself taken into a large sunshiny room, and placed in another glass jar, he felt very much relieved.

Close beside him he saw a pond of water, cool and shady, under dark bushes. "I shall get into that



1. RANA PIP ADMIRES THE (PAINTED) POND.—2. AND DECIDES TO JUMP INTO IT.—3. THE CONSEQUENCE.

buy flowers, and when they looked at Pip, and said, "What an awfully funny creature!" he felt flattered.

But he wished for another frog to talk to, and by and by he wanted a larger place to swim in. Then he grew very unhappy indeed, and was just thinking of starving himself to death, when some one took him out of the jar, and carried him into the street, and up ever so many flights of stairs to the

directly," said Pip to himself. But it was only a picture of a pond, and Pip was kept in the jar, though he wondered why.

Presently fresh troubles began. A man sat down in front of him, with pencil and paper, and watched him. Pip did n't like to be stared at, so he turned around in the jar. Then the man (who was an artist) turned the jar around, till Pip faced him again. This was provoking. Pip squatted flat, and



put down his head, and tried to look like a piece of mud, the way he used to at home, when danger threatened. But that was of no use either. The artist shook the jar, and turned it nearly upside down, till Pip got over his bashfulness, and behaved as a model frog should—or as a frog should who has been bought for a model.

This sort of thing was repeated on several days, till Pip nearly wondered himself sick, trying to imagine what was the matter with that man who stared at him so much.

But one day Pip found himself alone, and no cover on the jar. He was not long in getting out, and, hopping over the table, he began to explore this strange country. After he had knocked over an inkstand, and upset a glass of water into a drawer full of papers, he fell off on to the floor, and tried to get into the picture of the pond. It was surprising, but one good jump, which ought to have taken him clear into the middle of the pond, only knocked him flat on his back, and gave him a headache. He gave up that pond as a mystery. Presently he saw several happy-looking frogs sitting together among some grass. They looked just like his cousins of the Rana family; but when he said "Good-day" to them, and remarked that the pond of water here seemed to be frozen hard, they never answered him a word, nor even winked a wink at him. Pip concluded they were huffed because he had not called on them before, and he turned his mind to more discoveries. Three pretty little ducks, yellow and fuzzy, were standing on the wall, high above Pip's head. It was very strange. Pip could almost hear them quack, and he looked carefully around, for fear the old mother duck might be after him. But none came; the little ducks had no mother it seemed, and what was more strange, they never moved, though Pip

looked steadily at them. It was a wonderful place, this artist's studio; at least, it was to a frog from the country. "There's a turtle, as sure as my name is Rana Pipiens!" exclaimed Pip, and he looked around for a safe place. But the turtle sat still on its log; so did the little turtles with it. They never seemed to see that there was a fat young frog close beside them. But Pip was too frightened to investigate any further. He sat perfectly still, under the table, in the shadow of the waste-paper basket, while a few drops of ink slowly dripped on him from the table-top. He was very miserable, and when the artist came and put him back in the jar, Pip could have thanked him, he was so glad to feel safe again. These strange adventures put Pip out of spirits, and he no longer made a lively model, so the artist put him in a tumbler of water, one day, tied a cloth over the top to keep him safe, and carried him out to the country. Pip could hardly believe his eyes when he saw grass and trees again. Presently the cloth was taken off, and Pip was gently rolled out on the edge of a beautiful pond. Pip remembered the strange, hard pond in the studio, and stopped for half a minute. Then he caught sight of a familiar frog face in the water. "It is *my* pond!" cried Rana Pipiens; and with one leap he reached the deep water, and was at home again.

Such stories Pip had to tell! Every evening, that whole summer long, he sat on the shore, and related his adventures, always beginning with: "Ahem! When I was in the country where ponds are frozen green, and little ducks hang up in the sky——" But few of his family believed him. These things were too wonderful. When he began in this manner, they generally looked at each other, put their right forefinger to their heads, and said, "He's wrong, ong, ong!"

## SWEET PEAS.

BY LILIAN PAYSON.

"PLEASE wear my rose-bud, for love, Papa,"  
Said Phebe with eyes so blue.

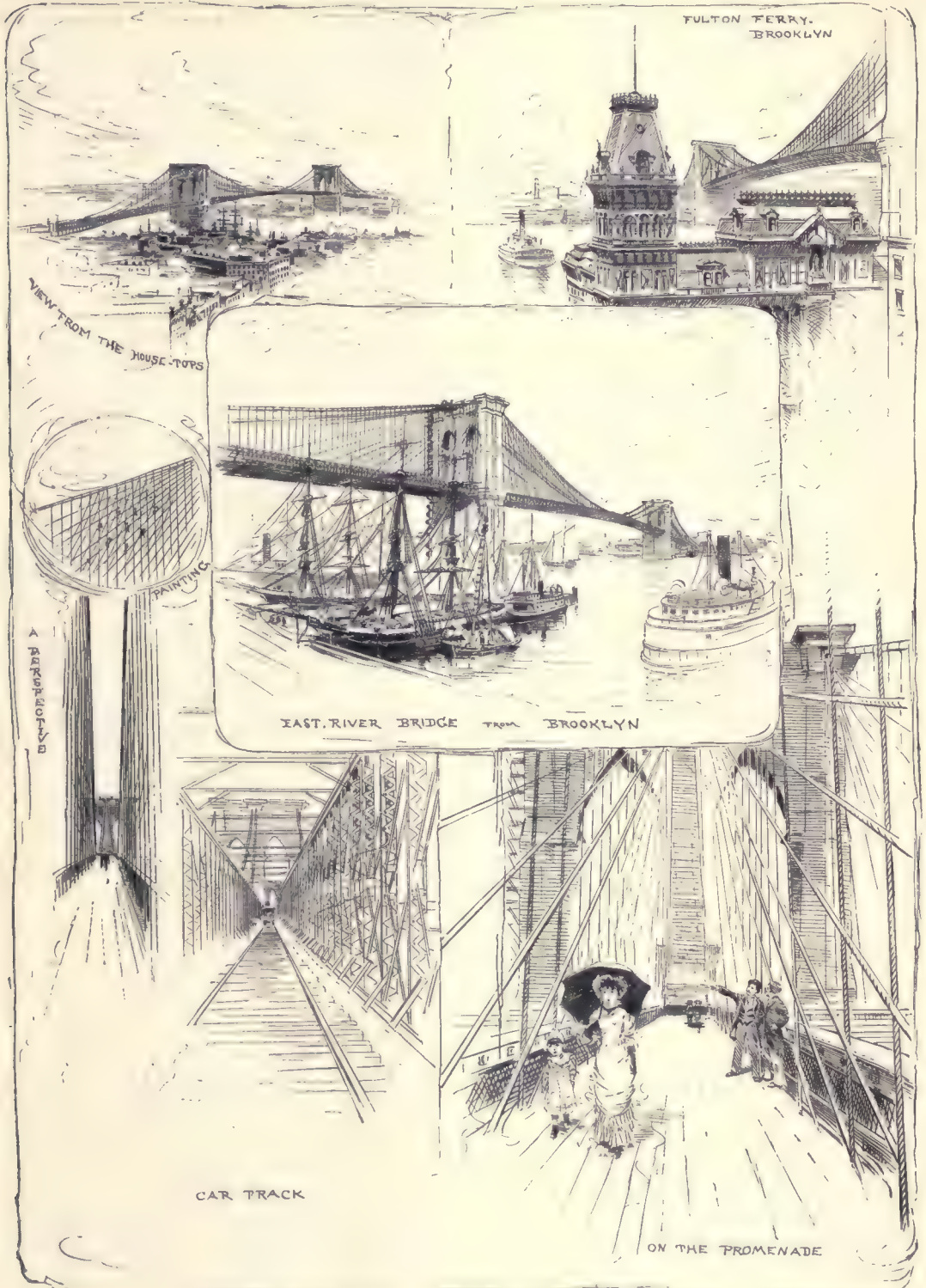
"This sprig of myrtle put with it, Papa,  
To tell of *my* love," said Prue.

Said Patience, "This heart's-ease shall whisper,  
Papa,  
Forget not *my* love is true."

Papa looked into the laughing eyes,  
And answered, to each little girl's surprise:

"My darlings, I thank you, but dearer than these—  
Forgive me—far dearer, are bonnie sweet peas."

Then he clasped them close to his heart so true,  
And whispered, "*Sweet P's—Phebe, Patience,  
and Prue!*"





## THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THERE is between the city of New York and the city of Brooklyn an arm of the sea called the East River. It extends along the east side of Manhattan Island, and it certainly looks like a river. It was probably named the East River to distinguish it from the North or Hudson River on the west side of the island. For all that, it is not a river. A real river, as you know, rises among the hills—begins as a little rill in the grass, and glides down through farms and forests to the sea. To the south of New York City is the great New York Bay, just at the angle where the coast of New Jersey, which faces the east, meets the coast of Long Island, which faces south. Long Island was well named, for it extends all along the shore of New York and Connecticut. Long Island Sound begins near New York City, and spreads out wider and wider toward the east till it meets the sea near Rhode Island. This East River connects the Sound with New York harbor, which opens through the Narrows into New York Bay. Thus it happens that the East River is a part of the sea. All the sloops and steam-boats and ships and steamers coming down the Hudson or from the ports scattered along our Southern coast, and wishing to go to ports on the Sound, pass through this narrow and winding river. Steamers bound to Providence, to Boston, past Cape Cod to Maine and the Eastern Provinces, take this river to reach the great Sound and the ocean beyond.

Day and night, summer and winter, an endless procession of ships, steam-boats, canal-boats, schooners, sloops, and barges sails or steams along this arm of the sea. It is like a Broadway upon the water, crowded with traffic. There comes a fussy little tug, toiling along with four great schooners deep laden with coal. They have come from the coal depots at Jersey City, and are bound East. There is a big, lazy sloop, with a cargo of red bricks. She has just dropped down the Hudson from Haverstraw, and is steering for some Connecticut port. Behind her, coming the other way, just arrived from New London or Fall River, plows along a monstrous steamer crowded with people. What a queer tow that is! The tug-boat is dragging a long string of canal-boats and old hulks laden with lumber, oats, and corn. Perhaps they came through the Erie Canal from the West, and are going to Narragansett Bay. There are ships from France and Norway, English steamers and Italian barks, bound in or out, and never for a

moment is the water quiet. Perhaps a stately warship, with tall, slender masts, regular "sky-scrapers," comes down from the Navy Yard and salutes the forts with her roaring guns. The tide runs swift and strong, and the waves leap in white clouds of spray from the sharp bows of flying steam-boats, or roll in surging billows from the black stems of huge merchantmen. It is like a bit of the great sea, with a city on either side.

There are more people living by the banks of this arm of the sea than in any other place on this continent. Nearly half a million people cross this rough, swift-flowing water every day; and though the ferry-boats are among the largest and best in the world, the little voyage is at times long and dangerous. Fogs sometimes delay the boats for hours, and floating ice in winter often blocks the way so that navigation is almost suspended.

"It seems to me they need a bridge at this point," do I hear some bright boy say? That is what other people thought, years ago, with the result that to-day, as you are reading this, there is a bridge, and you may walk from New York to Brooklyn in any weather. Perhaps you think that this is nothing worth talking about—all it was necessary to do was to build a bridge. Let us see about this.

The East River is an arm of the sea. You can not bridge such water, because it belongs to the nation, and every one has a right to sail there. Beside, we must in honor permit the people of other nations to sail their ships in our waters.

Such a place as this is called navigable water, and the United States Government could not permit navigable water to be obstructed by a bridge, however convenient it might be for the people of New York and Brooklyn. The New Jersey schooner carrying coal to Connecticut, the Haverstraw lighter laden with bricks, the boats from Boston, the lumber sloops from Maine, and the vessels of foreign nations as well, have a right to sail here, and no man can stop them by building a bridge.

Why not have a draw-bridge? That is a sensible question; but when the ships and steamers are as thick as the teams on Broadway, the draw would have to be kept open all the time, and then what would the people on the bridge do?

See that full-rigged ship coming down with the tide, under the escort of that little tug. Look at her tall masts. That pennant flying at her main-top is more than one hundred feet above her decks.

Her masts are taller than many a church steeple. If there is to be a bridge, it must take one grand flying leap from shore to shore over the masts of the ships. There can be no piers or draw-bridge. There must be only one great arch all the way across. Surely this must be a wonderful bridge.

When they first began to talk about bridging the East River, there was much discussion as to what kind of a bridge it should be. It might be made of iron or wooden piles, driven into the bed of the river, with the roadway on top.

Figure No. 1 represents in outline the plan on which such a bridge would be built. The sloping

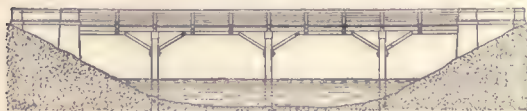


FIGURE 1.

lines at each side stand for the banks, and the broken lines for the water of the river. The upright lines are the piles, and the roadway is shown by the horizontal lines resting on the piles.

A bridge might also be built of stone, supported by a number of arches resting on the bottom of the river. Such a bridge is shown in Figure 2.

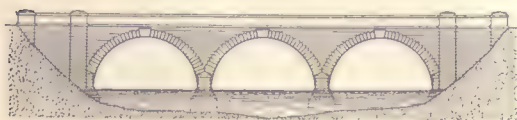


FIGURE 2.

But neither of these two kinds would answer, for there is no room for ships to pass.

Pile-bridges and bridges with arches have been built for centuries. Figure 3 is an outline of a very different kind of bridge, invented in modern times. On either bank is a stone pier, and on these rests a great iron box. Where such a bridge is



FIGURE 3.

used, the people cross the river by walking inside this box, going in at one end and coming out at the other. In this kind of bridge there are no piles or arches to obstruct the river, and if the piers are high enough, the ships can freely sail under the big iron box. But a bridge built in this way over the East River would not only be very difficult to make, but it would have to be so high up in the air that it would be liable to be blown down.

Suppose two posts be set up on one bank of a river, and two more on the other bank, directly opposite. Then suppose a rope was stretched from

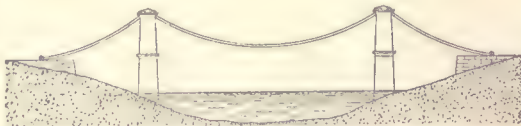


FIGURE 4.

one post on one side of the river to the opposite post, and a second rope was stretched between the other posts. Then if short boards were laid on the two ropes they would make a hanging bridge. (See Fig. 4.) This style of bridge was used by the Chinese so long ago that no one can tell who first thought of it or tried to make one. Perhaps the old builder got the idea from seeing a grapevine hanging from tree to tree over a brook.

On other pages are pictures of the finished bridge. Which is it, a pile bridge, an arched bridge, a box bridge, or is it a hanging bridge? Clearly it is a hanging bridge. You can easily pick out the ropes stretching over the river. This form of bridge is called a suspension bridge because it is hung, or suspended, over the river. If you study the pictures, you will see that the ropes or cables hang down in the center and are lowest over the middle of the river. But even a suspension bridge must be high enough to enable ships to pass under. So it is the custom in building such bridges to raise the cables on towers, and thus make room under the bridge.

In Figure 4 you see the rope is made fast to the post on one shore, carried over the top of the tower that stands at the edge of the bank, and stretched across the river to the top of the opposite tower. On this side it is likewise fastened to a post or stone pier. Of course, the people who cross such a bridge would not find it convenient to go over the top of the towers. What shall they do? Look once more at the pictures of the bridge. See the slender lines hanging down from the cables. These are called the suspenders. Each one is fastened to the cable and supports the end of an iron beam. So it appears there are beams hung in the air under the cables, and on these beams is laid the roadway. The towers have arches, and the men and horses pass under the arches and over the hanging bridge. Study the pictures on page 688, and you will see just how all this has been done.

Now, while the idea on which this bridge is built is so simple, the real work was a great labor, costing millions of dollars and occupying years of time. The towers must be high enough to raise the lowest part of the cables, where they hang down



in the middle, sufficiently to let ships pass under. The river is wide and the cables proportionately long, and they must be securely fastened at the ends so that they will never pull out and let the bridge fall down. The shore on each bank is low, and behind the bank on both sides the land rises slightly. The entire bridge, therefore, extends from the top of a hill down to the water-side, over the river, and over the streets and houses to the top of the second hill. Horses can not climb up to the lofty bridge over the water, and there must be a long inclined plane up which they can walk. The more we look at this bridge, the more interesting it becomes.

The towers must stand at the edge of the water, but this is always a bad place to build, because the ground is sandy or covered with soft mud. There must be a firm foundation, and the only way to find it is to dig deep under the sand or muddy water. How could they do that? Every hole made by a spade fills up with water, and even if they managed to make a shallow cellar the water would soon be over their heads. They must call on the atmosphere, and use the invisible air as a shield to keep away the water.

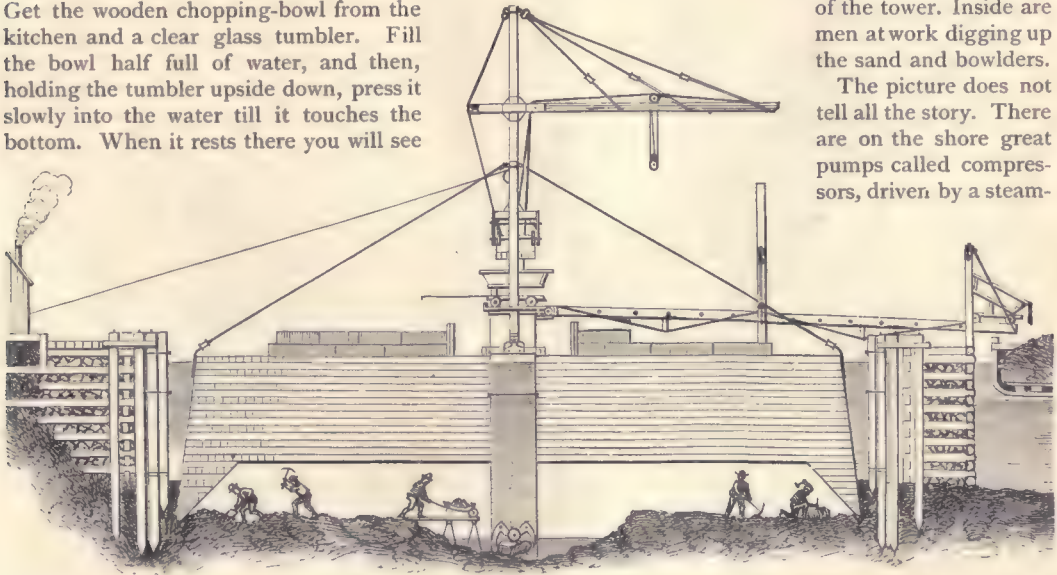
How can such a strange thing be done? Get the wooden chopping-bowl from the kitchen and a clear glass tumbler. Fill the bowl half full of water, and then, holding the tumbler upside down, press it slowly into the water till it touches the bottom. When it rests there you will see

feet high and the bottom fifteen feet thick. The box has no top, and the edges of the four sides are sharp and bound with iron. Such a box, turned over and placed upside down in the water, would act just as the tumbler in our experiment. Such a box is called a caisson, and there is one under each of the towers of the great bridge.

A caisson is, of course, built upside down, for it is too big to turn over, and it is the custom to build them on shore and then to launch them, just as a ship is launched. Figure 5 shows the caisson under the Brooklyn tower just as it began to sink in the soft sand. On one side is the shore, and on the other the deep water. Piles are driven on each side of the caisson to make an inclosed dock, so that it may rest in smooth water. You see the heavy top of the box, made of layers of timbers, and the sharp edges of the sides cutting down into the sand. As the box rests on the edges its weight causes it to sink. In the middle of the roof of the caisson is a well that reaches down to a pool of water inside. On top is a derrick for hoisting the dirt and stones out of the well, and a little railroad for carrying the rubbish to the barge that floats in the river. On top of the caisson can also be

seen some of the stones of the tower. Inside are men at work digging up the sand and bowlders.

The picture does not tell all the story. There are on the shore great pumps called compressors, driven by a steam-



• FIGURE 5.

there is no water inside the tumbler, and that the bottom of the bowl is nearly dry. The air caught under the tumbler has pushed the water away. If the tumbler were large enough, a man could stand inside and dig out the bottom of the bowl quite comfortably.

Now imagine a huge wooden box, 168 feet long and 102 feet wide. The sides of the box are nine

engine, and these compressors are pumping air through pipes into the caisson. This compresses and condenses the air under the caisson where the men are at work, and prevents the water from coming in under the sides. It is this that forces the water up into the well nearly to the top, as you see in the picture. Of course, there must be a door on top for the

men to go in. This is the most curious thing of all. If there was but one door, the moment it was opened the compressed air inside would rush out, the water would break in through the sand under the side of the caisson, the workmen below would be drowned, and the work come to a stop. So two air-tight doors are arranged, one below the other. The workman opens one door, enters the place between the two doors, closes it behind him and then opens the second door. Such a set of double doors is called an "air-lock," and it is certainly a very clever invention. The air might also rush up the well, but you see the well touches the pool of water inside, and this makes a seal to keep it air-tight. The picture below shows the inside of the caisson. One man is going up a ladder to the air-lock, and the others are busy digging in the wet sand. As the men inside the caisson dig away the sand and let it settle deeper and deeper in the water, others on top lay the foundation-stones of the tower. The weight increases with every stone laid; and thus the work proceeds, the caisson sinking and carrying the

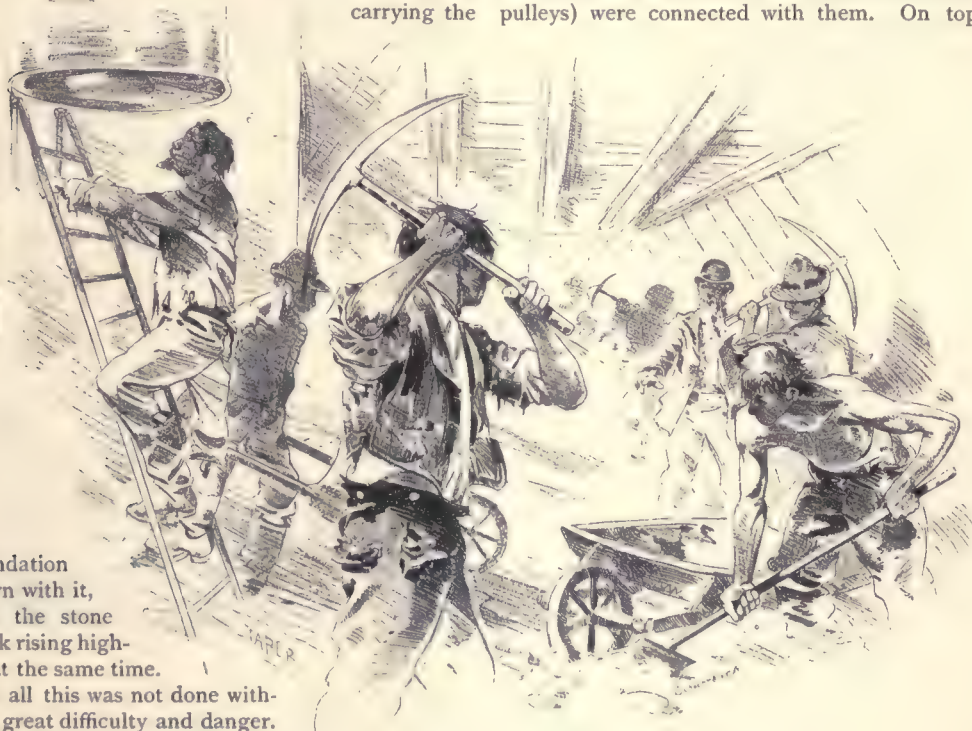
great box, impelled by the terrible weight of the rising tower, could crush its way downward.

At last, when the caisson had sunk forty feet under water, solid ground was reached, and it would sink no further. Then the whole interior, where the men had been at work, was filled in solid with small stones and sand mixed with cement. There the box rests securely under the sea, where the heart of the old oak will remain green and sound for centuries. The lofty tower stands secure on its wooden foundation, and nothing save an earthquake can ever shake 'it down. The caisson under the tower built on the New York side of the river had to be carried down much deeper than on the Brooklyn side. It, too, stands on top of the great box, and the two towers thus have their feet in wooden shoes to keep them firm and dry.

By the time the sinking caissons had found a resting-place, the towers had been built high enough to begin the work of laying stone on stone up toward the clouds. Powerful steam engines were set up behind each tower, and great iron drums (or pulleys) were connected with them. On top of

foundation down with it, and the stone work rising higher at the same time.

But all this was not done without great difficulty and danger. Once the caisson took fire. Several times the air escaped, and rushed out of the caisson in a terrible fountain of mud and water. Stones were caught under the edge of the caisson, and much toil and time were spent in blasting them before the edge of the



INSIDE THE CAISSON.

the rising towers were placed iron wheels, and from the drums up to the wheel, downward to a second wheel at the foot of the tower, and then underground to the drum, was laid a strong wire rope.

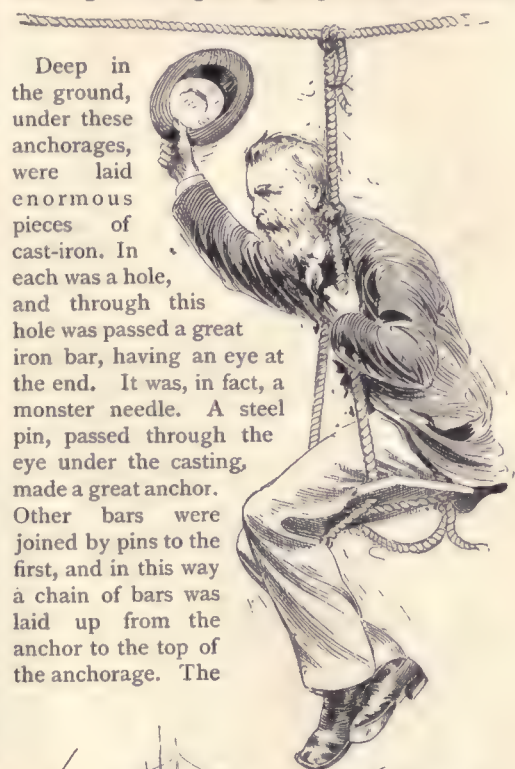


Thus, when the engine turned the drum, the rope ran up or down over the top of the tower. To raise the stones the blocks were secured by chains to this rope, and the engine whirled them away into the air. The masons worked on day by day, summer and winter, laying each stone in place, and lifting the splendid towers above the houses, above the steeples, higher and higher into the air. From time to time, the wire rope had to be made longer as the towers rose. Schooners and sloops brought the massive stones to the dock; the derricks unloaded them, block by block, and put them in reach of the men, and the engines lifted them into place. The lower part of the tower is solid; then it is hollow up to the base of the great arches, 119 feet above the water. These splendid arches rise 117 feet higher, and the cap-stones rest 271 feet above the tide.

In building a suspension bridge, it is very important to find a place where the ends of the ropes or cables can be properly fastened. Any weight put upon the bridge must be held up by the cables. These pass over the top of the towers, but they are not fastened there. The cables merely rest on the towers, and unless they were securely fastened beyond, they would give way, slip over the towers, and let the bridge fall. To fasten the cables to the towers would never do, for the weight of the bridge would pull them over into the water. The place where the ends of the cables rest is called an anchorage. It is really a stone anchor for fastening the cables into the ground so that they can not be pulled out. The anchorages for this bridge are each 930 feet behind the towers, and each consists of a great stone structure 127 feet long and 119 feet wide on the ground, and 80 feet high. As large as a church and as tall as a house, these curious stone structures make the jumping-off place where the people going over the bridge seem to leave solid ground and walk out into the air over the houses. These anchorages, with the cables fastened to them, are plainly shown in two of the pictures. One is a view from the side, and one is from the street below.

The manner of building these anchorages was very curious. An elevated railroad was built just over the place where the walls were to stand. On this lofty railroad ran a very accommodating engine, that not only picked up the big stones from the trains in the streets, but lifted each block in the air and carried it to just the place where the masons wished it laid. The strangest thing of all was the funny way the engine passed around the sharp curves of the railroad. One track was curved or bent in a half-circle. The other track turned sharply around at right angles. When the engine came to the corner, one pair of wheels ran around

the curve and the other pair stood still, just like a boy standing on one leg and turning around on his heel.



HOW THE FIRST MAN CROSSED THE BRIDGE.

masonry was built over the anchors and around the bars, and thus they were fastened down by the whole weight of the anchorage. It was to the ends of these chains of bars that the cables of the bridge were fastened. The weight of the men and horses on the bridge is thus really sustained by the stones and anchors on the hill-side, far back from the towers.

After the towers had been built and the anchorages made ready, then came the strangest work

making an endless rope, and when the engine moved, the ropes traveled to and fro over the river.

For this reason they were called the "travelers."

There were, besides these travelers, two more ropes placed side by side. On these were laid short pieces of oak, thus making a foot-bridge on which the workmen could cross the river.

One of the pictures shows this slender bridge, that extended over the tops of the towers. It was taken from the New York anchorage at the time the bridge was building. Another picture shows one of the engineers of the bridge crossing on the traveling-rope—the first man to cross the river by way of the bridge.

There were also other ropes for supporting platforms, on which the men stood as the weaving went on. On each traveler was hung an iron wheel, and as the traveler moved the wheel went with it.

It took only ten minutes to send two wires over the river in this way. The men on the foot-bridge and on the platforms suspended from the other ropes guided the two wires into place, and thus the cables were woven, little by little, two slender steel wires each time, and carefully laid in place till the 5434 wires were bound together in a huge cable, fifteen and three-quarter inches in diameter. The work was fairly started by the 11th of June, 1877, and the last wire was

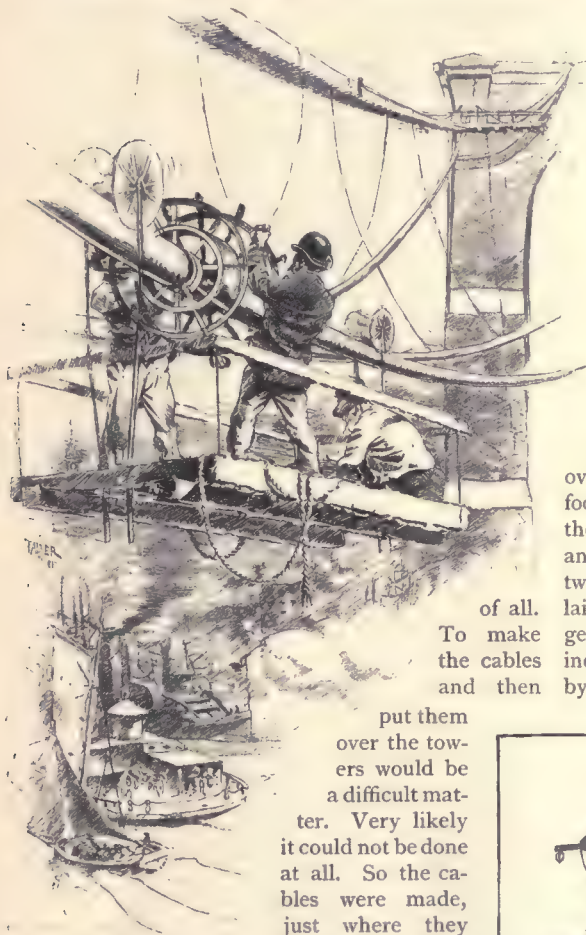
of all.

To make the cables and then

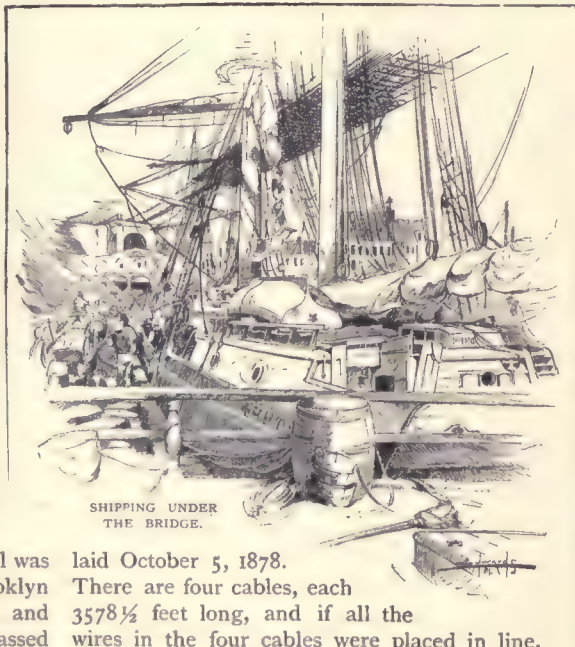
put them over the towers would be a difficult matter. Very likely it could not be done at all. So the cables were made, just where they hang, one small wire at a time. The

cables are not chains with links, nor are they twisted like ropes. They are bundles of straight wires laid side by side, and bound together by wires wound tightly around the outside. They called the work "weaving the cable."

At the Brooklyn anchorage was placed a powerful steam-engine, and on the top of the anchorage were placed two large wheels, and with the aid of proper machinery the engine caused these wheels to turn forward or backward. From each wheel was stretched a steel rope to the top of the Brooklyn tower, over the river, over the other tower, and down to the New York anchorage. Here it passed over another wheel, and then stretched all the way back again. The ends were fastened together,



WINDING THE CABLES.



SHIPPING UNDER THE BRIDGE.

laid October 5, 1878.

There are four cables, each 3578½ feet long, and if all the wires in the four cables were placed in line, they would reach over fourteen thousand miles.

The work was long and dangerous. Sometimes



the wire would break and fall into the water, and an hour or more would be spent in hauling it up and starting once more. The men on the foot-bridge or on the cradles high in the air watched every wire as it was laid in place. To start and stop the engine, men stood on the top of the towers and waved signal flags to the engineer. Such a mass of wires would not very easily keep in place, and as the work went on, a number of wires were bound together into little bundles or ropes, and at the end all were bound together into one smooth round bundle or cable.

The next great work was to wrap the wires by winding a wire around the outside, to hold them all together and to keep out the rain and snow. The great bundles of steel wire were loose and irregular, and the first step was to put on wooden clamps to bind the bundles into something like the right shape. Then came the men riding in the "buggy"—a car suspended from the cable. As you see by the picture (p. 694), the buggy was a sort of platform, suspended from wheels that run on the cables. The workmen in it had with them a steel clamp they put around the bundle of wires to bring it into shape, and then with wooden mallets they beat on the outside of the bundle till it was hammered into the right shape. It would be very difficult to wrap the cable with wire by hand, and have it fit smooth and tight like thread on a spool. You see the wheel in the picture, riding on the cable. The men turned it round and round, and it guided the wire from the reel upon the cable. As they went on with the work they gave the wrapping a coat of white paint, so that the cables look to-day like great white cords. At the same time, the men put around the finished cable iron clasps or bracelets, to bind the entire structure together as firmly as possible.

These seem like simple things to do. But just think of it a little while! Think of working in a little wooden cage swinging and swaying two hundred and fifty feet in the air! The days were bleak and cold and the wind blew—oh! how it does blow up there sometimes! Below was the black water, perhaps dotted with ragged ice. A misstep, and—good-bye. No man would ever come back alive. There was nothing between them and death but the wire ropes suspended high over the masts of the ships. Steamers passed under, and sent up clouds of hot gas in the faces of the men. The two cities were spread out far below, and the roar of the streets came up

faint and far away. If the wind blows hard, there is no sound save the wind sighing in the ropes and the faint blast of the steam-whistles. At such times, the cities below seemed to be dumb.

The boats sail and men in the streets move about, like



ON THE FOOT-BRIDGE.

black dots, in solemn silence. The world seems very big.

There is the sea all along the southern horizon beyond Brooklyn. To the north and east the hills of Long Island make a dim and wavy line

on the horizon, and to the west is the Hudson River and the blue Orange mountains beyond. The view is magnificent, but it is a bad place to work—cold, bleak, and dangerous, and it was a good thing

when the very last ring had been put on the great white cables, and the men came down from the dizzy height.

The next thing to be done was to hang from each ring on the cables a heavy steel rope. These were called suspenders, and they are to hold up the floor on which the men and horses pass over the bridge. It took a great deal of time and hard work to hang these suspenders,—for of course there were a vast number of them,—and then came the next great task.

The endless wire rope to the top of the towers was still in use, and by its aid the wrought-iron beams were hoisted to the foot of the arches; then one by one they were fastened to the suspenders and hung in the air. As soon as a few beams were suspended, a railroad was laid on the beams

from the arches out over the river, and on this ran a car, to carry the beams to the places where they were to be hung, the railroad growing as fast as the beams were laid.

It was a strange place where the great beams hung in the air, above the ships and houses. It was easy to walk along the planks, but it was dizzy work, for you seemed to be standing in the air or on a floating cloud.

When the last beam was put in place, the structure began to look like a bridge. The high foot-bridge from the top of the towers was taken down, and there it stood—tall gray towers, slender white cables, and spider-web wires, holding up the black floor that at a distance looked like a snake caught in a web, and reaching from shore to shore.



"OVER THE HOUSE-TOPS."

Still the bridge was far from finished. The beams must be firmly fastened together, and there must be braces to keep it from swaying in the wind. There must be railings to keep horses

from walking overboard, and foot-paths for the people. To accommodate every one, the bridge was divided into five parts. On each side, next the edge, are the carriage roads for teams and carriages. Inside of these roads are the railroads, and in the middle, between the tracks and raised above the cars, is the broad foot-path. This will give the people a high, wide sidewalk, raised above the dust of the road and safe from the cars, where the view will be open over the river. At the same time, there will be no danger that venturesome boys will fall off by climbing over the railing. If they should get over the rail, there is the railroad track and the carriage road to be crossed before you reach the edge of the bridge. And a glorious walk it will be, from shore to shore, up the long

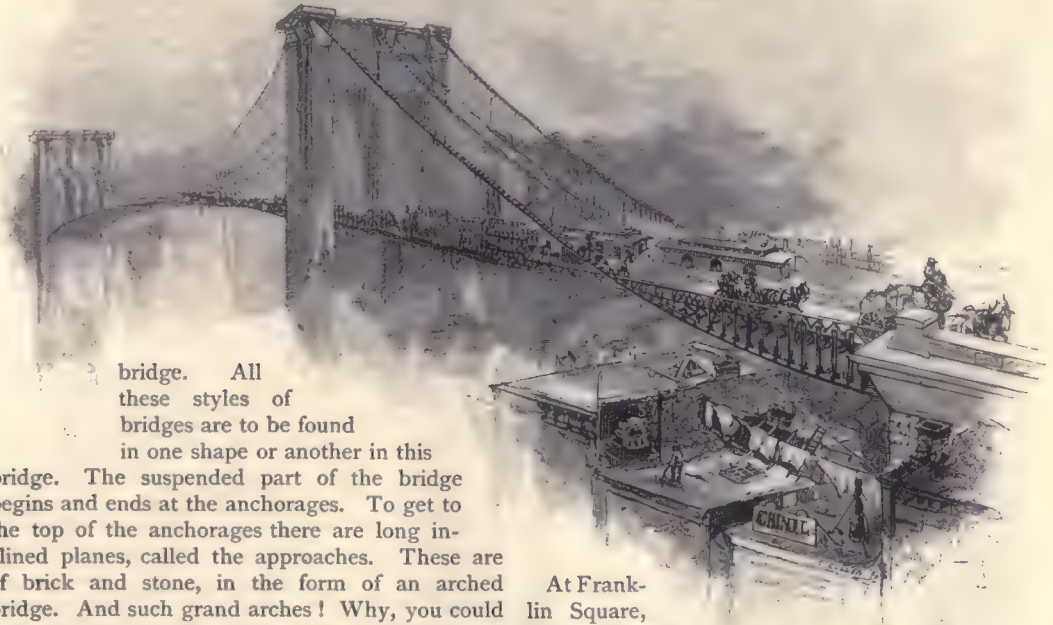
incline, over the house-tops, under the arches that are like cathedral windows, out over the blue waters, and through the pure fresh air. Pedestrians will be sure to stop half-way over, if it is for nothing more than to catch the breath of the sea or the fragrant breeze from the Long Island farms. What a relief it will be from the ill-smelling streets and stuffy shops! What a happy escape from those dreadful cabins on the ferry-boats! What a grand place to stretch your legs of a bright winter's day after toiling through the streets! To go from shore to shore in one straight and jolly tramp, with the sky for a roof and the breeze for good company.

In San Francisco, Chicago, and Philadelphia are curious railroads called "cable roads." Under the street, between the tracks, is a hollow tube, and in this tube runs an endless wire rope, always traveling swiftly. Just above the rope is a narrow slit in the pavement, and down through this slit passes a curious bit of machinery like a pair of tongs, which is fastened to the car on the rails. It clutches the rope, and so the car is dragged swiftly along by the moving cable. Here on the bridge is the same kind of railroad. An endless cable stretches over the entire bridge and round a big drum under the arches on the

Brooklyn side. An engine turns the drum, and this makes the rope run swiftly. The cars, as in the street roads, hitch on to this rope when they wish to go over, and are quickly drawn across the bridge.



Look once more at the diagrams showing the pile bridge, the arched bridge, and the iron-box cars to cross over the top or deck. For this reason they call this style of bridge a deck bridge.



bridge. All these styles of bridges are to be found in one shape or another in this bridge. The suspended part of the bridge begins and ends at the anchorages. To get to the top of the anchorages there are long inclined planes, called the approaches. These are of brick and stone, in the form of an arched bridge. And such grand arches! Why, you could tuck a barn or a three-story house right under one of these arches, and the people inside would think they lived under a brick sky. The picture admirably shows the incline plane, the arches, and the place where the bridge flies over the elevated railroad.

The picture on the next page gives an idea of the masonry of the great bridge. The roadway is on top, and some of these arches stretch over the streets. Some of them will also be closed up, and used for warehouses by putting up a partition, with doors and windows in front. Thus, in this part of the work, we have the arched bridge. At one point in the Brooklyn approach, there is a place where you can see the style of bridge where the roadway is supported on posts. At another place in Brooklyn you can also see the box style, or something very like it. There is really no box, but still the work is founded on that idea. Plates of iron are riveted together so as to form, as it were, great flat boards. These are set up on edge and fastened together, and, if you stand in the street below and look up at them, you will see that the bridge is a kind of box, open below, and with a place for the men, horses, and

At Franklin Square, in New York, is still another kind of bridge, that flies in one grand leap right over the side street and the elevated railroad, tracks, station, and all. This is a most curious piece of work. At the top is a massive iron beam, formed of iron plates riveted together like a long, narrow box. On the under side is a series of iron rods, placed side by side, and the two parts are joined together by a net-work of iron beams. This is a modern style of bridge, invented since the time railroads were first used. It is quite as interesting as any part of the work, for, while it looks so light and "spidery" for the great weight it has to carry, it is nearly as strong as if made of solid iron.

The method adopted for building these iron bridges over the streets was strange enough. A wooden bridge was built first, and the different parts of the iron work were carried up and put together on top. When the last piece was put in, the wooden bridge was knocked away, and there the iron work stood, light and frail in appearance,

THE END OF THE ANCHORAGE—"THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE, WHERE THE PEOPLE GOING OVER THE BRIDGE SEEM TO LEAVE SOLID GROUND AND WALK OUT INTO THE AIR."

yet so strong that it will endure for long years after we shall have gone to another country.

One of the most curious things about the bridge is the fact that it never stands still. On a warm day in summer it is three feet lower than on a cold night in winter. But the odd thing about it is that the bridge is not touched or apparently changed. The hot sun in July heats the cables, and they expand and stretch, letting the bridge sink down in the center. When the thermometer falls on bitter January nights, the cables shrink and shrink, and the center rises until it is three feet higher above the water than in summer. A lesser change of this kind -

Note the perspective between the cables, and the complicated net-work of crossing lines seen from the promenade. Even the railroad track shows the strangest vistas between the iron-work, the cables, and the suspenders. The latter hang down straight from the cables, but there are also diagonal lines or stays that cross the suspenders, as you will see in the circular picture at the left on page 688.

The insects in the cobweb are men at work painting the wires.

This whole work, bridge, approaches, anchorages, railroads, depots, and all, cost sixteen million dollars in money and thirteen years of time. What is the grand result? Is it worth all this? How many people can use it in a day?

Let us see. On the approaches the bridge is one hundred feet wide. On the

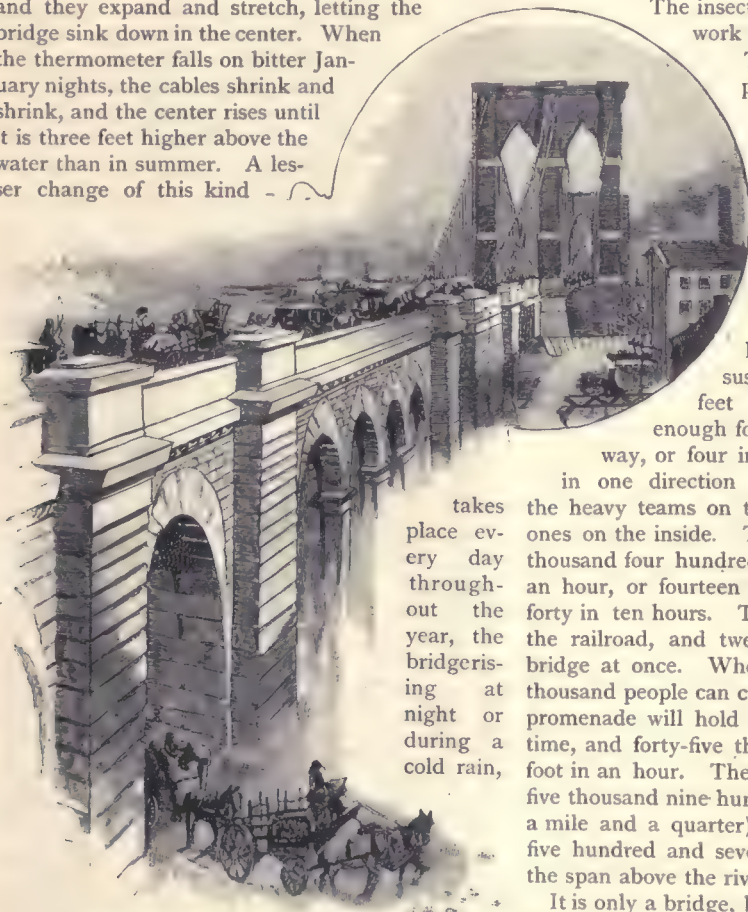
suspended part it is eighty-five feet wide. This gives room

enough for two lines of teams on each way, or four in all. All the teams going

in one direction take the right-hand road,

the heavy teams on the outside, and the lighter ones on the inside. The two roads will allow one thousand four hundred and forty teams to pass in an hour, or fourteen thousand four hundred and forty in ten hours. There will be eighty cars on the railroad, and twenty cars can travel on the bridge at once. When all are running, eighty thousand people can cross in an hour. The grand promenade will hold ten thousand people at one time, and forty-five thousand people can cross on foot in an hour. The total length of the walk is five thousand nine hundred and eighty feet (nearly a mile and a quarter), and of this one thousand five hundred and seventy-five feet are included in the span above the river.

It is only a bridge, but should you ever come to New York, you must take pains to see it. Walk over it and all about it. Cross in the ferries, and look up at it from below. Take your ST. NICHOLAS with you, and study it out with the help of the pictures. It will show you that every great work has a meaning. It will help you to see that everywhere in the world men spend their labor on buildings and structures that are for the benefit of all the people. It will show you that there is nothing more honorable than work, nothing more admirable than skill, patience, courage, and knowledge.



NEW YORK ANCHORAGE AND APPROACH.

and stretching and sinking in the warm sunshine.

The pictures on page 688 give a good idea of the size of the great bridge. The view over the rooftops shows the grand flying leap the bridge seems to take over the cities and the river. The view from the Fulton ferry-house is one of the best, as it shows the beautiful curve of the roadway between the arches. As you walk over the bridge, the cables and the suspenders make fantastic cobwebs against the sky that change at every step.



ONE of New York's oldest citizens has favored ST. NICHOLAS with the following account of a single-span bridge which was proposed for the East River many years ago :

Perhaps few, if any, of my young readers are aware that any attempt was ever made to bridge the East River from New York to Brooklyn before the present great structure was begun. Yet a plan for bridging the river was made and published as early as 1811 by a Mr. Thomas Pope, an architect, then residing in Canal street, New York, a short distance east of Broadway. (Broadway was not then paved above Canal street, and a stone bridge then crossed the stream that ran through that street to the North River. In front of Mr. Pope's house were green fields, bordering the canal.)

Thomas Pope's specialty was bridge building. He proposed to put one across the river on the line of the present Fulton Ferry boats—namely, from Fulton street, New York, to Fulton street, Brooklyn—a bridge of a single span, sufficiently high for the largest sailing vessels to pass under. Mr. Pope made a model of his bridge, published a book with an engraving of it, and solicited aid to enable him to fulfill his project. Had he succeeded, New York long ago would have had a bridge-way to Brooklyn. But the enthusiastic engineer was doomed to disappointment. Not only was aid denied, but he was assailed with ridicule. No man in his senses, they said, would seriously propose to bridge that river, though, doubtless, if such a thing *could* be done, it would tend to make Brooklyn building-lots quite valuable.

I was a playmate with Mr. Pope's children, saw him often, and have heard many pretty anecdotes of him and his bridge. It is said that he, in company with Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steam-boat, and a number of other distinguished New-Yorkers, on a certain day made a trip around the city in one of the new steam-boats. The afternoon was

VIEW OF THOMAS POPE'S FLYING-LEVER BRIDGE.



showery, and just as the boat rounded Castle Garden the rain ceased, and there was seen a rainbow spanning the East River. "See there!" says Fulton, tapping Pope on the shoulder, "there's your bridge, Pope. Heaven favors you with a good omen."

The bridge was not built, and the model was probably destroyed—just how, I do not remember, though I was intimate with the family. One account, however, says that a company of gentlemen, including Governor De Witt Clinton, had assembled at Pope's house to view the model of his bridge and see its supporting power tested, for which purpose the model had been set up in the wild, half-cultivated meadows in front of Pope's house, though at some distance from it. While they were

examining the structure, a heavy shower came up. They ran for shelter to Pope's house, where from the windows they could still see the model. Suddenly there was a terrific flash, followed by a heavy crash of thunder which startled all. A moment later, the bridge-model was discovered to be in ruins—hardly two pieces together. The bolt had entirely destroyed it. And Pope's hopes died out with it.

One of his daughters is yet living in Brooklyn, and, through her courtesy, I own a copy of the book already alluded to, which her father wrote and published concerning his proposed bridge.

The engraving which ST. NICHOLAS here shows you is a fac-simile of the frontispiece of that book, a volume which is now very rare.

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## THE BLUE JAY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

O BLUE JAY up in the maple tree,  
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,  
How did you happen to be so blue?  
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,  
And fasten blue violets into your vest?  
Tell me, I pray you,—tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,  
When April began to paint the sky,  
That was pale with the winter's stay?  
Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright,  
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,  
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,  
A-tossing your saucy head at me,  
With ne'er a word for my questioning,  
Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"  
And hear when I tell you what I think,—  
You bonniest bit of the spring.

I think when the fairies made the flowers,  
To grow in these merry fields of ours,  
Periwinkles and violets rare,  
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,  
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue  
Would be richer than all and as fair.

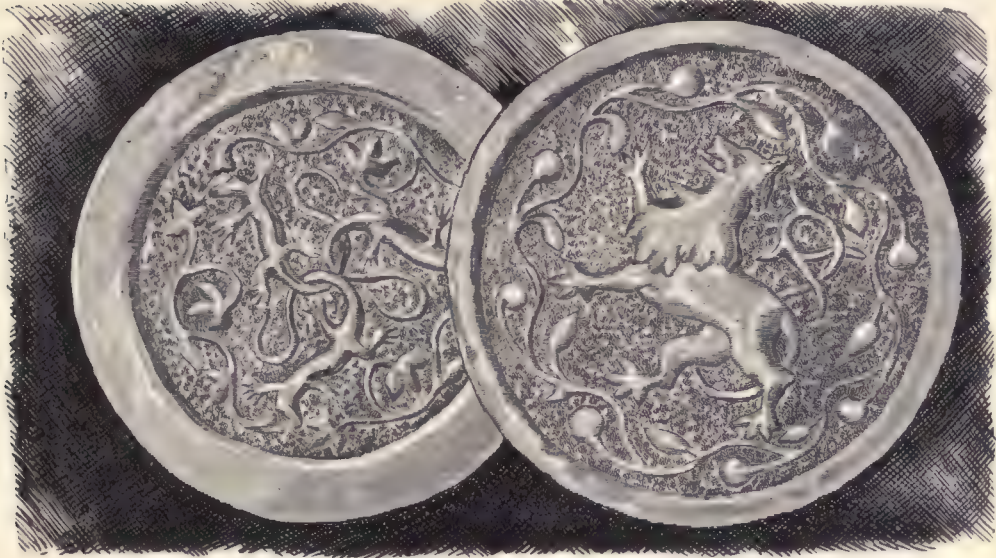
So putting their wits together, they  
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,  
The lily beside it seemed blurred,  
And then they said: "We will toss it in air;  
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,  
Let this pretty one be a bird!"



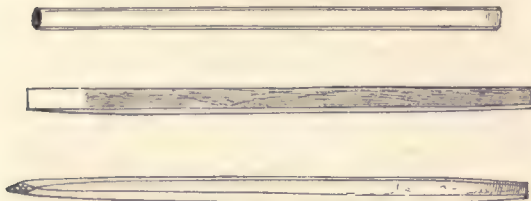
## WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. VII.

## BRASS WORK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.



Boys and girls can be taught to do many kinds of work which are generally supposed to be quite beyond their power. It is very common to hear the remark: "I have no gift for drawing; none of my children have any talent in that way; it would be time lost for us to try to learn." But the truth is that there is no person who can not in a few weeks or months learn to design decorative art patterns very well, and when this is learned it is easy to

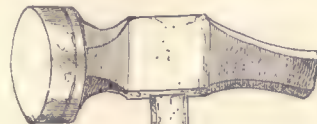


MATS AND TRACERS.

master any kind of drawing. There are very few who have any "natural gift" for art. Among five hundred pupils of all ages, I have found only one who had, or seemed to have, a genius for it. But, then, of the five hundred there was not one who could not or did not learn to design, model, carve, embroider, or work in sheet brass.

It is of this latter minor art that I propose to

write. To *repousser*, or emboss, or chase (for the process is called by all these names) sheet brass is supposed by many to be very difficult. I am often asked of it, as of wood-carving, if it does not require a great deal of strength and much exertion. The fact is, that in learning both the one and the other, those who make no great effort are the most

THE  
HAMMER.

successful. A child has quite strength a sheet of brass or culty of the work being tiresome. It ing, even less wearibecause a girl who is work can rest her ing. I will explain the process, and render this clear.

Sheet brass is made in about forty different degrees of thickness, which are numbered. Thus, eighth brass is less than the eighth of an inch in thickness. The thinnest is not thicker than writing paper. If you take a piece of any of the

of six or eight years enough to emboss copper. The diffidoes not lie in its is, physically speaking, engaged in brass-arms while hammering

thinner kinds, you can indent it deeply with a common pointed stick or even with your thumb-nail. Of course, if you draw a pattern on this with a hard point, and then beat down the ground or the space between the edges of the pattern, your picture will stand up in low relief. To do this well, it is more important not to hit too hard than to make great exertion.

There are two ways of working sheet brass, both of which I will describe. One is to hammer the face alone; the other consists in turning the sheet around and beating the pattern out from behind. This is the true *repousser*, or embossing.

As the first is the easier and the one by which my pupils all begin, I will explain it distinctly before setting forth the other. You have, let us say, a piece of sheet brass. Let it be of No. 25. That is the best thickness for a beginner. Then take a board an inch thick, and screw the brass on it with small screws, set as near the edge as possible. Now you must have two tools, the one a tracer, and the other a mat. They are made of steel, and look like large nails without heads. The tracer has an edge like that of a very dull knife; in fact, it very much resembles a screw-driver. The end of the mat is flat, and is either simply roughened, or else crossed with very fine lines like a seal. The object of the tracer is to mark out the lines of the edge of a pattern; that of the mat is to beat in, and at the same time to roughen, the background. Thus, if the pattern is smooth and in relief while the ground is sunk and irregular, there will be a contrast of light and shade. An ingenious person will always contrive to obtain tools or make them. I have known a lady who, with only a spike nail, filed across the end, and a screw-driver, chased a plaque admirably.

Having screwed a piece of brass down on the board, the pupil may take a lead-pencil and ruler

Then let him take the tracer in his left hand, and in his right a small hammer with a broad head, like a shoe-maker's hammer, only much smaller. This is a chasing hammer, made for the purpose.



AN EASY PATTERN.

Now, resting the edge of the tracer on a line, move it along, and, as you move, keep tapping the upper end with the hammer. Continue to do this until you can make a perfect unbroken line. Do not strike too hard. A mere *tap-tap* will answer the purpose. After you can make such a marked straight line, then draw curves, as indicated by the curved lines in the preceding column, and work them out in the same manner.

When you can trace lines perfectly, and not till then, you should begin work. I will suppose that you want a finger-plate for a door, or a piece three inches by nine or twelve, which may serve for a hang-

ing candlestick, or perhaps as one side of a frame.

Here is such a pattern. There is an object in making in this pattern so many round objects, such as apples and grapes. Every one of these, in brass, will be a shining ball. In all ordinary work, it is advisable to avoid patterns which have inside lines, such as scales on fishes, hair, etc. Do not attempt any fine work, or picture-making. Decorative art should be looked at from a distance. Most pupils want to begin with designs full of minute details. They do not realize that broad and simple designs are the most elegant. No one, indeed, should attempt to work in brass who can not design patterns. Those who beg or buy them always bungle.

To aid my scholars, I have found it necessary to write a manual of decorative design, and one on sheet-brass work, which have been published. From these the intelligent student may readily learn to draw the simple designs suited to such art.



SIMPLE LINES FOR EARLY PRACTICE.

and draw on it as many parallel lines as he can, about an eighth of an inch apart.



When the pattern is traced or outlined so that not a break or dot can be seen in it, the pupil takes the mat and indents the background. No great care is necessary for this in certain grounds. It may be done roughly or more evenly. There are different kinds of both mats and tracers, as well as punches for making circles and rounded holes, etc. I have known a professional chaser to have nearly two thousand. The tools of best quality cost thirty cents apiece. It is well to buy from two (which is the least number sold) to six, eight, or ten.\*



A SIMPLE DESIGN.

After matting the ground, you next go over the edges with the tracer again, or with a border tool, which is a tracer with the edges made like a very fine saw. Do not be in a hurry, as too many people are, to make a fine piece of work to show as your first effort. It is generally the ignorant who lay great stress on the first attempts in art. I have known scores of people to lose months of work by trying to make show pieces, instead of learning *how* to make them.

In the Philadelphia school there are boys and girls, from twelve to fifteen or sixteen years of age, who can design patterns, carve wood panels, model large and beautiful vases covered with flowers or grotesque figures, and execute sheet-brass work. I have not found their work in any respect inferior to that of adults who had studied art for the same time. And the different arts are so easy that within a few months many pupils can master several of them.

The kind of *repousser* which I have described is called cold hammering on wood. A more advanced process is hammering on pitch, during which the metal is heated from time to time to make it soft. By this means a higher relief can be given to the figures.

The way in which this is effected is as follows: A composition is made of Burgundy pitch, which is melted in a tin skillet, and when fluid is mingled with brick-dust and powdered plaster of Paris, in proportions varying with the hardness required and the time of year. When all is well stirred and mingled, the composition is poured into a bucket

of cold water, and worked by hand into cakes. When needed for use, these cakes are melted and spread in a coat half an inch thick on the board. This process is technically known as "foxing." When the brass is screwed down on this, of course it yields more than wood, and allows a deeper relief to be made.

Hammering the brass hardens it, and the higher the relief the thinner and harder it gets, and the more liable to crack or split it becomes. Therefore, it is placed from time to time on a fire or gas-jet, to soften it. This process is called annealing. It requires some little practice and judgment to anneal well. If after cold hammering on wood any cracks are found in the work, they may be soldered. This is readily done by the tinsmith who makes up the work. That is, after making, let us say, a plate sixteen inches in diameter in a square piece, you send it to a tinman, who will cut it round for you, turn the edge over a wire, and solder a ring on the back by which to hang it up. This he should do for from eighteen to twenty-five cents. Any other *repousser* can be made up in like manner. All small brass articles that are to be handled require it, just as do those made from tin.

Beginners should not think of using the pitched, or annealing brass until they can work it cold on wood. Brass costs at retail from thirty-five to forty cents a pound; the tools, with a hammer and board and screws, less than two dollars. Of course, as the young artist advances, he will need more mats and tracers.

Now, it will be worth while to consider what objects may be made of sheet brass.



SHAPE OF A CASE FOR FLOWER-POT.

A plaque or a round plate is easily made, and may be used as a platter on which to serve fruit. Or you can make a square plate, which, according to its size, may be set either in a cabinet, in a box, in the back of a chair, a clock, a sofa, or anywhere that a flat and ornamented surface is needed. Again, a square piece of ornamented sheet brass can be made by any smith into a cylindrical cup, which would look well anywhere. Boxes of sheet brass are well adapted to hold wooden boxes of flowers, and outer cases for flower-pots are quite effective. The sheet for a flower-pot cover is of the shape shown above. It will also, if made narrower, serve for a tankard or cannon-shaped goblet or can. A square piece, with the sides sloped or cut away, will "make up" into a coal-scuttle. Narrow strips can be set in picture-

\* The name of the publisher of Mr. Leland's manuals, and the address of an experienced dealer in tools for brass-work, will be furnished by ST. NICHOLAS, upon application.

frames. Quivers are useful to hold canes and parasols. A very common and very pretty object is a brass-covered pair of bellows. Cups can be bought ready made of brass. These can be filled with the pitch-cement, and worked on the outside.

that time there are no other classes in the building to be disturbed.

It is a very natural question for every one to ask: "How can I sell my work when it is done? Who will buy it?" For many months, I have been



AT WORK.

The din which is made by a dozen boys and girls hammering sheet brass all at once together is appalling. Therefore, in our school, Saturday afternoon is set apart specially for this work. At

in the daily receipt of letters from every corner of our country, asking me where the writers can sell their manufactures. People who have never seen a piece of brass work, but who have heard about



it, "think they would like to learn if it would pay," and write to know if I will find them purchasers. This is very much as if one should ask an artist who buys his pictures, or a grocer how to sell sugar. If anybody living could tell exactly where anything could be sold, half the world would at once rush to sell. I have had many pupils who have sold their brass work, and some who have made a great deal of money by it, but I do not believe that even they could help any one else to sell. As I see their plaques and panels about town in shops, I know that they find dealers to dispose of them.

But, after all, the main object of learning to work in metal, or wood, or clay should not be to at once make money but to learn to use the hands and brains. The boy or girl who learns to design patterns, and work them out, is not only prepared by so doing for some more serious occu-

pation, but also becomes cleverer intellectually. If we take two boys or girls of the same age and of the same brain power, and give them the same book-studies, but allow one to occupy part of his leisure in learning to draw and work brass, while the other spends an equal amount of time in aimless amusement, it will be found, at the end of a year or two, that the former is by far the cleverer of the two. There is no doubt that such pursuits, while they are as interesting as any play, also improve the mind.

I suppose that, among the thousands who will read this article, there will be many who will like to learn to design patterns for brass work and then to execute them in the metal. Those who intend to do so will find that it will save much expense, and that they will advance far more rapidly, should they form a club, association, or school for the purpose.

### SILK CULTURE FOR GIRLS.\*

By C. M. ST. DENYS.

CAN not girls raise silk as well as boys?

"Yes, *better*," says a girl who ought to know, for she has been raising silk herself for two years. "Of course, boys can feed the worms as well as girls; but when it comes to handling the delicate fibers, for reeling or other purposes, the girls have the advantage, because their fingers are more delicate. But most girls would rather embroider or paint on silk than raise it. I tell you, they don't know how interesting silk-raising is. I've been at it two years, and it grows more and more interesting to me every day."

This particular girl has a brisk step, and such bright eyes, clear complexion, and rosy cheeks as would set you wondering if she had not washed her face in May dew.

It seems she began raising silk when she was thirteen years old. At that time she was very fond of reading, and spent so much time poring over her books that her eyes were in danger of being injured. Her father, to prevent this, sought to occupy her with silk-worms; and now she has become so interested in silk that she devotes all her time to the subject.

As her family lived in the heart of the city, where there were no mulberry trees, she and her father used to start out at four o'clock every morning in the feeding-season and walk to the park, to gather fresh leaves for her worms.

This little girl's father helped her very kindly.

He made frames for her to cover with nets for her feeding-trays; and, after awhile, actually moved to a house nearer the park, so that she would not have so far to go for the mulberry leaves. So now they have only a mile to go, and need not start on their morning walk till about five o'clock. "To be sure, one runs the risk of malaria by such habits," she owned; "but then we always eat something before we start, which greatly lessens the danger."

The young silk-raiser has her room full of curiosities connected with the silk industry. It is interesting to note the difference between the boys' silk-room and this one. The boys' place looks like a real work-room, without much attempt at ornament. The girl's, on the contrary, looks like a little parlor with her collection of silk products tastefully arranged on the mantel, on tables, and in glass cases. The walls are hung with painted silk screens, with photographs of patrons of the silk cause, and letters of distinguished people who have been interested in her work. There is no reason why a boy's room should not look as neat and pretty as a girl's, and it is very seldom that girls devote too much attention to the ornamental, and not enough to the useful.

"All these things were sent as presents," said the young silk-raiser. "You see, I have orders for silk-worms' eggs constantly coming in from all parts of the country, so I have a great deal of cor-

respondence, and I make a great many friends that I never could have made in any other way. They send me these things either as gifts or in exchange."

There was a box of cocoons of wild silk, spun by the oak-feeding worms of the north of China, of which pongee is made, the light brown color characteristic of this goods being observable in the cocoon. Beside it lay an oak-leaf from the park, to which clung a cocoon spun by one of our native silk-moths. There were jars of cocoons raised by a boy of eight years, and by girls of thirteen and fourteen. There was a silk fishing-line of a pretty ultramarine tint, twisted so tight and smooth that it seemed almost as stiff and elastic as fine steel wire.

"That was made by a Georgia lady from silk produced by eggs I sent her," explained our informant. "She makes silk fishing-lines, for sale, and supplies all the men and boys in her neighborhood.

"This satin book-marker," she continued, "with the bunch of violets painted on it, was sent to me by a girl in the neighborhood; and this little screen was painted for me by an Ohio girl who is nearly blind. I value it all the more for that; but a person with good eyesight need not have been ashamed of it. But just look at these Chinese gauze screens, covered with hand-painted flowers. If that work had been done in this country it would have cost an immense sum, but we can import them at a very low price. That little model of a reel worked by Chinese figures was sent to me from a fair, and these cotton pods, closed and open, with the snowy cotton bursting out, were sent from Louisiana.

"Here is something I value highly—two bits of ribbon, labeled, 'Economy, Pa., 1832.' So, you see, as long ago as that, German emigrants made silk in this country. It is very hard to get a piece of this rare silk."

So she went on showing one interesting thing after another. There were specimens of silk in almost every form—loose, reeled, spun, twisted, woven, embroidered, cases of gay sewing-silk, wreaths of flowers of silk thread stretched on wires, and hanks of silk that looked like lovely silver-gray hair. Over the cases hung a placard with the words, "See what a worm can do." And I thought to myself that it might have said just as truthfully, "See what a girl can do."

One of the most striking objects in the room was a tall stand on which were displayed long, flowing bunches of silk of all the natural tints, from cream color to a bright yellow, which looked like the treasured tresses, flaxen or sunny gold, of so many fair maidens.

But the most valued treasures of this silk-enthusiast are displayed on the walls. Conspicuous among them is a note of thanks from Miss Mollie Garfield, saying: "Both my mamma and I are much interested in the cocoons and other specimens you sent us. We think you must be a very enterprising girl."

There, too, hangs her diploma, awarded by the State Agricultural Fair.

"I value that more than any money prize," she said, "for I can keep it always to show. I suppose it was given to me because I was so young more than for any other reason, for I had just begun silk-raising then and had n't much to show—just some eggs and cocoons in a little frame. Here is the very jar of silk I sent, labeled, 'Silk raised and reeled on her fingers by a little girl thirteen and a half years old.' I think I would go through fire and water to save that diploma. I have a fine reel now that was made in Philadelphia and given to me. There it stands in the corner. I had the water-pan made by a tinman and fitted on this old sewing-machine stand. When I use it, I set a lamp under the pan to heat the water. But I don't reel very much, only in the winter, because I keep most of my cocoons for eggs."

"Where do you feed your worms in the rearing season?" we asked.

"Right here in this room," she replied. "But as they grow we have to spread them out over three rooms, though our frames are five stories high—that is, there are five tiers of trays. I raise so many worms now that my father and two brothers have to help me carry home leaves for them every morning, and sometimes the boys have to go again in the evening. But it is only for a few days that the worms eat so much."

"It seems strange that there are not a great many other girls interested in silk as you are," we remarked.

"Yes, it does," said she. "I suppose there are some in different parts of the country. But in the city it is not easy to get mulberry leaves; and city girls who have to earn their living seem to prefer working in factories or stores to taking the trouble to help themselves by silk-raising. Now, I like it so much I would n't change it for any other employment. There is so much variety in it—so much that is interesting to learn about it; though it does n't take very much knowledge to raise silk. I've put all the necessary information in my instruction book. Have n't you seen it? It is in the third edition now."

Last year, a lame girl I know, who lives with her mother in a country village where there are a few mulberry-trees growing near the house, thought she would try raising silk. So she bought a dol-



lar's worth of eggs and a little instruction book, and began with her trays spread on the sitting-room table. At first, it was nothing but fun to watch the queer little brown things feeding. But they soon grew so large and ate so much that she was obliged to spread them out more and more, till they occupied two or three rooms instead of one table, and it kept the little lame girl and her mother both busy gathering leaves to satisfy their appetites.

But, by the end of six weeks, they had all done feeding and spun their little silken covers and gone to sleep. The lame girl had a fine lot of cocoons,

which she sold for twenty-seven dollars, and felt that she was well paid for her trouble. Besides, she got honorable mention at the grand silk fair at St. George's Hall, which was something to be proud of. So she bought four dollars' worth of eggs for the next season, hoping to make four times as much money.

I wish more girls would try silk-raising. I think you would enjoy it, girls. If it is not practicable for you to belong to a silk association, you can raise silk just as well by yourselves. But I should like to hear of a Girls' Silk-Culture Club ready to begin work next season.

### MADE BY A SILK-WORM.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

MOST of the many boys and girls who already own or who intend to own silk-worms will be glad to know of a way by which the silk-spinning powers of the little creature may be turned to account so as to produce immediate results.

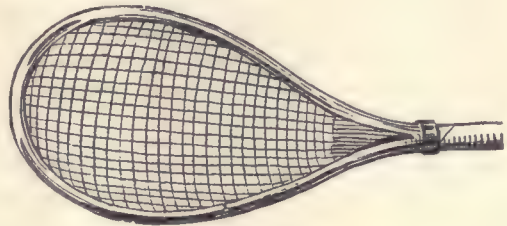
The formation of the cocoon, the reeling of the raw silk, and the final weaving into the finished sheet of silk are not only processes requiring considerable time and skill, but are, all of them, usually carried on without the assistance of the young silk-raiser. Or even if he reel off the silk from the cocoon himself, he will be little likely to attempt weaving it into cloth.

There is a way of contriving, however, so that the silk-worm will itself save you the time of its own house-building and spare you the trouble of reeling and weaving. It can, in fact, be made to produce for you, under your own supervision, a piece of beautiful, golden silk. Nor is this all: it will even shape the silk and fasten it to a fan, a tambourine, or to any other similar frame; provided, of course, that the silk-yielding capacity of the worm be not overtaxed.

The method of accomplishing this result is a very simple one, though, like many other simple things, it is not commonly known. Very many Chinese ladies, however, know it, and make use of it to divert the weary hours they usually spend in idleness.

When the worm is full-grown, and has filled its reservoir with the silk-making material, it is ready to build its house or cocoon. This you must not

permit it to do. It must instead be placed on a common Japanese fan, of the battledore or lawn-tennis bat shape.



Nature tells the worm that it must spin—spin a cocoon if possible, but spin anyhow. If permitted to have its own way, it will build on the flat surface of the fan; but if prevented, it will wander from side to side of the little platform, spinning all the while its wonderful silken thread, fastening it at the edges, and in the end covering the whole surface with a closely woven golden web almost as tough as parchment.

In relating this fact, however, we must, at the same time, impress upon the young silk-culturist that, if he tries this experiment, it had better be with only two or three worms, and that it would be wrong and cruel to divert many of the little creatures from their proper work of cocoon-making, for the sake of the ornamental fan-covers they might be made to supply. Though the result is, of course, interesting, it is decidedly not for this purpose that you are supposed to keep silk-worms.

## A CONVENTION OF AMATEUR JOURNALISTS.

BY H. H. BALLARD.

THE next annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association is to be held in New York City, in July. These gatherings of enthusiastic journalists attract more and more attention, and serve to make known in widening circles the character and purposes of the N. A. P. A. Some notion of what the coming meeting will be may be gained perhaps by a glance at the members composing last year's convention as they were assembled in the New Era Hall, of Detroit, Michigan, on July 14th, 1882. Our cut is engraved from a photograph taken at that time. Although the photograph is unfortunately indistinct, it is evident that it represents a group of thoughtful boys and young men, who believe in their "cause," and who are ready to work for it.

The convention gave promise of much good for the Association, and, looking back over the history of the year, we can see that the promise has been fulfilled. The ranks of the society have been extended; many new papers have been started; the wings of the older ones have grown stronger for flight, and the general character of the papers has been raised. We note with pleasure a more manly ring in editorials, a fairer tone in critical reviews, a growing freedom from personalities, as well as higher order of literary work and better mechanical execution.

Reports of the Detroit meeting from several widely separated sources show that it was, on the whole, one of the most harmonious and satisfactory ever held. We have read, with considerable interest, detailed accounts of the political campaigns which preceded the convention, and have traced through bulky files of amateur journals the inception and development of the several parties there represented—all of which study has strengthened the belief expressed in a former article, that amateur elections are conducted with fairness and good nature, and that candidates are nominated mainly from confidence in their ability, and elected by honorable and manly methods of voting. The history of a campaign is something like this: Soon after an annual election (if not long before!) some bright, and distant-future-scanning editor, with a taste for wielding pen-power, runs carefully over his exchanges, and makes a mental estimate of his contemporaries.

(And very much can be learned of an amateur editor from a single number of his paper. Is its general appearance attractive? Is its face clean? Are its hands washed? Are its eyes wide open?

Can it hit heavy and honest blows? Is it truthful, modest, pure, sensible, bright?)

Having decided from such mental view of many papers that Pungent Pepperpot, the editor of the *Capsicum*, is likely to prove a popular and capable president, he proceeds to throw among his next week's editorials some such tentative remark as "Did any gentleman mention Pepperpot for our next president?" or to suggest that "Among those who were most active in the late campaign, none displayed more unselfish enthusiasm, or showed more marked ability, than the editor of the sprightly and well-written *Capsicum*."

Without waiting to see whether this little seed will sprout or not, our young politician next sits down and writes to a score of brother editors in different sections, and asks in varied phrase of each whether he has yet made up his mind regarding the proper man to fill the presidential chair at the expiration of the current year. He gently intimates that, if no other name has been proposed, it would be an excellent plan to unfurl the flag of Pepperpot. These letters dispatched, another must be written to no less distinguished a personage than Pungent Pepperpot himself, offering to "work" for him from date. As soon as three or four favorable responses are returned, a committee is organized, consisting of members judiciously sprinkled over the several points of the mariner's compass.

The work of the committee is then fully mapped out, and a "net-work of correspondence" is carried on in all directions.

A good plan is to have all members of the committee concentrate a fusilade of political epistles upon a doubtful amateur, so that upon the same day he may receive, by a strange coincidence, letters from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, all pointing out the critical point in its history upon which Amateurdome is now quivering, and demonstrating that the only person who can possibly place it in a position of permanent perpendicularity is Pungent Pepperpot.

Few can withstand this. Letters begin to flow toward the committee, to the following effect:

"Regarding Pepperpot, I will work for him, and give him all my influence. SAMUEL SCRIBBLER."

"I am solid for P. P. WM. WRITTEWELL."

"I shall be exceedingly happy to render you any aid that lies in my power to bring about the election of Pepperpot. EDWARD EDITSON."

But by this time some other politician has become aware of the danger which threatens the Associa-



tion if it allows the fiery and impetuous Pepperpot to gain the highest office in the gift of the N. A. P. A., and by substantially similar methods he rapidly organizes a boom for Zachary Zero, who edits the monthly *Iceicle*. Now the fun begins. As kernels of corn over a hot fire, so paper after paper pops out in favor of one or the other of the rival nominees. Histories of each appear, introduced with eye-compelling head-lines, and illustrated with portraits or caricatures of the candidates. The Pepperpotists ridicule the chill indifference of the Zeroites, who in turn criticise the dangerous heat and fierce passions of their opponents. "Shall Amateurdome bare its back tamely to receive an application of capsicum?" "Better that, a thousand-fold, than to face the fearful fate of freezing in an untimely grave," is the undaunted reply.

As the time for the convention approaches, the interest deepens. Other candidates appear, letters of acceptance and of declination see the light, noses are counted, and estimates of attendance are made. The records of the rivals are searched for evidences of literary skill, editorial power, political penetration, honorable "stands," and general popularity on the one side; and, on the other, for proofs of incapacity or plagiarism, of weakness or narrowness of mind, indirect methods, and general impracticability. Finally, on the eve of the election, caucuses are held, speeches made, members button-holed, pledges circulated, promises given, and after the crisis is over and the photographs paid for, the next month is devoted to explaining how, if Pepper-

pot had not resigned on the very edge of victory, and if Zero had only rallied his men with more of his rival's ardent but flagging zeal, it never could have happened that the hitherto unknown editor of the *Wayback Waif* should have been quietly accepted as a compromise candidate, and triumphantly elected almost by acclamation.

In concluding this sketch, we wish distinctly to state that it is not designed to represent under the fiery and frosty appellations of Pepperpot and Zero any of the gentlemen who were actually in the field during the campaign of 1882, which reached its climax at Detroit; nor to indicate by the name of *Wayback Waif* the paper of him who was really chosen president. In fact, last year it was not a "dark horse" that won, but a gentleman who, during most of the campaign, was generally felt to be the proper one for the place.

It was our plan to enter somewhat in detail into an account of last year's convention; but as the minor incidents of friendly greetings, eager caucuses, and ballot-counting are of interest mainly to the actors in chief, and as such a course, moreover, would cause us to thread our way through an intricate maze of dangerous personalities, we must content ourselves with congratulating the Association on its manly and dignified representation at Detroit. Those of my readers who are desirous of a closer acquaintance with the workings of the N. A. P. A., or who wish to enroll themselves among its members and attend the July convention in New York City, should address Mr. F. A. Grant, South Gardner, Mass.



## "A SHARK IN SIGHT."—A PRIZE COMPOSITION.\*

BY JOHN PECK, JR. (AGED 15).



ALTHOUGH we Sandersville boys had lived all our lives within sight of the ocean, yet we did not grow tired of the sea, and never were so happy as when fishing in its depths, or rowing about over its throbbing bosom.

Almost every pleasant Saturday a party of us would charter old sailor Bob's ancient and weather-beaten boat, and spend the whole or a part of the day in fishing, or in the oft-repeated but ever pleasant task of exploring the shores of the bay in the vicinity of the village.

One bright July afternoon, four of us—Dan Blockly, George Davis, Benny Temple, and myself—secured the "Dandy" (never was there a boat that bore a name more unsuited to its appearance), and set out for a few hours' enjoyment.

Rowing over to Rock Island, as a large cluster of huge boulders was called, that showed their black heads above their white collars of snowy sea-foam, about two miles distant from the village, we landed upon them, and rigged our lines.

Rock Island and its vicinity was noted as a good angling ground, and we enjoyed fine sport; and not until the sun began to hide itself behind the hills back of the village did we enter our boat.

As we rowed slowly homeward, we could not help admiring the beauty and clearness of the waters of the bay, which were as smooth and transparent as glass.

"I declare, boys, I must take a swim," said Dan, at length. And hastily slipping off his clothes, he leaped overboard. "I tell you, fellows, the water is just right—neither too warm nor too cold."

Dan swam round and round the boat, diving,

swimming on his back, treading, and doing all the feats which boys delight in performing, and at last darted away at a lively rate, laughingly telling us that he would reach the beach before we would.

We were about to seize the oars and prove to his satisfaction that three boys in a boat can travel much more rapidly than one boy in the water, when Benny Temple called our attention to something that was speeding through the water toward the swimmer. "What is it?" asked Ben.

I had not the remotest idea what it was, until I heard George utter an exclamation of astonishment and fear, and then shout: "Dan! Dan! come back here, quick! There's a shark in sight!"

The boy addressed was some distance from the boat, but his friend's words came to his ears with terrible distinctness. For an instant he remained motionless, then turned and struck out for the boat.

Never have I seen a person swim with more speed than Dan exhibited that day. He was an excellent swimmer, and, fully comprehending his peril, he plowed desperately through the water, leaving a trail of foam and bubbles in his wake as he strained every muscle to reach the boat.

As for ourselves, we never thought of the oars, but remained motionless in the "Dandy," terror-stricken, watching the race.

Suddenly the shark disappeared beneath the surface of the water. Our excitement and anxiety were now more intense than before, for we did not know how near the voracious monster might be to our friend, or at what moment he might be crushed in the jaws of the huge and blood-thirsty fish.

Nearer and nearer came Dan, and at last he

\* See the Committee's Report, page 713.



grasped the side of the boat, and in a moment more was pulled on board.

Scarcely had he been drawn from the water, when the shark appeared at the side of our craft; but his prey had escaped him. For a moment he regarded us intently with his cunning, wicked-looking eyes, then swam slowly around the boat and disappeared.

It was one of the species of white sharks, or man-eaters, which are found in all seas. They swim

very rapidly, and usually near the surface of the water. This one, though scarcely twenty feet long, appeared a very monster to us. Its body was white below, gradually fading to a light brown above. Its mouth, as is usual in fish of this species, was on the under-side of its head, and was set with two rows of sharp, ugly-looking teeth.

It was a fearful and repulsive thing to look at, and I dare say it will be a long time before any of us forget the shark or the fright it gave us.

## ROBERT BURNS.—A PRIZE COMPOSITION.

BY MARION SATTERLEE (AGED 15).

THE violet blooms both at the door of the lowly cottage and at the gate of the palace; so genius is found in the plowman as well as in the peer.

A striking instance of this is Robert Burns.

In the hamlet of Alloway, in Ayrshire, Scotland, a farmer, one William Burns, built with his own hands a cottage, a picture of which is now before us, doubtless himself making the little window through which the sun, veiled by the mists of a

land and from far across the sea, who had come to visit his early home and carry away with them a pressed flower from the threshold of him whose spirited battle-cry or whose tender love-songs had stirred their hearts.

But it was with Burns as with many others before him: all this came too late. The statues and monuments raised in his memory, the biographies and essays written about him, the choice editions of his works, could not lift the great load of care and sordid poverty which made him prematurely old, and crushed out the life and buoyancy of his warm, passionate, proud heart.

Burns was born a plowman, but also a poet; as a farmer, he could not succeed; his poet soul took wings and soared far beyond the lowly calling to which he had been born. He was continually falling in love, and constantly broke out into song to some Jean, or Mary, or Nannie, who had been captivated by his dark eyes and eloquent tongue; and then his tender heart sang even about the little trifling things that he daily saw around him, such as a daisy or field-mouse's nest.

With such a nature, strive as he might, both ends would not meet, and in a fit of despondency Burns resolved to set out for the West Indies and to say farewell, perhaps forever, to his loved Scotland.

It must have been a moment of overwhelming joy to the poet, because so entirely unsuspected, when he first learned that he was famous, and that distinguished men and cultivated women were eagerly reading his recently published poems and inquiring for the gifted author.

A time of brightness now seems to have come to him; but his nature was an exceptional one: impetuous and ardent, moderation was impossible to him. He found himself at home in society such as he had never enjoyed before; but the enjoyment could not last long. During his stay in Edinburgh he acquired only a thirst for drink and a desire for



January morning in the year 1759, first shone into the birthplace of Robert Burns.

Here, at Alloway, in his boyhood, the stalwart figure of the future poet became a familiar sight to the simple farmers of the neighborhood, as he followed his plow and hummed over as he went some quaint old Scottish air, or sat at his father's table, devouring, at one and the same time his midday meal and some favorite book. Few of his associates, however, could have dreamed that, in after years, the little clay-built cottage would bear an inscription, proudly stating that there had been the birthplace of Robert Burns, the poet; and that the walls, the wood-work, and even the tables in the principal room of the house, would be covered with the names of travelers from all parts of Scot-

fame, neither of which tastes were likely to render his quiet after-life at Ellisland, where he retired in 1788, either a peaceful or a happy one. As combined farmer, exciseman, and poet, he did not prosper any better than in his earlier days. But in spite of his want of success, he might have been happy on his secluded farm, with his wife (Jean Armour) and his children; but his now uneventful life soon became irksome to him. It was not, however, of long duration: he died at the early age of thirty-

seven, after a short, sad life, full of disappointments and cares.

That the character of Burns was faulty, and that his too impulsive nature led him into frequent excesses, can not be denied; but that his heart was a great one, and that many of his aspirations were noble, can not be denied also. And it is with a feeling of affectionate interest that we turn to the humble cottage which, as the birthplace of Robert Burns, has become forever a hallowed spot.

## ROBERT BURNS.

BY JAMES C. HOLENSHADE (AGED 13).

ROBERT BURNS was born in Scotland:  
He was a farmer lad—  
His lot in life to guide the plow,  
In simple homespun clad.

He dined on cheese and oaten cake,  
Or buttermilk and porridge,  
And breakfasted on plain pease broth,  
But longed for fame and knowledge.

He must have had a tender heart,  
For in the field one day  
A mouse's nest was overturned—  
The creature ran away.

Then Robert wrote a little rhyme,  
Quite pitiful and kind,  
Bewailing the poor beastie's fate.  
*That* showed the Poet mind;

Because, you see, a common boy  
Would sure have chased the beast,  
With savage yells and whirling stones,  
Till out of sight at least.

And once, while seated in the church,  
A lady proud and gay,  
Close to him sat with scornful look,  
Too frivolous to pray.

Perchance upon his homespun clothes,  
Or sturdy brogans coarse,  
Her scornful glances fell askance  
With irritating force.

He must have thought her conduct coarse,  
Unladylike, and strange,  
For, moralizing o'er the fact,  
Right quaintly did arrange

That well-known phrase with sense so true:  
"Could we as others see us  
But see ourselves, the gift, indeed,  
From much that's ill would free us!"

The merry pranks of "Halloween,"  
So many years ago,  
He pictures to our minds until  
We long to do just so.

And surely Tam O'Shanter's mare  
The lesson must convey,  
That round one's house at night is far  
The safest place to stay.

"The twa dogs" long and friendly chat  
Impresses on the mind  
That e'en in selfish idleness  
No happiness we 'll find.

His cheery heart must sore have been  
The day he penned, forlorn,  
"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn."

How many men and women, too,  
In life's hard struggle drear,  
"A man's a man for a' that" has  
Unto them given cheer!

His words for o'er a century  
Have given hope and pleasure  
To hopeless men, to hapless men;  
Made better men of leisure.

He may have often dropped the plow,  
At rhyming to take turns;  
*Mind*, every boy that drops the plow  
Can't be a Robert Burns!



## THE COMMITTEE'S REPORT.\*

AS STATED in our Letter-Box last month, many hundreds of compositions have been received in response to our invitation on page 474 of the April number of ST. NICHOLAS. Of these, the two which seem to our Committee the best on their respective subjects, taking all points of the contest into consideration, are: "A Shark in Sight," by John Peck, Jr., and "Robert Burns," by Marion Satterlee.

Another paper on Robert Burns, written in verse by James C. Holensshade, aged twelve years, is so good, in spite of some faulty lines, that we yield to the temptation

to print it with the two already named. Payment, at the rate promised, has been sent, with our thanks, to the three young authors.

It must, however, be said that, as in the case of the "Tiger" competition (see page 235 of ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1883), the difficulty of selecting the best has been very great; and, as before, our sense of justice demands a long Roll of Honor, giving the names of those whose efforts in composition are too praiseworthy to be passed by without acknowledgment.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

## "A SHARK IN SIGHT."

Lottie A. Best—Carrie Lash—Will von Moody—Addie W. Bunnell—Alice P. Pendleton—R. K. Saxe—Claribel Moulton—Alice Dillingham—William Dana Orcutt—Amy Mothershead—Louise M. Knight—Peter Wade Chance—Eddie Sabin—Hortense E. Martin—Lizzie B. Robertson—L. T. Van Santvoord—Marion Clara Smith—Edna Morse—Emma Hall—C. Louise Higgins—Gertrude Halladay—Nellie Tunnichliff—Pet Ennis—Edgar T. Keyser—Horace Wylie—Hugo Diemer—Bessie Holmes—Nellie Glass—Kate M. Bott—Geo. D. Moore—Flora Rawson—Charles T. Slider—Paul R. Towne—Orville H. Leonard—Angelo Hall—Helen B. Pendleton—Richard Payson—Dudley Garst—Harry Houck—Minerva Primm—Alex. Heron Davisson—Virginia M. Reid—William Lamping—Caroline D. Elmendorf—Hilda E. Ingalls—Hallie Metcalf—Charles C. Brown—Minnie M. Wait—Harry V. Army—Wallie Wilson—May Manny—Mamie Leverich—John F. Fairchild—Mamie E. Page—Edith D. Cooper—Louise Hobby—Gertrude Bemis—Julius K. Schaefer—Arthur C. Hobart—Annie E. Lewis—Charles F. Shaw—Mary A. Fletcher—Lightfoot Meredith—Gracie O. Bird—Mattie W. Baxter—Rosemary Baum—Genevieve Harvey—Phillips Carmer—Sue D. Huntington—Milan E. Goodrich—Henry Channing Church—Carrie C. Howard—Dimple Robertson—Julia T. Pember—Lulie R. Shippey—Flossie Paul—Fred. Russell—May Gearhart—Bessie Howe—Bertha M. Sears—Henrietta Hulskamp—Martha Kennar—May Winston—D. O. Sullivan—Louise H. Lawrence—Stark R. Sweeney—Susie M. Higgins—Birdie Byrne—Katie H. Elliott—Bessie P. Sutphen—Lyle M. Foote—Reginald I. Brasher—"Woodpecker"—Truman J. Purdy—R. N.—Harry W. George—Millie G. King—Charles Lee Faries—Carrie Malen—Paul W. Brown—Lilian Scott—Josephine Kermochan—George C. Baker—Ethelind Richards—Elizabeth Pendleton—Helen G. Dawley—Clara B. Pitts—Percy F. Jamieson—Glenn J. Bowker—Andrew H. Pattison—Mary Sherman—Julie E. Avulhe—Mary Redline—E. W. Mumford—Bessie Dolfeld—Aileen O'Donnell—Mary L. Barnett—Corina A. Shattuck—Harold Stebbins—Edith King Vezin—K. M. M.—Ernest Peabody—George Robinson—Stuart M. Beard—John S. Aukeny—Eva G. Hunt—Jennie C. Kissam—Thomas L. Thurber—Helen H. Baldwin—Caro Hodges—Helen M. Slade—Willie B. Trites—Evelyn P. Willing—Bessie A. Jackson—Mabel Florence Noyes—Edna Wheeler—F. Louis Grammer—A. L. Walter—Mable G. Guion—M. C. D.—Samuel Herbert Fisher—Harriet Langdon Pruy—R. H. Caley—M. B.—L. Mabel Newman—Paul Clagstone—Vincent Zohrowski—Willie E. Galloway—Walter M. Arnold—S. F. Riches—John MacCracken—Kittie R. Kipp—Harrison Hall Schaff—Florence A. Pool—Violet A. Todd—Mary Helen Ritchie—W. Martin—A. E. Cotel—Pauline Latimore—E. W.—Maude Pike—Charles Richardson—"Honor Bright"—M. Louise Grozier—J. C. Loos—Lillie MacVolland—Emma L. Flagg—May B. Gray—Mary B. Boyd—Herbert P. Morton—Mary Yeager—Belle I. Miller—Magella Pool—E. M. Perry—George Shepard—Bessie Carroll—Effie Lovell—Lulie Stockton—Abbie Scott—Nellie A. Freeman—Maude Graves—Margaret G. Spring—Pearl McColl—E. C. Armstrong—Alice J. Allen—Marie Le R. Stoddard—Orie Stevens—George James Bayles—Annie Blanton—James R. Allen—Samuel Parry—Ralph W. Newcomb—Nora Brewer—William H. Allen—Lizzie Beecher—George S. Mason—Georgia A. Capen—Ed. Munger—Blackford Mills Condit—Gertrude E. Bronfild—Ned Pierson—Eugenia Winston—Clarence H. Newton—Harry C. Nesbit—Sarah M. Roberts—Eleanor McFetridge—Blanche M. Henszey—Alexander Whiteside, Jr.—Geo. Candee Gale—R. M. Hotaling—Margaret Brent—E. Heydon Baker—Grace Barstow—Louis M. Bishop—Warren P. Sheldon—Elliott Forsyth—Lulu T.—Arthur N. Dennis—Augustus L. Craig—Archib B. Jennings—L. E. Smalley—Alice B. Wilbur—Eddie Chenevert—Perry M. Riley—Etta L. Hodgdon—Henry A. Bull—Edward Thomas—Minnie A. Olds—Frank Lee—Bessie Hall—Philip Ferris—Zoe E. Hubby—Mary M. Mears—Robert D. Jenks—Leland S. Boruck—Sada Tomlinson—Frederic Wm. Bailey—Helen M. Perkins—Shelton Fleetwood—Margarita Grace—Elena Maria Grace—Emily Geiger—George Whippley—Harry Patterson—Libbie Williams—C. R. Hervey—Theo. A. Straub—Nimmo F. Pettis—Henry F. Peake—Edmund A. Burnham—Lizzie Warren—L. Mont—Willie C. Cook—Mamie Tomlinson—Lizzie S. Peebles—Mary E. Nichols—Gertie Hurd—Mary Leiraux—Mabel A. J. Cornish—Theron A. Harmon—Sarah Gruntal—Miriam Gutman—Helen C. McCleary—H. V. De Hart—Andy Colvin—"Sandpiper"—Annie Armstrong—Fred A. Brady—Josie Bigelow—Harry E. Wimer—Henrietta Van Cleve—Walter A. Walmesley—Fanny L. Van Cleve—"Rexie"—John Rogers Gaum—Addie House—Mabelle L. Parker—S. M. Muncaster—Fred. S. Elliott—Fred. Mersil—Wm. McDowell—Jas. F. Berry—Wm. C. Henry—Annie E. Frazer—Willie C. Perry.

## "ROBERT BURNS."

Mabel Cilley—Calvin W. Gibbs—Maye Boorman—Rudolph L. Grunert—Lizzie C. Roberts—Frank Shallenberger—Agnes Young—Mary Snellbaker—Clara Gilbert—Margt. Neilson Armstrong—Belle Patterson—Estelle L. Paz—Lizzie H. Kniefner—Hollis C. Clark—Percy Winston—Ettie M. Withey—Herbert Sloan—Agnes B. Walker—Howard C. Ives—Helen E. Sands—Josephine E. Chapman—Helen M. Brown—Mary Hitchcock—Eleanor Ennis—Bessie L. Cary—Josie Nicholls—Edith A. Edwards—Charles T. Slider—Orville H. Leonard—Charlie M. McKee—E. P. MacMullen—Helen Thomas—Jessie S. Hoyt—Rosa Scott—Sue D. Huntington—Amy T. Briggs—Anna G. Clark—Sara Bair—Katie B. Sullivan—Edward D. Hinckley—Minnie Moreno—May Jackson—Eliza M. Grace—Annie Jenkins—May A. Morse—May Roberts—Ella Wooster—Kittie Vanderveer—Dannie B. Ruggles—Adele Bacon—Jessie Price Thomas—"Ida"—Florence P. Fay—George Moulton McIntosh—Mabel C. Craft—Evangeline H. Walker—Carrie McNaughton—Helen Loveland—Virginia C. Gardner—Mildred W. Howe—James A. Harris—Laura H. Wild—George Randolph—Maud V. Du Bois—Bennett Hornsby Armstrong—Fanny Gearhart—W. E. Borden—Clara E. Holloway—Mamie M. Bryce—Corra B. Riggs—Richard Clunan—Med E. Dey—Sallie Janney—Rachel L. Pierce—Alice Hyde—Emma M. Curran—Nannie B. Sale—Arthur W. Rice—Lilian Andrews—Laura M. White—Anna E. Wright—Charlie Scarritt—Nellie Whitcomb—Gracie E. Richardson—Mattie P. Baldwin—Jane Peoples—Harriette R. Horsfall—Luita N. Booth—Anna Hotchkiss—Jennie F. King—Georgina C. Wolseley—Grace Goodridge—Luther Davis—J. M. Mitcheson—Mary White Morton—"Teddie"—Maud Adams—Elizabeth Alling—Alice Robinson—Blanche Brown—Laura Virginia Julian—Florence M. Tabor—M. Fanner Murphy—Hattie L. James—Otto R. Barnett—May E. Holland—Josie Nicholls—Etie Rambar—Josephine de Rougé—Rosalind Webbing—"Honor Bright"—Abbie Hough Pierce—May Meinell—Bertody W. Stone—Adele Marsh—Mary G. Millett—Albert Clausen—Mary F. Kent—Mary D. Reeve—Herbert Crane—Gertrude R. White—Frank Smalley—Maude Burton—Walter A. Knight—May Craig—T. S. K.—Lydia B. Wiley—Mabel Burr—Edward Marlor—Joseph Bartlett Acken—Gaylord Miles—D. H. Bates, Jr.—Nellie H. Grandino—Ellen L. Way—Annie Hughes—Florence Hyde—Edith Kursheedt—Jennie S. Thomson—Maude Graves—Etta C. Johnson—Bramwell C. Davis—Frank M. Bosworth—C. A. Horne—Margaret Deane—Mabel C. Falley.

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for April, page 475.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

PEACE and joy be with you, my girls and boys! Summer greets you, and sends you merry rest and play. Open your eyes and hearts wider than ever, and be glad.

And now, just for a little while before school closes, let us consider:

#### THE DIFFERENCE IN INTEREST.

THE other day, Deacon Green surprised the youngsters of the Red School-house very much. He was telling them what an advantage the scholars who take great interest in their studies have over those who take only little interest,—“for,” said he, bowing to the dear Little School-ma’am as he spoke, “I am sure every boy and girl in this room can not help taking some interest in even the dull-est lesson.”

Then he went on to explain to them how wonderfully interest works. “Not only now, not all at once, but in the course of life. It cumulates,” said he, “like money interest. For instance: Some boys and girls take two per cent. interest in their studies, and some take ten per cent.—and compound at that, as all interest in mental improvement must be. Well, what is the consequence? Is the ten per cent. chap in the course of years just five times better off than the two per cent. chap? No; he is many a five times better off. His mind will have widened, deepened, and filled itself, so to speak, in the most surprising way. Now, I’ll illustrate the point out of your own arithmetic,” and the Deacon turned the pages at the end of a volume that looked very well-worn in its first half, but quite clean in the other portion.

“See here,” he continued, “look at these figures and make your own application: ‘One dollar loaned at compound interest at one per cent.’ this book says, ‘would amount, in one hundred years, to *two dollars and seventy-five cents* exactly.’

Now, what do you suppose it says one dollar at twelve per cent., compound interest, would amount to in one hundred years? Why, to eighty-four thousand, six hundred and seventy-five dollars. Is n’t that more than twelve times two dollars and seventy-five cents? And, boys, what do you suppose the one dollar loaned for one hundred years at twenty-four per cent., compound interest, would amount to? Twice eighty-four thousand, six hundred and seventy-five dollars? No, sir. It would amount (you see, I’m not guessing; I’m reading the figures right out of your own book)—it would amount to *two billions, five hundred and fifty-one millions, seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand, four hundred and four dollars!* (\$2,551,799,404). There, boys, what do you think of that?” The boys were too much astonished to speak. They looked first at the Little School-ma’am and then at the Deacon, to make sure that no joke was being played on them; and finally a manly little fellow of twelve spoke up for the whole school:

“We think, sir, that we scholars might as well go in for a high rate of interest, after this.”

#### A WEATHER SUNDAY.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Were you standing out-of-doors in your pretty pulpit all last Sunday, I wonder? It was a strange day here, but maybe it was different in your meadow. I live in the upper part of New York City, near the Central Park, and I must say I never saw such a day. First, when I woke and looked out of the window, I saw that the pavements were quite dry, so I thought I would wear my best bonnet to church. Then by breakfast-time it was raining, and I was afraid I must wear my waterproof. Then by church-time it was really snowing and hailing, and Mamma said I must put on my thick sacking. Off we started, the wind cutting my face like everything. During the service, we heard sounds like distant thunder, but when we walked home the storm was over and we felt only a gentle mist. By afternoon it was so bright and clear that Papa and I walked in the park and admired the willows shaking their tender green tips in the sun; and actually it was so warm before night that, on our way home, Papa had to take off his overcoat and carry it on his arm, and I nearly suffocated in my sacking. In the evening, Grandma actually asked for a fan! and there was n’t a fire nor a speck of steam-heat in the house. We had spring, summer, fall, and winter all in one Sunday, Mamma said.

Your admiring friend, JENNY B. C.

#### A GOOD NAME.

SAN MATEO, FLA., April 18, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read in ST. NICHOLAS this year something about the devil’s darning-needle, and so I write to tell you that down here in Florida we call them mosquito-hawks. I thought it would be nice to write and tell you about them. The reason they call them mosquito-hawks is because they eat the mosquitoes.

I am your constant reader,

M. JENNIE P.—

#### FOLKS’ GLOVE.

ALMOST all of you have seen the pretty summer flower called the fox-glove. But did you ever hear that the original name was folks’ glove? “The folks,” as all good children know, is another name for the fairies; indeed, this flower to-day is called by the people of Wales the fairy-glove.

Even the Latin name of the plant is *digitalis*, which, the Little School-ma’am says, is derived from *digitus*, meaning finger. All these finger-and-glove titles come from the fact that the purple or white blossoms, as they hang in a row down the stem, resemble so many swinging glove-fingers;

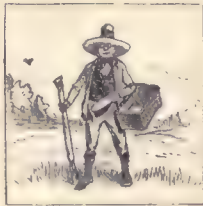


but, according to my way of thinking, such titles are anything but a compliment to the fairy-folk.

A funny fairy hand, indeed, five such fingers would make! Why, a whole fairy might easily slip into one of them! Besides, the digitalis is used as a medicine by the doctors. It's poisonous, too. I don't think it belongs to the fairies at all.

JUST hear this melancholy ballad by O. I. C. :

#### THE INQUISITIVE FISHERMAN.



ONCE there was a fisherman  
Who went to catch some fish;  
He took with him a basket  
And a little china dish.  
"I'll use one for the fishes,  
The other when I sup;  
For, if they meet my wishes,  
I'll cook and eat them up!"

He fished and fished the whole  
day long,

From morn till late at night;  
He baited hooks and watched  
his bob,

But could not get a bite.  
He then threw down his rod  
and line,

And vowed he'd go below,  
To find out what the reason  
was

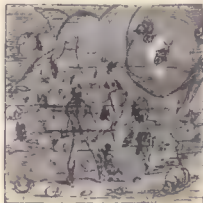
The fish had used him so.



The fish all gathered round  
him,

Each wagging his own tail,  
From the little polly-woggy  
To the great gigantic whale.  
Some fish were looking scaly,  
And some exceeding thin,  
But all were glad to see the  
man,

And offered him a fin.



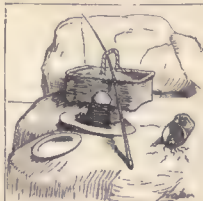
They said: "We have no  
china dish,

Nor basket snug and tight;  
But we are very prudent fsh,

Who think before we bite.  
We do not need to cook our  
prize

Ere we sit down and sup."  
And so, before his very eyes,

They ate that fisher up!



#### HELP WANTED.

THERE is something that troubles your Jack, greatly. The other day a round rubber ball, that two boys had been tossing back and forth, rolled very near to my pulpit. I examined it closely, and it seemed to be hollow. There was only one tiny hole, the size of a pin-head, in the entire ball.

Now, this is what troubles me: If that ball was made in a mold (and it seems to have been), how did they get the inner part of the mold out of that tiny hole? Or was the ball made of two hollow halves stuck together? Or do you suppose they used a mold at all?

The Little School-ma'am tells me that not only balls are made of rubber, but dolls, and toy horses, cows, sheep—in fact, the variety of shapes which this substance can be made to take is endless.

But about that ball. Do look into the hole, — I mean the subject, — my sharp-eyed chicks, and let me hear from you about it.

#### LINDLEY MURRAY'S LIST.

THE birds have just brought in a letter from our good friend Joel Stacy. Let us read it together:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Once I went to a Mrs. Jarley's Exhibition of Wax-works, modeled after that described in Charles Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," and there, in the scene called The Chamber of Horrors (a title borrowed from Madame Tussaud's exhibition of real wax-works in London), I saw a live "wax-figure representing Lindley Murray in the act of composing his celebrated grammar." It was very funny to see the fierce way in which this figure would go through his motions when wound up, dipping his pen into an imaginary inkstand, and then, according to Mrs. Jarley, "writing them dreadful rules down into his book which it was indeed a most suitable figger for the Chamber of Horrors, as all well-edicated young people would testify."

Now, a friend has just sent me a list of books which Lindley Murray, in 1805, prepared for his niece to read.\* She, Alice Colden Willett, was then a girl in her teens, and one can imagine her gratitude to her kind uncle when shown the course of reading upon which she was expected to enter with girlish alacrity. Here it is:

The Idler.	Savary's Letters in Egypt and Greece.
Guthrie's Geography.	Mandrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem.
Morse's Geography.	Bryden's Tour through Sicily and Malta.
Dr. Emerson's Gazetteer.	Boswell's Tour through the Hebrides.
Milton's Paradise Lost.	Gisborn on the Duties of the Female Sex.
Milton's Paradise Regained	Eliza Hamilton's Letter on Education.
Thomson's Seasons.	Blair's Sermons.
Young's Night Thoughts.	Gisborn's Sermons.
Pope's Essay on Man.	Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women.
Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination.	Watts on the Improvement of the Mind.
Cowper's Poems.	Beattie's Evidences of the Christian Religion.
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.	Addison's Evidences.
Goldsmith's History of Greece, of Rome, of England.	Newton on the Prophecies.
Robertson's History of the Emperor Charles V.	The Rambler, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.
History of America.	Kalm's Travels in North America.
Elizabeth Hamilton's Life of Agrippina, three volumes.	Doddridge's Family Expositor.
Middleton's Life of Cicero.	
Doddridge's Life of Gardiner.	
Aiken's View of the Character of John Howard.	
Shaw's Travels Through Barbary.	
Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.	

There is the list, with many a good book in it, but rather appalling to poor Miss Alice, I should say. Did she read all these volumes? your boys and girls will inquire; and did she ever ask for more? I can not answer. I am thinking of my friend Mrs. Jarley and little Nell, and a familiar wax "figger" in the Chamber of Horrors, and Mrs. Jarley is saying: "Wind him up, old man! P'int him out, little Nell!"

Affectionately yours and the children's, JOEL STACY.

#### SNAKES IN INDIA.

CAN any of my chicks tell me why snakes are specially respected in certain provinces of India? I am told on good authority that the natives of such districts refuse, on account of religious principles, to kill them; and yet the latest statistics say that during last year four thousand seven hundred and twenty-three human beings died in those parts of India from snake bites.

\*The original letter containing this list of books is in the Historical Society in New Haven.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

OWING to the space required for the prize compositions and the report of the Committee, we are compelled this month to omit the Very Little Folk Department.

WE commend to all our readers Mr. Leland's interesting article on "Brass-Work for Boys and Girls," in this month's Work and Play department, and, in connection with it, we are glad to announce that the author probably will contribute to our pages some other papers dealing with similar kinds of Work and Play, such as "Leather-Work," "Wood-Carving," and "Modeling."

That studies in these arts form both useful and enjoyable recreations for young folks has been amply proven by the success of the industrial schools in our large cities. And, indeed, the New York Society of Decorative Art lately solicited aid in extending instruction in these branches, in a circular, from which we quote the following:

"The Managers of the Society of Decorative Art are very desirous to extend their educational work in the direction of free instruction in the minor industrial arts. They wish to form large classes in plain sewing, embroidery, wood-carving, hammered brass, mosaic work, and in the rudiments of modeling and design. The experience of the past five years proves to the Managers that a broad field of usefulness lies in the training of children of both sexes, from nine to fifteen years of age, in industries which may, at the same time, be both useful and pleasant to them.

"The Managers feel that these are years when the fingers may become most expert and the perceptions quickened, as well as the brain developed; and that this teaching need not interfere, but go hand in hand—rather as recreation than otherwise—with regular school duties."

HERE is a letter, proving that The Schuyler mansion at Albany (pictured on page 666 of this number) is not the only old house in New York State which bears the marks of Indian tomahawks upon its stairway:

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the country, two miles from Johnstown.

More than a hundred years ago, Sir William Johnson lived here, and the town was named for him. The house where he lived is standing. The banisters are all hacked up by the Indians' tomahawks.

There is an old bell in the school-house which Queen Anne sent here for a church.

There are a great many glove and mitten shops here.

My brothers and I take ST. NICHOLAS. We like it so much we are going to have the numbers bound to save them. I am eleven years old. From your admiring friend, HANNAH E. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a conundrum that I hope you will be able to find a place for.

What garden flower does a man name who has paid half his debts? Answer—Glad-i-o-lus (Glad-i-owe-less). L. D. H.

SCRANTON, PA., January 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Uncle George, who lives in Minneapolis, Minn., sends me the ST. NICHOLAS every year as a Christmas present. I think it is splendid. I can hardly wait for it from one month to another. As you publish letters from the little folks, I want to tell you something my aunt, who is living at our house, told me. She is seventy-five years old. Her name is Mrs. Jane A. Winton. Her maiden name was Jane A. Pabodie. The story she told me is about George Washington. It is true, and has never been published, so far as I know. Here it is: When her father, Ephraim Pabodie, was a small lad, his father took him to see Washington, who was then visiting Providence, R. I., where they lived. When they came into the presence of Washington, the boy said, "Why, father, he is nothing but a man." Washington heard the

remark, and turning to the lad said: "No, my son, I am nothing but a man." He seemed so pleased at the speech that he put a number of pennies into the boy's hand. Aunt's father lived to be eighty-two years old, and used to tell this story about Washington with a great deal of interest.

Yours truly,  
GEORGE ROBERT VAN SCHOICK.

HERE is a Fourth of July picture which comes from a young contributor.



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've had such a time this morning with my black-and-tan pup. He is only three months old. He bites my hands all the time, and I can not do a thing with him. Will not somebody give me a few rules for training him?

Please put this in the Letter-Box. I like you ever so much; please remember that, and my name is NANNIE D.

Anoint your hands well with a strong tea of bitter aloes. Then after the little darling has bitten them a few times, he will lose his appetite for you.

GARRISON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about a little kitten that was given to me by the housekeeper at Fort Monroe. It was white all over, with a little black tail and a black crown on its head. It was born on Easter, and when I got it it was a week old. It would lie on its back and drink milk out of a bottle. It would hold the bottle with its hind legs, and put both its fore paws around it.

Yours truly,  
K. T. D.



## AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—TWENTY-EIGHTH REPORT.

The pleasure is ours once more of extending the thanks of the A. A. to the gentlemen who offer us assistance in our several departments. There is still room for more, especially in mineralogy. The following letters speak for themselves:

COLUMBIA, CALIFORNIA.

I will send, to all of the A. A. members who will send me their addresses and postage to prepay the same, samples of various flowers, ferns, etc., found on or near this snow-belt of the Sierra Nevada mountains. I will also send, to all members of the A. A. who may desire them, specimens of minerals for the simple cost of postage and packing. Any information on minerals that I can render, I will cheerfully give to the extent of my knowledge. With me this study has a great attraction, and here I find endless fields for research.

Some of the most beautiful flowers, highly colored and delicate, new to your botanists, are found in rocky gorges and steep cañons. I can aid you, I think, in very many ways, and also the others in all the States. You are at liberty to use this letter in part or entire.

Yours truly, in the cause of education,

WM. H. BRIGGS.

After this large-hearted offer, Mr. Briggs, perhaps better known by his *nom de plume*, "Willie Fern," may look to see the Sierras prematurely whitened by a snow-fall of responsive letters.

I offer my services to the A. A. in the determination of conchological specimens.

BRUCE RICHARDS,

1726 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

I will correspond with any one on shells. THOMAS MORGAN,  
Somerville, N. J.

## A COURSE OF ORIGINAL STUDY FOR OUR ENTOMOLOGISTS.

We propose for an experiment to offer a short course in the observation of insects, to extend through several months. All who successfully complete this course shall receive certificates, and be qualified to enter upon a higher one next year. In order that as many as possible may enter upon the work, it has been made quite simple, and is as follows:

All members of this class will be expected to write, each month, a paper on the subject assigned, which paper is to be a record of original field observations on any one species of the order announced for the month. To make the matter perfectly clear, the subjects for the next six months follow:

July. Lepidoptera.

August. Hemiptera.

September. Neuroptera.

October. Diptera.

November. Coleoptera.

December. Insects in general.

The subject for this month is *Lepidoptera*, and the papers should be prepared as follows:

1. Give a brief but clear description of the order.

2. Give a careful report of your own observations on any one species of the order. In this report should be included:

a. *Description* of the insect, accurate as may be, and, if possible, accompanied by drawings, however rude; difference in coloration of the sexes; varieties observed; probable causes of such variation, such as differences of food, location, and time of year.

b. *Habits*.—Date of appearance and disappearance of the *perfect insect*; number of annual broods; localities most favorable, etc.

c. *Transformations*.—1. The egg: description, sketch, duration of this stage; where and how deposited by the female. 2. Larva: number of molts, and changes noticed in these molts; duration of each molt, and entire time consumed in this stage; food-plants of the larva; drawings. 3. Chrysalis: description; methods of protection and fastening; duration of this stage; special observations. 4. Parasites observed during these stages (ichneumonids, chalcids, etc.).

d. Concluding remarks, with notes drawn from various works on the subject, and a list of such references.

It will be seen that this work can be done by the youngest members, as well as the eldest, and in the award of certificates regard will be had to age as well as merit.

Prof. G. Howard Parker, of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, has very kindly consented to receive and examine these papers, and to his address (corner Nineteenth and Race streets) all wishing to enter the class should send their names immediately, as also to the President of the A. A.

On the completion of the course, a list of the successful students will be printed in *ST. NICHOLAS*.

There are no charges for entrance to any of our classes.

## A COURSE IN THE OBSERVATION AND COLLECTION OF BOTANICAL SPECIMENS.

Prof. Marcus E. Jones, of Salt Lake, Utah, will conduct a class of observers in botany. The plan is this: The members of the

class will collect all possible forms and carefully press them, and send drawings of them, arranged according to the schemes to be monthly given in *ST. NICHOLAS*; or in case of inability to draw, send the specimens themselves, arranged according to the same schemes.

Plants can be said to have five parts: I. ROOTS; II. STEMS; III. LEAVES; IV. FLOWERS (including fruit); V. HAIRS (*Trichomes* in general).

The collection of these several parts may be made simultaneously and as the season requires; but the drawings and specimens must be sent to Prof. Jones in such monthly installments as the printed schemes call for. The subject for this month is *Roots*, and the specimens must be arranged as follows:

## I. ROOTS\* are divided into

## PRIMARY.† The kinds are

*Tap*; the shapes are (they are found in evergreens, vegetables, etc.),

cone-shaped,

spindle-shaped,

turnip-shaped,

round,

narrow,

etc. (Collect combinations of these forms also.)

*Multiple* (found in grasses, vines, etc.).

(For shapes, see *Tap roots*.)

## SECONDARY. (Those coming from any part of the plant but the lower end of the stem, i.e., rootlets.)

*Underground*,

from root stocks (ferns, sedges, etc.),

from true roots.

*Ærial* (above ground),

Used for nourishment:

from strawberry stolons,

pea-nuts,

corn,

many tropical trees,

parasites, etc.

Used not for nourishment:

mosses,

orchids (tropical),

air-plants of all kinds,

parasites,

trumpet creepers, etc.,

ivy, etc., etc.

All those who finish this course shall receive the A. A. certificate also, and have their names printed in *ST. NICHOLAS*. All who wish to enter the class should forward their names immediately, both to Prof. Jones and to the President of the A. A.

The reports from Chapters are more encouraging than ever this month, but are unavoidably crowded out. The following new Chapters have been organized:

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Address.
455.	Bedford, Pa. (A).....	5. W. C. Langdon, Jr.	
456.	Chicago, Ill. (N).....	5. Ovington Ross, 584 W. Washington.	
457.	Albany, N. Y. (C).....	6. W. L. Martin, 240 Clinton ave.	
458.	Haverhill, Mass. (A)....	7. H. W. Spaulding, lock box 171.	
459.	Philadelphia, Pa. (N)....	4. Harry Colby, 1520 Wellington.	
460.	Georgetown, D. C. (D)...	4. F. A. Reynolds, 159 Washington.	
461.	E. Orange, N. J. (A)....	13. Miss S. L. Hook, Brick Church P. O., Essex Co.	
462.	N. Haven, Conn. (A)....	15. Fred. Post, 34 Edwards.	
463.	Dayton, Ohio. (B).....	5. Jos. H. Jones, 233 Commercial street.	
464.	Westboro, Mass. (A)....	30. Miss Kitty A. Gage.	
465.	Waterville, Maine. (A)...	6. C. W. Spencer.	
466.	Golconda, Ill. (A).....	6. Clarence E. Kimball.	
467.	Foster's Crossing, O. (A)...	4. Miss Katherine M. Bridge.	
468.	Saco, Maine (C).....	20. Miss L. F. Bradbury, box 606.	
469.	W. De Pere, Wis. (A)....	16. Miss Annie Tracy.	
470.	W. De Pere, Wis. (B)....	25. Samuel Willard.	
471.	Germantown, Pa. (D)....	10. Miss A. E. Brobson, 106 Pastorius.	
472.	Hazleton, Pa. (A).....	8. Miss Anne McNair.	
473.	Washington, D. C. (H)...	4. C. Buchanan, 43 Myrtle street.	
474.	Greeley, Col. (B).....	12. Miss Flora Ecker.	
475.	Dundee, Scotland (A)....	6. Miss A. G. Keiller, Temple House, Longforgan.	
476.	Aurora, N. Y. (A).....	27. E. L. Wilson.	
477.	New York, N. Y. (M)....	5. A. C. P. Opydyke, 200 W. 57th.	
478.	Comstock, N. Y. (A)....	4. Geo. C. Baker.	
479.	Durhamville, N. Y. (A)...	5. Arthur Fox.	
480.	Baltimore, Md. (F)....	8. Miss R. Jones, 222 McCulloch.	
481.	Newton, Mass. (A).....	10. Fred. H. Hitchcock.	

\* Names more deeply indented than others are considered as belonging to them: as *Tap* and *Multiple* are kinds of *Primary roots*; cone-shaped, etc., are kinds of *Tap roots*; *Underground* and *Ærial* are kinds of *Secondary roots*, etc.

† The uses of every kind of roots should be carefully observed.

No.	Name.	Members.	Address.
482.	Halicong, Pa.	11.	Miss Alice M. Atkinson.
483.	Albuquerque, New Mexico (A).	30.	Ernest D. Bowman.
484.	Old Town, Me. (A).	6.	Miss Mabel Waldron.
485.	Brooklyn Village, O. (A).	25.	Lewis B. Foote.
486.	Rutland, Vt. (A).	15.	S. W. Merrill.

Nearly 350 new members in a month! Dundee is our first Chapter in Scotland. Chapters A and C, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, have united, retaining the letter and number of A, 64. Our thanks are due Wilkesbarre for an excellent group photograph of the Chapter. We wish one of each Chapter, if possible.

Chapter 131, Nevada, Cal., is again prepared to fill requests for exchange, and offers agatized wood, California flowers, *classified*, etc.—Maude M. Smith, Sec.

#### EXCHANGES.

Perfect spinifers and other fossils, for perfect trilobites. Correspondence in S. and W. on entomology and oölogy.—H. P. Taber, East Aurora, N. Y.

Bog ore, for tin, zinc, and nickel ore.—G. T. McGee, Jackson, Mich.

Petrified sycamore, for insects, and graphite, for rose quartz.—F. P. Stockbridge, Sec. Chap. 230.

H. L. Clark writes that he has not seen hair-snakes come out of a cricket, but has found them in a cricket, and his address is Amherst, Mass., instead of Providence, R. I.

Mocking-birds' eggs.—J. B. Russell, 95 Belleville av., Newark, N. J.

A vireo's nest and a sparrow's nest, for a tailor-bird's nest.—H. Montgomery, Saco, Maine.

Correspondence.—W. D. Shaw, Sec. 395, 34 St. Peter street, Montreal, Canada.

Cocoons.—Leo. Austin, La Porte, Ind.

Labeled minerals and fossils, for fossil cephalopods.—W. R. Lighton, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Correspondence.—R. E. Coe, Durham, N. Y.

Sand from Gulf of Mexico, for feldspar, geodes, or quartz crystals.—J. C. Winne, Carthage, N. Y.

Minerals.—Geo. C. Baker, Comstock, N. Y.

All sorts, for geological, botanical, or ornithological specimens.—Clarence O. Kimball, Sec. 466, Golconda, Ill.

Marine, land, or fresh-water shells.—Send list to Thomas Morgan, Somerville, N. J.

Calcite crystal, dogtooth spar, and named fossils of Lower and Upper Silurian for offers.—Elmer H. Fauver, 50 Hess street, Dayton, Ohio. (P. S.—I should like to correspond with some one acquainted with paleontology, especially if he lives among Devonian rocks.—E. H. F.)

#### AWARD OF THE PRIZE OFFERED IN DECEMBER.

In response to the offer of a prize for the best essay on the life of one of the world's famous naturalists, the competition has been unusually close, and the prize has been adjudged with unexpected difficulty. Indeed, between an essay on Louis Agassiz, by Miss Mary Rhoads Garrett, of the Bryn Mawr Chapter, No. 302, and one on John James Audubon, by Miss Josie Mulford, of Madison, N. J., there is so nearly an equality of merit that we have decided to give two prizes instead of one. Honorable mention must also be made of Miss Zoa Goodwin, of Waverly, Iowa; Richard D. Bancroft, of Philadelphia; C. L. Snowdon, Oskaloosa, Iowa; and E. B. Miller, A. C. Rudischauser, A. B. Conrad, Wm. T. Frohwein, and A. Nehrbas, all of the Manhattan Chapter, of New York City; F. E. Cocks, Secretary of Brooklyn, E., and Miss Bessie Deland Williams, who is only eleven years old. We print one of the prize essays, which, from its subject, is of especial interest to members of the A. A.

#### ESSAY ON AGASSIZ.

"He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us He made and loveth all."  
—Coleridge.

LOUIS JOHN RUDOLPH AGASSIZ was born at Motiers, near Neuchâtel, May 28, 1807, when Humboldt, Cuvier, and Napoleon were thirty-eight years old. His father was a Protestant minister; and his mother, an intelligent and cultivated woman, taught Louis till he was eleven years old, when he was sent to the gymnasium of Bienne. From thence he went to the college at Lausanne, where he spent his spare time in watching insects and fishing, and then studied medicine at Zurich, Heidelberg, and Munich. During his vacations he traveled in different parts of Europe in search of fossil and fresh-water fishes, and while an undergraduate described in Latin the Spix Collection of Brazil fish, which gave him distinction as a naturalist. He graduated at Munich when twenty-three years old, and staid for some time in the family of his friend M. Cuvier. At the request of the citizens of his native place, he accepted the Professorship of Natural History at Neuchâtel. About 1833, he

went to Paris and worked in the laboratory of the *Jardin des Plantes*. As he said afterward in America, he had no time to become rich; if he had a few spare pennies, he bought a book at some second-hand stall; but he copied, as closely as possible, many volumes which he needed but could not buy.

His glacial theory, published in "*Études sur les Glaciers*," and "*Systèmes Glacières*," was the result of long vacations spent among the Alps. He was noted, even by the Alpine guides, for his powers of walking, and still kept up this habit when he took the Harvard students on geological excursions.

In 1846, Agassiz came to America, on a visit; but he staid here because he liked a country where he could think and speak as he pleased, and where his activity would be appreciated. He was appointed Professor of Zoölogy and Geology at Harvard University, and his lectures in Boston gave an added interest to those studies on our continent. He became a master of English composition, and spoke the language with fluency and eloquence.

Professor Agassiz was an excellent and severe critic of a zoölogical drawing, and his quick brown eye detected the slightest fault. If the artist was careful, he would reward him with, "Try it once more." "This is all wrong, but don't get out of patience." As a student said, "When the Professor took a class out walking, he saw more than all of us put together; for he looked, but we only stared."

A pupil, wishing to make a specialty of insects, was started by Professor Agassiz to watch a fish of the *Hæmulon* genus, without any instruments, and was told to keep the specimen wet. He soon grew disgusted with its "ancient fishy smell." The fish became dry, and he left for lunch. When he returned, he counted the scales for a variety, then took out a pencil and began to draw. The Professor came in and said: "That is right! The pencil is one of the best of eyes!" The next time he asked, "Well, what is it like?" The student told him. "You have not yet seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal. Look again." It was now afternoon. Agassiz said, on returning: "Do you see it yet?" "I see how little I saw before." "Go home, now. Think it over; before you look at it in the morning, I'll examine you." After a restless night, he was greeted cordially by the Professor, who said, "Well, what is the conspicuous feature?" "Do you mean symmetrical sides with paired organs?" "Of course!" and the Professor was happy on that important point. "What next?" the student asked. "Oh, look at your fish! That's not all. Go on!" He did so for three days—looked at that fish! He says that the study of the *Hæmulon* for eight months, under Agassiz, was of greater value than years of later investigation in his favorite branch.

Agassiz had great powers of attraction. Old Valenciennes, at the *Jardin des Plantes*, called him "Ce cher Agassiz," and the Nahant fishermen would pull miles to bring him a rare fish, and see his delight on receiving it.

Since describing the Brazilian fish, it had been a desire of Louis Agassiz to see them in their native waters. Mr. Thayer, on hearing of his intended visit, said: "Take six assistants with you, and I will be responsible for their expenses, both personal and scientific." This offer was accepted and fully carried out till the last specimen was in the Museum. In 1868, Agassiz became non-resident Professor of Cornell University. His was a busy life: giving lectures, corresponding in three languages, superintending his assistants, and contributing to scientific literature. In his last summer school, Agassiz asked his pupils to join him in silent prayer for a blessing on their labors. He had no sympathy whatever with atheistic scientists, and his opposition to Darwinism was greatly owing to his fear that it would lead away from God. While holding to evolution in nature, he taught that types do not change. Darwin called him his most courteous opponent and most formidable.

His faith was strong in the hour of death, which came to him suddenly on December 14, 1873. He was buried at Cambridge from the chapel among the college elms. He was simple in his manners, not minding in the least carrying specimens in his handkerchief through the streets of London, and was not desirous of fame, refusing, at the height of Napoleon's power, a seat as Senator of the Empire and the Directorship of the *Jardin des Plantes*. While his was one of the most active and powerful minds, he was always glad to teach farmers and mechanics, and ready to learn himself as long as he lived.

[The following works were consulted by the author before writing the foregoing essay: *Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary*; *Recollections of Agassiz*, by Theodore Lyman, *Atlantic Monthly*; *Nature*, October, 1872; *The Net Result*, Work of U. S. Fish Commission, W. C. Wyckoff; *Character and Characteristic Men*, by Whipple; *Every Saturday*, April, 1874; *Popular Science Monthly*, vol. iv., 495; *Christian Union*; *Dr. Peabody's Funeral Sermon*; *Cruise through the Galapagos*, Agassiz; *Evolution and Permanency of Type*, by L. Agassiz (probably his last essay); *A Journey in Brazil*, by Prof. and Mrs. Agassiz; *Christian Weekly*, January, 1874.]

All who write to the scientific gentlemen who are assisting us, or to the President, will bear in mind the rules given in a late report—stamped envelope directed. The address of the President is:

HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.





## ANAGRAM.

THE title of the following verse is an anagram, the letters of which may be transposed to form a well-known name. The verse is intended to give a clue to the solution:

COL. HAL. BARIMANN.

NOT in wrath the sword he drew,  
But to guard the right.  
Who more loyal, tender, true,  
Ever fell in fight?

PAUL REESE.

## CHARADE.

My *first*, a word of letters two, and sometimes even three;  
And in it, when you're traveling, you're often glad to be.  
My *second* is a word which naughty children say  
When they are told to go to bed and mean to disobey.  
My *third*'s a coin which, if thou'lt guess, perhaps I'll give to thee,  
And my *whole* is what a baby is always sure to be.

ADA H. S., AGED 12.

## HISTORICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-five letters, and am a verse from the Book of Psalms.

My 63-66-61-4-36-55 was the fourteenth President of the United States. My 38-71-44-48-30 was the surname of a man who was captured Oct. 17, 1859, at Harper's Ferry. My 70-29-27-60-9-30-13-75 was the fifteenth President of the United States. My 50-45-9-30-14-26-64-35 is the surname of America's most famous statesman. My 26-66-75-36-72-26-33 is the name of a President of the United States who met with a tragic end. My 7-13-46-23-68-43-28-35 is the name of a President of the United States who died in office. My 54-18-12-66-26-16-44-35 is the name of a distinguished American legislator who was killed in a duel. My 26-22-37 was an

able Confederate general. My 20-39-51 is what has often been the winter home of the soldier. My 26-64-41-74-65-40-42 is what our forefathers fought for. My 73-32-42 is the surname of the writer of a well-known patriotic song. My 62-17-3-10-2-34-35 is the surname of an able Union general. My 27-26-68-33-11-47-35 was a British general in the Revolutionary war. My 1-38-8-57-19-4-47-12-41-66-53 is the name of a general who fought in the French and Indian war. My 24-25-26-31-47-33 was America's first inventor of note. My 27-26-56-6 was an illustrious American orator and statesman. My 58-6-26-21-5 was Vice-President and President of the United States. My 43-52-68-26-49-17 is the name of a battle won by General Grant. My 69-27-44-59-67 is the name of an American general who fought in the Mexican war.

M. T. Z.

## FIRE-CRACKER MAZE.



TRACE a path through this maze, entering at figure one and passing out at figure two.

W. EARLE.

## DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

1 . . 1  
. 2 2 .  
. 3 3 .  
4 . . 4

ACROSS: 1. Unyielding. 2. A raised seat. 3. Much used in August. 4. Burden.

Diagonals, from left to right and from right to left, each name a part of a clock.

M. D. D.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
May glide onward into June.

PICTURE PUZZLE. Two souls with but a single thought—  
Two hearts that beat as one.

QUINCUNX. Across: 1. Mash. 2. Egg. 3. Loud. 4. Rod. 5. Fray.

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE. June, user, near, errs.

CHARADE. Robin Hood.

ZIGZAG. John Wesley. Cross-words: 1. Junk. 2. Port. 3. AcHe. 4. SpaN. 5. CoWl. 6. MEad. 7. Stem. 8. Play. 9. DiEt. 10. Pony.

DIAMOND. 1. E. 2. Rud. 3. Peril. 4. Revival. 5. Euripides. 6. Divided. 7. Laden. 8. Led. 9. S.

PROGRESSIVE ANAGRAMS. 1. A. 2. Ar. 3. Are, Rac, era, ear.

4. Read, dear. 5. Andre, Amr. 6. Neared, endear, earned. 7. Yearned, deanery.

EASY DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. June, July.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 10, base; from 2 to 11, idol; from 3 to 12, ball.

RHOMB. Across: 1. Inert. 2. Overt. 3. Eneid. 4. Tales. 5. Dents.

GEOGRAPHICALS. HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Gladstone. Across: 1. Alleghany. 2. Ireland. 3. ItAly. 4. IDa. 5. S. 6. ITu. 7. RhOne. 8. GraNada. 9. LeicEster.

OUTLINE PUZZLE. Begin at the extreme right-hand angle; then N. W. to the corner of the oblong; S. to the lower line; N. E. to the starting point; W. to the extreme left-hand angle; S. E. to the lower line; E. to the opposite corner of the oblong; N. W. to upper corner of oblong; E. to opposite corner; S. W. to lower corner of oblong; N. to upper corner of oblong; S. W. to extreme left-hand angle.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS. 1. Horse, hose. 2. Short, shot. 3. Smite, site. 4. Blow, bow. 5. Prince, price. 6. Vast, vat. 7. Road, rod. 8. Heart, hart. 9. Ruin, run. 10. Cause, case.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from Hester Powell, Lincolnshire, England, 7—Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfort, Germany, 8.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Cuchee Smith—"Uncle Dick and Aunt Winsor"—Arthur Gride—"Silhouette and Co."—Arian Arnold—Helen F. Turner—J. McClintock—The Knight Family—"Two Subscribers"—Pinnie and Jack—Mary A. Casal—"Mama and Bae"—F. L. Atbush—C. S. C.—Hugh and Sis—Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from Joe Sheffield, 4—Helen L. Towne, 1—Jessamine, 1—"Tryptolimus Titmouse," 2—Philip Embury, Jr., 10—Paul Reese, 12—Mary Wright, 2—"Daisy," 1—Bessie Brown, 3—Callie and Louise, 1—Edward Bancroft, 3—Fannie N., 1—H. Ries, 2—Ed and Tom, 5—Louis, 1—Edward E. Gisburne, 1—Merice McC. Buck, 3—Minnie Van Buren, 1—"Jumbo and Jumbo, Jr.," 2—Adrienne M. Duysters, 1—Lydia Farnham and Gertrude Fuller, 1—Génie J. Callmeyer and M. Dumonte, 11—A. G. T., 1—Hattie Metcalf, 1—Russell K. Miller, 2—Mary E. Baker, 4—Charley Weymouth, 7—"Robin Hood," 3—"Mrs. Nickleby," 1—Annie McLaughlin, 1—S. R. T., 13—"Dilettant," 9—Bessie and Birdie, 4—"Betsey Trotwood," 2—"Partners," 11—Mary Nash, 9—Carroll S. Shepard, 1—"Sallie," 7—"Sydney Carton," 7—Florence Rosenbaum, 1—Dulce and Dorothy, 3—Lewis Fouquet, 10—Edith and Millie Kendall, 3—"The Three," 10—Alice and Lizzie Pendleton, 13—Effie K. Talboys, 10—Gaylord Bros., 5—Jessie B. H., 1—"Star," 3—Reginald H. Murphy, Jr., 1—Nellie, May, and Puss, 7—Dydie, 11—Mamie Hitchcock, 6—Hester M. F. Powell, 8—"The Two Annes," 13—Minnie and Belle, 3—Hattie Nichols, 3—Clara Small and Emeline Jungerich, 7—Kenneth B. Emerson, 7—Walter H. Clark, 13—The Stewart Browns, 8—L. I., 1, 9—Jennie and Birdie, 7—I. Ganeaux, 9—Sadie, May, Daisy, and Lou, 7—"Punch and Judy," 4—Katie I. Robertson, 5—Teddie Comstock, 1—"Robin Hood," 5—Emmie C. Dewees, 3—"Boston," 4—Hazel A. Dalton, 2—Charlie M. Philo, 2—Samuel Branson, 5—"Queen Mab," 5—Annie and Louis R. Custer, 11—Estelle Riley, 12—D. B. Shumway, 12—"Calla," 6—Mattie Fitzgerald, 1—Hattie Mason, 1—Ariana Moore, 12—"A. P. Ower, Jr.," 13—"Rory O'More," 8—Clara J. Child, 12—"Nip and Tuck," 3—May Rogers, 2—Lulie M. Bradley, 13—Alice H. Foster, 3—G. Lansing and J. Wallace, 8—Lottie A. Best, 11—"Miltiades," 6—Minnie B. Murray, 11—C. H. Niemeyer, 7—"Alcibiades," 13—Marguerite Kyte, 1—Charles H. Kyte, 13—F. B. and J. D. Harkness, 7—Sallie Viles, 12—Willie C. Anderson, 5—Joseph Henry Cuning, 5—Pap., Elida and Sam Whitaker, 10—"Lulu and her Mother," 4—Vessie Westover, 13—H. L. P., 6—Jeannie M. Elliott, 10—Algernon Tassin, 10—Alice Austen, 13—Eva Roddin and T. Miller, 4—Maggie Turrill, 7—Mabel Jennings, 12—Florence P. Jones, 1. Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.







"AND WE TURNED BACK THE HANDS  
TILL THEY POINTED TO TEN."

[Page 724.]



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X.

AUGUST, 1883.

No. 10.

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## THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

- "WE did not mean to do wrong," she said,  
With a mist in her eyes of tears unshed,  
Like the haze of the midsummer weather.
- "We thought you would all be as happy as we;  
But something 'most always goes wrong, you see,  
When we have our play-time together.
- "Before the dew on the grass was dry,  
We were out this morning, Reuben and I,  
And truly, I think that never—  
For all that you and Mamma may say—  
Will there be again such a happy day  
In all the days of forever!
- "The sunshine was yellow as gold, and the skies  
Were as sleepy and blue as the baby's eyes;  
And a soft little wind was blowing  
And rocking the daisy-buds to and fro:  
We played that the meadows were white with snow,  
Where the crowding blossoms were growing.
- "The birds and the bees flew about in the sun,  
And there was not a thing that was sorry—not one,  
That dear morning down in the meadow.  
But *we* could not bear to think—Reuben and I—  
That our beautiful day would be done, by and by,  
And our sunshiny world dark with shadow.
- "So into the hall we quietly stepped.  
It was cool and still, and a sunbeam crept  
Through the door, and the birds were singing.

We stole as softly as we could go  
To the clock at the foot of the stairs, you know,  
With its big, bright pendulum swinging.

“We knew that the sun dropped down out of heaven,  
And brought the night, when the clock struck seven—  
For so I had heard Mamma saying;  
And we turned back the hands till they pointed to ten,  
And our beautiful day began over again,  
And then ran away to our playing.

“I’m afraid I can’t tell you the rest,” she said,  
With a sorrowful droop of the fair little head,  
And the misty brown eyes overflowing.

“We had only been out such a few minutes more,  
When, just as it always had happened before,  
We found that our dear day was going.

“The shadows grew long, and the blue skies were gray,  
And the bees and the butterflies all flew away,  
And the dew on the grasses was falling.  
The sun did not shine in the sky any more,  
And the birds did not sing, and away by the door  
We heard Mamma’s voice to us calling.

“But the night will be done, I suppose, by and by;  
And we have been thinking—Reuben and I—  
That perhaps,”—and she smiled through her sorrow,—  
“Perhaps it may be, after all, better so,  
For if to-day lasted forever, you know,  
There would never be any to-morrow!”





## LINDY.

BY CHARLOTTE A. BUTTS.

"OH, Daddy!" called a clear, girlish voice from the kitchen door.

"Yes, Lindy; what's wanted?"

"Ma wants to know how long it'll be 'fore you're ready."

"Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by the time she gets her things on. Be sure you have the butter and eggs all ready to put into the wagon. We're makin' too late a start to town."

Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy needed a reminder other than the new dress for which they were to be exchanged.

"Elmer and I can go to town next time, can't we, Ma?" she asked, entering the house.

"Yes, Lindy; I hope so," was the reply. "But don't bother me now; your pa is coming already, and I have n't my shawl on yet. Yes, Wilbur; I'm here. Just put this butter in, Lindy; I'll carry the eggs in my lap. Now, Lindy, don't let Elmer play with the fire or run away. And, Elmer, be a good boy and mind Lindy. Take care of yourselves, children!"

And in a moment more the heavy lumber wagon rattled away from the door, and the children stood gazing after it, for awhile, in a half-forlorn manner. Then Lindy went in to do her work, Elmer resumed his play, and soon everything was moving along as cheerfully as ever.

After dinner, Elmer went to sleep, and Lindy, feeling rather lonely again, went out-of-doors for a change. It was a warm autumnal day, almost the perfect counterpart of a dozen or more which had preceded it. The sun shone brightly, and the hot winds that swept through the tall grass made that and all else it touched so dry that the prairie seemed like a vast tinder-box. Though her parents had but lately moved to this place, Lindy was accustomed to the prairies. She had been born on them, and her eyes were familiar with nothing else; yet, as she stood to-day with that brown, unbroken expanse rolling away before her until it reached the pale bluish-gray of the sky, the indescribable feeling of awe and terrible solitude which such a scene often inspires in one not familiar with it stole gradually over her. But Lindy was far too practical to remain long under such an influence. The chickens were "peeping" loudly, and she remembered that they were still without their dinner.

As she passed around the corner of the house

with a dish of corn in her hands, the wind almost lifted her from the ground. It was certainly blowing with greater violence than during the morning.

Great tumble-weeds were flying by, turning over and over with almost lightning-like rapidity; then, pausing for an instant's rest, were caught by another gust and carried along, mile after mile, till some fence or other obstacle was reached, where they could pile up in great drifts, and wait till a brisk wind from an opposite direction should send them rolling and tumbling way back. But Lindy did not notice the



tumble-weeds. The dish of corn had fallen from her hands, and she stood looking straight ahead with wide-open, terrified eyes.

• What was the sight that so frightened her?

Only a line of fire below the horizon. Only a line of fire, with forked flames darting high into the air and a cloud of smoke drifting away from them. A beautiful relief, this bright, changing spectacle, from the brown monotony of the prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy. Her heart had given one great bound when she first saw the red line, and then it seemed to cease beating. She had seen many prairie fires; had seen her

father and other men fight them, and she knew at once the danger her home was in. What could she, a little girl, do to save it, and perhaps herself and her little brother, from the destroyer which the south wind was bringing straight toward them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood, white and motionless; then with a bound she was at the well. Her course was decided upon. If only time and strength were given her! Drawing two pails of water, she laid a large bag in each, and then, getting some matches, hurried out beyond the stable. She must fight fire with fire. That was her only hope; but a strong, experienced man would have shrunk from starting a back-fire in such a wind.

She fully realized the danger, but it was possible escape from otherwise inevitable destruction, and she hesitated not an instant to attempt it. Cautiously starting a blaze, she stood with a wet bag in her hands, ready to smother the first unruly flame.

The great fire to the southward was rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds, driven from their nests, were flying over, uttering distressed cries. The air was full of smoke and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames could plainly be

The extremity of the danger inspired her with wonderful strength and endurance. Instead of losing courage, she increased her almost superhuman exertions, and in another brief interval the task was completed. None too soon either, for the swiftly advancing column had nearly reached the wavering, struggling, slow-moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half terrible, half beautiful scene. The tongues of flame, leaping above each other with airy, fantastic grace, seemed, cat-like, to toy with their victims before devouring them.

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and then with a great crackling roar the two fires met, the flames shooting high into the air as they rushed together.

For one brief, glorious moment they remained there, lapping the air with their fierce, hot tongues; then, suddenly dropping, they died quickly out; and where an instant before had been a wall of fire was nothing now but a cloud of blue smoke rising from the blackened ground, and here and there a sickly flame finishing an obstinate tuft of grass. The fire on each side, meeting no obstacle, swept quickly by, and Lindy stood gazing, spell-bound, after it as it darted and flashed in zigzag



LINDY FIGHTS THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

heard. It was a trying moment. The increased roar of the advancing fire warned Lindy that she had but very little time in which to complete the circle around house and barn; still, if she hurried her work too much, she would lose control of the fire she had started, and with it all hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating, the rapid swinging of the heavy bag most exhausting, but she was unconscious of these things.

lines over ridges and through hollows, farther and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" called a shrill little voice from the house. Elmer had just awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered, turning. But how very queer she felt! There was a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had made; everything whirled before her eyes, and the sun seemed suddenly to have ceased shining, all was so dark. Reaching the house by a great effort,



she sank, faint, dizzy, and trembling, upon the bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to cry, and, as he never did anything in a half-way manner, the result was quite wonderful. His frantic shrieks and furious cries roused his half-fainting sister as effectually as if he had poured a glass of brandy between her lips. She soon sat up, and by and by color began to return to the white face and strength to the exhausted body. Her practical nature and strong will again asserted themselves, and instead of yielding to a feeling of weakness and prostration, she tied on her sun-bonnet firmly, and gave the chickens their long-delayed dinner.

The northern sky was very beautiful that night.

The fire itself was too distant to be seen; but the column of smoke rising from it in the then still air was brilliantly lighted, and presented a grand spectacle.

Lindy sat by the window, her new dress in her lap, and her parents' praises still sounding in her ears. She was very tired, but the scene without had a sort of fascination for her, and she could not go to bed.

Half an hour later her father found her fast asleep, with the glow from the sky reflected on her weary little face. He looked out of the window for a moment, picturing to himself the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then down at his daughter. "A brave girl!" he murmured, smoothing the yellow hair with his hard, brown hand—"a brave girl!"

## THE VAIN OLD WOMAN.

*(Adapted from the German.)*

BY ARLO BATES.

THERE was once an old woman so very poor that she had no house, but lived in a hollow tree. One day she found a piece of money lying in the road. Full of joy at her good fortune, she began to consider what she should buy with the money.

"If I get anything to eat," she said to herself, "I shall quickly devour it, and that will be the end of the matter. That will not do at all. If I buy clothes, people will call me proud, and that will not do; and besides I have no closet to keep them in. Ah! I have it! I will buy a broom, and then everybody that I meet will think I have a house. A broom is the thing. A broom it shall be."

So the old woman went into the next town and bought a broom. She walked proudly along with her purchase, looking about her all the time to see if people noticed her and looked envious, thinking of her house. But as no one seemed to remark her, she began to be discontented with her bargain.

"Does everybody have a house except me?" she said to herself, crossly. "I wish I had bought something else!"

Presently she met a man carrying a small jar of oil.

"This is what I want," exclaimed the old

woman; "anybody can have a house, but only the truly rich can have oil to light it with."

So she bartered her broom for the oil, and went on more proudly than ever, holding the jar so that all could see it. Still she failed to attract any particular notice, and she was once more discontented. As she went moodily along she met a woman with a bunch of large flowers.

"Here, at last, I have what I want," the old woman thought. "If I can get these, all that see me will believe I am just getting my house ready for a brilliant party. Then they'll be jealous, I hope."

So when the woman with the flowers came close to her she offered her oil for them, and the other gladly made the change.

"Now I am indeed fortunate!" she said to herself. "Now I am somebody!"

But still she failed to attract attention, and, happening to glance at her old dress, it suddenly occurred to her that she might be mistaken for a servant carrying flowers for her master. She was so much vexed by the thought that she flung the bouquet into the ditch, and went home to her tree empty-handed.

"Now I am well rid of it all," she said to herself.



YOUNG SHIP-BUILDER: "COURSE IT 'LL FLOAT. BUT, NELLIE, YOU MUST KEEP IT FROM FLOATING OUT WHILE I KEEP IT FROM FLOATING IN."

## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### CALM BEFORE STORM.

It was true enough that the mill was going again that forenoon "as if nothing unusual had happened." Such rest as the boys got must have been taken before ten o'clock; for at that hour, the tide favoring, flash-boards were set and wheels and lathes merrily whirling.

"The editor ought to have added," Mart penciled at the bottom of the article in his scrap-book, "that the T. Brothers did not lose the use of their water-power for even five minutes in consequence

of the dam's having been torn away. It was ready again, and so were we, long before the water was."

To add to their triumph, the court refused to grant the injunction against rebuilding, which was actually applied for before it was known that the rebuilding was an accomplished fact.

Their position appeared now to be stronger than ever. They were running their mill in open defiance of all the power and influence that could be brought to bear against them by the Argonaut Club and the authorities of both towns, yet not in defiance of what they firmly believed to be law and justice.

Tranquil days followed. The boys were able to

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keep their engagements, and also to start some new projects. In the midst of all, Mart found time to finish a wheeled chair he had for some time been making for his mother; while Lute and Rush gave their leisure moments to building a boat.

The chair was as comfortable as well as a very ingenious affair; and never was there a happier family than when, one Monday morning in May, the widow took her first airing in it, attended by all her children. She could easily work the levers and propel the wheels herself; but, bless you! the boys would not allow that, while they were there to compete for the pleasure of pushing it. And oh, what a day it was! The air was soft and fragrant with blossoms. The door-yard turf was starred with bright dandelions. The pear-trees were like white bouquets; the apple-trees pink with just opening buds. And the great willow was, as Letty said, "one glory of young leaves and yellow tassels."

The edge of the still river below — for it was full tide — was laced with the golden pollen which every breeze shook down, and the boughs were filled with the summer-like hum of bees.

To and fro, along the edge of the high bank and then about the garden, the widow rode, "like a queen in state," she said, enjoying every sight and sound and sweet scent wafted by the wind, yet taking more delight in the society of her children than in all beside. Letty wished her to see the pansies in bloom; but she found more pleasure in the rows of peas, now well up, because they were the first things ever planted by the younger boys, and they were, oh, so proud of them!

Then she returned to the bank above the river, and sat there, looking at the water and the landscape, and hearkening to the bees and the talk of the young folks, until the church-bells began to ring.

"It's a long time since I have been to church," she said, with a sigh.

"Well, you can go, now you have your c-c-carriage," said Lute.

"Any of us will be proud to be your horses," Rush added. "Will you try it next Sunday?"

"I'll see. I should like to have the Tammoset and Dempford folks know that we are not such heathens as they seem to take us for."

"There are some Dempford heathens for you," said Mart, from the tree, looking down the river.

"Members in good and regular standing of the Argonaut Club," said Rush.

"It's the B-b-buzrow," remarked Lute, adjusting his spectacles. "I wonder if he has got his c-c-crow-bar with him."

Buzrow did not have his bar; or, if he had, he did not attempt to use it, under the eyes of the

young Tinkhams in the tree. His boat, containing two young Argonauts besides himself, passed quietly up the river, to the widow's great relief.

"They don't ask me where our dam is, as they did that night," laughed Rush. "They must love the sight of it!"

"However that may be," said the widow, "I hope and pray that they have made up their minds to let it alone!"

"You hope too m-much, Mother," said Lute. "They've no more concluded to let it alone than we have to let it be t-t-taken away."

"What's that under your feet, Martin?" the widow suddenly asked.

From her chair at the end of the plank, she had discovered that the hollow formed by the circle of branches at the top of the immense willow trunk was filled with pebbles and stones — many of them as big as boys' fists.

"These?" drawled Mart, looking down, with his knee on one of the seats. "They are the boys' ammunition."

"Ammunition!" exclaimed Mrs. Tinkham.

"Of course, Mother!" cried Rupert. "And this tree is our fort. If there's another attack on the dam, you'll see! Rod and I brought the stones up here in baskets, to be all ready."

"This is the way! Look, Mother!" said Rod, in the tree. And catching up one of the pebbles, he flung it at an imaginary enemy.

He peered eagerly between the branches till it struck the water just below the dam; then dodged behind a seat, as if expecting a shot in return, at the same time catching up more pebbles.

"Stop, stop, child!" said the widow, smiling in spite of herself at his little attitudes and alert spirit. "If people should see you, they'd think we were heathens indeed!"

Meanwhile, Buzrow was saying to his companions in the boat:

"That dam makes me mad as I can be, every time I pass it. To see it still there, after all that's been said and done, and the sassy fellers on the bank laughing in their sleeves at us — it's a disgrace to the club! it's a disgrace to the towns! it's a disgrace to human nature!"

"You promised to tear it away yourself," said Ned Lufford. "We all supposed you would."

There was a tinge of sarcasm in the tone in which this was spoken, and the cow-smiter's son noticed on Ned's face a smile he did n't like.

"So I would, if I had n't waited for the club to take action," he replied, his coarse features reddening to the complexion of a dingy overgrown beet.

"You waited for the club, and the club waited for the two towns, and the two towns waited till

the mill-owners were away and only a crippled woman at home," said Ned, with a laugh.

"Then a gang of hired men did the work," added George Hawkins. "And see what it all amounts to! The dam was back again in ten or twelve hours, and there it's likely to stay."

"No, sir!" said Buzrow, bringing down that brawny fist of his with an emphatic blow on the gunwale of the boat. He felt that he was losing influence with his companions, and that some decisive step must be taken. "I've stood it long enough! If we can't tear that miserable dam away as fast as five boys can rebuild it, we're a lot of figgerheads, and don't merit the title of a club anyway."

"We have n't gained much by swapping commodores, as I see," Ned Lufford said. "Web can brag!—but what does brag amount to?"

As Buzrow had been rather louder than anybody else in the said matter of brag, he felt himself lashed over Web's shoulders.

"And what's the use of a mill-dam committee?" said George Hawkins. "Is it going to take all summer to talk over measures, as they call it, for getting rid of a dam the owners rebuilt in one night?"

"The owners did n't stop to talk," Ned Lufford added, "but went to work like plucky fellows! Are the committee afraid of 'em? 'Scuse me, Milt! I'd forgot you was one of the committee."

Whether he had forgotten it or not, Lufford evidently, like Hawkins, took pleasure in goading their companion.

"I am one of the committee!" Buzrow exclaimed. "And I've tried my best to bring the boys to decide on something. Now, I don't wait no longer for them, nor for the club, nor for the towns. If I can get ten or a dozen fellers to go with me some night, I'll engage to have that dam away before the Tinkhams can wake up and rub their eyes open. Of course you'll agree to be one, Ned? and you, George?"

After such remarks as they had indulged in, the two could not reasonably decline.

"Now, here are three of us pledged!" said Buzrow. "And we can get seven or eight more easy enough. We must go in strong force, so as to do our work up in good shape and make it a sure thing."

"I suppose it will be as well to get the committee to move, if we can," suggested Lufford, with rapidly cooling zeal.

"And hit upon some plan for ripping out the whole thing, and not simply breaking a few boards and stakes," added Hawkins. "There's no use o' that."

"Not without we do it often enough to make

the Tinkhams sick of their bargain," Buzrow admitted. "But I've got an idea. No noise—no danger—just a little preparation—then, presto! out goes the dam in a jiffy! We don't leave the mud-sill to be put back again, neither!"

"Tell us about it!" both friends exclaimed, their zeal kindling again at the thought of the work being accomplished so melodramatically, yet without peril to themselves.

And Buzrow proceeded, with solemn charges of secrecy, to unfold his plan.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### AN ATTACK.

If the plan was a good one, and a sufficient number of volunteers were found for putting it in execution, then they must have had to wait some time for a night favorable to their enterprise. Two weeks went by, and the Tinkham brothers were still left in tranquil enjoyment of their water-power.

Lute was generally the one who slept in the mill, not only because a peculiar sensitiveness to sounds seemed to have been given him to compensate for his nearness of sight, but also because, as he averred, he had got used to his bed of shavings, and rather liked it.

He had one night lain down, as was his custom, with his clothes on,—merely kicking off his shoes and placing his spectacles on the end of the work-bench,—and had slept comfortably about three hours, when he was awakened by a sound like the clanking of a chain.

He was on his feet in a moment; but in his eagerness to get his glasses he knocked them off the bench into the bed of shavings. He lost no time searching for them, but hastened to the open window on the side of the dam, and softly put out his head.

There was a moon somewhere in the sky, but it was a cloudy, drizzling night, and without the help of his glasses he could not distinguish one object from another. But again he heard, though not so plainly as before, a sound like the muffled clanking of a chain.

It seemed to be on the farther bank of the river; and, listening intently, he believed he could hear footsteps moving about. Then came a little splashing of the water, quite different from the murmur of the outgoing tide where it poured through the opening in the dam.

Lute stepped quickly to the end of the bench, found the twine looped over its nail, and drew it tight with a single firm but gentle pull. That was the signal for secrecy and haste.



A responsive pull, not quite so gentle, assured him that Mart was roused. He then groped in the shavings for his spectacles, found them, and put them on. By that time, Mart had awakened Rocket, who in turn shook the sleep out of Rupe and Rod; and such a scrambling for clothes, and such a tumbling out-of-doors ensued, as that old house had never before known.

Lute was at the window again, with all his senses alert, when Mart, half dressed, in shirt and trousers and shoes, came swiftly and without noise into the mill and glided to his side.

"What's going on over there?" Lute whispered. "Do you see something?"

Dim objects could be vaguely discerned on the opposite bank, and a dull, tramping sound was heard, heavier than that made by any ordinary human footsteps. Then a light clicking or jingling, as of a trace or some part of a harness.

"Horses!" breathed Mart.

"Horses and men!" whispered Rush, who was at the window almost as soon as his brother. "The shore is covered with 'em!"

Then once more the splashing at the farther end of the dam; and Lute told of the clanking sound by which he had been awakened.

"I believe they're trying to hitch on to the mud-sill and drag the whole thing out t-t-together!" was his shrewd comment.

"That's their game!" said Mart.

He turned to the two younger ones, who were also crowding to the window by this time, and gave them swift orders what to do. While they hastened to execute them, he reached for an old shop-coat that hung over the work-bench, and put it on. This he did that he might be a less conspicuous object to the enemy, when the time should come to expose himself, than he would be if seen in his white shirt-waist.

Lute had guessed well the design of the Argonauts. Their plot had been well laid, thanks to wiser heads than Buzrow's; and it might easily have succeeded but for an unforeseen circumstance. To get a log-chain around the mud-sill, hitch to it the powerful truck-horses hired for the occasion, and then, by one strong, steady pull in the right direction, tear away the whole structure at once, breaking stakes and spilings, or pulling them up—a bright idea, was n't it? Well, this was what Buzrow had heard somebody say should have been done before when the dam was destroyed, and which it had been determined to do now.

Then the wreck, so the Argonauts reasoned, could be dragged off down the bed of the river by the horses, still attached, taken to some convenient spot, and there broken up and burned or set

adrift, at leisure. Any number of volunteers might have been enlisted in what promised to be so glorious an enterprise. But in order to insure secrecy beforehand and silence on the spot, only a dozen picked Argonauts had been let into the scheme.

They were now on the Dempford shore, with the three draught-horses and their driver, a spade, an auger, and a chain, and bars and axes to be used in an emergency. The tools had been brought in a boat, which was hauled ashore a little below the dam. The spade was for digging under the mud-sill, the auger for boring holes in the boards above and the spilings below, and the chain for passing through and locking around afterward.

This was to be done near the end of the sill, but not too near, lest the chain, in hauling, should slip off. A spot was selected about four feet from the bank. The spilings were found, and gravel enough got away from them to give the auger room to work. To bore a hole or two under water had been thought easy enough, and a much more silent operation than knocking away the boards with ax or bar.

But now the unforeseen circumstance played its little part.

Buzrow, booted and clad for the occasion, like the rest, stooped in the water, which was not now nearly so high as when the dam was first torn away, and plied the long-stemmed auger.

But neither Buzrow nor any of his fellow Argonauts had fully taken in the fact that the mud-sill, which before lay on the bed of the river, was now sunken well into it. Consequently, he bored his first hole into the timber, instead of simply boring through the spiling under it. A second hole was no more lucky. Then the spade had to be used again, to get out more gravel. At last, however, he hit the right place. Another hole was made in the board that rested on the sill. Then the chain was worked through both holes and locked about the timber.

At last everything was ready. The horses, harnessed tandem, were to start on the bank, in order to give the sill an upward slant that might draw out the spilings with it; they were then to be turned into the bed of the river, and driven off down-stream, hauling after them the dam, or as much of it as should hold together.

The driver waited for the word. Buzrow took hold of the heavy rope, which extended from the last whiffletree, in order to hook it to the chain. But the delay had caused the horses to grow impatient in their strange situation. Having started a few steps forward, they had now to be backed up again. Buzrow was straining at the rope with one hand and holding the chain with the other, and two or three Argonauts were helping him,—six

inches more and the rope would have been hooked, —when thud! patter! splash! came a volley of stones.

One hit Buzrow on the back. But he still held on, and would have hooked the chain, had not another struck the rear horse. That started him up again; and Buzrow, even if he had had the strength of the man whose fist knocked down a cow, could not have clung to both rope and chain at once, without having those burly shoulders of his dislocated. He dropped the chain, and tugged at the rope until it was jerked from his hands and he found himself hurled headlong against the bank in a heap with the assisting Argonauts.

"Whoa! whoa!" he muttered. "Can't you hold your horses?"

Evidently the driver could not, or did not care to, with more stones striking the animals' flanks and hurtling mysteriously about his own head.

There was an ignominious retreat, in which Buzrow himself was glad to join; and, in less than half a minute, not a figure of man or beast was to be seen by the Tinkham boys from the other shore.

There was a rally at the boat, where Buzrow and the boldest of his followers tried to induce the truckman to go back with his team and make another trial.

"We can hook on in a second," Milt said. "Then let the horses run if they want to! Who cares for a few stones?"

The stones had in fact ceased coming, and everything was quiet in the direction of the mill.

"If you care so little for the stones," the teamster finally said, "go and make a diversion by attacking the other end of the dam; draw their fire, so my horses will stand till we get hitched on. I'll agree to that."

A confused discussion followed. Some were for gathering "rocks" to throw at the mill; to which others objected that the volley which drove them off did not come from the mill at all, and that breaking a few windows would not do much toward breaking the dam. Their business was with that.

"We must decide on something," said Ned Lufford, "or we may as well give up and go home."

"Go home and leave that dam there!" exclaimed Buzrow, stung to fury by the hurts he had received and by the thought of such failure. "Never! Come on, boys!"

"What are you going to do?" asked George Hawkins.

"Make a diversion, as Balch says. Two of you help him hitch on to the chain. I and four or five more will pitch into the dam with our axes and bars, while the rest of you find out where the rocks come from—if any more come—and have some to fire back."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE BATTLE OF THE DAM.

IMMEDIATELY all the Argonauts, except Buzrow himself, began to search for projectiles along the shore. To choose one's position and skirmish with stones seemed a much more attractive part than to walk boldly up to the dam and be stoned. Naturally, almost any boy would prefer it; and the Argonauts were human.

Then, when Buzrow put a stop to that nonsense, as he called it, and appointed only four skirmishers, all the rest wanted to assist in attaching the horses to the chain. But that would n't do, either.

"Let George Hawkins and Frank Veals go with Balch," he said. "They understand it. The rest come with me!"

While the others were gathering stones, Buzrow had taken the opportunity to stuff a big boat-sponge into the crown of his felt hat. They had no such defense against dangerous missiles, nor did they know what made him so ready to lead them into battle. No doubt they supposed it was the native Buzrow courage. But I suspect it was the boat-sponge.

"It wont take half a minute!" he declared. "As soon as the team starts and the dam begins to crack, we're out of the way!"

Those he called upon could not well refuse to follow his heroic example. They armed themselves with axes and bars, buttoned their coats, turned up the collars, and pulled their hats over their eyes. The water was nowhere leg-deep, and all had rubber boots on.

"All ready?" said Buzrow.

All were ready. They stood in the rain, facing the dam, and waiting for the word to charge. Nothing could be seen before them but the dim outline of the shore, the pale glimmer of the river, and the gloomy mass of the high bank beyond. In that deep shadow, the shape of the mill could hardly be discovered.

Balch and his team made a detour. The skirmishers advanced noiselessly up the bank. Then Buzrow, having allowed the horses time to get abreast of the dam, gave the word:

"Now, boys!"

And the intrepid six rushed into the river.

To attract attention, they made all the noise they could on their way to the dam, hoping it would begin to go before they had a chance to attack it. But Balch and his assistants were not quick enough for that.

Carrying his head well before him, conscious of the boat-sponge, Buzrow made a lunge at the dam



with his bar—not at the end nearest the mill (perhaps out of deference to Rush and his well-remembered bean-pole), but yet far enough from the Dempford shore to divert the expected volley of stones from that quarter.

Excellent strategy in that respect it proved; though the credit of suggesting it belonged not to the warlike Argonauts, but to the dull-witted driver of draught-horses.

Buzrow's followers fell in at his right, considerably leaving him the honor of standing at the post of greatest danger, on the side of the mill.

hit on the shoulder. A second stone struck his left arm—a stinging but not a disabling shot, the perverse projectiles appearing to alight anywhere except on the sponge-stuffed cushion prepared for them.

"Why don't they hitch on?" he furiously exclaimed. "We must fall back if they don't!"

Ned Lufford had already fallen back, dizzy and staggering from the effect of a well-aimed pebble which found no boat-sponge inside his hat. One or two others were faltering.

Meanwhile, something quite different from a



"LUTE AND RUSH EMPLOYED THEIR LEISURE MOMENTS IN BUILDING A BOAT." (PAGE 729.)

At the first stroke upon the dam, the stones began to come, all in the direction of the attacking party in front, not one straying far enough to interfere with the more important movement on the flank.

Whiz! thump! splash! crash!

The sounds made by the missiles mingled wildly with the noise of bars and axes smiting the dam. At the same time, the skirmishers, perceiving by the way the stones struck the water that they must come from the shore above the mill, opened a heavy return fire in that direction, without, however, silencing the Tinkham battery.

Still the mud-sill did not start, although in the excitement of battle it seemed to Buzrow that there had been time enough to pull the whole thing away.

At the very beginning of the attack he had been

pebble had once or twice touched the back of Buzrow's upturned coat-collar, and slipped away so lightly that he thought nothing of it.

It came from the door-way of the mill, and was quickly drawn back in that direction. Then it shot out again invisible, the long arm also invisible which projected it over the platform.

Then two hands hauled in—with something to haul this time.

The lightly flying, unseen object was a lasso, which, after twice missing the mark, had dropped its insinuating supple noose over the sponge-protected head, and tightened at the chin below.

Buzrow gave a suppressed yelp, dropping his bar and throwing up both hands, and in an instant started toward the mill in a most astonishing fashion.

The two hands hauling were Mart's. To them was now added another pair; and never did huge, floundering fish emerge more suddenly or more helplessly from the deep than Buzrow the valiant tumbled out of the shallow river upon the platform and into the clutches of his captors.

In vain his hands caught and struggled at the lasso. It had found a tender spot just above the coat-collar and under the chin, and to avoid instantaneous choking he had been only too ready to follow whither it led.

The Argonaut who stood beside him heard the short and quickly choked yell, and observed his sudden strange movements. Not knowing the cause, he drew the too hasty inference that Milt had been seriously hurt and that he was plunging to the shelter of the mill.

He started to follow. A third Argonaut followed him. But just as the two latter neared the platform, crack! crack! fell something more substantial than a lasso on their unprotected heads. Flashes of fire were instantly knocked out of them, together with all ideas of seeking shelter in a quarter which dispensed hospitalities of that sort.

They recoiled, reeling and stumbling, into the river. One dodged under the platform, just as the gasping and flopping Buzrow was hauled headlong over it into the mill. The other recovered himself and took to flight, keeping step to a vigorous tattoo on his back and shoulders, played by a bean-pole instead of a drumstick.

Then Rush stood alone on the platform (not knowing what was under it), brandishing his weapon, ready for fresh comers.

No fresh comers appeared, the remaining Argonauts at the dam also plashing off in a panic-stricken way down the river.

Still the mud-sill did not move! The reason for this was that the boys could not hitch to the log-chain. The reason why they could not hitch to it was that there was no log-chain there! For this, also, there was a very excellent reason.

The stratagem by which the fire of the Tinkham

battery was to be diverted was good, as I have said, as far as it went. But a counter stratagem had gone beyond that.

While the Argonauts were rallying at the boat and gathering stones on the beach, Lute had crossed the stream under cover of the dam, found the chain in the water, unlocked it, and pulled it away. He had then pushed back the loose gravel against the sill with his feet, and afterward recrossed in safety and silence before the final attack began.

Much time was lost by Hawkins and Veals in searching for the chain; then a good deal more in exploring for the bored holes, which Lute had covered. For they now hoped to get the rope around the timber in place of the chain, and haul it off in that way.

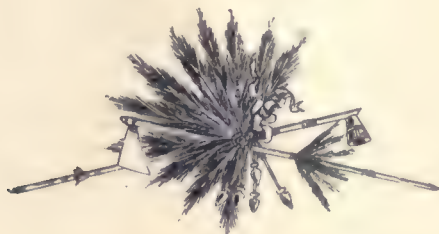
But things happened too fast for them. The Argonauts had retreated from the dam, and Buzrow was a captive in the mill, bound hand and foot, and admonished still further to keep quiet by a noose about his neck, which could be so easily tightened in an emergency! Rupe and Rod were thus left free to turn their attention to the men and horses on the bank, who were soon glad enough to retreat again out of range of the pelting stones.

Meanwhile, the skirmishers, finding their pockets nearly empty of ammunition, had reserved their last volleys until they perceived, from their position above the dam, that some action was taking place at the corner of the mill.

"There's where the rocks come from!" said one. "Let drive, boys!"

The action was already over, however. At the first stone, Rush stepped quietly inside and closed the door. A second came through the open window, but hurt nobody. A third struck the platform; while others, aimed too low, seemed to take effect under it. For now the poor fellow crouching there ran out, wildly shrieking, "It's me, boys! it's me!" and made off with a great splashing, amidst the last volleys fired by his brother Argonauts.

*(To be continued.)*





## SIX LITTLE MAIDENS.

BY R. W. LOWRIE.



I 'LL tell you a story, I 'll sing you a song,—  
It 's not very short and it 's not very long,—  
Of six little maidens: in white they were dressed,  
And each was the sweetest and each was the best.

Invited for four—well, now, let me see:  
Waiting was dull, so they got there at three.  
There were little Miss Katie and Nellie and Sue,  
And little Miss Bessie and Polly and Prue.

It might have been June, if it had n't been May,  
The first of the month, and a beautiful day;  
They kissed when they met, as the ladies all do—  
Kate, Susie, and Nell; Bess, Polly, and Prue.

They danced and they skipped and they sang and they played,  
And they formed pretty groups  
in the sun and the shade;  
And I said, when they asked  
me of which I was fond,—  
"Brunettes are the dearest,  
and so are the blonde."

And that night, as I bade  
them adieu at the gate,—  
Bess, Polly, and Prue, and  
Sue, Nellie, and Kate,—  
How I wished that "good-  
bye!" could have  
been "how-d'y'-  
do!"

And I said:  
"Come at  
three!" so  
as to get  
them at  
two!



Jose Huebner.

## OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BY EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

NOW, boys and girls, this is going to be a true story—at least, mostly true, and true stories, you know (or, if you don't know, some day or other you will find out), are often a good deal stranger and funnier than made-up ones. Not that this story is going to be very, very strange, or very, very funny, but it will be strange and funny enough, I hope, to be interesting; at any rate, it is just what might happen to any boy who should go and do what Ben Brady did. But perhaps I should begin by telling who Ben Brady was. Well, then, Ben Brady was, or rather *is* (for Ben is alive and well this very minute, and you may be sure he will stare to find himself put into ST. NICHOLAS), Ben, I say, is a nice, bright boy who lives in the pretty country town of Dashville, and is the only son of Mrs. Elizabeth Brady, a widow lady, who regards Ben as the apple of her eye. Ben is really fourteen years old; but you would never in the world suspect it, for he is n't a bit bigger than Johnny Townsend, across the way, who will not be twelve till the fifth day of next October. Now, it was just because he was so small that everybody thought what Ben did was so wonderful. It really was n't so very extremely wonderful, as you will see, but it certainly was rather odd. In the first place, he went and bought a tourograph. What! you don't know what a tourograph is? Why, my dears, it's nothing in the world but a photographic apparatus to take pictures at home. Ben had saved up a little money which he had earned doing chores out of school, and when he heard what a fashionable thing it is nowadays for young gentlemen and ladies to take pictures at home, and when he found out how easily it is done, and that it does n't cost a great deal, he quietly made up his mind, and without saying anything to anybody he went off and bought a camera, and a three-legged standard to hold the camera, and the little frames to print with, and the ruby light, and a lot of dry plates, all prepared to take pictures on, and a little piece of black cloth to go over his head and shut out the light when he squinted into the camera, and in fact the whole apparatus, and took them home to his astonished mamma.

Next, he lost no time in turning his room into a photographic gallery, moved the bed and the chairs into a corner, put up some cotton screens, made a romantic landscape, representing a weeping willow, a broken pillar, and an urn, out of some

strips of wall-paper, for his sitters to pose before; and having turned the whole room into a scene of wild confusion, made spots all over the carpet, and filled the air with a bad smell of chemicals, he declared himself ready to take pictures. He began practicing upon his mamma, his aunt Hannah, his cousin Jane, and the cook, filling in odd times with the dog and cat when he could n't get people. The fact that these early pictures were not a success, and that only the most experienced eye could distinguish his aunt Hannah from the cook, did not in the least discourage Ben; he laid the blame wholly upon the sitters themselves, declaring that he never could make any of them "look lively," or hold their chins high enough in the air, although his cousin Jane indignantly declared she held *her* chin just as high as it would go, and as for looking lively, *she* was n't going to sit ten minutes grinning at a crack in the wall for anybody.

Perhaps by this time you have all found out that Ben was a spoiled child. Well, I must confess he was, if not exactly spoiled, at least very much petted and indulged. His mother let him have his own way in everything which was not really wrong or harmful. So this was how it happened that he was allowed to go away with the Dashville cadets on their annual camping-out excursion. Ben's cousin, William Jones, was a lieutenant in the cadets, and he promised to take care of Ben if his mother would let him go. Thereupon, Ben began to tease his mother, and as he had always been a pretty good boy and had never got into serious mischief, and as she had great confidence in Lieutenant Jones, and as, moreover, she knew it would be a bitter disappointment to Ben if she said no, his mother finally consented. Then you ought to have seen Ben and heard Ben; he jumped over the chairs and he shouted "Hurrah!" till he was quite hoarse; he ran over and got Johnny Townsend, and marched up and down all the rest of the day beating a drum, and made poor Johnny go before, waving a flag till his little arms ached again.

And so, for the next day and two or three days afterward,—in fact, till it was time for them to go,—there was nothing heard but "camping out." In an unlucky moment Ben determined to take his tourograph, and that is how I came to tell this story, for if he had left the tourograph at home I should have had no story to tell.

By and by the day came. Ben was up early



and packed his apparatus safely in the bottom of his trunk, while his good-natured mamma put his clothes all about it so that it might not break; and among other things she put in a nice box, containing paper and envelopes and postage stamps and a stylographic pen, and made Ben promise to write her home a letter every other day to let her know he was safe and well.

Pretty soon the carriage came, and away they whisked to the depot. And

Jones go and help Ben out of the carriage, and then take him up and actually introduce him to the Captain.

But pretty soon the steam-whistle began to toot, and the bell to ring, and the band to play again; and then the cadets filed into

here there was a fine bustle. All the boys in town were assembled and a big crowd of grown-up people beside; the band was playing gayly, the cadets had just arrived, and were that moment wheeling up in front of the platform; a large flag was flying over the depot, and the people were cheering at the tops of their voices. Ben's heart bounded with delight. He felt himself so like a soldier going off to the wars, and such a very bold and martial spirit took possession of him, and he so longed to be a cadet and have a handsome blue-and-white uniform, and he was altogether so filled and inflated with enthusiasm, that his very jacket-buttons nearly burst off.

"There he is!" cried Johnny Townsend from the midst of the crowd, pointing at Ben, whereupon all the other boys set up a great shout, and were as envious of Ben as Ben was of the cadets. Indeed, they could scarcely believe their eyes when they presently saw Lieutenant

the cars, and their sweethearts handed them pretty bouquets through the windows, and everybody said good-bye at least a half-dozen times; and so at last off they

went, singing "Sherman's March Through Georgia."

It took them some hours to get to the place where they were going, so that it was nearly sunset when they arrived. The camping-ground was a beautiful field, bounded on the north and east by some dark green woods, and sloping on the west toward the highway, commanding, too, a distant view of the sea. Such a hubbub as there was unpacking and getting to rights! Ben was delighted. The men went straight to work pitching their tents and making up their little cot-beds; the cooks hurried to and fro, making fires and getting out their pots and pans to cook supper; the guards







entire picture, grows right out of the plate like a ship coming through a fog. It is a very strange and beautiful thing, and I solemnly assure you that not all the fairies and witches and magicians and enchanters, in all your nursery-books put together, ever did anything half so wonderful and beautiful.

And now, what do you think? Why, when Ben hurried off to the tent, with all the soldiers following behind him, to develop his pictures, he found he had forgotten to bring this mysterious fluid with the hard name, and there he was, little better off than if he had not taken his pictures, for he could not show them! He threw his hat on the bed, he stamped on the ground, he tried to tear his hair in his vexation, only fortunately it had been cut too short. But there was no help for it; he had to come out and explain to the soldiers about the magic liquid, and he felt very silly and he looked very foolish, for he had fondly hoped to strike them dumb with astonishment.

However, if he could not develop his pictures, he could at least *take* them, and keep them shut up from the light, and carry them home to develop. And so every day he went about, setting up his camera and disappearing under the mysterious black cloth, till he became a familiar object in the camp, and a group of the idle soldiers would usually gather about him whenever he appeared with his instrument.

Meantime, in the tents and at mess, he was introduced to all the officers, who thought it was so droll to see such a little boy making pictures, that they took a good deal of notice of him. Indeed, they each and all sat to him for their pictures, from the Sergeant up to the Captain, who, leaning upon his sword, with his right hand thrust into his bosom, and his mustache brushed out into very fierce points, looked almost as grand as the late Louis Napoleon.

Ben was as proud as a peacock at being trusted to take all these pictures, and explained over and over again to every sitter that, as soon as he got home, he would develop them and send to each one proofs of his own photograph. Upon the strength of this promise every officer ordered a dozen or two to be struck off, and insisted upon paying for them in advance; several of the common soldiers and the band did likewise; so that Ben soon became not only a distinguished personage in the camp, but collected such a sum of money that it quite turned his head. Straightway he began to look upon himself as an experienced artist and equal to anything. Indeed, he was called by the good-natured officers "Our Special Artist," and one of them printed these words upon a large ornamental badge, which Ben wore tied around his cap.

As a result of all this prominence, poor Ben became so puffed up with vanity that I very much doubt if a vainer little boy was ever heard of. You may easily see this for yourselves by the letters he wrote to his mamma. Here is one of them.

"CAMP BISMARCK.

"DEAR MA: I'm having royal good times. This is a jolly place. They have the best things to eat you ever saw. I wish you and Aunt Hannah could just taste the chowder. I have just as many plates of pudding as I want, and don't have any water in my coffee. I'm as fat as a pig. I've got so I can take photergrafs first-rate. It's just as easy as nothing now. I've taken most everybody's. I've got lots of orders, too. I think I shall leave school when I come home and go into bisness, and then we can have a horse and buggy and a new parlor carpet. I have made up my mind to join the cadets this fall—the officers all like me most to death. They call me *Our Special Artist*, and Lieutenant Wilder made me a badge to wear with that printed on, so you see that I put on as much style as anybody.

"Oh! I forgot to tell you I came away without my developer, and so I can't finish a single plate. It was a horrid mistake, and I felt awful cut up, at first; but I shall fetch home all my neggatives, and just go right at it and do it all up at once. You can tell Johnny Townsend that he need n't expect me to go fishing any more. I sha'n't have any time to go fooling round now with him. Please send me down two or three dozen more plates right away.

"Your affectionate son,

"BEN."

Meantime, Ben was taken about everywhere by the officers, and introduced to all the visitors at the camp as "Our Special Artist," to whom, with a great air, he always made the military salute, putting his heels close together, sticking out his forefinger, and touching the visor of his cap with a motion as stiff as a poker.

But the proudest and happiest day Ben had ever yet known was when the Governor and his staff came down to review the troops. Ben was duly marched up and introduced to his excellency, who patted him on the head, and called him "my little man," and said he should esteem it a great honor to sit to him for a picture. The Governor, of course, was merely joking, and only wanted to pay Ben a compliment; but the latter had become by this time so confident of his ability and so proud of his reputation that he took the Governor at his word, and accordingly, at dress parade in the afternoon, when his excellency was standing watching the maneuvers of the troops, surrounded by his staff in their brilliant uniforms, with plumes flying and golden epaulets gleaming in the sunshine, Ben, nothing abashed, marched boldly forth, and, setting up his instrument at a short distance, leveled it full at the distinguished party, and began adjusting the lens. Pretty soon some one pointed him out to the Governor, who was very much amused, and was good-natured enough to send a member of his staff, with his sword clanking and his black horse prancing, across to Ben, requesting him to shake a handkerchief when he was ready, and they would all stand quietly to be taken. Ben did as he was asked, and triumphantly took

the picture in the face and eyes of the whole corps and a multitude of spectators gathered to witness the review.

Afterward, when the Governor was riding from the field, he suddenly drew up at sight of Ben and his instrument, and, stooping from his horse, said:

"Good-bye, my little artist; I shall expect one of those pictures when they are done!"

Ben, rigid as a lightning-rod, gave the military salute, and almost broke his forefinger by striking it so energetically against his visor.

This event was, indeed, the crowning feather in Ben's cap thus far. His cousin, Lieutenant Jones, laughed, and said, "He has grown six inches taller already, and pretty soon we shall have to get a ladder to climb up to him!"

That same evening, as it chanced, several of the officers were gathered in one of the tents, where each in turn told some strange experiences that had happened to himself or his friends. Among others, Lieutenant Wilder related several thrilling adventures he had met with in Virginia amid the wild and beautiful scenery of the Shenandoah region, where he had lived for a time.

"Yes," he said, concluding, and at the same time patting Ben upon the head, "if I had only had 'Our Special Artist' there with me, I could have shown you some of the scenes where these things happened, and there's nothing like them in the country."

Ben was so grateful for this tribute in his honor that he asked many questions about Virginia, which led Lieutenant Wilder to go on and tell other stories of the lovely scenery of that State and the pleasant people he had met there, to all of which Ben listened with most attentive ears.

But the secret of this sudden interest in Virginia was explained at the end of the week, when the camp broke up. When everything was packed and sent off, and everybody was ready to march to the depot, "Our Special Artist" could not be found. Search was made for him high and low, up in the woods, down by the sea-shore, but all in vain, till at length, just as everybody was becoming very much alarmed, a little boy came up and handed a note to Lieutenant Jones. He opened it quickly, and read as follows:

"DEAR COUSIN BILL: I guess your eyes will stick out when you get this. I've gone to Virginia. I was going to speak to you at first, but then I thought, you'd make a fuss, and so I thought I would n't. I'm going to write to Ma; so you need n't fret about that. I wish you'd take my trunk back to Dashville—I did n't want to be bothered with it, traveling. I had a bang-up time at the camp. I'm much obliged to you for taking me. I like the cadets first-rate, and I shall join them in the fall. You can tell Ma that I have gone to take views. You know there are n't any views around Dashville worth a cent. Tell her she need n't go and get worried about me; there won't anything happen to me; I guess I know how to take care of myself, and I shall come home just as quick as I use up my plates.

Yours truly, BEN BRADY."

Poor Lieutenant Jones turned pale, and stared at the letter in blank amazement, as if it could not be true. What could he say to Mrs. Brady, and how could he ever make her believe that he was not to blame? He thought for a moment of pursuing Ben, of writing, of telegraphing; but he soon saw it would be of no use, for there was no address to the letter and there was no way of finding out his whereabouts.

But we must leave the unhappy Lieutenant to go back to Dashville and break the news of Ben's sudden and unexpected departure as best he could to Mrs. Brady, while we follow the footsteps of "Our Special Artist."

Ben was not in the first class in geography in the Dashville High School, and his knowledge of that branch of learning was as uncertain as his spelling. He had a very vague notion that Virginia was somewhere down South; but how to get to it, he did n't know at all. By dint of inquiring, however, he found out that he must go through New York, Baltimore, and Washington. In one of these places he thought he could get some of the magic liquid with which to develop his plates.

But he had never been in a big city in his life; and when he got to New York, the tremendous crowds of people, the rush, the confusion, the tumult, so impressed him that he dared only go from one depot to the other, and even then was quaking in his boots lest he should be lost.

At the ticket-office in New York there was a man standing close by when Ben went up to purchase his ticket for Washington. Perhaps to impress the stranger with his importance and teach him that he must not always judge people by their size, Ben, with a little flourish, pulled out the roll of bank-bills which he had received from his sitters at Camp Bismarck, and made a great show counting out his fare. When he took his seat on the train, he found the same man on the seat behind him. He turned out to be a pleasant, soft-spoken man, who by and by began to talk to Ben, and when he learned where he was going gave him much good advice, and told him how to go to Virginia, and what everything would cost, and many other things. He happened to have a map in his pocket, and he came over into Ben's seat and opened his map and took out a pencil, and showed Ben his road exactly on the map, so that Ben thought he had learned more geography from the soft-spoken man, in half an hour, than he had ever learned in the Dashville school all his life. And when, presently, the stranger saw the camera under the seat and heard what it was, and drew out from Ben a description of his visit to Camp Bismarck and the pictures he had taken, not for-





and put her handkerchief up to her mouth, and tried very hard indeed to stop, but all in vain; she presently burst out again, and laughed and laughed till the tears stood in her eyes. By this time Ben had become very indignant; he did not like to be laughed at—he considered himself a person of altogether too much consequence; so he got up and went across the stage, and turned his back on the little girl and looked out of the other window. Pretty soon, however, he felt a touch on his shoulder, and there was the little girl holding out half of her orange, which she had peeled for him. She did not say anything, but she looked so sorry and so eager to be friends that Ben was mollified, and so took the orange and returned to his seat.

As they sat there eating their oranges and looking rather bashful, the little girl, taking courage, suddenly asked:

"What's your name?"

"*Mister Ben Brady*," said Ben, thinking to impress the little girl with his dignity.

"My name is Sissy Sanderson," she rejoined; "my father's the town clerk. Everybody knows us."

"Humph!" exclaimed Ben, not very politely, thinking to himself that he was somebody, and he did n't know the Sandersons.

"What's that thing?" asked Sissy, pointing to Ben's apparatus, tucked down beside his seat.

"It's a *tourograph*!" replied Ben, loftily.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sissy, none the wiser.

Ben gazed out of the window with a proud air, as much as to say, "Look at it now while you have the chance; you don't see a *tourograph* every day!"

"Do you play on it?" asked Sissy, again.

"Nobody *plays* on it!" exclaimed Ben, indignantly. "I take pictures with it. I am an artist!"

"*You do!*" exclaimed Sissy, almost gasping with astonishment, and then she looked from Ben to the *tourograph*, and from the *tourograph* to Ben, for three whole minutes, so overcome with awe and admiration that she could not speak.

"Who taught you?" at last she asked.

"Nobody; I taught myself," replied Ben, shortly, seeing the effect he had produced on Sissy, and now feeling that he had risen once more to his proper level.

"Where are you going?" asked Sissy, more and more interested in her new acquaintance.

"Going to Montville."

"Why, that's where I live. I know everybody in Montville—whose house are you going to?"

"I'm not going to anybody's house; going to the hotel," said Ben, haughtily.

"Why there is n't any hotel," said Sissy.

"Eh?" exclaimed Ben, in alarm.

"Did n't you know the hotel was burned a long time ago?"

"Wh—wha—what shall I do then?"

The pride and haughtiness faded very suddenly out of Ben's face, and gave place to a look of blank dismay, as he felt in his trousers' pockets and found them empty, as he thought of himself hundreds of miles from home, with no means of getting back, and now just about entering a strange town, with no hotel, and the night coming on. He gazed ruefully down upon the *tourograph*, and then out of the window, and looked very, very crest-fallen and forlorn.

"Have n't you any relations in Montville?" inquired Sissy.

"No."

"And don't you know anybody?"

"No."

"Then what made you come here?"

"'Cause Lieutenant Wilder said there were splendid views here."

"What, Charley Wilder?"

"Yes!" cried Ben, brightening up a bit. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; he was my sister Molly's partick'ler friend when he was here. He used to come to our house often. How funny you should know *him!*"

There was a few minutes' silence, during which the kind-hearted Sissy was busily thinking, when, suddenly, she exclaimed:

"Why, I'll tell you what you can do. You can come to our house to supper, and bring your troorer—two—row—gr—, the *thing*, you know," cried Sissy, in a desperate attempt to remember the name, "and I'll ask Mother, and *she'll* find some place where you can go."

Ben blushed a little, and muttered out his thanks rather awkwardly. But he was glad enough to accept the invitation, which took a big load from his heart, as you may believe, and, heaving a deep sigh of relief, he cast a look of gratitude at Sissy, and for the first time began talking and laughing with her quite easily. In this way, they at length rolled into the pretty village of Montville, where they were presently set down at Mr. Sanderson's door.

Sissy immediately stepped out of the stage and ran away, crying:

"I'll go and tell Mother you've come."

Pretty soon she came back with her mother, who proved to be a plain, stout, middle-aged woman, with a very pleasant look in her face. They found Ben sitting on the door-step, looking very dismal. Mrs. Sanderson took him in and welcomed him heartily; and after asking him some questions about Lieutenant Wilder, and looking with much



curiosity at his tourograph, of which Sissy had already given her some account in an awed and mysterious whisper, Mrs. Sanderson called in her son Bob, a boy of about the same age as Ben, and bade him show their little guest upstairs, saying kindly :

"If you are a friend of Lieutenant Wilder's, you must stay with us, my dear, while you remain in Montville."

Then Ben, with another sigh almost as big as he was himself, but with a light heart, followed Bob upstairs.

The next day, bright and early, and every morning for some time afterward, Ben started off in search of views. Up the hills and down the valleys he marched, never getting tired, stopping every now and then to take a picture, and always attended by Sissy and Bob, who were his constant admirers. Sometimes they went with Sissy's donkey-wagon, and sometimes they went with Bob's team, which was funnier still. Bob's team was nothing more nor less than an ox-cart. That was rather a queer thing for Bob to have, but this is the way it happened: Two or three years before, when Mr. Sanderson was about to send off two young calves to the butcher, Bob begged so hard for them, that his father gave them to him, and he had brought them up and trained them and broken them in, till now they were the handsomest pair of oxen in the whole country-side. Bob had trained them so that he could sit in the cart and shout "Gee!" and "Haw!" and they would go whichever way he wished. He called one "Jack" and the other "Jill"; and when Sissy laughed at this and said Jill was a girl, Bob said he did n't care; he liked the name of Jill, and it would do just as well for an animal as it would for a girl.

After Ben had thus photographed all the fine scenes he had heard Lieutenant Wilder describe, he began to take views of the town, and he soon became as well known and famous among the townspeople as he had been in camp. He wore his cap with the badge wherever he went, and was at once an object of envy to all the boys and of admiration to all the girls. Nobody understood very clearly why Ben did n't finish up his pictures, but they listened in good faith to his story of the magic liquid; and as he took good care to tell all about Camp Bismarck, and how he took the officers and last of all the Governor himself, they could n't doubt his word. Beside, there was the instrument itself—there had never been one before in town, and if it did n't take pictures, what did it do? Again, Ben's experienced air,—for he had now taken so many pictures that he went through the operation with great ease and quickness,—all these things tended to impress the public with his knowledge and skill.

Thus he went about the village always attended by a group of white children, a lot of ragged little darkies, a few grown-up men who had nothing better to do, and now and then a stray dog or cat. He took views of the chief buildings and objects of interest, the town-house, the pound, the grocery store, and the blacksmith's shop. The poor smith stood with a horse's foot in his lap, and his heavy hammer uplifted in the air, waiting until his back ached to be taken. But as soon as Ben got ready, then the horse would switch his tail to brush off a fly, or the smith would have to mind his bel-lows, or a pig would run in the way, or something else happen, which, of course, was not Ben's fault.

Then at home he had to take ever so many pictures of the Sanderson family and all their friends. There was Mrs. Sanderson in her best black silk, holding a prayer-book in her hand. There was Granny Sanderson in her best cap, with her jet-black front tied on askew. There was Mr. Sanderson in his Sunday clothes, with his long locks combed down very straight and smooth, staring with a stern look at a fly on the wall. There was Bob, with his hair sticking straight up in the air, and his eyes looking a little wild. There was Sissy, with her freckles and braids, smiling helplessly, for she protested she never could keep sober with "that thing" pointed at her. And last, but by no means least, there was Miss Molly. I say *Miss* Molly, for she was a grown-up young lady and the beauty of the family, and not only that, but the beauty of the whole town, as everybody acknowledged. I am sorry to say that people had noticed Molly's good looks, and silly friends had told her she was handsome, until she had become so vain of her beauty that she thought of very little else. Now, therefore, she was constantly "posing" to Ben for her picture. And Ben, as you may suspect, was only too glad to find his services in such demand by the belle of Montville. Accordingly, he took her in all kinds of attitudes, in which he exerted his utmost skill, and Miss Molly made frantic attempts to be fascinating. Now, in her big Gainsborough hat, almost as large round as the top of a barrel; now with her hair let down and her eyes rolled up like a Madonna; now wearing a wreath of flowers as "The Bride," or veiled with the mosquito-net as "The Spirit of Light"; now with her head turned to one side as "The Coquette," with her hands resting upon a parasol that lay across her lap, and with an affected smile upon her face. Our young photographer decided that this last "would be a very good picture, only the arms and the parasol were a little out of focus."

After a time, however, Miss Molly's thoughts took a tragic turn. She tried attitudes for hours before the glass, and when she hit upon one that

was fine enough she would "strike it," and call for Ben to come at once to take her. Sometimes this must have been very tedious if not painful, as when one day she arrayed herself in a bed-quilt and stood in the middle of the parlor floor till nearly exhausted, brandishing the carving-knife as "Lady Macbeth"; and all this time poor Mrs. Sanderson was waiting for the knife to cut up the cold meat for dinner, but dared not ask for it, as Miss Molly insisted if she was disturbed in that attitude she could never "strike it" again, which, I believe, was true enough. Another remarkable attitude of Miss Molly's was when she put three rows of paper ruffles around her neck, dressed her hair in puffs, put on Bob's cap with the brim at the back, donned Granny's long mourning veil, and looked sorrowfully down at her feet, as Mary Queen of Scots. But her grandest and most terrible posture was where she rolled up her sleeve to the shoulder, and then, seizing in her other hand a toy snake which Bob found among his old playthings, applied it to her bare arm while she threw back her head and fixed a ferocious glare

question by tying on a red cotton handkerchief for a turban, and draping herself in one of the chintz curtains from the parlor. And if anybody had objected that this garb was very like old Aunt Dinah's in the kitchen, it might easily have been answered that no Aunt Dinah nor any other mortal cook was ever seen clutching a toy snake and rolling her eyes in that way.

What worried Ben, however, was that he had no screen, and that the corner of the melodeon, with the kerosene lamp on it, would be sure to show sticking out behind Cleopatra in the picture.

Speaking of Aunt Dinah reminds me of Ben's attempt to photograph her. After all the family had been duly taken, they suddenly thought of Aunt Dinah, and rushed into the kitchen to ask her. She beamed with delight at the suggestion, but said, in a sort of shamefaced way:

"Laws, honey, yer don't wanter tuk an ole body like me."

"Yes, yes, we do; come, Aunt Dinah! come right along!" shouted all the children in chorus.

"He, he!" chuckled the delighted Aunt Dinah,



"IT 'S GWINE TO GO OFF!"

upon the ceiling. This, I hardly need to tell you, was "Cleopatra and the Asp." The whole family assembled and stood by in awe-struck and breathless suspense while Ben, with trembling haste, took the picture. No one was quite clear how Cleopatra ought to be dressed; but Molly settled the

beginning to divest herself of her kitchen apron, "ef y' aint gwine fer to take no 'scuse, s'pose I'll jes' hab to be tuk. But go 'long, honey, go 'long! I's comin', I's comin' sho'; only jes' stoppin' to find sumfin to frow ober dis yer noddle."

Sure enough, out came Aunt Dinah presently in



her best plaid apron and kerchief, a yellow turban on, and her gold ear-rings gleaming in the sun. Ben sat her on a bench in the garden among the

"Run, chil'en! Massy sakes, run! it's gwine to go off! Seed one o' dem yer t'ings bust afore now! Done knock ebery'ting all to nuffin!"



PHOTOGRAPHING THE TWINS. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

sunflowers, and she made a first-rate picture — much better than Ben had any idea of, and far finer, after all, than Miss Molly in all her grand attitudes.

But the moment Aunt Dinah was seated she began to look grave; she grew, in fact, more and more solemn as Ben proceeded to "fix things," till at length when all was ready she had stiffened into a really formidable grimness.

Presently Ben had everything arranged to his satisfaction, and coming to the front of the camera he said, in a warning tone, and with a grand air that never failed to strike terror to the heart of the ignorant sitter: "All ready now, take care!" and immediately pulled off the little brass cap.

Aunt Dinah had been looking in another direction, but at these words turned quickly toward the instrument, and whether startled by Ben's action or tone, or both combined, it would be impossible to say; but she suddenly started from her seat and fled toward the house, looking back over her shoulder with a terrified face, as she cried:

The children all laughed and shouted at poor Aunt Dinah's fright, but nothing could induce her to go back and have her picture taken.

"Dis ole nigger seed too many dem yer shootin' t'ings in de war," she said, solemnly. "Yo' kin go on ef ye wanter, jes' go right on, but I's tell yer, honey, tell yer sho', dat ar's gwine ter go off one o' dese yer fine days, an' den whar'll ye be? Whar'll ye be den?" she repeated, shaking her head, warningly. "Wont be nuff o' yer lef' to wipe up de flo'."

Beside the Sandersons, Ben was called upon in due time to take some of the neighbors. His greatest trial, however, was with the Mallory twins. Mrs. Mallory was very fond and proud of the twins—so extravagantly fond of them that she often said they were good enough to eat. They were as like each other as two peas; indeed, Ben thought they were a good deal more alike than any two peas he had ever seen. They were just one year and two months old. Why Mrs. Mallory

was so proud of the twins, except for the fact that there were two of them, nobody was ever able to find out; but she was, and that was enough for Mrs. Mallory, and indeed for Mr. Mallory, too—they were both very proud of the twins, and the taking of their pictures was a great event in the Mallory family.

The appointed day arrived. Ben was told to come with his instrument at eleven o'clock precisely, for that was the time the twins awoke from their morning naps. He went accordingly. He was shown into the parlor, where the whole family was gathered awaiting him. Ben by this time felt quite experienced; he had taken almost everything else but a baby, and, although it was a bold thing to begin with twins, Ben felt pretty sure of himself. Presently the twins were brought in, and straightway there was a chorus of admiring relatives—"Darlings," "angels," "cherubs," "pets," "lambs," "little dears," etc. Ben did n't join in the chorus; he did n't exactly know what to do, and so only stood and twirled his thumbs, and looked foolish. He knew very little about babies, and still less about twins; "but," as he told Sissy privately, "he could n't see anything to make a fuss over; he should a great deal rather have a couple of nice rabbits." They were chubby babies; and it must be confessed that they were not handsome. They were dressed in long white dresses, tied up at the shoulders with pink ribbons. They were girls, and their names, which their mother had made it a point to get as nearly alike as possible, were Emeline Anna and Eveline Hannah.

And now there was a great dispute as to how they should be taken. Some thought in the cradle, some thought in the baby-wagon, some thought on their mother's lap, some thought on their father's lap, while their Aunt Jane said they looked "too cunning for anything" in the clothes-basket. But soon Mrs. Mallory settled the question by emphatically taking them one on each knee. Now Ben went to work; he pointed his instrument, adjusted his lens, looked under the black cloth, and was just upon the point of saying the word, when suddenly Emeline Anna set up a cry. Three aunts at once rushed to the rescue, which made her cry louder than before. Mrs. Mallory then sent the aunts away, and by some stratagem of her own secured silence. In a few minutes they were all ready to start again, when, unhappily, Eveline Hannah espied the ribbon on a little blue-and-white sock, sticking out from under her dress, and directly was seized with a wild desire to clutch it. This endeavor brought the three aunts and the father promptly to the scene. All at once, it occurred to their Aunt Jane that it would be "so sweet" to have them "looking up." Thereupon

she went and got the dust-pan, and, standing on a chair behind Ben and the camera, she pounded it with a clothes-pin. This struck Papa Mallory as such a very clever thing to do, that he went and got the poker and tongs, and stood on another chair and banged them together. This produced



BEN'S PHOTOGRAPH OF MOLLY AS "LADY MACBETH."

the desired effect. The four eyes were strained upward in a gaze of dumb astonishment.

"Now, quick, quick!" cried everybody.

Ben, in a flutter, pulled off the cap. The whole family stood rigid with suspense for several seconds. Ben, at length, replaced the cap, crying triumphantly, "Done!" Alas! in another moment he found that, in the confusion and excitement of getting the twins fixed, he had forgotten to put in the plate, and of course there was no picture.

Up went Papa Mallory and up went Aunt Jane on the chairs again, bang went the poker and tongs, and clang went the clothes-pin and the dust-pan. This time, however, the plan did not work. Eveline Hannah suddenly took it into her "precious little head" to be scared at the noise, and at once set up a cry which, when Emeline Anna presently joined in, became a loud and prolonged duet. It was plain that something else must be tried. It was, therefore, decided to let Papa Mallory hold the twins, while Mamma Mallory amused them. This promised at first to succeed.



Mamma Mallory knelt down before the darlings, and, clapping her hands, cried softly:

"Goo—goo! Googly—goo!"

Now, children, I wish I could explain those words to you, but I can not. I have not the least idea what they mean. But—will you believe it?—the twins did; they knew what it meant at once, and burst into the sweetest smile of which they were capable. Everybody again cried:

"Quick, quick; take 'em now! Take 'em now!"

But Ben, squinting under his black cloth, found he could see nothing at all but Mrs. Mallory's back hair. "Oh, dear!" she cried, when Ben told her of this. "If I go away, they'll be sure to cry!"

But it seemed now as if the twins had exhausted their ingenuity for the time, and had stopped to think up something else to do. They puckered their mouths, and looked pensively at the floor. "Now," thought Ben, "I'll catch 'em on the sly!" And so he did. They were quiet; they sat still; and neither Ben nor anybody else in the room noticed that Papa Mallory *had been trotting each knee gently all the time*. After this utter failure, Ben gave up the twins in despair.

But although the Mallorys and many of the other neighbors were very willing to employ Ben, and even in some cases to order a dozen pictures, it never seemed to occur to anybody to pay in advance, and Ben had not the courage to demand it. So, instead of the great fortune he expected to make, he was not only without a penny, but depending on the kind-hearted Sandersons for his board. At last, one morning, he made the startling discovery that he had used up all his plates. Now, instead of a millionaire and a celebrated artist as he had fancied himself when on the way to Virginia, all at once it occurred to him that he was only a boy a very long way from home, and with no means of getting back there. He began, too, to want to see his mother; he even felt like crying a little, and the world looked very, very dark and dismal. Just at this moment Sissy came up, and, seeing Ben look so doleful, asked him what was the matter. He told her everything. Thereupon the sensible Sissy said:

"Well, you ought to go right away and sit down and write your mother a good long letter, and tell her all about it!"

And so Ben did; and his poor mother, who had been nearly distracted with anxiety, sent back an answer at once by telegraph, saying that his cousin Lieutenant Jones would come on to Montville immediately to bring him back.

Very much ashamed was Ben to meet his cousin, you may be sure, after all the trouble he had caused; and very silly and guilty he felt, like little

boys who play truant from school. Still more ashamed was he to confess that he had been depending all this time on the hospitality of the Sandersons.

However, good, kind Mrs. Sanderson would n't hear of taking a cent from Lieutenant Jones; she said they would be all well repaid when Ben sent them on their pictures which he had taken. Indeed, I think Miss Molly was rather eager to have him go—she was so anxious to see her pictures.

They arrived at home in two days; and during the journey, Lieutenant Jones, as the mother's spokesman, delivered a severe lecture to our artist. So before the boy saw her again he had come to understand the fright and anxiety he had caused her. And when they met, Ben burst into tears, which told his mother how sorry and ashamed he was better than a thousand words could have done.

Two days after he got up before sunrise and went to work developing his plates. Eager, curious, trembling with anticipation, he took them one by



BEN IS NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS PLATES.

one into the dark closet and applied the magic liquid. He watched, he waited, he peered through the gloom by the light of his ruby lamp, he scanned each little line and point. What was the matter? Why did n't they come? He took them out to the daylight. He soaked them again and again in the liquid. What did it mean, all these misty, cloudy, confused-looking objects? What was this meant for? And this? Where were the tents? the camp views? the officers? Where, oh, where was the

Governor? Where were the beautiful views in Virginia? Where were the Sandersons? Where Miss Molly's "The Coquette," the "Cleopatra," the "Spirit of Light," "Lady Macbeth," and the "Queen of Scots"?

A more dreadful set of pictures was never seen, I am sure—a more dismal failure never heard of! What did it mean? Why, it only meant that Ben did n't know how to take pictures; it meant that he did n't make any distinction between work-

to eat when he went to tell his mother of his disappointment. He walked up and down his chamber floor a long time before he could gather courage to do it. His mother did not seem at all surprised; but when she went on gravely and told Ben that now she must pay back to the officers the money they had advanced, and pay the Sandersons for his board, and that, in short, with the expense of sending after him to Virginia and everything else, his career as an artist would cost her over a hun-



MOLLY AS A COQUETTE—"OUR YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER DECIDED THAT IT WOULD BE A GOOD PICTURE, ONLY THE ARMS AND THE PARASOL WERE A LITTLE OUT OF FOCUS."

ing out-doors, where the light is fierce and strong and the picture takes in a second, and in-doors, where the light is weak and the picture does not take in less than a whole minute. It means that, not having his magic liquid with him, he could not see his mistakes, and so could not learn experience from them. Poor Ben! He was stunned. He was staggered. He leaned up against the wall. Long had he been waiting for the moment of triumph, when he should bring forth his views to the light to convince his mother, and show all Dashville what a genius he was, to repay all the favors of the cadets, to return the compliment of the Governor, to requite the long-continued hospitality of the Sandersons, and last—far worse than anything else—to *earn the money he had taken in advance from the officers!*

It was a great big piece of humble-pie Ben had

dred dollars, poor Ben was very much dismayed, and was quite thoughtful and downcast all the rest of the day.

The next morning, he got up early and went and tucked his tourograph away in the darkest corner of the garret, and never mentioned it again. That afternoon, as he was standing at the window, he suddenly saw Johnny Townsend come out of his house across the way with his fishing-rod and basket and go down the street. Ben stood a moment struggling with his pride; then he ran out and called:

"Johnny!—John—nee!"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Got bait enough for two?"

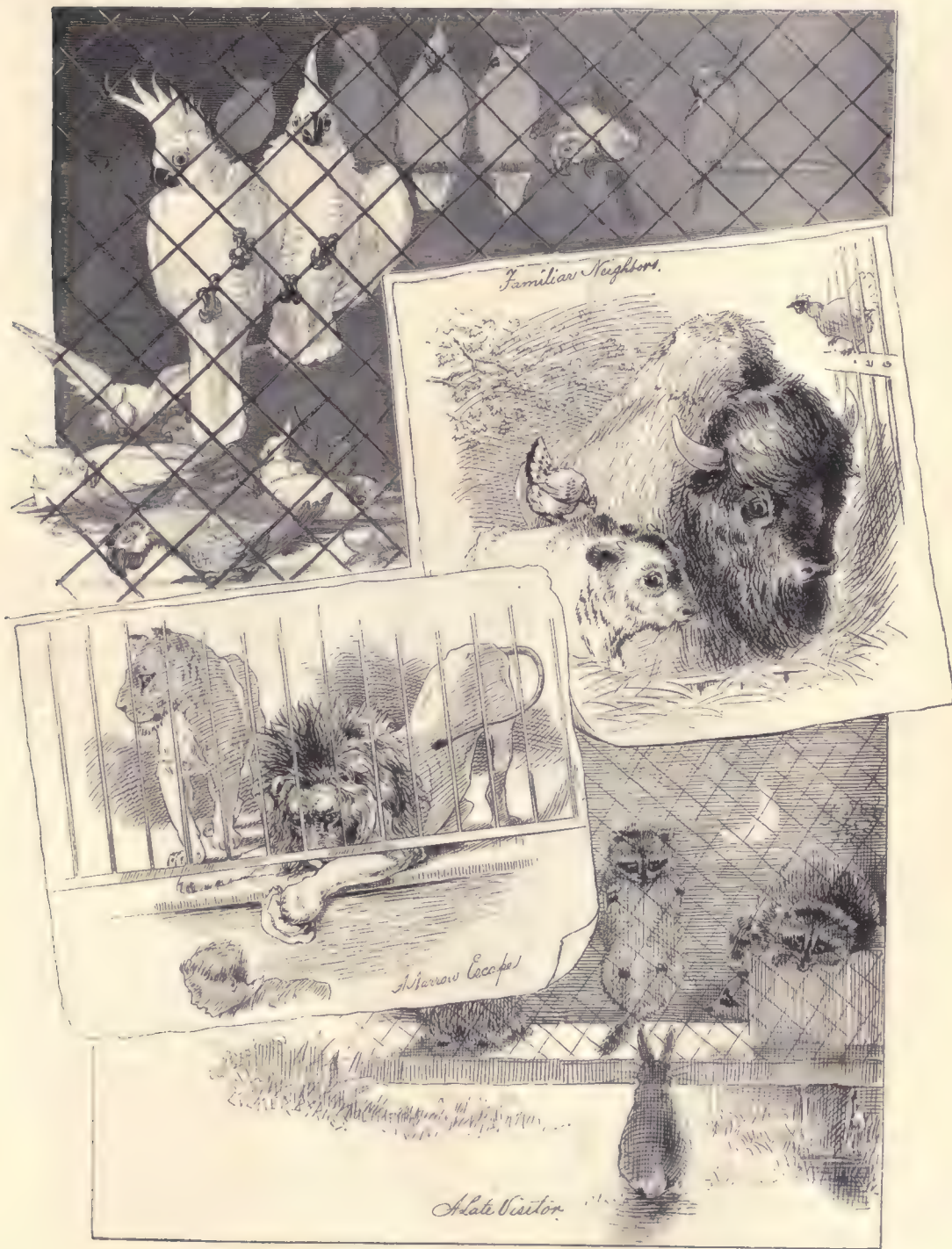
"Ye-es."

"Then hold on; I'll go with you—if Ma'll let me!"





## MEMORIES OF THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.



## THE YOUNG MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

BY W. M. CARY.

I ONCE knew a hunter, living near a mining town in Montana, who made a business of selling wild game that he brought in from the surrounding mountains. In his excursions, he would often happen upon the young of various wild animals,

and many a baby buffalo has he brought home to his children. These, when they grew large, were either sold or turned in with the cattle, of which he owned a large herd.

One day I was riding by his cabin, and noticed that he had built around it an inclosure of common rough planks, put close together, and sawed off at an even height, making a board fence such as you have often seen in towns or villages. While looking at this fence, my attention was attracted by a curious little animal running along the top of the fence. At a little distance it looked like a kid or lamb, yet no one ever saw a lamb run along the top of a board fence, skipping and dancing as freely as when on the ground. It would suddenly stop and stand on its hind legs, and shake its head as if at some enemy on the other side of the inclosure or fence.

My curiosity being aroused, I drove up to see what this curious creature was. It did not appear to be afraid of me, and came close up to where I stood, now and then shaking its head ominously, however, as if to say, "I should like to try a fight with you, too." At that moment I heard a sudden bark, and a small Newfoundland dog dashed around the fence. Away went the strange creature, leaping down the fence and dashing across the yard, the dog after it, but both in play, as I could see. Their jumps and gambols would have astonished you. But always, when hard pressed, the queer animal would wheel, and with one spring land on the very top of the board fence again.

Its powers of leaping and balancing were truly marvelous.

I shouted to the hunter, whom I now discovered unsaddling his horse at the door of his stable near by, saying, "What do you call this lively thing?"



A FOUR-LEGGED ACROBAT.

and bring them home to his cabin as pets for his children. In fact, he had made considerable money by rearing some of these young animals and afterward sending them to the Eastern States to be sold to menageries. He captured young grizzlies, mountain lions, panthers, and lynxes,



"That's a kind of a Chinese puzzle on legs," said he, in reply. "Did you ever see any circus clown beat him at jumping?"

I replied by asking, "Well, what do you call the creature when cooked?"

This question he did not evade, but answered, promptly: "We call it mutton or lamb. That, sir, is a young mountain sheep. These animals resemble our sheep in many ways, but not in their straight, coarse, yellowish-brown hair. But beneath this rough coat they have a fine, short wool covering their bodies. They used to be called *goats*; but the wise men of the country have decided that they are really *sheep*."

I had seen these strange sheep at a distance, in little bands, but never any so young as the one now playing about my friend's fence.

The older sheep have a dark brown streak down the back of the hind legs, and also the same kind of a mark down the front of the fore leg. Their

eyes are very large, resembling those of a deer or antelope.

They feed on the bunch grass, lichens, and moss that grow on the rocks, on sage, and on the bark of trees. They are very difficult to approach in their wild state, yet, when captured young, are easily tamed.

Hunters have very laborious sport when hunting these animals, as they seek the most elevated peaks of the mountains, and very seldom descend to the valleys. It is the object of the hunter to get *above* his game, if possible, when in pursuit of the mountain sheep, for they are so quick of eye, ear, and foot that, if he meets them on the same level with himself, he stands but little chance of bagging his game. So he strives to get above them. Then a stone thrown down among them will suffice to frighten them, and they will immediately begin ascending the mountain; and as they can not scent the hunter, who lies in wait above them, they will then fall an easy prey to quick and true shots from his rifle.



## THE STORY OF THE CASTLE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



CLEAR shone the cordial sun of June—  
 Summer was come again ;  
 In the still, dreamy afternoon,  
 Upon the grassy plain,

The children, with the patient sheep  
 About the shepherd old,  
 Watched the long, lazy shadows creep  
 Across the sunshine's gold.

Up to the high crag, castle-crowned,  
 Beyond the rushing Rhine,  
 With curious eyes they looked where frowned  
 The walls of Falkenstein.

And Hans and Fritz and Max the bold,  
 And little Rosel sweet,  
 Coaxed and caressed the shepherd old,  
 And gathered round his feet.

“ Tell us a story, Gottfried good,  
 Of the tall towers that shine,  
 And how the small sprites of the wood  
 Crept up to Falkenstein !

“ Tell us that story, Gottfried, please,  
 About the castle grand ! ”  
 And on the soft grass, at their ease,  
 They curled on either hand.

The sun made yellow all the steep,  
 No sound the silence broke,  
 The good dog watched the drowsy sheep,  
 And thus the shepherd spoke :

“ Rough was the knight of Falkenstein —  
 Harsh and morose was he ;  
 Yet was his daughter half divine,  
 The lovely Odilie !



" Like some old bare and gnarled tree,  
   He lived upon his height;  
 But she, the lovely Odilie,  
   Was like a blossom bright,  
  
 " And lovers flew as thick as bees  
   Her rosy smiles to gain.  
 But one alone the maid could please—  
   The brave Kuno von Sayn.  
  
 " He asked her of her father stern.  
   The cruel lord replied:  
 ' If you my daughter's hand would earn,  
   And win her for your bride,  
  
 " ' Level a smooth road from my door  
   Down to the open plain  
 Ere morning breaks, or nevermore  
   Look in her face again ! '
  
 " A path down that tremendous crag !  
   Alas ! for brave von Sayn,  
 Who climbed the rocks like some bold stag  
   Her rosy smiles to gain !
  
 " No mortal hands a way might make  
   Down such a mountain-side;  
 But Kuno, with heart fit to break,  
   Swift to his miners hied :
  
 " ' Now all my fortune yours shall be,  
   If up the dizzy height  
 A road for my good steed and me  
   You 'll make ere morning light.'
  
 " They gazed at him with pitying eyes,  
   And whispered, while they smiled,  
 ' Our master once was grave and wise,  
   But love has made him wild ! '
  
 " Then dull despair caught at his heart,  
   And to the woods he sped.  
 Frantic with grief, he struck apart  
   The close boughs overhead,  
  
 " And pushed through clustering underbrush,  
   With reckless stride, his way,  
 Intent to the world's end to rush,  
   Hating the light of day.  
  
 " Careless, yet not so blind was he  
   But that his quick eye caught  
 A scarlet gleam not hard to see.  
   He paused as swift as thought.  
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" Was it some bird or butterfly  
   That glimmered bright before ?  
 Patient he waited, with a sigh,  
   To see the creature soar.  
  
 " When, lo ! a tiny voice piped shrill :  
   ' Take heart, thou brave, true knight,  
 Who would'st no helpless creature kill !  
   Thou shalt have thy delight.'
  
 " And there upon the vivid moss  
   A little kobold gray,  
 With yellow plumes the wind did toss,  
   And scarlet cloak so gay,  
  
 " Stood, quaint and small, with hand on hip  
   And grand of mien. Said he :  
 ' Ere down the west the moon shall dip,  
   Thy road shall finished be.'
  
 " Did Kuno dream ? Where did he go ?  
   In vain he sought to find  
 That fairy man above, below,  
   Who spake with words so kind.  
  
 " Then in his heart hope rose elate.  
   He turned and left the wood,  
 And entered his own castle gate  
   And slept in peaceful mood.  
  
 " But round the walls of Falkenstein,  
   Throughout that mystic night,  
 Did thunder roll and lightning shine,  
   And fill the folk with fright.  
  
 " To heaven, the saints, and Mary mild  
   The rough old Ritter prayed;  
 But still went on the tumult wild,  
   And all his soul dismayed.  
  
 " With raps and taps and clinks and thumps  
   Was cracked the ancient stone;  
 Ten thousand hatchets split the stumps,  
   Ten thousand hammers shone :
  
 " For twenty thousand gnomes had sped  
   The barriers to destroy.  
 And when at last the morning red  
   Kissed all the world to joy,  
  
 " And Kuno on his coal-black steed  
   Came riding gallantly,  
 There was the finished road, indeed—  
   A miracle to see;

"Up, up, and up he galloped gay,  
Till, at the portal grim,  
He saw the Ritter old and gray  
Come out to welcome him;  
"And by her white and slender hand  
He led his daughter fair.

'Take her,' he cried, 'you who command  
The powers of earth and air!'  
"And Kuno looked in her sweet eyes,  
And rapturously obeyed;  
And so he won his matchless prize,  
The snow-and-rose-bloom maid."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.\*

NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

### III. "HOW WE WENT DOWN TO JERICHO AND FELL AMONG THIEVES."



ITH the exception of an occasional skirmish and some heavy cannonading, we had heard but little of the enemy when on Monday, May 23d, 1864, after a

good sleep, we started at six in the morning and marched rapidly all day in a southerly direction, "straight for Richmond," according to our somewhat bewildered conception of the geography of those parts. Indeed, we had seen and heard but very little of the enemy for several days. Where he was we did not know. We only hoped he had at last taken to his heels and run away—

"Away down South, in Dixie's land,  
Away, away,"

and that we should never again see anything of him but his back. Alas! for the presumption;

and alas! for the presumption of the innumerable company and fellowship of cooks, camp followers, and mule-drivers, who, emboldened by the quietude of the last few days, had ventured to join each his respective regiment, and were marching along bravely enough, when, on the evening of May 23d, we neared North Anna River, which we were to cross at a place called Jericho Ford. As we approached the river, we found the supply and ammunition trains "parked" to the rear of a woods a short distance from Jericho; so that, as we halted for awhile in the edge of the forest nearest to the stream, everything wore so quiet and unsuspecting a look that we never dreamed of the enemy's being near at hand. Under the impression that we would probably halt there for the night, I gathered up a number of the boys' canteens and started in search of water, taking my course toward an open meadow which lay to the right and near the river's edge. There was a corn-field off to the left, across which I could see the troops marching in the direction of the bridge. As I stooped down to fill my canteens at the spring, another man came up, bent upon the same errand as myself. From where I stood I could see the bridge full of troops and the rabble of camp followers carelessly crossing. But hardly had I more than half-filled my first



canteen, when the enemy, lying concealed in the woods, across the river, opened fire. Boom! Bang! Whir-r-r! *Chuck!*

"Heigho!" said I to my companion, "the ball is going to open!"

"Yes," answered he, with a drawl and a supercilious look, as if few beside himself had ever heard a shell crack before—"yes; but when you've heard as many shells bursting about your head as I have —"

Whir-r-r! *Chuck!* I could hear the sharp *thud* of the pieces of shell as they tore up the meadow sod to the right and left of us, whereupon my brave and boastful friend, leaving his sentence to be completed and his canteens to be filled some other day, cut for the rear at full speed, ducking his head as he went. Finding an old gate-way near by, with high stone posts on either side, I took refuge there, and, feeling tolerably safe behind my tall defense, turned about and looked toward the river.

And laughable indeed was the scene which greeted my eyes. Everything was in confusion, and all was helter-skelter, skurry, and skedaddle.

ing or being tumbled off the bridge, while others were swept irresistibly over to the other side, and there began to plunge forthwith into the dirty ooze of the stream, with the intention of getting beyond the enemy's range as quickly as possible, while all the time the shells flew shrieking and screaming through the air in pursuit. Between me and the river was a last year's corn-field, over which the rabble came pell-mell, fear furnishing wings for the flight, and happy indeed was he who had no mule to take care of! One poor fellow, hatless and out of breath, who had had his mule heavily laden with camp equipage, was making for the rear at a full trot, minus saddle, bag, and baggage, and having nothing left but himself, the mule, and the halter. Another, immediately in my front, had come on well enough until he arrived in the middle of the open field, where the shells were falling with unpleasant frequency, when his mule took it into his head to retreat no further—not an inch. There he stood like a rock, the poor driver pulling at his halter and frantically kicking the beast in the ribs, but all to no avail; while around him and past him swept the crowd



"ANDY HAD CONCLUDED THE BARGAIN, AND HAD BOUGHT THE SORREL FOR TEN DOLLARS." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

There was the bridge in full view, crowded with a struggling mass of men, horses, and mules; the troops trying to force their way over to the other side, and the yelling crowd of camp followers equally bent on forcing their way back; some jump-

of his fellow-cooks and coffee-coolers in full flight for the rear.

As the firing began to slacken a little, I started off for the regiment, which had meanwhile changed position. In searching for it I passed the forage

and ammunition trains, which were parked to the rear of the woods and within easy range of the enemy's guns.

Unless he has actually seen them, no one can form any adequate idea of the vast numbers of white-covered wagons which followed our armies, carrying food, forage, and ammunition; nor can any one, who has not actually witnessed a panic among the drivers of these wagons, form any conception of the terror into which they were sometimes thrown. The drivers of the ammunition wagons were especially anxious to keep well out of range of shells; and no wonder, for if a shot were to fall among a lot of wagons laden with percussion shell, the result may perhaps be imagined. It was not strange, therefore, that the driver of an ammunition wagon, with six mules in front of him and several tons of death and destruction behind him, felt somewhat nervous when he heard the whir of the shells over the tops of the pines.

In looking for my regiment, I passed one of these trains. The commissary was dealing out forage to his men, who were standing around him in a circle, each holding open a bag for his oats, which the commissary was alternately dealing out to them with a bucket—a bucketful to this man, then to the next, and so on around the circle. It was clear, however, that he was more concerned about the shells than interested in the oats, for he ducked his head almost every time he poured a bucketful into a bag.

While I was looking at them, Page, a Michigan boy, orderly to our brigadier-general, came up on his horse in search of our division train, for he wanted oats for his horses. Stopping a moment to contemplate the scene I was admiring, he said to me in a low tone:

"You just keep an eye on my horse, will you? and I'll show you how I get my oats."

It was well known that Page could get oats when nobody else could. Though the wagon trains were miles and miles in the rear, and had not been seen for a week, Page was determined his horses should not go to bed supperless. It was whispered about that, if necessary, he would sit up half the night after a hard day's march, and wait till everybody was asleep, and then quietly slip out from under the very heads of the orderlies of other commands the oat-bags which, to make sure of them, they used for pillows. Oats for the general's horse Page would have by hook or by crook.

"You see that commissary yonder," said Page, as he dismounted and threw a bag over his arm. "He's a coward, he is—more interested in the shells than anything else. Don't know whether he's dealing out oats to the right man or not. Just keep an eye on my horse, will you?"

Now, Page had not the least right to draw forage there, for that was not our division train. But as he did not know where our division train was, and as all the oats belonged to Uncle Sam any way, where was the harm, he reasoned, in getting your forage wherever you could?

Pushing his way into the circle of teamsters, who were too much engaged in watching for shells to notice the presence of a stranger, Page opened his bag while Mr. Commissary, ducking his head at every crack of the cannon, poured in four buckets of oats, whereupon Page shouldered his prize, and returning, mounted his horse, with a laugh, and a wink at me.

In the wild *mêlée* of that May evening there at Jericho,—where we fell among thieves,—there was no little confusion as to the rights of property. Some horses had lost their owners, and some owners had lost their horses. So that, by the time things grew quiet again, some of the boys had picked up horses or bought them for a mere song. When I came up with the regiment, I found that Andy had just concluded a bargain of this sort. He had bought a sorrel horse. The animal was a great, ungainly beast, built after the Gothic style of architecture, and would have made an admirable sign for a feed-store up North, as a substitute for "Oats wanted. Inquire within." However, when I arrived, Andy had concluded the bargain, and had bought the sorrel for ten dollars.

"Why, Andy!" exclaimed I, "what in the world do you want with a horse? Going to join the cavalry?"

"Well," said Andy, smiling rather sheepishly, "I took him on a speculation. I'm going to feed him up a little——"

"Glad to hear it!" said I. "I'm sure he needs it sadly."

"Yes: I mean to feed him up, and then sell him to somebody, and double my money on him, you see. You may ride him on the march and carry our traps. I guess the colonel will give you permission. And you know that'll be a capital thing for you; for you're so sick and weak that you're often left behind."

"Thank you, old boy," said I, with a friendly shrug. "But, between joining the general cavalcade of coffee-coolers on this old barebones of yours and marching afoot, I believe I'd prefer the infantry."

However, we tied a rope around the neck of "Bonaparte," as we significantly called him, fastened him to a stake, rubbed him down, begged some oats from Page, and, pulling some handfuls of young grass for him, left him for the night.

Early the next morning, Andy rolled out from under the blankets and went to look after Bona-



parte. I was building a fire when he came back. It seemed to me that he looked a little solemn and downcast.

"How 's Bony this morning, Andy?" I inquired.

Andy whistled a bit, stuck his hands into his pockets, mounted a log, took off his cap, and said:

"Comrades and fellow-citizens: Lend me your

ears, and be silent that you may hear. This is my first and last speculation in horses. *Bony is gone!*"

It was indeed true. We had fallen among thieves, and they had even baffled Andy's plan for future money-making. For none of us ever laid eyes upon Bony again.

(To be continued.)



## SUNRISE—A RUSSIAN FOLK-STORY.

RETOLD IN ENGLISH BY ELISABETH ABERCROMBIE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife who owned a small but comfortable homestead—the house in which they lived, a couple of stalls for the cows, together with a cellar and a roomy shed in which to keep their various stores. They were careful to keep their horses, sheep, and cattle provided with good, wholesome food; while a single week was never allowed to pass in which they did not employ themselves either in enriching the soil, plowing or sowing, reaping or mowing, or gathering in the crops, each according to the proper season. Indeed, it was only in comparison to the greater possessions of their neighbors that their property could be called a small one.

Toward the west, the country was all free and open, and many little homesteads very like to theirs were dotted over the land here and there; but to the east there was nothing to be seen but a thick forest.

There were no paths leading into this great forest. No one ever thought of entering it, even to gather up wood for burning. The people collected the wood for their fires from the thick growth of bushes and brambles which they found along the banks of the lake or the brooks; and so it happened that the forest trees had grown quite matted together and had become very old, but just how large the forest was, or just what was its condition inside, nobody knew.

One bright day, the man and his wife were made very happy, for a child was born to them—a little daughter.

“Now,” they both said, “we must be more saving and more industrious than ever, for now we know for whom we are working, and who it is, in fact, that will have need of our working.”

As the child grew, she had very pleasant and winsome ways. You had only to look at her to feel your heart grow light. It did not matter to whom she stretched out her tiny hand—whoever it might be, he was always ready to do whatever she wished; it did not matter whom she ran to meet, for that person would always gladly have walked far out of his way to see her bright, smiling face. So it was from her earliest baby days, and so it went on as she grew larger and larger. During the day, each one of the man-servants or maids who went to and fro about the house sought to get a peep at the child. Somehow it seemed to them that the brightness of the

day had not yet risen until this had been done. She was so entirely the darling of the household that her baptismal name was almost forgotten, while with one consent she was called, by all who knew her, “Little Sunrise.”

When Sunrise had grown to be quite a large girl, her parents said to each other:

“Now, it is time that she should be learning how to do some work, for what is the use of property or prosperity if you have n’t industry, and the habit of taking care of property, and the ability to add something to it from time to time?”

And a light task was accordingly given to the child. From the first, however, she showed herself a very capable and willing little girl about everything that was given her to do. She never seemed in the least over-tired by her work. On the contrary, she always finished everything a great deal sooner even than was expected of her, while it never once occurred that a mistake could be detected on account of the swiftness with which her nimble fingers completed their task.

When Sunrise had grown older and her strength had increased so that it was no longer necessary for her to work under her mother’s eye, but she could be allowed to join in the work going on in the garden, meadows, and fields, her presence brought much happiness to the other laborers.

Mingled with this happiness, however, were certain other features that were far from pleasing to Sunrise’s father and mother, for, go where she would, somebody was sure to step up to the little girl and say:

“Just you look at us, Sunrise, dear. You’re our little mistress, you know, and we’ll soon get your share done for you.”

Then, while Sunrise was making a struggle to push aside the offered help, behold! somebody else would step in, and, before she knew it, the greater part of her work would be done.

Her parents had no need of being discontented with the labor that was completed after this fashion; for, wherever their child appeared, all lassitude or weariness seemed to vanish from among the servants, and as the evening of each day came around, instead of finding evidence of neglect, they found rather that double and three times the work had always been done, if Sunrise had been out in the fields. Still, as far as their little girl was concerned, so much devotion on the



part of their hirelings was not according to their wish.

"She will learn to be a perfect little do-nothing," they said, "and haughtiness and pride will creep into her heart."

A little later, when such thoughts came into their minds, others began to mingle with them.

"It is not good always to be laughing and playing," they murmured. "Work promotes seriousness. People who do things so quickly and so easily are not the most capable after all, but those who exercise perseverance and self-control." And they began to repent of not having earlier put a check upon such a child as this.

"We ought never to have allowed her to be called Sunrise," they said. "Is n't it natural that she should think herself something different from all the rest of mankind?"

Then both father and mother decided to make her live as the common people did. "Now that you are a well-grown girl, it is high time that you were learning to work and to live and to speak like other people, and as suits our position," they said.

And with this, Sunrise's mother put a great mass of flax into her daughter's hand, bidding her go with it alone into the spinning-room, and not to come back again until it had all been spun.

It was already well on in the day, and the twilight not far off. In the big open fire-place a bright fire was burning. Just as the last lingering ray of daylight had vanished from the sky, a little mouse came running out of his hole. Scampering across the floor to the spinning-wheel, it sprang up on the shoulder of the industrious little maiden, and said:

"Sunrise, give me something to eat."

Then the little girl answered:

"I would gladly give you something to eat, mouse, but I have nothing, and I dare not go out of this room to get you anything. But if you'll eat a bit of this piece of fat that I have to grease my spinning-wheel with, you're very welcome to it. I'll make shift without it."

The mouse thanked her and ate up the fat.

While it was still eating, there was a growling and a fumbling at the door, and in came a monstrous bear. Slowly he shambled and tramped across the floor till he had come up to the spinning-wheel. Then he looked straight at the little girl with his great wild eyes, and said:

"Come, Sunrise, I want you to play blind-man's-buff with me."

At this, Sunrise was terribly frightened.

"Oh, dear!" she thought, "if somebody would only help me get away from this bear! If he touches me with those great claws of his, he will wound me terribly."

But, before Sunrise had fairly finished thinking this, the mouse ran and perched itself on her shoulder on the side farthest from the bear, and whispered in her ear:

"Don't be afraid, Sunrise. Say to him, 'Oh, yes, we'll have a game if you like'; then put the fire out on the hearth, and sit down to your spinning-wheel in the corner. While you are hidden there, I'll run around the room in your place, ringing some little bells as I go, and the bear will think all the time he is hearing those tiny round balls on your necklace tinkling."

So the little girl said bravely, out loud:

"Oh, yes, bear, we'll have a game of blind-man's-buff if you like—very willingly, I'm sure. But first I must put this fire out on the hearth, lest you should see me, you know. So go away from me, like a good bear, please, and wait till I am ready for the game."

The bear then withdrew to the other end of the room, while the little girl extinguished the fire, put the spinning-wheel into the corner, and hid herself behind it.

Meanwhile, the little mouse had begun to run around with his two tiny bells. At the sound of these the bear immediately began to grope his way in that direction. Away sprang the mouse again, and the bells sounded quite at the other end of the room. Again the poor bear danced off after him. But the mouse had nimble little legs and could make long jumps, while the bear, with his great, clumsy paws, shuffled along but slowly, so that wherever he might go he always heard the bells tinkling far in the opposite direction. Still, the mouse ran merrily on. Bruin, however, was getting more and more tired. Every now and then he would cry:

"I'll catch you yet; I'll catch you yet, Sunrise!"

But the hours went by, and the little bells seemed as far off from poor Bruin as ever.

Midnight had passed; the cocks were crowing to tell people that morning had come, and still the weary chase went on—the mouse was here, there, and everywhere; now making a bold run under the bear, now taking a flying leap right over his back. Now the little bells sounded on one side of the room; an instant later, far away on the other. It seemed to the bear as if they were ringing in all the four corners of the room at once.

"Oh, ho! Sunrise, now I've caught you!" the bear would cry, springing off to the right. No sooner had he done so than away would fly mouse with his bells to the left. At last, from such long and constant turnings, the bear began to grow dizzy. He staggered and fell, panting with weariness.

"Enough, enough, Sunrise!" he cried. "I'll acknowledge you can beat me at blind-man's-buff."

Then the little girl felt moved with compassion toward the tired bear, and came out of the corner to fan him with her handkerchief.

"Oh, woe is me!" said the bear, with a sigh.

so that, half-blinded, they were forced to shut their eyes. But when, a moment afterward, Sunrise opened hers again—behold!—whose hand was she holding? And who was it that was holding hers?

"We are in our own castle," said the prince,



By O. P. Seidel

"COME, SUNRISE, I WANT YOU TO PLAY BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF WITH ME."

"that does n't cool me a bit. You must take me out of my skin."

"How can I take you out of your skin?" asked Sunrise.

"Here, take hold of this right paw," was the answer.

And scarcely had Sunrise touched the long fur that was as black as night when a great shining light fell over them, both the maiden and the bear,

who stood before her, his face beaming all over with joy. "You have delivered me and disenchanted the wood. You will now rule over my entire kingdom. Every day you shall drive out through the land in my golden coach, and you will lighten the hearts of all my people by your glance, so that their toil and labor will be turned into joy and pleasure, and there will never be heard again a complaint of misery or a cry of distress. I have



sent your father and mother, as a compensation for the loss of you, a herd of horses and twelve wagons full of newly cut wheat."

Sunrise now reigned by the side of her young consort over the great kingdom where formerly, to the east of her father's little homestead, had stood the dense, dark forest.

And as she drove each day through the country roads, she turned a little aside in order to visit the home of her childhood, and to greet as of old her father and mother and all who loved her bright, sweet face.

And her father and mother were both very

happy over the good fortune that had befallen their daughter.

But the first law that Sunrise begged her husband to make, after she went to help him rule over his land, was that every cat in the kingdom should be obliged to wear a small bell tied around its neck night and day.

"Is that because the cats all play at blind-man's-buff with the mice?" asked the prince, with a roguish smile.

And when Sunrise had given her husband a light nod of assent, the prince immediately ordered the law to be enforced.

## SWEPT AWAY.\*

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

JACK presently dipped the broad paddle in the yellow current and began working the scow over toward the western shore. He had no special purpose in this, except the feeling that possibly there might be more safety nearer land than in the middle of the ocean of water. The sky remained cloudy and overcast. Several times a few drops of water fell, but fortunately these threatening demonstrations were all they felt of the storm. Crab resumed his coat, and, as Dollie kept her shawl wrapped around her, she was quite comfortable.

As Jack was in need of sleep (having scarcely closed his eyes during the preceding night), it was now arranged that he should take a nap while the others remained on the lookout. He told Crab to hold the boat nearly parallel with the stream, to guard against running in among the tree-tops, and to work his way toward the west; in case he caught sight of any steamer, he was to awaken him, and to make for it with might and main.

The faithful fellow promised to follow these directions, so Jack stretched himself out in the boat, with his head resting against the slope of the stern, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

Crab followed Jack's instructions implicitly. He was accustomed to hard work, was strong and active, and he plied the paddle with such vigor that the scow made considerable progress in the desired direction. Possibly an hour had passed,

when both Crab and Dollie began to be alarmed by the increasing turbulence of the water. It was agitated all about them, as if fretted by some great disturbance beneath. It was cut up into numerous short, chopping waves, and broken by eddies and cross currents, while the main body of the stream rolled over and upon itself in such a wild fashion that Crab feared the boat would be swamped.

But, though frightened, he saw no way in which Jack could help them, so he permitted him to sleep on undisturbed. The scow was tossed hither and thither like a cockle-shell, and more than once water was flung into the boat. Crab did his best for a time with the paddle; but, as all his efforts to steady the boat proved unavailing, he presently threw down the paddle, and convulsively grasped the gunwale.

"Hold fast!" he said to Dollie, "so dat, if de boat flops ober, you 'll be dar all de same."

Dollie obediently grasped the other side with all her strength, and, thus steadying herself, looked wonderingly at her brother.

"How can he sleep through all this?" she asked herself, half envying him. "He must be *very* tired."

Undoubtedly he was, for though he stirred several times he did not open his eyes. The swinging and rocking of the boat had a soothing effect on him, which, after all, was fortunate, for the rest he was thus enabled to gain gave him renewed strength for the trials that were at hand.

The disturbance which so alarmed Crab and Dollie was due to the fact that they were passing a point where the waters of some other river

poured into the Mississippi. The violent agitation lasted fully an hour, when they gradually swept into a smoother current.

With a sigh of relief Crab resumed his paddle, and soon had the scow moving steadily again toward the western boundary of the flood. As by far the greater portion of the overflow lay to the eastward, the scow had not gone very far in this direction before Dollie exclaimed:

"Yonder are houses that are standing still!"

Crab looked at them a few minutes before he understood the cause.

"Ob course dey am," he then replied, "for dey 're restin' on de ground. See, away back behind 'em am woods, so dat must be de new bank ob de Massassip."

The town in sight was one of the numerous partially submerged ones along the river: that is, the greater portion was under water, but enough was above to keep the buildings from floating off with the current. There were about a hundred buildings in all, and the streets could be easily traced from the boat. The water, in most cases, reached to the second story, and a great many people were seen grouped on the roofs and passing between the buildings in flats and dug-outs. As the submerged town was still some distance below them, Crab exerted himself to the utmost to reach it before they were carried past, though he did not know that anything would thus be gained save the mere gratification of his curiosity, for it was not likely that such an afflicted settlement was in a condition to extend hospitality to others.

Dollie watched the strange scene before her with much interest, though it presently became evident that the swift current would carry them past before they could reach the vicinity of the houses. Many of the settlers or citizens seemed to be taking matters philosophically; two were seen seated on a roof near the chimney, with their knees drawn up, smoking their pipes. On the flat top of another house a fire was burning in a stove, the pipe of which extended a dozen feet into the air.

At one point a large flat-boat was moored to a chimney, and fully twenty pigs and cattle were crowded upon it, the owners administering as best they could to the wants of the unfortunate animals from their scanty store.

On still another roof a family were engaged in their household duties. The mother was hanging clothes on an extemporized line, a servant was washing, and the head of the family was rocking a cradle, which, it is to be presumed, contained a baby, though it was not visible to Crab and Dollie. Many of these people waved salutes to the children, and asked where they were from, and where

they were going. The former question was much easier to answer than the latter, but they nevertheless replied to all inquiries in the same cheerful spirit in which they were made.

Shortly after the scow had drifted by this collection of houses, Jack opened his eyes and rose to a sitting position. The change in the lookout rather surprised him, but he commended Crab for what he had done, adding:

"I think it is much better for us to be close to shore than out in the middle of the river."

"Dat's de way I feel 'bout it," said Crab, "though I don't zackly know why."

"Why, of course we should be safer if we were on the land than we are on the water," explained Jack; "and if anything happens to injure the boat, we have a better chance of getting ashore if we are close in."

Crab heaved a great sigh, as though a burden had been lifted from his shoulders. He had been trying to decide why it was he was so desirous of keeping land in sight, and now he was relieved to find some one who could tell him.

Jack stood erect in the boat, and, as he had often done before, looked anxiously in every direction. The scene differed little from that with which he was already but too familiar, except in the appearance of the partially submerged district on the Arkansas side. Here and there tracts of land could be seen above the water, while in other places the river reached only to the lower floors of the houses within sight. There were some places where the current ran on both sides of dwellings, which, standing on slight elevations, had been made islands by the flood. Crab was still vigorously sculling, when Jack observed three houses on a small island, between which and the main-land was at least a half-mile of water. Only the upper portions of the buildings were visible, and people were on the roofs.

"Run in closer," said Jack. "I should like to say something to those people."

"Do you want to stop there?" asked Crab, temporarily suspending his sculling, and drawing his oar inside the boat.

"No. Keep off some distance," said Jack. "How fast the river is running!" he added, looking at the houses, which, being stationary, gave a good idea of the swiftness of the mighty current that was hurrying them onward.

"One of those persons is waving something," said Dollie, who was looking intently at the buildings on the island.

Such was undoubtedly the fact. A man was standing erect on the highest portion of one of the roofs, swinging a blanket, evidently signaling the little party in the boat to come closer.



"He wants us to come nearer," said Jack. "Something must be the matter: that looks like a signal of distress."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE GOOD SAMARITANS.

THERE could be no doubt that the people on one of the roofs were anxious that the boat should approach them, and Crab, therefore, applied himself to the paddle with all his strength. He sent the boat quartering over the water with such speed that the landing (if such it may be termed) was certain to be made.

The roof on which stood the man who had signaled to them was of planking and sloped very little. Beside him crouched a woman, evidently his wife, while a young girl, no older than Dollie, lay with her head in her mother's lap.

The children observed, as they rapidly drew near, that the man who had signaled them was tall and powerfully built, with a full beard, and without hat, coat, or vest. There was a wild, haggard look in his eye, and the appearance of the family generally was expressive of suffering.



"Can we do anything for you?" asked Jack, as Crab skillfully brought the scow against the side of the building.

"Have you anything to eat?" inquired the stranger, huskily.

"We have a little food," answered Jack.

"In the name of pity give us some!" said the man. "We are almost starving!"

And moving down the incline of the roof, the famishing supplicant extended his arms for the food, while his wife seemed to brighten visibly at the sound of the word.

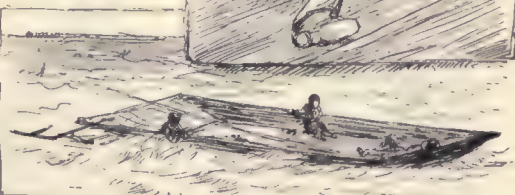
Crab, who at first had heard this request with dismay, was now filled with sympathy at the sight

of their pleasure, and, with a revulsion of feeling, caught up the bag, exclaiming, as he handed it to the stranger:

"Take it all—take it all! If you's dat hungry, I'll go widout supper an' breakfas'."

Jack was about to interpose, for he feared some of the food would be wasted, but when he saw the yearning look on the sad, hungry faces of the mother and child, he had not the heart to do so.

Dollie sat looking upon them with tears of pity in her



eyes, while she forgot, in the very excess of her sympathy, to stir or say a word.

Eagerly the poor man drew some of the crumbling corn-bread from within the bag, and handed it to his wife and child, saying, in a husky, tremulous voice:

"Food at last, Mary! Give some to Jennie, and eat, both of you!"

Mother-like, the woman placed the first piece in the hands of the child, who began eating slowly at first, but soon with a ravenous eagerness that was painful to witness.

The mother ate with more care and restraint, but all saw that her hunger was no less severe than that of her child.

The haggard face of the father seemed to lighten up, as he saw the sufferings

of his dear ones relieved.

"May I give them a little more?" he asked, when the last crumb had vanished, addressing himself to Jack.

"Give them as much as you think best," was the unhesitating answer.

Another piece of the precious corn-bread was handed to the mother, who broke it in two and shared it with her child, saying to her husband:



"That is enough, I think."

At this moment, Crab, who was holding the boat against the side of the building, said in a low whisper to Jack:

"De man hisself has n't eat a moufful!"

Jack turned to him, and inquired:

"Why don't you eat, sir?"

"It is more pleasure to see my wife and child eat," he replied, with a faint smile.

"But are n't you hungry?" persisted Jack.

"There is no need of asking that," replied the man, "for I have n't had anything to eat for days;

"Words can not tell how much I thank you," said the man, handing the bag back to Jack, who took it after inviting him to eat more; "we were discouraged and almost starving. I do not know whether we can live much longer, as it is, but we thank you none the less on that account."

"Why do you talk in that way?" asked Jack. "You have as good a chance as we to be picked up, and we are hopeful that some steamer will take us aboard very soon."

"No, you have a much better prospect," said the stranger, "for you are moving about on the river,



THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

but you have not very much yourself, and I will not rob you. Here!"

And he handed the bag to Jack, who was the one nearest to him in the boat. But the boy refused to receive it.

"There is more bread in there, and bacon and ham," said he. "We have not lost a meal; help yourself. *You must.*"

The stranger protested, but finally consented; and, as he stood erect and slowly ate a large piece of the bread and a slice of bacon, it would be hard to say who was the happier—the starving man, tasting again the food he so sorely needed, or the children who had so generously shared with entire strangers their most precious possession.

while none of the boats come near enough for me to hail them."

"But you are to get in the boat and go with us," said Jack, heartily.

The invitation was indeed a surprise to the stranger, but it was a most grateful one, and he accepted it without hesitation, and with many expressions of gratitude.

There were only a few effects gathered on the roof, and but a part of these were taken. There was some extra clothing and a couple of loose planks, which were placed across the scow, from side to side, so as to afford rude seats for the passengers. The mother and her child were quite well clad, though the former was compelled to use



her shawl as a covering for her head. The girl had a neat hat, which had been lying beside her. This she now placed on her head, and the father helped the two from the roof to the boat. The stranger, who had evidently been a strong man but a few weeks before, moved slowly and feebly, while the girl was scarcely able to stand. Dollie's eyes filled with tears, as she reached out and helped her aboard.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE WESTERN SHORE.

DOLLIE LAWRENCE, indeed, took charge of the stranger girl from the moment she stepped on board. She urged her to eat more, and the child would have been only too glad to do so; but when she looked at her mother, the latter shook her head.

"My name is Dollie Lawrence," said the youthful hostess, presently; "what is yours?"

"Jennie Wheeler," was the reply. "I'm eight years old," she added.

"So am I," said Dollie.

"The river came clear up to my house," remarked Dollie, looking expectantly at her new friend, who promptly rejoined:

"So it did to mine."

"It came very near drowning us," continued Dollie, quickly.

"And we thought it would surely drown us," rejoined Jennie; and by this time, as their arms were locked, the two children were almost laughing at the similarity of their experiences. Dollie hastened to add:

"We took some bread and meat with us."

"So did ——"

Jennie stopped herself with a look of dismay; to her sorrow, the chain of extraordinary coincidences between her friend's history and her own ended here. But Dollie instantly began again.

"We knew the river was coming," she said, "so Jack (that's my big brother over there) helped me cook some bread and bacon, and we got all ready. When we knew the house was going to start, we got out on the roof, and we've been floating ever since."

"We were all asleep," said Jennie, "and Father told us we need n't bother, for the river would never get up near our house, 'cause it had never done so; and so we did n't worry or get ready for it. When Father woke us in the night, the water was up to our beds in the second story, and we had just time to get out on the roof. We could n't take anything to eat, and only some clothes that were above the water."

"Did n't you feel sad?" asked Dollie, sympathetically.

"Yes — very sad," responded Jennie, solemnly. "Then Father sat down beside Mother, and I saw tears running down their cheeks, and that made me feel worse than ever. I heard him say we could n't stand it much longer, and then I seemed to get weak, and so did Mother, and we sat down almost half-asleep, and I did n't feel near so badly as I did when I began to get hungry."

At this moment, the company in the boat were startled by such terrific screaming that their ears tingled. The screams seemed to be close at hand, and sounded as if some one were in very great agony.

All involuntarily turned to Mr. Wheeler. To their surprise, he was leaning over the side of the boat, and grappling with something in the water. Before any one could understand what it all meant, he threw his shoulders back and lifted a small pig into the boat. It struggled fiercely, and uttered such squeals that the girls put up their hands to shut out the sound. But its captor flung it on its back, held it motionless with one hand, and speedily dispatched it with a bowie-like knife which he drew from a belt at his hip.

"This little fellow may serve us well before we get out of the boat," explained Mr. Wheeler, who seemed to be recovering his strength and spirits rapidly. "I don't see any good way of cooking it, but we shall find a way, and I am hungry enough this minute to eat it cooked in almost any style. It's much better than starving to death," he added, as he proceeded to dress the pig.

There were other pigs in the water, as the rest of the party now observed, on looking around. There were fully fifty of them, and they were swimming powerfully and swiftly, as those animals always do. It had been a happy thought of Mr. Wheeler to secure a young one that was passing quite close to him.

"Where did they come from?" asked Jack, as he watched them shying off toward shore.

"I do not know," replied Mr. Wheeler. "They may have started from some bluff or piece of land a half-dozen miles up the river."

"Where are they going?" pursued Jack, naturally anxious for information.

"They don't know themselves," was the reply.

Mr. Wheeler showed much skill in dressing the pig, remarking that, if he only had the facilities, he would roast it and give his friends as good a meal as they could get anywhere.

"Why not land and roast it?" asked Jack.

"Dat 's de idea," said Crab, enthusiastically, and, dipping the paddle into the water with renewed energy, he at once headed the craft in the

direction of the wooded shore, which was now at no great distance.

"I think it will be a wise proceeding," observed Mr. Wheeler, "and when you are tired, Crab (as I notice they call you), let me take a hand."

"I will relieve him," said Jack; "you have been without food so long, you must need rest."

"I did feel weak," said Mr. Wheeler; "but what I have eaten, and, more than that, the sight of the relief that you gave my wife and child, have put new life and strength into me."

And, in proof of this assertion, he presently insisted that he had been cramped so long on the roof that he really needed some exercise, and so Crab yielded the paddle to him. He handled it with considerable skill, and the scow steadily approached the land to the westward. As they came nearer, however, they saw to their disappointment that the trees were partly submerged, and that it would do no good to push the boat in among them. However, they kept well in, gliding rapidly downward until an opening was seen some distance below. Mr. Wheeler exerted himself, and soon the boat was driven against the land. He nimbly sprang ashore, and, catching hold of the bow, he drew it up so far that it was beyond the reach of the powerful current.

"We must n't forget," said he, "that probably the river is still rising, and if we leave the scow for any length of time, it will float off."

"Den we'll keep our eye on it," replied Crab, looking intently at the craft, as if to warn it that it must attempt no tricks on its own account.

As soon as the scow was "anchored," there was a universal scramble for shore, Dollie and Jennie laughing as though they were just starting out on a ramble and frolic through the woods. The spot where they had landed was a stretch of ground that had never been cultivated. Only a little way beyond was a growth of heavy timber extending far into the interior. There were no houses visible, nor any living creature. A more desolate spot could not have been found in the wilds of Africa or among the islands of the sea. And yet it was like a haven of refuge to the little party that had been drifting aimlessly on the wide waste of waters.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE EXPLORING PARTY.

A GENERAL scattering took place, all being anxious to collect fuel for the fire which Mr. Wheeler needed to prepare the meal of roast pig, and it was not long before they had gathered much more than was needed. Leaves, twigs,

dried branches, and pieces of dead limbs were thrown together, and speedily set on fire by the settler, who always carried matches with him in a little rubber safe.

As he had camped out many a time, when hunting in the lowlands of Arkansas, he was not at a loss as to the proper course to pursue. As they were not suffering for food, he said, the pig should be roasted to a turn now before being served, and, as that would take considerable time, the others had better enjoy themselves as they saw fit.

Mrs. Wheeler decided to stay with her husband, that she might give him any needed assistance, while Dollie and Jennie preferred to ramble in the woods near at hand, promising to keep within hailing distance.

"If you feel like taking exercise," said Mr. Wheeler to Jack, "you may as well go with them."

"So I will," said he, and he had already started when Mr. Wheeler suggested that he had better take his gun, adding:

"There's no telling what you may find in these woods at such a time, and you know the saying is that, when you want fire-arms in Arkansas, you want them very badly."

"I hope I sha'n't need them," remarked Jack, lifting the gun from the scow, however, and telling the girls to run ahead. Then he asked Crab:

"Don't you want to go with us?"

"No, I thank you," replied that individual. "I'm goin' to camp on the ground heah an' help Masser Wheeler. Dat will help me get up an appetite for de meal when it am ready."

All laughed heartily at this remark—all but Crab, who firmly refused to leave the spot.

While Jack was holding a short conversation with Mr. Wheeler, Dollie and Jennie had entered the woods near at hand, and, strolling along arm-in-arm, forgot all their past trials in their present enjoyment. The forest consisted mainly of pine, with considerable undergrowth; and, as the ground was quite high and no rain of any account had fallen recently, the ramble was an inviting one.

Mr. Wheeler had spoken truly when he intimated that, at such times, there was no telling what one might encounter in the woods, and it was well for any one entering them to carry a gun. Laughing, chatting, and talking in the aimless way natural to childhood, the girls strolled along, paying no heed to their direction, but taking care not to wander beyond call of their friends. Dollie was strong and active, and so was Jennie naturally, but her late sufferings had taken something from her powers of endurance, and they had gone but a very short distance when she complained of feeling tired.



"Let us sit down and rest awhile," she proposed, looking around for some suitable place.

"Yonder is a log," said Dollie, starting toward a fallen pine near at hand. Walking faster than her friend she was soon near the tree, when she uttered a scream and ran back to Jennie.

"What is the matter?" asked the other, in alarm.

"I saw a big snake coiled near the stump of that tree," replied Dollie, glancing furtively over her shoulder, as though she expected it was coming after them.

"I want to see it, too," said Jennie, beginning



JACK KILLS THE RATTLESNAKE.

to move on tiptoe toward the pine, as though to get close to the reptile without being discovered.

Dollie caught her arm.

"Don't! Don't, I beg of you!" she entreated. "It is a rattlesnake, and if it bites you it will kill you!"

"But I am not going to let it bite me," said Jennie, stoutly, still edging away from her friend.

"But how can you prevent it?" asked Dollie.

"It did n't bite you, did it?" demanded Jennie.

"No," was Dollie's reply; "but that was because I saw it in time and got away."

"Well," said Jennie, "I guess I can see as well as you, and you need n't be afraid of my getting bitten."

As she was resolved on going, Dollie decided to go along to take care of her.

The alarm of Dollie was well founded. The two had not gone far when they caught sight of the most terrible-looking rattlesnake they had ever seen. It was of immense size, and was coiled near the stump, with its head slightly raised from the center, while its rattle was gently vibrating and giving forth that peculiar sound which no one who has heard it can ever forget.

The children were almost fascinated by the sight, though both had seen similar serpents before. None, however, had been so large as this one, which fastened its tiny black eyes on them, as though meditating an attack.

Their fear was too great to permit them to approach dangerously near, and so from a distance they commented in awed whispers on the frightful appearance of the reptile.

"Now that you have had a good look at it, please step aside and let me take a view," said a well-known voice.

The girls turned and saw Jack at their elbow, with one of the hammers of his gun raised. Dollie and Jennie hurriedly moved behind him. Taking careful aim, Jack discharged a load of shot which ended the life of the *Crotalus*, one of the most easily killed of the reptile species.

"Now, girls," said Jack, "that shows that you must not wander too far; I will stay by you."

They were glad enough to have Jack's company, for he was full of life and jollity, and he devoted himself to entertaining them.

"We have plenty of time to spare," said he, "so we will go a little farther in the woods."

He led the way, the girls laughing and playing about him, while all kept their eyes wide open to prevent running into any new danger.

"Remember," he cautioned, "I have only one charge left in the gun, and, if we come across any wild animal, it will be best to run, unless he drives us into a corner—— Ha! What is that, yonder?"

(To be continued.)



AN AUGUST DAY BY THE SEA-SHORE.



## ZINTHA'S FORTUNE.

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS.

WHIZ ! whiz ! whir ! whir ! puff ! puff !—and the Through Pacific Express, on its way to the Golden Gate, paused before the station at Fremont, Nebraska. The engine drew a long breath, like a boy after a race. The passengers hurried out to get some dinner at the refreshment-room near by ; the train dispatcher, conductors, and telegraph operators joked each other merrily ; and every one was smiling and happy, although the day was unusually warm for June.

On one side of the track stood a large grain elevator, and many men were busy loading some cars with barley destined for the New York market. The elevator platform, like that of the station, was crowded with people. A little apart from the crowd stood a girl of twelve, with long braids of hair down her back and a sturdy baby boy in her arms. At the open window of a Pullman car a young lady and two children sat watching this girl. A strange, wistful look in her eyes attracted them.

"Come here, little girl," said the young lady ; "come and get some candy for your little brother."

"He is not my brother, and she bids me never cross the track alone," said the girl, and her large brown eyes grew more wistful. The pretty children in the car reached out and tried to toss some chocolates across to her ; they all fell, however, on the track near the wheels of the grain cars.

"Is 'she' your mother?" asked the young lady.

"No ; my mother is dead," replied the girl.

"Oh, Aunt Sue, do you hear?" cried the girl in the car. "She has n't any mother—just like Hal and me. I'm so sorry."

"Yes, Vesta, I hear," said the young lady ; "the poor child looks unhappy."

Just then the conductor came in to say that some Chinese were engaged in cooking their dinner on the prairie close by, and to inquire if Miss Perkins, with her little niece and nephew, would like to visit them.

Miss Perkins was delighted, and at once nodded to the little girl that she was coming out.

"Can you tell me anything about that child?" she asked, as the conductor assisted the party across the track.

"The one with the baby?" said he. "No ; I have noticed her here frequently, sometimes when it storms hard, and she is always holding that heavy boy."

"She looks like a picture I once saw in Rome,"

said Miss Perkins, "and I want to speak to her. Shall we take her with us to see the Chinese?"

"Certainly, if you wish." And, stepping up to her, the conductor took the baby and lifted him down from the platform, and then smiled as the girl leaped lightly to the ground.

"Must you carry that big boy?" said Miss Perkins to her, as she was about to take up the baby again. "You look tired. He can walk, can he not?"

"Yes, Miss, but he does not like to."

Miss Perkins took the little fellow's fat hand in hers, saying, "Now baby will walk like a big man," and the party soon joined Hal and Vesta, who were already watching the industrious foreigners, and calling to Aunt Sue to "come quick." It was a curious sight. Groups of Chinamen were gathered around fires built upon the ground, with various queer-looking utensils lying about. Hal walked around one man, trying in vain to count his pockets, for every moment he emptied a fresh one. Miss Perkins said that the inmost recesses of his clothing must be all pockets. Hal was anxious to buy some chopsticks then and there, but his auntie told him he would see them frequently, for the servants in his father's new home at Los Angeles were all Chinamen. The wearers of pigtailed would not answer any questions save with the words, "No talkee." The children soon became tired, and were glad to return to the car, taking the stranger girl with them.

"What is your name, dear?" asked Miss Perkins, when the child was seated by Vesta, with the baby between them.

"Zintha Dierke," she replied.

"Do you live near here?"

"Out on the prairie yonder."

"Who takes care of you?"

"Nobody but myself."

"But you live with some one?"

"Yes, Miss, with Hans's mother," explained Zintha. "I mind him for my board ; my father is away, and I look for him every day."

"Where is your father?" said Miss Perkins.

"I can not tell, Miss," was the reply. "He has gone to work, and when he has made plenty of money he will come and take me. If I could know where he was I should be happy. If I ask Mrs. Hansen, she says, 'You will hear in good time' ; but the good time never comes."

"I am very sorry, dear," said Miss Perkins, "but I am sure your father will come."

"I come always to the cars," continued the girl. "I can not keep away. He kissed me and said, 'Be brave, my Zintha, and I will come for you.' But my eyes ache with looking, and he does not come."

"Brave is a grand word, little Zintha," said Miss Perkins, as she kissed the sad little face. "So kind a father must have written, and some time all will be well. You should go to school, my dear, and learn to read and write."

"I read now, Miss," replied Zintha, "but I can not go to the school. Mrs. Hansen has a smaller baby, and she keeps me to mind Hans. My father wished me to go to the school every day, but I can not."

Miss Perkins looked very sober for a few moments, then she said: "Zintha, I shall always remember you, and you must not forget me. Here is a card with my name upon it. I have two homes, one in Los Angeles,—printed here, as you see,—and one in New York. For one year I shall be with my brother in Los Angeles, perhaps longer. Will you keep trying to write, and by and by send me a letter there?"

"I will, Miss—I try every day," said Zintha, eagerly.

"I take Hans to the big lumber-yard over there, and make him a place between the pile of boards, and then I write. See this pencil; it was given me by the nice man who measures the lumber, and I do many lessons on the boards. I write my father's name often. I love to write that. Heinrich Dierke is his name."

When the passengers came back into the cars, Miss Perkins knew that she must send her little friend away. Hal and Vesta filled a box with bonbons for her, and Miss Perkins gave her some pictorial papers and a bag full of crackers made in shapes like animals, and then the conductor lifted Zintha and the baby out upon the platform.

"I think she wanted your book, Aunt Sue," said Hal; "she kept looking at it so earnestly."

"Poor child!" said Miss Perkins. "If it were not my precious copy of Whittier's poems, with his own handwriting on the fly-leaf, I should certainly give it to her."

A sudden thought came into her head. She turned over the leaves quickly, and wrote upon a scrap of paper four lines from one of the poems:

"The dear God hears and pities all:  
He knoweth all our wants,  
And what we blindly ask of him,  
His love withholds or grants."

Aunt Sue hurried to the door with the paper, just as the conductor cried, "All aboard!"

"Do give this to that little girl," she said.

"With pleasure," replied that polite official; and he immediately reached over the heads of those about, saying, "Here, little girl, the lady sends you this. May be it will prove a fortune."

Some of the by-standers smiled. How could such a scrap of paper prove a fortune, and if it should, what would that sad-eyed child holding a fat German baby do with it?

Again the train moved on its way, and in due time reached California. There General Perkins met his sister, and bore her away with his children to his orange groves near Los Angeles.

Aunt Sue enjoyed every moment of the restful, indolent life, and wondered if she should ever care again for the noise and bustle of her native city. Hal gloried in his freedom. As for Vesta, she was not too happy to think of Zintha, and Aunt Sue was constantly teased to tell her own fancies concerning the little maid who carried baby Hans.

Aunt Sue never told all she thought about it, but night after night she saw again Zintha's wistful look, large brown eyes, and heavy braids of hair, and the stolid face of little Hans.

How was it with Zintha?

Every day, when the weather was fair, she carried Hans to the lumber-yard and wrote or figured upon the boards. Sometimes she had a bit of paper before her, held down by two bricks, to keep it from being blown away.

"See here, little one," said the foreman one day, "what are these verses you are scribbling all over my matched boards?"

"Something a kind lady gave me, sir," she answered, timidly. "I hope it is not wrong, sir."

"No harm done," said the foreman, "only some of the men spoke of it, and the boss might n't like it, you know." The next day this kind friend brought Zintha a large blank-book.

"There, sis," said he, "when you've written that full you will be ready to copy sermons for the minister."

Sometimes the foreman asked Zintha to figure up a sale for him, in advance of his own reckoning. Before long, he gave her rules for measurement, and told her the names and grades of the lumber. She soon understood the difference between flooring and sheathing, joists and planks, and no one about the yard knew the best places for piling up, or how high each pile was, better than Zintha.

One day, the foreman was cross. Mr. Brown, the clerk, was sick with the mumps, and the doctor said he would not be out for a fortnight.

"If it had happened at any other time I should n't have cared," exclaimed the foreman; "but the boss is in Chicago, and he's very particular about letters being answered promptly."

"Could n't I write them?" asked Zintha. "You



have been so kind to me, I should like to do something for you, and I write quite well now."

The foreman looked at her keenly for a moment, and then said: "You're a trump, little one; perhaps you can. Trot into the office, and I'll be in there in a few moments."

Zintha was already perched on Mr. Brown's high stool when he entered and began looking over the letters. "Tell this man," said he, putting a letter before her, "that we will fill his order on the 10th inst., if we can get the cars. Put your date up there—so; the printed heads will help you."

"I know how to do that," said Zintha, simply. "I did it for Mr. Brown when he wanted to go to a party. I know it all the way down to 'Yours respectfully.'"

"Upon my word, you do!" said the foreman, when the letter was finished; "and if you can get rid of that baby of Hansen's, I can give you plenty of work until the boss comes back."

Zintha's eyes sparkled. At noon, she hurried home to Mrs. Hansen and told her the good news. Hans was fast asleep.

"May I go again this afternoon?" asked Zintha.

"I care not where you are," said the tired woman, "while Hans is sleeping."

"I will earn some money for you, Mrs. Hansen," said the girl, "and you shall have a new dress to wear to the church."

"I can not have a gown while my man cares so much for his beer," returned Mrs. Hansen, rather grimly. "With plenty babies comes plenty trouble, and all goes wrong. But you are a good girl, Zintha, and I do wrong to speak you a cross word."

Zintha thanked Mrs. Hansen twice, and hurried away to set the table. When the dishes were washed and the house made clean and tidy, she returned to the office.

Zintha had written letters for nearly two weeks when the proprietor of the yard returned. He frowned a little when he saw a young girl seated on the office stool, but the foreman whispered a few words to him and gave him some letters to read; then he smiled and said: "Equal to Brown's, anyhow."

When Brown returned, Zintha was told that she need not go away, for the business was increasing, and the foreman bought a little chair for her, which he placed in the private office. All day long Zintha wrote and wrote, and when night came she went back to the Hansen's house to sleep on her hard bed with little Hans. She often thought of the kind lady in the Pullman car, whom the children had called Aunt Sue, and she said to herself, "Now I can write her a fine long letter, if she ever writes to me."

One day, when the train came in from California,

the expressman left a box in the station addressed to Zintha Dierke, and a boy in the telegraph office hurried away with it to the lumber-yard.

Great was the joy of Zintha. Her employer opened it himself, and seemed greatly pleased when the young girl took out two pretty dresses, made with "tucks to let down as Zintha grew" (as the accompanying letter stated), and all manner of pretty presents from Vesta, Hal, and the dear, kind lady.

"Now, Zintha," said her employer that afternoon, "I have a little plan for you. My foreman has a spare room in his cottage, and his wife, who is a good, motherly soul, will board you until we hear from your father. It is not a nice place for you at Hansen's, since he drinks so much, and it is too far for you to go to your evening lessons. Now that your kind friends have sent you these gifts, I think you had better send them at once to your new room, and I will see Mrs. Hansen for you."

"Ah, I can never thank you," said Zintha, "and these kind friends, who do so much for me."

"Never mind the thanks," he replied, briskly. "I've a girl of my own, and I mean to give you a chance to surprise your father when he comes."

So the boxful of pretty presents went to Mr. Gordon's house that night, and, before Zintha slept, she wrote this letter to her friends in California:

"MOST DEAR AND KIND PEOPLE: The beautiful box came to me this day, and I could cry, my heart is so happy. I am writing now every day in the office, and every week my kind master pays me for it. I learned to write, as you told me to do, and twice every week I say lessons to a young lady who teaches in one of the schools. It is very beautiful, and I thank the dear God and you. The sweet words you wrote me have made my fortune. I copied them day after day on the boards, until my kind friend gave me a book. How pleased my dear father would be! I hear not a word from him yet. And I am tired waiting. My master says he will 'come some day when I am not thinking of him.' Ah, dear lady, that is never! I always think of him and pray for his return. I pray for you, too, dear lady, for I can not thank you. The books, the dresses, and all the pretty clothing make me too happy to sleep. Some time we may meet again, and then I may be wiser and better able to tell the beautiful thoughts I have of you and the pretty children.

ZINTHA DIERKE."

Why Aunt Sue cried over that little letter no one could tell, and even General Perkins, her brother, sat very still for a long time after he had read it.

Six months after the box reached Zintha, General Perkins himself walked into the office at the lumber-yard, and there he found a tall, slender girl, bending over some writing. He chatted some time before he made himself known, and then Zintha's happy face made him ample return for "the bother of stopping over to humor Sue's whim." He tried in vain to persuade her to leave her position and go with him to Los Angeles, when he should return from the East, but she only answered:

"I thank all your kind family, General, but my dear father must find me here when he returns."

Her refusal did not prevent the General from stopping again on his way back to the orange groves, to leave a large bundle of books and some presents from New York friends to whom he had told Zintha's story.

Thus two years passed, with frequent letters between Los Angeles and Fremont, and at each Christmas a box for Zintha. Aunt Sue still lingered in California. She had grown stronger, her brother thought, and the children could not spare her.

One bright May day, Aunt Sue drove up the avenue leading to Roselawn, as General Perkins's place at Los Angeles was called. She had been out with Vesta, and was just returning with the mail.

"It is strange that Zintha does not write," said she; "I positively find myself worried if the child misses one month."

"Perhaps she is ill or very tired," said Vesta. "But see, Aunt Sue, we have company: Papa is talking with a young lady, and there is a gentleman in the hammock."

Aunt Sue did look. There was no mistaking those brown eyes, and, as the ponies halted, she sprang out and caught Zintha in her arms.

"Ah, dear, dear lady, I have come at last, and here is the dear father with me!" said the girl, holding the lady's hand tightly in her own.

"Yes, madam, I am here," said a fine-looking man, advancing, "and all my life I shall thank you for the love you have given my little girl."

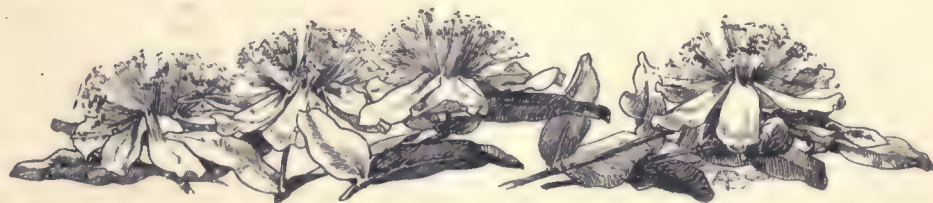
What a happy party Roselawn held that night! What a long, long story it was which Zintha's father told—how he found work at once, and afterward went into business for himself at Salt Lake City; how he had often written to Hansen, sending money and letters to his darling little girl; how Hansen wrote that the child was well, and learning fast in school. Then he was ill, very ill, for a long time. When he began to recover, his

first thought was for Zintha, but no word came. One day, when he grew stronger, he went down the road to build a new store-house. While the men were at work one of them picked up a board with a little verse on it. He carried it to the "boss" (who was no other than himself), who read it as a hungry man eats bread. There was his darling's name, with his own, beneath the poet's words. He laughed aloud for joy, and the men said: "Ah, his head is not quite right since the fever." But his head was right, and his heart, too. He wrote at once to his child, and heard all the long, sad story. "The words of the poet, dear friends," said he, as he concluded his long story, "proved better than the telegraph; it was a message from my own loved one when I was anxious about her. Then I made haste to get to her as soon as I could, and here we are together at last, and trying to thank you for all you have done."

Here Zintha's hand rested lovingly on his arm, and Zintha's voice, quivering with love and joy, said: "When the dear father builds his house, the words which brought us together shall be carved over the door, to commemorate the happy fortune they have brought me."

"Brave little Zintha!" said the General. "It was not the words alone, but your patient, earnest work which won the good fortune. But come, Sue, let us have some music."

Then Aunt Sue took down her guitar, and they all sang the evening hymn, which floated on and on through the fragrant air. It chanced that the music fitted the verse that had brought Zintha's fortune; so Miss Perkins added that stanza to the hymn. And as she noted the fervor with which they all joined in singing that verse, she could not help wishing that it might have been heard by the beloved and venerable poet in his New England home.





# THE LADY OF THE (CHINGACHGOOK

BY REV. CHARLES R. TALBOT.



THE "Chingachgook" lay at her berth off Boardman's wharf, "all saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight." Her mainsail and her jib were hoisted, her ensign and signal set; and she was tugging with all her might at her mooring-line, evidently fretting to be off. The "Chingachgook" was a boat, of course, and not an Indian; but she was as lithe and fleet as any chieftain that ever tracked a foe, and there were those who would have insisted that she was quite as intelligent and full of life. She was a center-board boat, sloop-rigged, twenty-four feet and four inches in length over all, and therefore only a "third-class sloop," according to the tables of the Seaconnet Yacht Club, to which she belonged. But with proper time allowance, according to her dimensions, her youthful owner believed that she could beat any vessel afloat; and this day he expected to do something toward proving it. There was to be a race over the Blowaway Island course, open to third-class sloops and cat-boats of all sizes, for which the "Chingachgook"

was entered. It shall be added here, for what it is worth to the reader, that, except for a change of names, there is such a club as the Seaconnet Yacht Club; there is such a boat as the "Chingachgook"; and there is such a young lady as the heroine of this story.

The crew of the "Chingachgook"—Cassius Thorne by name and aged fifteen—having, with a good deal of dogged labor, gotten up the mainsail single-handed, had now seated himself on the star-board rail and was idly kicking the heels of his boating-shoes together over the side, and humming to himself a song while he waited for the Captain to come on board. The words of this song were by W. S. Gilbert, but the music—if music it could be called—was by Cassius Thorne himself. However, the words were fairly applicable to the facts of his own case and were as follows:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig.  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Cassius called himself the "crew" of the "Chingachgook," though he wore the same uniform as "Captain" Rodman and was his social equal. The difference was that Rodman owned the boat. But that difference was important, in the eyes of Cassius Thorne. If there was anything that the latter worshiped, it was a boat. A horse he never looked at; a bicycle he held in profound contempt; even for young ladies he cared not a crust of bread. But give him a boat, and he was made. Put him on the water, and he was in his element. Indeed, speaking of young ladies, it is not enough to say that Cassius did not care for them. He abominated them. That, I think, is the same as saying that he was afraid of them—which was the fact. He always avoided them if he could; he never raised his eyes when forced to meet them; and, rather than walk up to one and speak directly to her, he would have gone on board the "Chingachgook" and sailed the boat, before a howling tempest, straight in among four hundred sea-serpents. All Cassius Thorne asked of the girls was that they let him alone; I am sorry to say that the dreadful creatures did not always do it.

This being understood, the feelings of Master Thorne may be imagined when, presently, sitting there on the rail and looking shoreward, he perceived a boat, pulled by a man and conveying a girl, seemingly of about his own age, approaching the "Chingachgook" with the evident intention of boarding her. The boatman, reversing his stroke at length, and then slowly backing around, brought his boat stern-foremost directly up to the quarter of the "Chingachgook," and a moment later the girl stepped lightly on board.

Cassius had risen at the last and now stood looking toward the stranger, with a sort of "All-hands-stand-by-to-repel-boarders!" air, but by no means showing a disposition to advance. He was, in truth, a good deal overcome, and he grasped the shroud beside him for support. There must be some mistake, of course. No such person as this was expected on board the "Chingachgook," or had any business there.

Then the young lady looked at him. She was a very attractive figure as she stood there, habited in a dainty navy-blue sailor suit, with a daring bit of scarlet visible here and there about it, and with a jaunty hat on her head that did not pretend to protect her brown face from the sun. For the face itself, Cassius did not know whether it was pretty or not. He was conscious of nothing about it but the eyes. They were the kind of eyes that he had always detested—eyes that, brimful of mirth and mischief, are forever following a fellow about and compelling him to look up in spite of himself, and that, back of everything, he always *knows* are making fun of him.

"Good-morning," said she, sweetly.

Cassius said good-morning rather thickly, and took off his yachting cap. He had sisters at home, who taught him good manners, although they had never been able to cure him of his diffidence.

"This is the 'Chingachgook,' is it not?" she continued.

"Yes, ma'am,—that is,—yes, this is the 'Chingachgook'." Cassius blushed, and bit his tongue. A tongue that made him say "ma'am" to a girl evidently not a day older than he himself deserved to be bitten.

"Ah, then I am all right," said she, complacently.

And so saying, she turned and stepped steadily over into the stern-sheets. There she sat down, and, taking a small bundle from her pocket, began unrolling it. It appeared to be some sort of fancy work. She spread it upon her lap, and, having threaded her needle from a tangled mass of worsted, she at length set serenely to work, evidently disposed to make herself at home. Cassius, without moving from his place, had regarded her with growing amazement—until, all at once, she looked

up and caught him at it. Then he turned away in confusion, stealing off forward like a guilty thing. He went and gave another pull at the peak-halyards; and he stood about a long time, squinting up at the boat's colors, possessed of a sudden anxiety as to their being properly set, and all the while he cast numerous stealthy glances toward the mysterious personage in the stern-sheets. Finally, he went and stood at the bow, gazing mournfully down into the water, as though he contemplated a plunge beneath its surface. He wished that Rodman would come. He felt that something ought to be done; but—well, it was not for him to take the responsibility of doing it, before the Captain came on board.

Rodman was seen at last, appearing suddenly among the crowd of people on the wharf, and, without stopping to speak to any of them, jumping into his gig and sculling himself swiftly toward the "Chingachgook." The sloop carried only one boat, name of which varied according to the use to which it was put. When the Captain used it, it was a gig. "Cash," he would say, "bring around the gig; I want to go ashore." But when the crew used it, it was the dinghy. "Cash, you take the dinghy, will you, and go and get that piece of ice that Evans has left for us on the head of the wharf." They were very punctilious as to terms on board the "Chingachgook."

Rodman had discovered with wonderment the girl sitting in his yacht. He directed his boat toward the forward part of the sloop, presently drawing in his oar and walking to the bow, and then, with the painter in his hand, he stepped easily to the vessel's deck. He was not in the best of humor. He had just come from an interview with the judges, and things had not gone to his mind.

"Tony Boardman is bound to have everything his own way, or else he 'wont run'," he said, savagely. "But just let him wait until we get started! Somebody else will have something to say then, he'll find." Then he lowered his voice, motioning with his head in the direction of the young lady. "Who in Honduras is *that*, Cash?"

Cash raised his eyes an instant to those of his commander; but at once they fell again, wandering off sidewise toward the subject mentioned.

"I don't know," he answered, defensively. "She did n't hoist any signal when she came up." (Cassius always spoke the language of the yachting service.) "She came aboard, and sat herself down there without a word."

"What!" Rodman scowled and looked aft again. The young lady was sitting there as calmly as ever, industriously drawing her needle in and out. "Why did you *let* her?"



"How could I help it?" returned Cassius, drearily.

"Why did n't you ask her what she wanted?"

Cassius made no reply to this, and Rodman, after a moment, turned with a contemptuous "Umph!" and strode away aft. He would see what was the meaning of this. He slackened his pace a little, necessarily, as he passed along beside the sloop's cabin and stepped over the wash-board. The stranger looked up at him.

"Good-morning," said she, exactly as she had said it to Cassius, as sweetly and with the same audacious light in her eyes.

But Rodman was not afraid of her eyes. He had seen girls before. He lifted his cap stiffly. "Was there anything that you wanted?" inquired he, his tone and manner politely hostile.

"Oh, *no*, indeed; thank you." Her attitude quite bore out her words. She went on with her work, evidently entirely satisfied with things as they were and in want of nothing in the world.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said Rodman, grimly; "but we are going to get under way now for the race, and it will be necessary for you to—to——" He hesitated an instant, casting about for some not too offensive phrase in which to order her ashore.

She quickly took it upon herself to finish his sentence for him.

"And you want me to move, do you? Why, certainly. I ought to have known better than to plant myself right here in the way." She got up and moved across to the corner, close by the cabin. And then, even while Rodman's lips were set again to say his say, she ran glibly on. "You want to ship the tiller, I suppose. Is n't that what you call it—the tiller?" She pointed with her needle to the article named, as it lay on the seat. "Oh, I am quite a sailor, I assure you. I don't mean to make any trouble or get in the way. Indeed, I do not!"

"I beg your pardon," Rodman began again. It was impossible to be rude or harsh in the face of such persistent sweetness and innocence as this. "I think you must have made some mistake. You——"

"Mistake!" She dropped her work into her lap. "What—about the tiller? Then it *is* n't the tiller at all?" She seemed deeply mortified. "Is it—is it the *gaff*, then?" she asked eagerly, after a moment.

This was so funny that Rodman forgot his dignity and laughed aloud. Whereupon she exhibited such extreme distress that he felt himself in the wrong, and begged her pardon once more. Then he hastened to harden himself again.

"I meant mistaken about the *boat*," he explained.

"Oh, mistaken about the boat!" She complacently resumed her work, receiving this as though it were an apology, and seeming to consider it an ample one. Then, again, without giving him a chance to speak, she hurried on, telling him how fond she was of sailing, and how she should like to know all about a boat, and the names of all the spars and ropes. It did not seem to have occurred to her that she was where she was not wanted and where she had no business to be. She appeared entirely at home and at her ease. Rodman stared at her as she talked, and his wonder grew. What did it all mean? Who was she, any way, and what did she want?—or what did she think she wanted? *Could n't* she be made to understand that she must go ashore? He resolved upon another effort.

"Do you know, Miss, what boat this is?" he was able, by and by, very solemnly to inquire.

"What boat!" She raised her eyes in pretty wonder. "Why, to be sure! It is the 'Chingachhook,' is n't it? I'm sure there is n't any danger of mistaking her. There is n't another boat in the harbor like her. I think she is just splendid! And 'Chingachhook' is the very name for her, too. I suppose she is named after that old Indian chief—the 'Last of the Mohicans.' Or was he the last but one? Do you know, I just *adore* Cooper! It is n't very often you find a girl who does, but *I* do. I think his novels are about as fascinating as any I ever read—even more interesting than Sir Walter Scott's. And those—those 'Leather Stocking' stories I like best of all. Don't *you* think they are the best?" She looked up anxiously with her question, as if his opinion on the subject was the most important matter in the world to her.

Rodman groaned inwardly. What *was* the use of trying to make a girl like this comprehend that she was where she was n't wanted and could not possibly be allowed to remain. He uttered a sort of grunt, worthy of the immortal Chingachhook himself, and turned savagely away, picking up the tiller and fitting it into the rudder-head.

All at once the report of a cannon was heard, apparently from on board a small boat that had, a few minutes before, gone out and posted itself a short distance down the stream, and from which, as they looked up now, a cloud of smoke was lightly floating off. The visitor uttered a little cry of dismay, and anxiously inquired:

"Oh! what was that?"

"It was the first gun," said Rodman, crossly. "They'll fire another in just fifteen minutes from now, and we must cross the line before that, for all the time it takes us after that will be deducted from our time in the race." He explained this in

the hope that, when she understood that the start was at hand, she herself would say something about going ashore. But she did not.

"I hate guns!" she declared instead. "It always makes me nervous to hear them. I feel as if I should fly this moment!"

"I'm sorry I have n't a pair of wings for you," observed Rodman, sincerely. Then he raised his voice and called out to Cassius. This was getting to be a serious matter. "Everything all ready, Cash?"

"Ay, ay. All ready."

"Have you fastened the dinghy to the mooring? We can't take her with us. We don't want a sin-

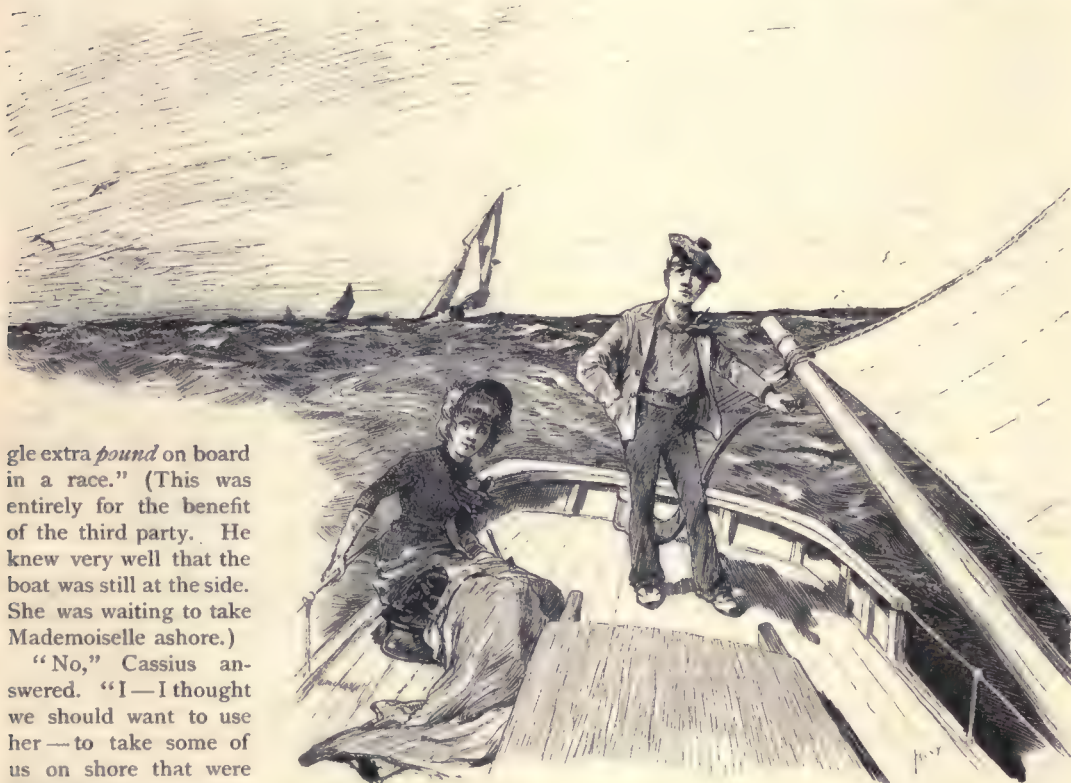
thousand dollars. It is the worst piece of luck! What did you let her come on board for, any way?"

"Did you tell her she must go ashore?" asked Cassius.

"Tell her!" Rodman almost choked with exasperation. "Tell her! Perhaps you think it is an easy thing to do. Very well! you go aft yourself, and say to her that she must go ashore. Come, now—go on, and see how you like it."

Cassius looked blank. "I would n't do it," said he, "not if you'd give me a brand-new hundred-ton steam yacht, fitted and furnished throughout."

"Look here!" exclaimed Rodman, with sudden



gle extra pound on board in a race." (This was entirely for the benefit of the third party. He knew very well that the boat was still at the side. She was waiting to take Mademoiselle ashore.)

"No," Cassius answered. "I—I thought we should want to use her—to take some of us on shore that were n't going."

Rodman glanced at the girl again. Surely she would understand this. Alas! she seemed not even to have heard it. A timely snarl occupied her entire attention. He uttered another aboriginal grunt, and went forward himself.

"Cash, this will never do!" He looked at his watch. "We've got just about twelve minutes. How are we going to get rid of that girl? We can't take her with us; that is out of the question. I would n't have the 'Thoughtless' beat me for a

sternness. This idea of sending Cash aft had suddenly acquired value in his eyes. "Are n't you the crew of this sloop?"

"Crew? Of course, I am!" Cash was far from being disposed to deny the fact.

"And did n't you agree to obey orders when I shipped you instead of Walt Hubbard?"

"Don't I obey orders, I'd like to know?" demanded Cassius, with spirit. Certainly, he did

RODMAN STOOD AT THE HELM, AND THE UNKNOWN, UNEXPLAINED, AND UNWELCOME YOUNG LADY STILL SAT QUIETLY BY HERSELF. [SEE PAGE 778.]



obey orders. The commands of his superior officer were sacred to him.

"Well, then, why don't you do as I order you?"

"Order me! What did you order me?"

"I ordered you to go and tell that girl we should have to set her ashore," said Rodman, inflexibly.

Cash actually turned pale. "Oh, if you put it that way," said he.—"I did n't know it was an order."

"Well, you know now!"

Rodman was obliged to be a little brutal. He knew that this was not a fair thing, and his conscience smote him.

"Of course, I'll obey orders," said Cassius hoarsely, unconsciously buttoning up his coat and even turning up his collar, exactly as though he were going out into a storm. "What shall I tell her?"

"Tell her? Tell her that we don't want her here—we've no use for her. Tell her we're going to sail for Europe, and won't be back till the year nineteen hundred. Tell her it's against the rules for a boat to carry women in a race. Tell her what you please, only get rid of her. And be quick about it, too! Every boat that's entered except this one is leaving her moorings this minute."

So poor Cassius set his teeth together, and turned away with the air of one who has said good-bye forever. To him there was only one thing in the world worse than facing a young lady under such circumstances; but that one thing was disobedience of orders. He made his way slowly aft, and at length planted his sturdy figure before the stranger, cap in hand, and addressed her in a voice husky and quavering:

"Madame—Miss—the Captain has sent me to tell you that—to say to you that—ahem!—to—to call your attention to the rule on the subject of Crews—Rule Ninth of the Sailing Regulations: 'Yachts contending for prizes may carry one man for every five feet of length on deck and fractional part thereof.'" His voice gained something of firmness as he recited the rule. It was hardly likely that she would make light of the sailing regulations.

Her eyes were fixed upon him all the while, though he felt rather than saw them. "Is that one of your sailing rules, do you say?" she asked, as he finished. "How interesting! And how many men do you carry on board the 'Chingachook'?" She laughed merrily. "You are the crew here, are you not? Do you consider yourself equal to as many men as the boat is feet long divided by five?"

Cassius blushed so fiercely that the red showed plainly through the coat of tan upon his face. He felt himself to be utterly helpless in the hands of

this young lady, as he had known he should be. Nevertheless, there were the Captain's orders and the regulations.

"We are allowed to carry *less* than the rule mentions," he forced himself to say, "but we can not carry *more*." And then, with sudden desperation, he added, "And we consider *you* more."

She laughed outright at this—a peal of musical, girlish laughter, delicious in itself, but to Cassius, at this moment, very dreadful indeed. "More?" she exclaimed. "Well, I should think so! I should consider myself equal to all the men you could get on board, upstairs and down-stairs, and all over the deck. More, indeed!" She laughed again, and then sat waiting for what he might have further to say, but still never taking her eyes from his face. His own glance went round and round and all about her, until it again fell at her feet. He knew very well what would sooner or later surely happen. She would drive him away with her eyes, and he would go back defeated and demoralized, without having accomplished at all what he had come for. The thought nerved him to a final effort.

"But—but—" he stammered, "the rule doesn't say a single word—you can see it for yourself—about *women* being allowed on board."

She raised her eyebrows. "Well, and what of it, pray?" she inquired, with painful directness.

Sure enough. What of it? He stood a moment, and, as clearly as he could, reflected. He had thought that the rule covered the whole case and would be quite convincing and sufficient. And now she asked him, *What of it?* And all at once he seemed to become aware that there was nothing "of it." He did not see, himself, now, that the rule applied at all. He was utterly confounded and unable to answer.

"Had n't you better go and ask the *Captain*?" she suggested, maliciously.

"I—I— Perhaps I had," he murmured. For his life, he could not have said anything else; and he felt that he *must* get away. The next moment he was going to the Captain with his report.

But Rodman did not wish for any report. He had watched the interview throughout and understood it.

"I don't want to hear a single word," cried he. "There is n't time to set her ashore now, any way. We've only four minutes more before the second gun. Let her stay, if she's bound to. I'll give her enough of it before we are through, see if I don't! Here, take hold of this mooring. I've made the dinghy fast to it already. Wait until I get aft, and then give her a sheer. As for that girl, we won't say another word to her the whole trip. We'll *ignore* her."

So saying, Rodman went back to the helm; Cash gave a pull at the mooring, and, then dropping it, held the jib to windward; and the "Chingachgook," catching the wind all in an instant, suddenly gathered way and darted off.

The race about to begin was not a regular regatta of the Seaconnet Yacht Club (which was an organization having to do with the whole bay), but a much less important and less formal affair, in which the contestants were only from among the smaller craft of the club. The prizes were sums of money, the first of twenty-five, and the second of fifteen dollars. There had been six entries, two of which were sloops. The "Chingachgook," as has been stated, was the last of the six to get under way. All six were now standing to and fro across the river, none having yet crossed the line, although it was almost time for the second signal. This "line" was an imaginary one, drawn from the judges' boat across the river to a house on the opposite shore. The start was to be a "flying" one. The boats were at liberty to cross the line and start in the race at any time after the first signal, their time being taken as they made the crossing. A boat crossing *after* the second signal, however, would have her time taken from the time of that signal. The object of each boat was to cross the line as late as possible within the limits of the two signals, the boat crossing last (within those limits) having all the other boats in front of her as to position but behind her as to time.

Two minutes before the second signal, the first boat—one of the cat-boats—crossed the line, the fact being announced from the judges' boat by a blast from a fog-horn. She was almost immediately followed by two others of the smaller boats. Thirty seconds after this the "Thoughtless" also went over. The "Thoughtless" was the other sloop, and the only boat of the five which might be considered a rival of the "Chingachgook." She had found herself in good position, and her captain, Tony Boardman, had not dared tack again, so near the final signal. Rodman, on board the "Chingachgook," shouted with glee when he saw this. The next instant, he came about himself and started for the line, the "Chingachgook" and the remaining cat-boat crossing together, and so near the final moment that the sound of the horn was lost in the report of the second gun. Then, at 11.15 o'clock, with a fresh breeze from the southward and all the boats close-hauled, the race was fairly begun.

Meanwhile, on board the "Chingachgook," nothing worthy of special mention had taken place. Rodman stood at the helm, Cash kept his place forward, and the unknown, unexplained, and unwelcome young lady still sat quietly by her-

self, holding her fancy work, although watching all the while with lively interest the opening of the race. Almost nothing had been said—nothing at all that involved, on the part of the two lads, any further recognition of the young lady's presence. Rodman's policy of ignoring her had been faithfully adhered to, although the girl herself did not seem to mind it.

Off Polygon Point the boats all eased off a bit, heading now, by a course hardly south of west, toward the northernmost point of Blowaway Island. At this time the "Chingachgook," having already left behind one of the cat-boats, was rapidly overhauling the other three. The "Thoughtless," however, with her minute's start, seemed to have kept easily the advance this had given her, and even, to Rodman's anxious eyes, to have slightly increased it. The latter called out to Cassius:

"Cash, I do believe she's gaining on us! How is it?"

But Cassius, crouched down in front of the mast, shook his head very positively as he looked out ahead, and replied:

"Not a bit of it! She did gain on us, of course, after she slackened her sheet, when we were still running close. But we shall make that up quick enough. I'll venture my head against a played-out croquet-ball" (Cassius was always very reckless about venturing his head) "that we'll pass her this side the Spindle. Hallo there on board the 'Warbler'!" (this to one of the cat-boats whose stern at this moment was only a short distance from where he sat)—"get out of the track, will you? We don't want to go around you." Then he added, contemptuously, to himself: "'Warbler,' indeed! 'Wobbler' I should spell it. Sam Peckham handles that boat as if she were a bicycle and he was taking his first riding lesson."

They held on so for twenty minutes and then hauled their wind again,—the "Thoughtless" first, and then a minute later the "Chingachgook,"—turning south once more with a distance of four miles, dead to windward, to make before rounding the Spindle. It was now a clear contest between the two sloops. The other boats were all behind them, and would soon be left to have it out among themselves.

"Now, says I!" Rodman exclaimed, dropping the tiller long enough to rub his hands together, "now we've got it all to ourselves. And if the 'Chingachgook' can't beat the 'Thoughtless' sailing into the wind's eye, then I'll eat her!"

"Pray let me go on shore first—before you eat her," spoke up the girl-passenger, precisely as though he had addressed himself to her.



Rodman looked at her. He had not intended to speak to her, but her eyes were full upon him again, and he could not very well help it.

"It's too late to go on shore now," he said, frigidly.

"Then I suppose that if you *should* decide to eat the 'Chingachgook,' I should have to stay on board and be devoured also?" She smiled as she said it.

Rodman thought to himself that she looked pretty enough to be devoured, and his heart softened toward her. He could not forbear smiling himself as he replied, "I don't believe I shall have to eat the sloop this trip. I mean to win the race instead—in spite of all drawbacks." The drawback which he especially had in mind was the young lady herself.

The wind was blowing fresher out here beyond the island; and, with her sheet hauled down, the "Chingachgook" bent over before it, thrusting her head into a big "waker" now and then, and, as she rose and shook herself, flinging a shower of silver spray along her deck. By and by, there came a plunge of unusual violence, and a sheet of salt water flew aft into the very face and eyes of the unwelcome passenger. Possibly a sudden twist of the helm had had something to do with this, although, at the moment, Rodman was, to all appearances, entirely absorbed in the race. The girl uttered a little cry.

"Oh, Mr. Rodman! Oh! Oh! Why, this is dreadful!"

"Ah!" said Rodman, coolly. "Did it wet you? I'm very sorry, but such things can't be avoided. Besides," he grimly added, "that was n't a circumstance to what we shall have presently. Wait till we get down off the south end of Blowaway. It will blow great guns by that time."

"Oh, dear!" she cried, in dismay. "Will it, *truly*?" She examined his face to be sure he was sincere, and then added, cheerfully, "At any rate, I can go below if it gets *very* bad."

"Yes," said Rodman, "only you'll be sea-sick. People always are if they go below."

"Shall I, really?" she again inquired. "Oh, dear, dear!"

"I thought you said you were quite a sailor?" said Rodman.

"Well, I don't care so much for myself. But I don't want to get my griffins all wet." She glanced ruefully at her worsted work. "This is for a gentleman's traveling bag, and the salt water will ruin it."

"I don't know that it would make your griffins sick to put *them* below," suggested Rodman.

"I believe I *will* put them down there, if I may," she answered, gratefully.

She made her way as well as she could—Rodman expressing his regret that he could not leave the helm to help her—down the companion-way. When she came up again, she declared herself delighted with the sloop's cabin, characterizing it as a "perfect love of a place," and being sure that the young gentlemen who sailed the "Chingachgook" must have "right jolly times" when off upon their cruises. This was a subject by no means disagreeable to Rodman, and he found himself talking away presently in a style that fairly matched the volubility of the young lady herself. Meanwhile, he still puzzled himself over the problem of her presence. He was unable, upon reflection, to see how she could in any way be the victim of a mistake. She seemed to have known what boat she was in; and just now she had spoken his own name—though possibly Cash had called him by that in her hearing. Beside, there was all the time a laughing, mischievous light in her eyes, as though, all to herself, she was enjoying the situation as a successful joke of her own invention. Well, if it was a joke, it was not a very bad one. He was rather enjoying it himself; and it was not seriously interfering with the race, either. It was certain now that the "Chingachgook" was gaining on the "Thoughtless," and there was every reason to believe that they would round the Spindle together.

And round the Spindle together they did—so close together that Rodman, taking necessarily the outer track, but anxious to go no farther away than he must, narrowly escaped driving the "Thoughtless" against the rocks, and thus forfeiting the "Chingachgook's" chance for the prize. Then it was "ready about" again, and off they flew, with the wind abeam, the two boats, each with its black hull and glistening canvas, a thing beautiful to see, holding their way side by side, and with seemingly equal speed, toward the south end of Blowaway.

For some minutes the excitement was intense on board both the boats. But at such times it is not excitement or anxiety or one's wishes that avail, but skill and the qualities of one's craft; and it was the gallant "Chingachgook" that, after a little, was perceived to be slowly but certainly drawing ahead. Cassius Thorne, from his post before the mast, was the first to discover the fact; and, regardless of propriety, he snatched off his cap and cheered like the whole ship's crew that he was. Then Captain Rodman patted the tiller-head and began talking to his sloop as if she were a live thing to be praised and encouraged; and the little lady near him, with a sigh of relief as she, too, realized the tremendous fact, fairly stood on tiptoe and clapped her hands in glee.

Thus minute after minute went by, and foot after foot the "Thoughtless" dropped astern, until, half an hour later, as the homeward track up the east side of Blowaway came fully into view on board the "Chingachgook," her rival was well nigh half a mile to the rear. Then it was up with the center-board altogether, and give her all the sheet she wants both fore and aft, and away, away, straight for home, and with that suddenly quieter and easier motion that always follows the putting of a boat before the wind.

"Why!" cried the young lady, "how slowly we are going all at once!"

"Humph!" returned Rodman, seating himself now for the first time, "she's going about three times as fast as she was before."

"Now the race is *surely* ours!" said the young lady, looking up to him in triumph.

Rodman smiled. That word "ours," and the way it was spoken, were irresistible. She seemed

glance, falling from these, wandered off toward the plunging bow. Suddenly he turned pale and uttered a cry.

"Oh! Oh! Look there! Oh! *what* shall we do?"

Just how it happened—or *could* happen, as things were—they never knew. But Rodman, looking forward, had seen the block of the jib, loosened somehow and lashed about violently by the wind, strike Cassius a cruel blow upon the head, knocking him senseless into the sea. This he saw, and realized instantly the full extent of the calamity. With no boat on board, his friend unconscious, and only this thoughtless girl on deck if he should trust himself to the water, what could be done? No wonder he cried out in helpless agony. Even as he spoke they caught sight, over the side as the sloop rushed on, of a white, upturned face, half-submerged and drifting quickly astern.

But Rodman was not the lad to stand and do



THE START.

to assume her right to a due share of the glory. And, indeed, Rodman was hardly disposed, now, to deny the claim. Somehow or other she no longer seemed to have no business on board the "Chingachgook." He was beginning to feel as though she belonged there along with himself and Cash.

"Yes," he said, complacently. "I think there is no doubt about it now. The race is *ours*. Hurrah for the 'Chingachgook'! She is a brick—of the first water."

Rodman glanced proudly up at the white sails and the straight mast above him; and then his

nothing. God helps those who help themselves. In an instant he had let go the helm, and, hand over hand, was pulling in the sheet like mad. The sloop swept swiftly round in a great curve; and the girl, standing dazed and horrified, knew that her companion was talking to her in fierce, excited tones.

"Listen to me!" he cried. "Listen to every word! I am going overboard. I must. There is nothing else. *It may depend upon you* whether both of us drown or not!" He paused a moment, seizing the helm again and holding the sheet in his hand, looking anxiously ahead to know how to



steer. "Ah! there he is. Listen! You manage her by the sheet, this rope here, and the tiller. If she gets away from you, you can drop the sheet and bring her up into the wind—as I shall do now. I tell you this so that you can do it, if you should have to. Perhaps you will not have to do anything. Do you understand?"

She nodded mutely.

He did not say another word. Indeed, there was no time to say more. There was poor Cash out there in the water, unable to help himself, and he might sink out of sight at any moment. Rodman tore off his jacket and threw his cap down upon the deck. Then all at once he put his helm hard down, the "Chingachgook" came up into the wind and stood there, shivering fore and aft, and the next instant Rodman plunged headlong from the rail.

He came up at once and struck out bravely toward his friend. And from on board the sloop the girl watched him helplessly. There was nothing for her to do but to watch—to stand there and watch and wring her hands. She looked at him as he swam away; she looked anxiously back along their track to see if the "Thoughtless" had yet appeared around the island; she looked up at the sails of the "Chingachgook," and, with almost a sob of agony, she realized that the sloop was drifting fast to leeward and that the distance between her and the boys in the water was rapidly widening. Oh, was there *nothing* she could do in this terrible emergency?

Then she saw that Rodman had reached his friend—the latter, poor fellow, still senseless as a log. Rodman grasped him firmly by the shoulder, and turned toward the sloop. The moment he saw her he uttered a groan. He knew that he could never reach her with all that space between, and she all the while drifting farther and farther away. He called out hoarsely to the girl:

"Take hold of the sheet and push the helm over—from you.—Push it hard and quick.—She'll get way on herself, if you only give her half a chance."

She heard and comprehended. She seized the sheet with both hands and then with her body she pushed the helm to port. Few boats could have been made to catch the wind in such a way, but the "Chingachgook" did it. Rodman had not trusted her in vain. Perhaps she realized something of her master's fearful need, and, swift to save as ever had been her noble namesake in the old-time wars, of her own effort she turned her canvas to the breeze. The girl, sheet and tiller in hand, felt in them both the impulse that seized the gallant sloop. Slowly the bow fell off, the mainsail filled, and the "Chingachgook" began to move ahead.

She who was at the helm remembered what Rodman had said to her. "You manage her with the sheet and tiller." She slacked the sheet a little as she felt it draw the harder; and then she met it with the helm as the sensitive boat sprang forward. Hurrah! Hurrah! She heard Rodman shouting to her: "Don't let go the sheet! Steer her straight this way." In half a minute's time she was close upon them. Rodman shouted again: "Carefully! Don't run us down! Keep her off a bit. *Now!* Let go the sheet and push the helm this way. Over with it. Good for you! All right! All right! Now let her alone and go forward and fling us a rope—that coil of halyards that hangs on the pin by the shrouds."

The rest of it was easy. The "Chingachgook" was shaking in the wind again and Rodman had swum up under the side. Then the rope that she threw down to him was knotted about Cassius's body, beneath the arms; and Rodman, first climbing on board himself, quickly drew his unfortunate comrade up after him.

They laid him on the deck, and, by rubbing his hands and using some restoratives which Rodman had at hand, presently revived him. He opened his eyes, and, looking languidly from one of his attendants to the other, seemed at once to comprehend the situation.

"I'm glad you picked me up," were his first words.

Rodman burst out laughing, overjoyed to see his friend revive. "Well, old fellow, I should think you might be!" he exclaimed. "Did you suppose we would leave you there!"

"Because," continued Cassius, gravely, "you know there is Section Four of Rule Twelve: 'Each yacht must bring back all and the same persons with whom it started.' If you had n't picked me up, you would have lost the race." Suddenly he raised himself upon his elbow and looked out forward. "Where is the 'Thoughtless,' any way?"

"Never mind the 'Thoughtless,'" said Rodman. "You just keep quiet."

But Cash had caught sight of the other sloop, not an eighth of a mile away, and coming on like the wind itself. "Why, Rod," he cried, "she is almost up with us! We must get the 'Chingachgook' before the wind. Come, what are we thinking of, loafing here in this way?"

He tried to get upon his feet, but a dizziness seized him, and he sank back against the rail.

Then the young lady spoke. "You sit still, right where you are," said she with an air of authority. "I'll tend the jib." Then she turned to Rodman. "Mr. Rodman, I really don't think there is any necessity of our losing the race. You

know I am quite a sailor." She spoke almost gayly, although she was still pale and trembling.

"Quite a sailor!" exclaimed Rodman. "I should think you were! Where would Cash and I be this minute but for the way you handled the 'Chingachgook'?" He jumped up. "But we'll pass you a vote of thanks later," said he, "when we have more time. Cash can sit here,—he'll be all right presently,—and you and I will sail the sloop. We *must* beat the 'Thoughtless.' You go forward, please, and I'll tell you what to do."

And they did beat the "Thoughtless." The "Chingachgook" was got before the wind again just as her rival came up, and for some minutes it was a close race. Then the "Chingachgook" slowly drew ahead again, and, gradually increasing her lead, crossed the line half an hour later, winner of the first prize, and in advance of her chief antagonist by two minutes of actual time. It was a proud moment for her owner as he presently stood over to his mooring place, while the people, men and women, who crowded the wharves, shouted and cheered and waved their hats and handkerchiefs.

A little later the Captain's gig was brought around, and Rodman helped the young lady on board. Cassius, with his face still very white, and a linen handkerchief bound about his head in place of his regulation cap, looked hardly fit for duty; but he insisted upon taking his place at the oars.

They pulled ashore and went up the steps at the wharf. The first people Rodman saw were his mother and sisters. Millie, the eldest sister, stepped forward excitedly; but, to Rodman's surprise, it was not to him she addressed herself, but to his lady companion.

"Why, Edith Hasbrouck! I never thought you would really *do* it."

Rodman exhibited considerable surprise. So this was their cousin, Edith Hasbrouck. He had often heard of her, but had never seen her before. She had always lived with her parents in the West, until she had joined Millie at an Eastern boarding-school a few months before the day of this adventure. It had been settled that Edith should visit Millie during the summer vacation, and she had unexpectedly arrived that very morning while Rodman was absent preparing for the race.

Now that he knew who his lady passenger was, he turned and looked at her. She was doing something that he had not seen her do before—she was blushing and looking confused.

"I thought you did n't take any passengers in a race," continued Millie, turning to Rodman; "at least, no lady passengers?"

"I don't," said Rodman, laughing, "when I can help myself. But it was lucky I did take one this morning." He grew suddenly sober. "I tell you what, if it had n't been for Miss—Cousin Edith,—Cash and I would both have—Well, to-day's sail would have been our last, that's all."

Then Edith spoke. She was very sober, too, and her voice not quite steady. A girl does not go through so terrible an ordeal as that through which she had passed without some signs of it.

"I want to beg your pardon for that whole matter, Rodman. I did a very foolish thing, and I am ashamed of it! I would not do it now, I am sure."

Rodman looked from her to his sister, with a perplexed expression.

"Don't you understand, sir?" cried Millie. "I *dared* her to do it—and she never takes a dare. I said you would n't let anybody go down with you, and she declared you would let *her* go."

"Oh!" murmured Rodman, thoughtfully, slowly comprehending. Then he suddenly gave vent to a burst of admiration. "Well, all I have to say is that she did it *beautifully*!"

"Beautifully! Well, now, I should say so!" This came very unexpectedly from Cassius Thorne. Cassius had been standing on one side, feeling that he ought in some way formally to acknowledge his obligation to this young lady who had helped to save his life, but utterly unable to bring himself to do it. But now he braced himself heroically and advanced toward her with extended hand. He looked very funny with his tied-up head and his solemn air; but nobody thought of laughing at him then, poor fellow.

"And I want to thank her for it, too," he went on, resolutely. "If it had n't been for her, Rod and I *would* have gone down, as sure as shoe-strings—a dead loss to the underwriters. For my part, I am much obliged to her, and I wish she would sail in the 'Chingachgook,' hereafter, every race she enters. If the rules don't allow it,—then so much the worse for the rules, I say."

He made Miss Edith a regulation bow as he finished. And, venturing to meet again those terrible eyes of hers, he saw in them now something that flashed and glistened and quite overcame him; but it certainly was not the mocking, ridiculing light that had overcome him before.



## IN SUMMER-TIME.

BY BESSIE HILL.



FLOWERS and fruits of the summer,  
 Can you hear us children shout,  
 When, over the fields and hill-sides,  
 We seek and find you out?

Do you blackberries know how you glisten?  
 You raspberries know how you glow?  
 Or you gooseberries know how you prickle?  
 If not,—then we 'd like you to know.

Do you hide from us, ever, on purpose,  
 And, deep in the green, keep still?  
 Or is it quite social and pleasant  
 When basket and pail we fill?

And the bumble-bees—how can you bear them?  
 Well, sometimes I think it is true  
 They have their sharp stings for us people,  
 And only their velvet for you.

And how do you berries, I wonder,  
 Feel, spread on a beautiful dish,  
 All covered with sugar? *That* strikes me  
 As just what a berry would wish.

It's a sort of reward, I am thinking,  
 That every good berry should meet:  
 And yet, I'm not sure *we* should  
 like it  
 To be—so delicious to eat!

## WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. VIII.

## FLY-FISHING FOR BLACK BASS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

ONE exciting and healthful sport has been exclusively enjoyed by grown-up men; but I think that boys and girls could enjoy it as well. I speak of fly-fishing, by which is not meant fishing for flies,—a thing not to be classed with good sports,—but angling for fish with artificial flies, a means of out-door recreation that has been enjoyed by many great and good men for hundreds of years. Of course, you must not understand me to mean that any good man ever fished hundreds of years, though Izaak Walton, the most famous of all anglers, was nearly a century old when he died, and he spent much of his long, happy life beside the brooks and rivers, in pursuit of his favorite pastime. He wrote a book called “The Complete Angler,” which, although now more than two hundred years old, is still read and admired by all who enjoy quaint conceits and happy descriptions of out-door things. George Washington and Daniel Webster, as well as many another of our distinguished men, were very fond of angling.

Now most boys know perfectly well how to fish with rod and line, and I have seen some girls who were quite expert at catching shiners and sun-perch in the small streams of the Middle and Southern States. But when it comes to fly-fishing, the genuine angling, boys and girls seem to know almost nothing about it. I have often thought of this and wondered at it, for there is no sport more fascinating, more healthful, or more easily attainable.

Fishing-tackle for angling with the fly is very simple and beautiful, and can be bought of any dealer in sportsmen's goods. A fly-rod, a click-reel, and some twenty or thirty yards of fishing-line are the first things to purchase. With these in hand, you are ready to learn how to “cast,” a thing you must pretty thoroughly master before you think of going to a brook for trout or black bass.

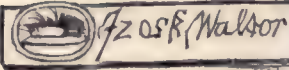
Your fly-rod will usually be made of three pieces, with socket joints, so as to be taken apart when not in use. These three pieces are called the butt, the middle-piece, and the tip. The click-reel is to be fastened on the under side of the butt, at the larger extremity, just below the place where the hand must grasp the rod when using it. The line—a slender silk or linen one—is evenly wound upon the reel, with an end free to pass through small

brass loops or eyes on the under side of the rod to the extremity of the tip, where it goes through a little ring, whence it may be drawn out as long as you like, or until it is all unwound from the reel.

Now let us try to cast the line. To do this, as a mere matter of preliminary practice, tie a small weight, say a little block of wood, an inch long and as thick as your little finger, to the free end of your line, which has been drawn out through the tipping some eight or nine feet. Now, standing firmly erect in an easy position, take the rod in the right hand, grasping it by the handle just above the reel; with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand take light hold of the bit of wood at the line's end. You are now ready for a cast. The rod is nearly vertical and the line is drawn taut. By a motion gradually increasing in rapidity, wave the rod backward over the left shoulder, at the same time loosing the bit of wood and allowing the line to swing straight out behind you. Then, before the wood can touch the ground in your rear, wave the rod, by a gradually quickening motion and with a slight curve to the right, forward so as to whip the line to the full length that is unwound, straight out before you, allowing the block, which at present is your fly, to settle lightly on the ground. Now, to cast again, wind off, by turning the reel, a foot more of line, and then, by a gentle sweep of the rod upward and backward, fling the line full length straight behind you, and before it can fall to the ground throw it forward again as in the first cast. Try this over and over, until you get so that you can fling out twelve feet of line every time and make your bit of wood go to just the spot you aim at. This accomplished, you are ready to begin practice on water with a fly. You must now “rig your cast,” as anglers say; that is, you must loop six feet of heavy “silk-gut,” called a stretcher, on to the end of your line, to which stretcher two flies must be attached by short pieces of like material, one at the end of the stretcher and the other two or three feet from the end. The short line by which the fly is attached to the stretcher is called a snell or snood.

Artificial flies are made mostly of feathers, tied upon a hook in such a way as to somewhat resemble some one or another of the insects that sport about the streams in summer. Anglers have discoursed at great length on the subject of flies.





Some like white or light-colored flies; others prefer gay feathers, such as ibis, golden pheasant, peacock, woodpecker, and wood-duck; while others still use different flies for different days, and vary the shape and color as the season advances. The making of an artificial fly is technically called "tying the fly," and is so minute and difficult an operation that it is better to buy flies of the dealers than to attempt to tie them yourself.

The angler usually carries a supply of flies in a pocket case called a fly-book.

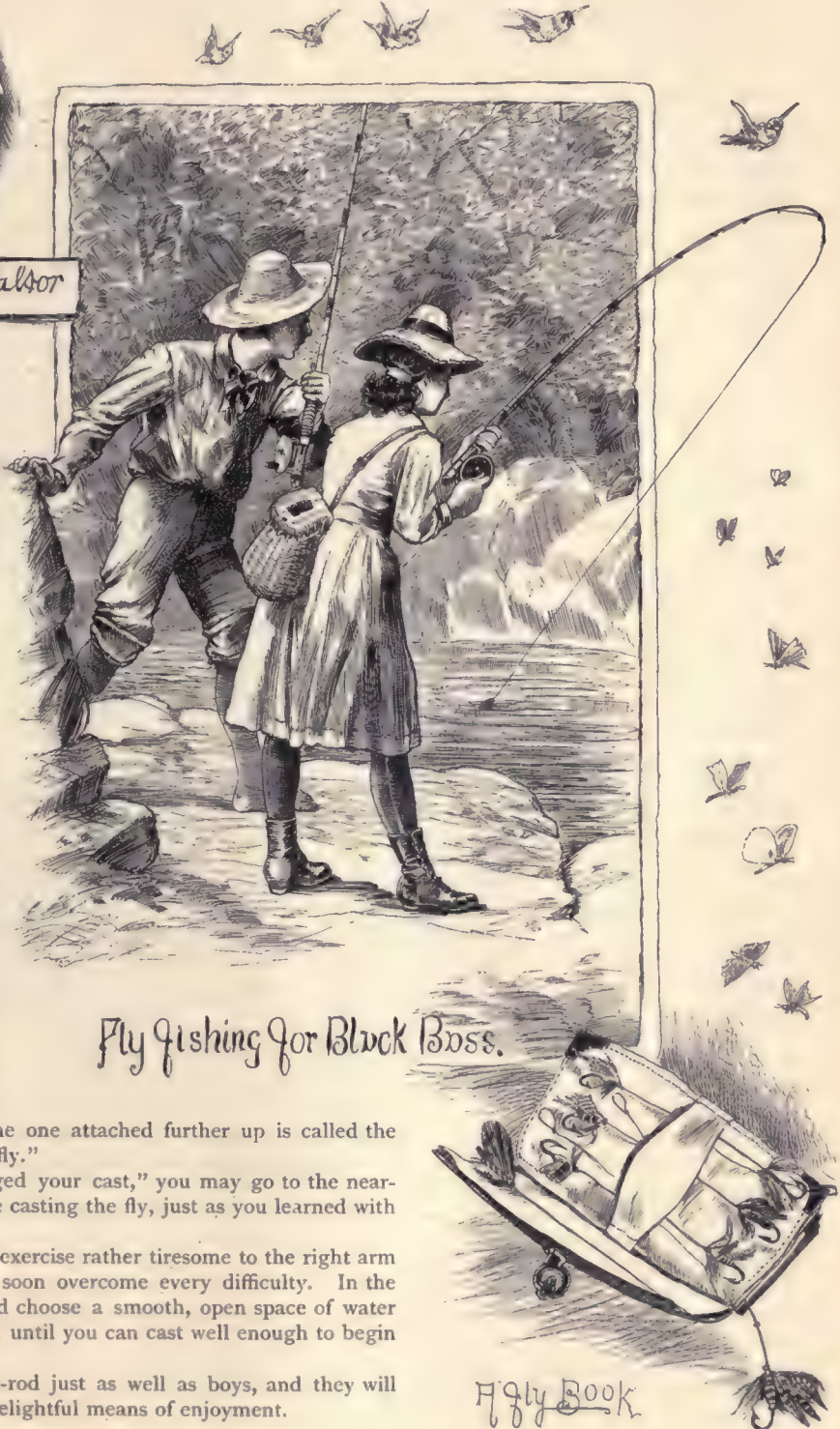
The fly attached to the end of the stretcher is called the "tail-fly," and the one attached further up is called the "dropper," or "bob-fly."

Now, having "rigged your cast," you may go to the nearest water and practice casting the fly, just as you learned with the bit of wood.

You will find this exercise rather tiresome to the right arm at first, but you can soon overcome every difficulty. In the beginning, you should choose a smooth, open space of water on which to practice, until you can cast well enough to begin angling for game.

Girls can use a fly-rod just as well as boys, and they will find in it a new and delightful means of enjoyment.

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When you have thoroughly mastered the method of casting and are ready to go angling, you must dress yourself for the water, for sometimes you may have to wade in the shallow parts of the brook.

Girls should wear short dresses and wading stockings; the latter are made of rubber cloth, and may be ordered of any dealer in fishing goods. Over these stockings, which are waterproof, shoes must be worn, the older and easier the better.

Boys, as a rule, will not care for these stockings, preferring to roll up their trouser-legs and wade "just so."

Now for the fun!

"But where are any trout brooks?" you inquire.

Trout brooks are rather scarce, it is true, but bass streams are not. The black bass is found in nearly all the brooks and rivers of a large portion of the United States, and it is the gamest and boldest fish that swims. It will take the fly, if properly offered, more readily than salmon, trout, or grayling.

So, girls and boys, let us go a-fishing for black bass. A good brook or rivulet is close by almost any country house or town. A short drive or walk takes us to where we can hear the bubble and murmur, and see the pure water rippling and gleaming among the shining stones. The big plane-trees, sometimes called sycamores, lean over the brook's current, and there is a woodsy fragrance and freshness in the air. Birds sing overhead and round about in the thickets.

We walk cautiously along the brook-side until we find a place where the water is dashing merrily among big stones and whirling in shining circles, frothed with clots of snowy foam. This is a promising place for a cast. Let us try. Give way, boys, and let one of the girls have the first cast. Now! See her take the fly in her left hand, lightly between the thumb and forefinger, her beautiful slender rod held almost vertically in her right hand. She waves the rod backward over her left shoulder, at the same time loosing the fly, then she whips the rod forward with a slight whirl to the right, and away spins the fly. But it falls somewhat short. Quickly and deftly she slips a few feet more of line from the reel, gracefully whirls the rod backward again, and, as the line straightens behind her, she casts as before. Again and again she does this, lengthening the line a little at each cast, until, at last, the gay fly falls lightly among the shining waves close by a little whirlpool. Splash! What a fine fish leaps up! You see his scales gleam and his fins flash as he "flips" himself almost bodily above the water and seizes the fly. And what does my little lady with

the rod? She quickly "strikes"—that is, she gives a short, sharp jerk with her right hand, and then the fight begins. The rod is bent like a whip; whiz goes the click-reel as the strong fish pulls off yard after yard of the line. Hold him back, quick! Now, as our little girl changes the rod from her right hand to her left, in order to manage the reel, the fish makes a big lunge and turns a somersault clear out of the water. The hook is an extra good one, or it would have broken under that strain. We all look on with tremulous excitement as the bass falls back again into the swirling current and begins to dart this way and that, making the line sing and whirl. Now our determined little angler begins to force the fight. She turns the butt of the rod more forward, thus raising the tip, and begins to steadily turn the reel-crank with her right hand. See the slender rod bend almost double! Hurry, boys,—some one of you,—get the landing-net and be ready to dip up the game! As the line is shortened, the bass is drawn nearer and nearer to the grassy bank. There! his prickly dorsal fin cuts the water! Now get the landing-net under him. Good! he is ours, and he weighs a full pound and a quarter. That was a well-managed campaign on the part of our young lady. Which one of the boys can beat it?

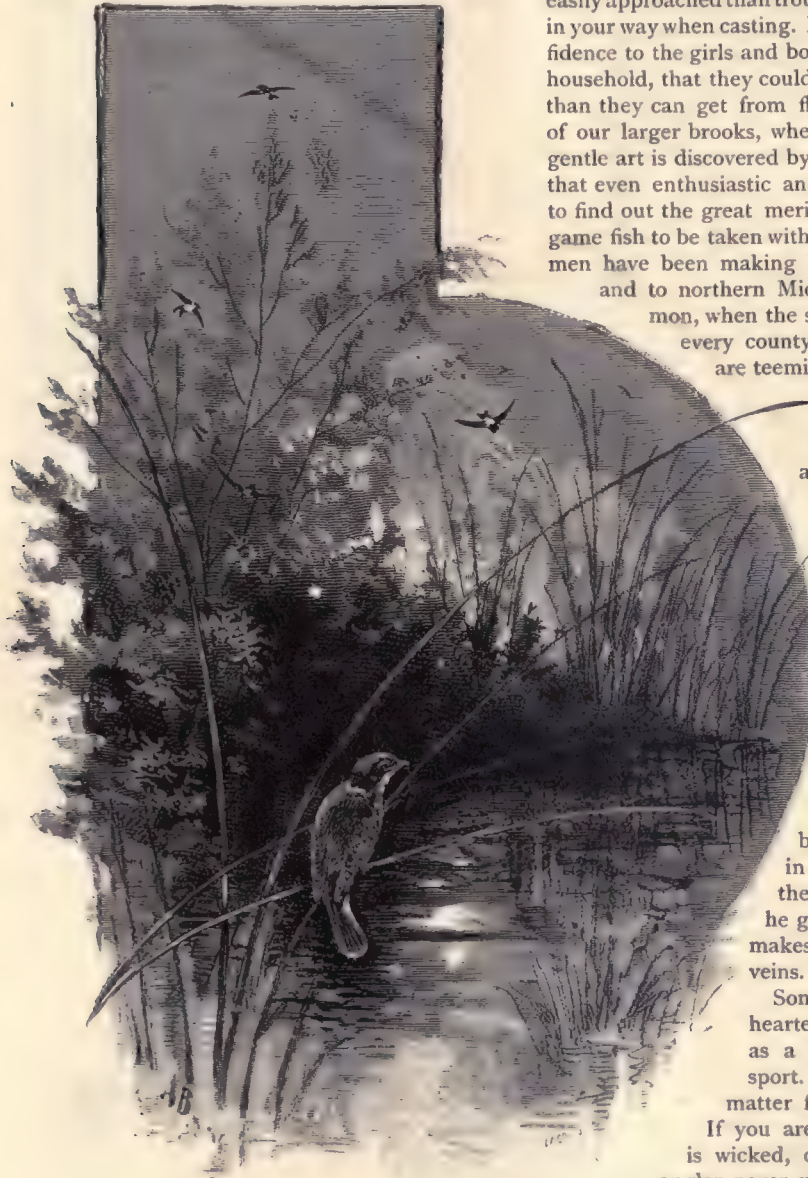
You may think that it would be a very easy task to manage a fish weighing no more than a pound and a half; but when a live and stubborn bass of that size is at the end of ten or twelve yards of line, and your rod is as limber as a whip, the thing is n't so easy after all. I have seen grown men fail in the undertaking.

One of the most difficult things in fly-fishing is to get your fly to fall just where you wish it to. It requires no little skill to be able to cast out twenty feet of line and make your gaudy insect drop exactly where you aim. Sometimes bass are very stupid, or very cunning, or not very hungry, or lazy, for they will balance themselves in a clear current, with their heads up-stream, and, no matter how cleverly you present your fly, not a rise will they make. At other times, they will take your fly as fast as you can offer it.

A great many pleasant things come to pass when you are down by the brook. In fact, a brook always seems to flow through the very heart of nature. Most wild things love the cool streams in summer. The birds go there to bathe; the raccoons go there to catch craw-fish and water-snails. You will see muskrats swimming along with their noses above the surface, and now and then a mink may dart into a heap of drift-wood. The beautiful wood-duck and the queer green herons haunt our bass brooks, and so do the kingfisher and the small white heron. When you are slipping stealth-



ily along beside the stream, looking for a good place to cast your fly, you often come upon these wild things unaware, which gives you an excellent opportunity for studying their habits.



One day, some years ago, I was casting in a narrow, weedy stream in the South, and was trying to make my fly fall upon a small pool near the opposite bank, when it went a little too far and set-

tled in a tuft of grass. No sooner had it touched than something grabbed it savagely, and, when I reeled in my line, I found that I had caught a bull-frog!

In fly-fishing for bass, you find the streams more easily approached than trout brooks, and there is less in your way when casting. In fact, I can say with confidence to the girls and boys of the ST. NICHOLAS household, that they could not wish for better sport than they can get from fly-angling in almost any of our larger brooks, when once the secret of the gentle art is discovered by them. It seems strange that even enthusiastic anglers are just beginning to find out the great merits of the black bass as a game fish to be taken with the fly. All these years men have been making long journeys to Canada

and to northern Michigan for trout and salmon, when the streams that flow through every county of nearly all our States are teeming with bass gamier than salmon and more voracious than trout!

Bass brooks, as a rule, are shallow, so that there is little danger of drowning in them, and you can wade where you please. Some girls may think angling is too much like boys' sport for them; but if they will try it once, some sweet June day, they will change their minds. There is a great deal more fun in wading a clear, running brook, than in wallowing in the surf of the sea; and then, if you get a big bass, he gives you excitement that makes the blood leap in your veins.

Some very good and tender-hearted people think of angling as a most cruel and wicked sport. I can not decide this matter for any one but myself.

If you are afraid that killing fish is wicked, don't angle, for a timid angler never gets a rise, or, if he does, he strikes too feebly or too late to get the game. To succeed at fly-fishing, one must go at it with a clear conscience and a steady nerve. Be sure you are right, and then don't let the fish get away—that is my rule!

## THE HOME-MADE MOTHER GOOSE.

BY ADELIA B. BEARD.

THE collecting of pictured advertisement cards has become so common among boys and girls during the last few years that, we doubt not, many

ored worsted, then place the squares neatly together and stitch them directly through the center with strong thread. (Fig. 1.) Fold them over, stitch again, as in Fig. 2, and your book is finished and ready for the pictures.

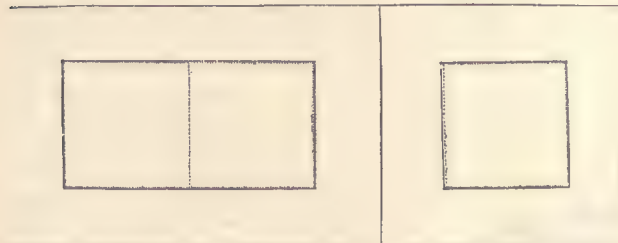


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

of our young readers have at the present time more than they know what to do with—in fact, so many that the young connoisseurs are almost

tions. Any subject which pleases the fancy can be illustrated in this way, and you will soon be deeply interested in the work, and delighted at the



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

weary of looking them over. A great many young folk paste their cards into scrap-books. While examining one of these volumes a short time ago, it occurred to me that the cards might be utilized in a new way, by dividing and combining them. Let me, then, try to show you how, with the aid of scissors and mucilage, the pictures that have become so familiar may be made to undergo transformations that are indeed wonderful.

The nursery scrap-books made of linen or paper cambric are, perhaps, familiar to most of my readers; but for the benefit of those who may not yet have seen these durable little books, I will give the following directions for making one: Cut from a piece of strong linen, colored paper cambric, or white muslin, four squares, twenty-four inches long by twelve inches wide. Button-hole-stitch the edges all around with some bright-col-

ored worsted, then place the squares neatly together and stitch them directly through the center with strong thread. (Fig. 1.) Fold them over, stitch again, as in Fig. 2, and your book is finished and ready for the pictures.

It is in the preparation of these pictures that you will find the novelty of the plan I propose. Instead of pasting in those cards which have become too familiar to awaken much interest, let the young book-makers design and form their own pictures by cutting special figures, or parts of figures, from different cards, and then pasting them together so as to form new combinations. Any subject which pleases the fancy can be illustrated in this way, and you will soon be deeply interested in the work, and delighted at the



FIG. 6.

the "Three Wise Men of Gotham" who went to



sea in a bowl. Will not Figure 4 serve very well as an illustration of this subject? Yet these figures are cut from advertising cards, and no two from

stituting a dress and pair of feet clipped from another card. The Christmas pie in his lap is from still another picture.



the same card. Fig. 3 shows the materials, Fig. 4 the result of combining them. Again, the little man dancing so gayly (Fig. 5) is transformed into "Little Jacky Horner" eating his Christmas pie (Fig. 6) by simply cutting off his legs and sub-

stituting a little ingenuity in clipping and pasting; and the book composed in this way not only affords amusement during the making, but presents, when finished, a unique and original addition to the home stock of picture-books.



## COUNTING THEIR CHICKENS.

BY M. LOUISE TANNER.

"GOOD-BYE!" shouted John Travis, as the boat containing his friends obeyed the first stroke of the oars, and shot off from the sloping white sand.

"Good-bye!" replied a chorus of boy voices, "and many happy returns of the day!"

"We've had a delightful time," called out Ned Grover, the oarsman. "Wish you had another birthday to-morrow. Three cheers for Travis!"

How the welkin rang! And the surrounding woods took up the loud cheers and reëchoed them to the startled night-birds perched high up among the tall pines.

Then the little group on the shore, consisting of John Travis and his two brothers and sister, sent back a shout of acknowledgment to the little boat, now far out toward the middle of the lovely lake, glinting under the rays of the full moon.

A yellow glare from the fire of lightwood knots and oak "grubs," which was burning at a distance, and which had contributed to the fun of the birthday celebration, made the moonlight look green in contrast, and produced some curious effects of light and shade. Prue, the sister, was the first to notice the weird beauty which the newly risen moon had brought out from the shadows. "It's just like a scene in a fairy story, is n't it?" she said. "Look under those great live-oaks, where the moss is hanging so low. It looks like a mysterious cave—the home of some terrible giant——"

"And here he comes now to carry off the beautiful princess," muttered a low, deep voice at her elbow; and Prue found herself seized and borne away, but only to a rustic seat under a graceful china-tree.

"Oh, John! how you frightened me! What did you do that for?" remonstrated the little princess, in a tone half-pettish, half-laughing.

"Oh, just for fun," he replied. "Don't be a goosey. It is n't nine o'clock yet, and Mother says we may stay up awhile longer, if we wish, as it is my birthday. I ran up to ask her while you were mooning. What shall we do?"

"Let's tell stories," said Harry.

"Yes," said Prue. "You tell it, John—tell us a fairy story."

"Well, let me see," said John, musingly. Then, in a somewhat serious tone, he began:

"Once there were three brothers——"

"Did they come over in the 'Mayflower'?" asked Harry, with a mischievous smile.

"And one sister," continued John, unheeding

the interruption; "and they lived in a large city, where they all went to school every day. But their father was taken ill, and the doctors said that he must go to a warm climate, away from chilling winds. So the family left the northern city, where they had always lived, and went to a beautiful wild place in Florida, where the sun shone warm all winter, and you could pick roses out-of-doors at Christmas—and oranges, too, if you had any trees."

"Why, that's just like ourselves," said Prue. "It's almost two years now since we came, is n't it? But I thought this was to be a fairy story."

"Children should be seen and not heard," Sissy," said Harry, sententiously. "Proceed, Mr. Speaker; I'll keep order in the galleries."

"Well," continued John, good-naturedly, "the three boys and their sister enjoyed the change very much, at first; especially the one next to the eldest, who, I am sorry to say, was a little lazy, and not particularly fond of study."

"That's *you*, Mr. Harry," piped out Freddie.

"Interruptions are out of order, small boy," rejoined Harry, with much dignity.

"They lived near a lake," went on the patient story-teller, "and they used to set lines for soft-shelled turtles, which are very choice eating."

"Yum, yum!" whispered Harry, in an aside.

"And they used to go fishing and catch quantities of bass. And one of the boys learned to use a gun, and he used to shoot rabbits and quail and doves and reed-birds, and sometimes a wild turkey. Well, all this was great sport, and yet——"

"And yet he was not happy," ejaculated the irrepressible Harry.

"No," responded John, severely. "He was quite unlike his younger brother, who would have been satisfied to do nothing but fish and hunt all his life, I am afraid, if the other had not battled with him continually to make him study, and keep up with other boys of his age. But one day, when the elder brother was moping by himself, and wondering rather sorrowfully if he should ever be able to do as he wished,—which was, first of all, to go away to college,—a fairy presented herself before him, and pointing to a large orange which had been given him, and which he held in his hand, she told him to plant the seeds, and wait to see what would come."

"That was Mamma, I know," said Prue. "She told us to plant the seeds of all the fruit we ate."



Mrs. Selden gave me a pomegranate on my birthday, and I planted the seeds, and now I have over twenty little plants. The chickens got in and scratched up the rest. In three years, I shall have pomegranates of my own."

"Yes, and I have twenty-seven almond trees, nearly a foot high," chimed in Freddie, rousing himself from a momentary drowse.

"But when you want lemons, gentlemen, just step over to my grove," said Harry, grandly. "Lemons! h'm! I should think so. Did n't Mamma give me all the seeds from the lemons she used in her citron preserves last summer? Why, I have over a hundred little trees already. I saw a large tree the other day with two thousand lemons on it just beginning to turn yellow. Two thousand times one hundred—two hundred thousand. Two hundred thousand lemons! Take one."

"Very good," said John, loftily; "and I have a thousand young orange trees, half of them nearly two years old. Next spring, Father says, they can be grafted with buds from bearing trees of the best varieties and then set out from the nursery, and my orange grove is fairly started. In three years from that time they will begin to bear a little fruit, and then keep on bearing more and more for years and years. Let me see: in five years, I shall be twenty years old. That is too old to begin my college education. But then there are my fifty-four peach trees, and my forty-nine plum trees that Father grafted last spring with choice varieties. They will bear fruit in two years, any way. Just think what lots of fruit we shall have in a few years! and all for planting a few little seeds now and then, as we got the fruit to eat."

"Yes, and then there are all the young trees started from cuttings," said Harry; "quinces, Le Conte pears, pomegranates, and figs: beside all the young grape-vines."

"John, you did n't finish your fairy story," said Prue. "Go on."

"You finish it," answered her brother; "you have more of a talent for fairy stories than I have."

Prue was looking up at the white moon, and

she did not speak for a minute. A light cloud drifted across its face, and the children sat in shadow; but a delicate rim of light appeared in another instant, and soon the whole fair moon shone forth again. And Prue wove in her thread of the story as follows:

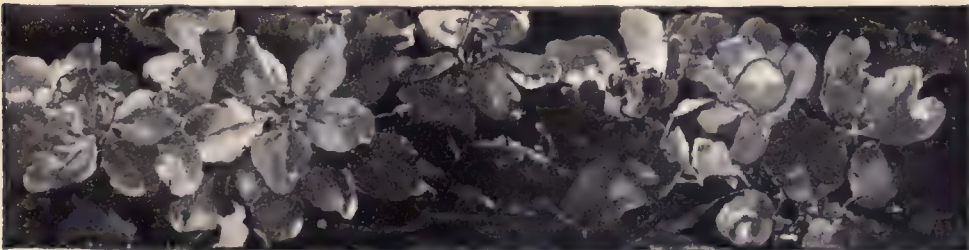
"The boy obeyed the fairy and planted the orange seeds. They came up in six weeks, and the boy was so rejoiced when he saw them that he could talk of nothing else to his brothers and sister. Then they planted the seeds of other fruit, and the different kinds of fruit trees all grew and grew and grew, till by and by the whole hill was covered with trees, and acres and acres beside. The eldest brother, who wanted to go to college, had an orange grove of two thousand trees, and every tree bore three or four thousand oranges; his next younger brother had a grove of a thousand lemon trees, and they bore a hundred thousand lemons, so he had all the lemonade he wanted the rest of his life; and the little brother had an almond grove that bore bushels and bushels of almonds. The sister had pomegranates and many other kinds of fruit, and she sold a lot of it every year, and went to Europe and learned to make beautiful pictures. And the mother had lots of chickens that laid so many eggs you could n't count them, and she had custard-pie for dinner every day. And the father had sheep and cows and horses and everything he wanted, so he never was sick any more.

"By and by, the sister came home from Europe, and one day she received a letter from her big brother, who had just graduated at college, and was coming home the very next day. So she put flowers all over the house, and then she went to meet him in a beautiful carriage, drawn by lovely black ponies, and —"

"Come, children, it is ten o'clock!" called out the mother. "Time for bed. What are you doing down there?"

"Counting our chickens before they are hatched," said Harry.

And they left the still lake shining under the moon, and went up the long hill to the little log-house at the top.



## HELLO!



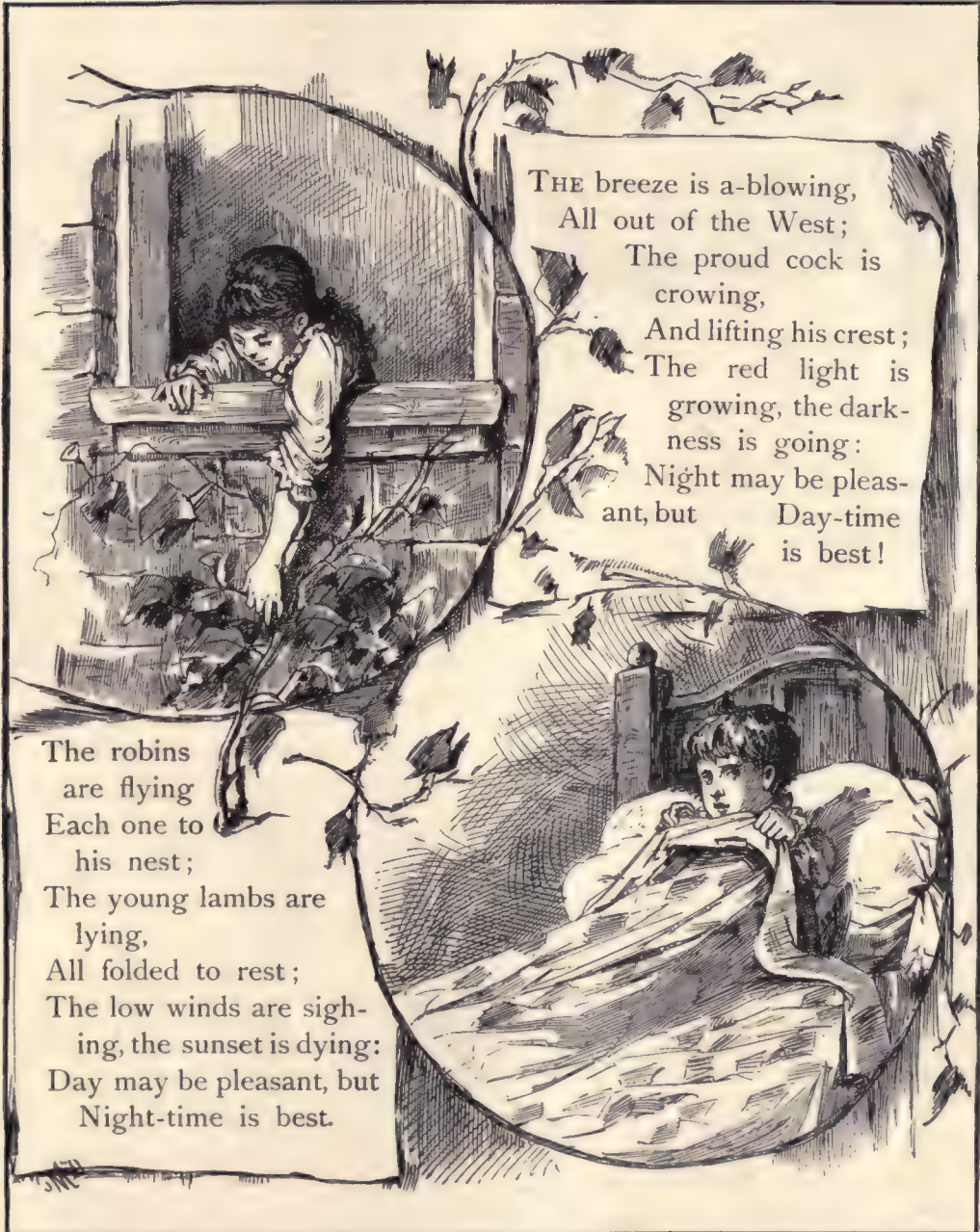
FRED is a dear lit-tle boy. He is not yet two years old, but he can say a great man-y words, and he can do a great man-y fun-ny things. One day, his mam-ma was talk-ing in the tel-e-phone. Fred want-ed to talk, too, but his mam-ma said, "No, Fred-dy, not now. Run a-way." What do you sup-pose Fred did then? He did not cry, but he ran off to the nurs-er-y. His mam-ma did not know what he was going to do. Pret-ty soon he came tod-dling back. He had in his hand his cup and ball. You will see them in the pict-ure.

What do you think he was going to do with them? Catch the ball in the cup? No. He walked straight up to the wall un-der the tel-e-phone, and put the cup up to his ear. Then he looked up to Mam-ma with a fun-ny lit-tle smile, and shout-ed "Hel-lo!"



## DAY AND NIGHT.

By M. J.



THE breeze is a-blowing,  
All out of the West;  
The proud cock is  
crowing,  
And lifting his crest;  
The red light is  
growing, the dark-  
ness is going:  
Night may be pleas-  
ant, but Day-time  
is best!

The robins  
are flying  
Each one to  
his nest;  
The young lambs are  
lying,  
All folded to rest;  
The low winds are sigh-  
ing, the sunset is dying:  
Day may be pleasant, but  
Night-time is best.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SO BRIGHT Little School-ma'ams and great big school-masters all over the land have turned you out-of-doors—have they?

And they'll not let you in again until the middle of September?

Well, that is too bad! Poor dears! You have my deepest sympathy.

OH, DEAR ME!

WHO knows the meaning of this very common exclamation? Girls use it more often than boys; and yet, I once heard even Deacon Green say it. That was one day when he was stung by a bumble-bee. After the good man had finished the little dance that he performed in honor of the occasion, and the dear Little School-ma'am had soothed the angry wound with a poultice of wet clay, she said, "Oh, dear me!" too, but that was because she saw suddenly a beautiful bird flying past.

Now, why should the Deacon dear him at the sting of the bumble-bee, and the Little School-ma'am dear her at the sight of the bird?

I'll tell you, my hearers, and when I get through, you'll agree with me that the Deacon used the expression more appropriately than the Little School-ma'am:

My friend the owl, who lived a whole winter in a library, says that "Oh, dear me!" is a corruption of the Spanish *Ay de mí*, meaning woe is me, or words to that effect—and I am sure the owl is right, because the Little School-ma'am thinks he is.

HOW FAR THAT LITTLE THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND CANDLE THROWS ITS BEAMS!

DEAR, dear! what will my birds tell me next! According to their account, there's a wonderful pole now standing in Minneapolis (which the Little School-ma'am says is in Minnesota) that rears itself

higher than the tallest trees. Folk call it an electric mast, but it's not a lightning-rod; no, indeed; it's a sort of electric chandelier, as near as I can make it out. It holds up eight electric lights (ST. NICHOLAS has told you about electric lights, I believe\*), and these eight lights shine out so modestly, that, for almost a full mile from it in every direction, those natives who happen to have watches can tell the time of night without the aid of any other light.

Minneapolis is a large city, and it takes a good deal to light it; but I am told that some of the smaller Western towns require but one of these electric masts apiece to make them bright as need be.

It's a new-fangled thing, this electrical illuminating business, and yet there's something pleasantly old-fashioned about it, too, when we think of one of those Western towns, with the corporation, like a good old mother, standing there holding out her one great candle to light the whole town to bed.

#### FISHING BY LIGHTNING.

TALKING of electric light, do you know that even the fishermen are using it now? Yes, so my sea-birds tell me. And the scientific folk who study the wonders of the deep also are employing it. They have a new invention called the "search-light," which is three electric lights sealed in a tight glass case, and this case inclosed in a very, very strong glass globe. Now, the plan is to sink the globe into the deep sea and illuminate the lower waters with it; of course, this will attract the fish,—deep-water fish, that are not known on the surface,—and these, by means of a net attached in some way to the search-light, may then be caught and drawn up, and in the broad light of day be introduced, like so many distinguished strangers, to the naturalists.

Well, well, what next?

#### BLACK SNAKES AMONG THE FISH.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you know that black snakes will catch and eat fish, if they have an opportunity? It is the truth. One day this last summer, another boy and I saw two black snakes chase three little fish in a shallow pool, and form themselves into a sort of "hollow square," until they closed in upon the little swimmers. We should have defended the fish, I suppose, by driving the snakes away, but we did not do so.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. MCK.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

#### FLOATING SAND.

DEACON GREEN went to an academy the other evening, and heard a wise man "read a paper"—at least, that's what it was called; but the Deacon says the gentleman only stood up and talked in a pleasant sort of way about the bottom of the deep ocean. But one thing in his remarks surprised the Deacon very much. And it was about floating sand.

The Professor said that out in the deep sea, away beyond the Gulf-stream, if you drag a net or cloth in the water you will find many grains of sand sticking to it; also, that when a dredge is sunk to the bottom (or one of those plummets that



bring up a sample of what they have touched sticking to the tallow with which they are coated), the same fine beach-sand is found, mixed with other matters. The Professor said that this sand could not have been drifted out from shore in the sediment brought down by rivers, because anything of that kind will not be washed, at the farthest, more than forty or fifty miles out before sinking. He said he thought the only way the sand became spread all over the wide ocean bottom was by its floating out upon the surface after the rising of every tide, which picks the grains off the dry beaches and sets them adrift. Now, the question that puzzles Deacon Green and your own Jack is—how can sand float at all; or, if some of it can, why does n't all sand float instead of sinking; and why does the sand which has floated far out to sea sink at last?

We have not asked the dear Little School-ma'am yet. But we have agreed to do so before long. Bless you! That wonderful little lady never fails us. She always knows the Reason Why, or else she tells us the reason why she does n't know it.

Meantime, let us hear from you, my friends. How would you explain this floating-sand business? Ask Father, Mother, or some of the big folk in your neighborhood, or, better still, ask your own busy little noddles. It would be a good joke, now—would n't it?—if we could find the right answer after all, without troubling that blessed Little School-ma'am.

#### LATEST REPORTS.

ALL goes swimmingly, my birds tell me, with the boys who are enjoying their summer vacation within reach of sea-side, river, brook, lake, pond, or anything that can be called water! So far, so good.

Ah, me! What wonder if they sometimes find the books pretty dry by contrast when they go back to land.

#### HOW KING VICTOR EMANUEL EARNED EIGHT CENTS.

DEAR JACK: I am a little Jersey girl, aged twelve years. My papa has a fine, brave-looking likeness of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy. That is, he was King of Sardinia, and in 1871 he entered Rome as King of United Italy. He died five years ago this last winter, my papa says, when he was only fifty-eight. That is n't old, you know, for a king.

A few days ago, I found a nice true story about Victor Emanuel written during the King's life-time, by Mr. A. T. Trollope. It is in Papa's scrap-book, and he said I might copy it for your St. Nicholas boys and girls. So here it is:

"Victor Emanuel is an ardent sportsman and a first-rate shot. Not many years ago, having in a mountain expedition wandered away from all those who were with him, he came to a solitary mountain farm, just after he had shot a hare. The farmer, who had seen the shot, complimented the stranger sportsman on the excellence of his shooting. The King admitted that he did consider himself a pretty fair shot. 'I wish to heaven,' said the farmer, looking at him wistfully, 'that you could shoot a fox that robs my poultry-yard almost every night! I'd give a motta [an obsolete Piedmontese piece, worth eight cents] to have him killed!' 'Perhaps I could!' said the King. 'But you must be here by three o'clock in the morning. That's about the time he always comes.' 'Well, a motta you say? I'll try for it. I'll be here about that time to-morrow morning.' Accordingly, without allowing any one to know the errand on which he was bound, the King found himself at the mountain homestead at the appointed hour, and posted himself in a favorable position for watching the proceedings of the depredator of the farm-yard. Reynard did not make himself long waited for, and he fell dead at the first shot of the royal marksman, to the great delight of the farmer, who, true to his word, came down with his motta handsomely. The King pocketed the coin, and went off to exhibit it with great glee, as 'the first money he had ever earned by the work of his own hands!'"

Your sincere young friend,

ESTHER G——.

#### WHO CAN ANSWER THIS?

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: May we ask you a question? Perhaps some of your birds can tell.

I have sometimes seen stars fall, or seem to. We want to know if they really do fall, and what becomes of them afterward; where do they go to? do they ever shine again?

Ask some of your readers this, if you please.

Your very great friends,

LULU CLARKE and NELLIE CALDWELL.

#### CHIVALRY.

THE funny boy of the Red-School-house asks your Jack to show this romantic picture to the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls:



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of a subscription of six dollars to The Children's Garfield Fund, sent by "Our Little General." This generous gift will enable three of the poor children of New York to spend a happy week at the sea-side. The ST. NICHOLAS subscriptions to the Fund now amount to \$502.79.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In lots of my books I read about the girls fixing up their rooms and making them look so cosy, and I have been very much interested in it, and have tried to make my room look pretty and cosy. I have not succeeded very well, and I happened to think ST. NICHOLAS might give me some ideas, and so I wrote. Please answer through the ST. NICHOLAS Letter-box. I don't want to go to much expense. Your interested reader, DAISY.

Read H. H.'s article entitled "The Expression of Rooms," in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1876.

MRS. S. C. L.: Your letter concerning the proposed club interested us very much, and we have held it, thinking that perhaps we would follow out the idea, but finally have decided that we can not do so for the present, at least.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to present the following suggestions to the many young readers of the good ST. NICHOLAS:

Will not the happy boys and girls in these glad vacation days remember the "wee folk" whose lives are less favored, and for whom the summer brings small pleasure? Remember them by collecting and mending old toys and games—relinquishing a few minutes of each day to the repairing process; by making bright scrap-books; by gathering sweet flowers and ferns, and, in the early autumn, richly colored leaves. In a word, make these holidays of some use to others. The little ones at Bellevue and other hospitals, and throughout the tenements, might be made so joyful and pleased by these souvenirs of other child-thought.

Very sincerely,

"AUNT LOLO."

CARRIZO SPRINGS, TEXAS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I go to school at home, as we live one hundred and forty miles from San Antonio. I have four sisters and three brothers. I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS a year, and like it so much. When it comes, all the children want to look at it at once. We are twenty-five miles from a post-office and seven miles from the Rio Grande. We do not get lonesome, as we take so many papers. We have an organ and piano. We often have company, and entertain them with recitations and music. Can you tell me what causes the mirage on this far-off table-land? Once we saw what looked like an ocean. Ships and steamers were at anchor near a beautiful city. Another time we saw a clear lake, and we wanted to go and see it. Sometimes we can see tall grass waving. We can see the Santa Rosa mountains, ninety miles from here, away over in Mexico. We are going to move to San Antonio next summer.

MATTIE V.

Place a lighted oil lamp near the window. Roll a sheet of paper into a tube. Stand behind the lamp, and look with one eye through the tube at the top of the lamp chimney. Then raise the tube till you can see a tree or other object at the window. If the tree is directly over the lamp chimney, it will appear to quiver or tremble. Blow out the lamp and look again in the same way. The tree now appears to stand perfectly still.

Why is this? The hot air rises vertically from the lamp chimney, and you see the tree through this hot air. The heat of the lamp expands the air, and just over the chimney the air is expanded and thinner than the air all about it. You see the tree because it sends rays of light reflected from the sun in a straight line to your eye. When light, moving from an object to the eye, meets a thinner place in the air, as when it is hot, or when it meets any thicker substance, like glass, it is bent or turned aside. You know this to be so because you have seen how a lens, like an eye-glass, bends the light that passes through it, and our little experiment with the lamp shows the same thing.

This is the cause of the mirage on the plains, or the "loom-

ing" seen on the sea-shore on bright, hot days. The air about you is heated by the sun, and everything seen through it appears distorted. Distant islands rise above the horizon and appear to swim on the sky. Ships appear double, and sometimes upside down. Distant hills or woods seem to rise above the edge of the plain, and the very ground seems to you as if it were water. In every case it is the same. The heated air acts as a great lens, distorting the vision, and, like the lens of a telescope, bringing into view things you could not see without it.

AUGUSTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for five years, but have not been able to muster up courage enough to write to you. I send a poem called "The Sea," which, I hope, will be published in the next number.

THE SEA.

Oh, deceitful and treacherous deep, give up thy stolen treasure;  
Ever thou thy vigils keep to deep, monotonous measure.

Thou cruel, cruel deep, give back the dead thou hast won;  
Many a new-born babe, and many a loved one gone.

Sometimes thou art pretty blue, but often a treacherous gray;  
Many a life is lost through you, for that's what the wild waves say.

As I must now close, I say *Au revoir*.

FREDERICK C. B. (11 years).

SIMONSVILLE, VT., May 18, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the last number of your excellent magazine, I saw an inquiry by "F. I. G.," asking who was the author of "There was a little girl," etc. I send you an article clipped from *The Youth's Companion*, hoping it will prove satisfactory, if not too lengthy to publish.

Yours sincerely,

S. C.

"Mrs. Macchetta (Blanche Roosevelt Tucker) relates an embarrassing experience that she had in an interview with Mr. Longfellow. The poet in conversation with her (at his home and in the presence of his family) had said, referring to certain specimens of absurd current rhymes: 'I often wondered how such things ever came to be printed'; but he added, with his usual justice: 'My failure to appreciate it is, however, no sign that a reason does not exist for writing it. Many persons in this world may like and admire what I could not give a second thought to.' 'Yes,' replied Mrs. Macchetta, 'there is no accounting for the rubbish that will find its way to publicity: the authors are never known, and, perhaps, it is as well. I can at present call to mind only one instance under the head of poetry, which runs as follows: or,—I stopped (says the lady), with an inquiring look around, as if retracting my idea of repeating it; but an earnest 'Pray, go on,' in which the Professor's voice was uppermost, insisted on hearing the aforesaid 'rubbish,' whereupon I proceeded:

" 'There was a little girl,  
And she had a little curl  
That hung in the middle of her forehead;  
When she was good,  
She was very very good,  
But when she was bad she was horrid.'

"Imagine my confusion when the poet raised his eyes, and, with a faint smile, said: 'Why, those are my words, are they not, Annie?' turning to his youngest daughter, who at that moment was gracefully stepping out upon the terrace through the low window, and, strange to say, was humming to herself the very same rhymes I had just characterized as 'rubbish.' 'Why, of course, Papa,' said Annie, laughing, 'that comes in your nursery collection. Don't you remember when Edith was a little girl and did not want to have her hair curled, you took her up in your arms, and shaking your finger at her, began, 'There was a little girl,' etc.?' The poet laughed, they all laughed, and I, in spite of my discomfort, had to join in the general merriment. But I could not forget my awkward position. The poet was too good-natured to say anything, but it was impossible not to laugh, and my self-esteem dropped lower and lower, till it was lost in humiliation."

READER.

We have received many other letters stating that Longfellow wrote the verse in question.



## AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-NINTH REPORT.

THE subject for study this month in Entomology is *Hemiptera*. Records of original observation should be prepared in accordance with the plan presented in the July ST. NICHOLAS, and sent to Prof. G. Howard Parker, Academy of Sciences, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prof. French, of Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., meets with very favorable responses to his invitation to exchange 100 specimens of plants, and generously offers the following prizes: To the Chapter making the most complete collection of pressed plants from their county, a choice between an excellent compound microscope, costing not less than \$30, and a complete set of North American ferns, more than 150 different species. The second best collection shall take the one of the two prizes not chosen by the successful Chapter. The sets are to be sent to Prof. French by Nov. 1st. The collections, excepting the best two, shall be broken up and distributed among such smaller Chapters as earn them by faithful work during the summer.

The subject for the class in Botany this month is *Stems*, and the specimens are to be prepared (as explained in the July ST. NICHOLAS) in accordance with the following scheme, and sent to Prof. Jones:

## 11. STEMS.

## UNDER-GROUND:

*Root-stocks* (mints, sedges, ferns, etc.),  
shapes,  
uses (to the plants, to animals, to man).

*Corms* (lily family, violets, etc.),  
shapes,  
uses (see root-stocks' uses).

*Bulbs*,  
tunicated (leeks, etc.),  
scaly (lily, oxalis, etc.),  
shapes,  
uses (see above).

## AERIAL (above ground).

## Position:

erect,  
diffuse,  
declined,  
decumbent,  
prostrate,  
creeping,  
climbing  
by tendrils,  
petioles,  
rootlets,  
twining,  
right,  
left.

## Texture:

herbaceous,  
suffrutescent (slightly shrubby),  
suffrutescent (shrubby),  
arborescent (tree-like),  
arborescent (trees).

## Kinds:

ordinary forms (simple and branched),  
caudex,  
culms,  
suckers,  
offsets,  
runners,  
stolons,  
tendrils,  
spines,  
thorns, etc.

## Shapes:

round (grasses, most herbs),  
oval,  
half-round,  
triangular (sedges, etc.),  
sharp-angled,  
obtusely-angled,  
convex-sided,  
concave-sided,  
square (mints, etc.),  
flat forms (see triangular),  
fluted (grasses, etc.),  
striate (grasses, etc.), etc.

## Appendages:

wings,  
etc. (see hair).

## Uses:

to the plants,  
to animals and man,  
special uses,  
as leaves (cactaceæ, etc.), etc.

## Arrangement of branches:

see phyllotaxy of leaves.  
see inflorescence.

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
487	Salt Lake City, Utah (B).	9.	Wm. W. Brown.
488	Elmira, N. Y. (A)	8.	Ausburn F. Townner.
489	Gettysburg, Pa. (A)	4.	Morris W. Croll.
490	New York, N. Y. (N)	6.	Stephen D. Sammis, 221½ E. 105.
491	Rochester, Ind. (A)	6.	Miss Nellie Scull, Box S.
492	Peru, Mass. (A)	6.	Miss H. Ada Stowell.
493	Buffalo, N. Y. (F)	12.	Miss Lizzie Schugens, 322 Elliott street.
494	Northfield, Vt. (A)	10.	Miss Clara E. Harwood, Box 228.
495	Salt Lake City, Utah (C)	7.	Arthur Loomis, Box 1220.
496	Boston, Mass. (E)	6.	G. A. Orrok, Olney street, Ward 24.
497	Trenton, N. J. (B)	9.	H. C. Allen, Jackson street.
498	Pittsburgh, Pa. (E)	6.	Wm. Seagriff, 23d and Liberty.

## NOTES.

(22) I have observed with great interest the rise and progress of the A. A., and write this note to contribute a suggestion for their use. One of the most desirable modes of research would be to raise wild plants from seed, for the purpose of ascertaining the limits of variation in certain groups. Especially interesting for this inquiry are the Canadian section of *Solidago*, *Vaccinium pennsylvanicum*, *Aster corymbosus* and *levis*, and *Datura Stramonium*. Let each person collect the seeds of a single plant only, which should be carefully identified, and sow and cultivate them till maturity.

Wm. H. SEAMAN, Prof. Chem., Washington, D. C.

(23) *Hawthorn leaves*.—The yellow spots on hawthorn leaves (see N. 21) are usually caused by a fungus, a *Roestelia*, of which there are several species.

W. H. SEAMAN.

(24) *Spiders* (answer to 1).—This is a common habit of running spiders (*Lycoside*). The female carries her cocoon attached to the spinnerets, and also carries the young for some time on her body.

G. HOWARD PARKER.

(25) *Wingless Moths* (answer to 6).—The female of the common vapor moth (*Orgyia leucostigma*) is wingless, and lives but a few hours. The male has wings.

G. H. P.

(26) *Spiders* (answer to 9).—There was a very fine thread on which the spider ran out into the air.

G. H. P.

(27) *Frogs*.—Last summer I killed a frog which stretched about nine inches. On cutting it open a live mussel was found in its stomach. The shell measured 2½ x 1¼ inches.

A. C. G.

(28) *Pollen*.—It always seemed to me that wind fertilization must depend greatly on chance, and the instances where a grain fell on the pistil of another plant must be rare. But I happened to shake a spray of cones in the sunlight, and at once I understood the arrangement better. The air was filled with a cloud of yellow dust, and a quantity, seeming very small when collected on a glass, separated into thousands of grains, each showing clearly in the sunlight. The air in spring-time must be filled with pollen-grains.

G.

(29) *Entomological Supplies*.—By an error, the A. A. handbook makes Professor Ward, of Rochester, deal in insect pins, etc. They can be obtained from Southwick & Jencks, Providence, R. I.

(30) *Nematus Ventricosus*.—Found on currant, June 3, ½ in. long; head black; 2d and 11th segments yellow; others light green. Head covered with short hairs. Six true legs, black, with green at joints. Sixteen false legs, soft and green. Row of black warts on each side of middle of back, and two rows on each side. Dorsal black patch on last segment. Cast spotted skin, and became pale green. Larva raised posterior segments when disturbed. Some entered ground and made rough pupal cases. One made none. One made a fine silken cocoon and attached itself to a leaf. Remained in pupal state from June 8 to June 20. Imago ♀ expands half an inch; body five-sixteenths of an inch long. Head black; thorax black and dark yellow. Abdomen dark yellow, with four spots and four stripes. Legs dark yellow. Antennæ nine-jointed. Eggs small, white, laid on mid-rib of currant leaf.

F. W. GREELEV, Nashua, N. H.

(31) *Mantis Religiosa*.—The insect which "Old Boy" speaks of as "Devil's Coach-horse" is here called the "Rear Horse." It is described in "Chambers's Cyclopædia," and seems to be identical with the *Mantis religiosa*, plentiful in southern France and Italy. They fight fiercely and often, until one or both combatants are dead.

J. A. S., Washington, D. C.

(32) *Chickadees*.—Chickadees do not eat their food on the ground as other birds do, but fly with it to a tree, and eat it, holding it with their claws and picking at it.

X.

(33) *Savannah Cricket Frog*.—This beautiful animal, which is known in New Jersey as the "peeper," "rattler," etc., and scientifically as *Acris crepitans* (Baird), is very changeable in color. Of a series of twenty, which I have long had confined in a glass fish-globe, hardly any two are of the same shade. Some are almost black; some have the dorsal stripe a bright red; some have an

emerald green stripe; and others are clay color. One inch is about the average length, and the weight is from forty-two to forty-four grains. They may be readily distinguished by a dark triangular patch between the eyes, and oblique blotches of the same shade on the sides. On a closer examination, a minute white line may be traced between the eye and ear. I found one partly digested in the stomach of a small pike (*Esox reticulatus*), and have repeatedly seen snakes eat them. During the early spring, and up to about the 20th of May, they range in incalculable numbers along the brook-sides, or, in fact, in almost any damp, shady place; but after that date, a very noticeable diminution in their numbers takes place, and by the 10th of the following month not a single specimen is to be seen. It is thought by some that, with the maturing of the ova and the labor of depositing it, their vigor culminates, and having spawned, they have no vital force remaining, and in the course of a few days die. The eggs are laid on the blades of that coarse grass which is so common by brook-sides. From these are hatched tadpoles, which mature about the middle of August.

SHIPPENSBURG, PA.

(34) *Spiders*.—We have many spiders—especially one as large as a marble, of a jet black with yellow stripes. When it sings or spins, if you stand ten feet away, you would think you were near a bumble-bee's nest.

C. P. HUBLEY.

(35) *Spiders*.—I have noticed that a spider, in running over his web, makes no use of his hind pair of legs.

NASHUA, N. H.

F. W. GREELEY.

(36) *Lizards*.—I have several lizards. Their home is in the area, around the basement window. They are dark-green, with yellowish spots, and are from six to eight inches long. When it rains they come out. They eat insects.

KATHERINE E. GOLD.

(37) *Whydah*.—The "A. A." is extremely interesting, and I should like to join it. The only pets I can keep in London are birds. I have twelve in an aviary. I have a curious bird called a Paradise Whydah. In the winter he is just like a house-sparrow, but in the summer he goes through a complete transformation. His tail grows out to the length of twelve inches, and he changes color completely. This goes on every year.

MAUD BENDALL, London, Eng.

(38) *Bee-cells*.—Henry Franc, Jr., says: "I think it is clearly proven that the form of a bee's cell is not the result of chance. Professors MacLaurin and Sköning have found, by the calculus, that the greatest angle should be one hundred and nine degrees twenty-six minutes, and the smallest seventy degrees thirty-four minutes, the very angles which the bee adopts. We further find that the middle of every cell on one side is directly opposite the point where the three partitions meet on the other side. By this arrangement the cell receives additional strength."

(39) *Turtle*.—Pauline Falconar, one of our most faithful little members, has a turtle, and notes that it feeds on worms and snails.

#### REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

Salt Lake City A reports greatly increasing interest, constant visits from friends, open meetings well attended, lectures, and excursions.—The Sec. of 109 is in Switzerland, and writes: "A child of four years here walks five miles with ease, and the young ladies almost twenty without being tired."—445 picks up crinoid stems "by the hundred."—Beverly, Mass., has two cabinets, is successful in raising butterflies, and has held a fair.—Neillsville, Wis., has bought several good books, a handsome walnut case, a scrap-book, and is full of enthusiasm.—Brooklyn E is analyzing flowers and holding debates, and has proved that iron, eagles, dogs, and mosquitoes are more useful, respectively, than gold, vultures, cats, and bees.—448 has answered questions in back reports from St. Nicholas, receives specimens at every meeting, has appointed a "Scrap-



cleft of a rock." (We present a picture of this delicate flower herewith.)—93 had handsome programmes printed on the occasion of their

second anniversary, which they celebrated by a fine entertainment on Agassiz's birthday.—Brooklyn A, after a special debate of four hours, has decided that the destruction of birds' eggs is "productive of evil effects to vegetation and to morals," and has resolved to "abstain from collecting them."—North Adams, Mass., has grown so popular that the number of members has been strictly limited to members of the High School and persons over fifteen years old. [Room there for Chapter B—for the little folks!]

382 has acquired a good elementary acquaintance with lithology and entomology during the year, but has been deeply saddened by the death of one of the founders and a dearly beloved member, Paul Van Ingen, who died April 28, 1883. The whole Association will share the sorrow of this Chapter in the loss of one of its most earnest workers and most lovely characters.—All the Chapters of De Pere, Wis., united for a picnic on Agassiz's birthday, and, "under a beautiful festoon of flowers, where the name of Louis Agassiz was also wrought in flowers, each member took his or her position, and producing some new specimen, gave a short description of it, and laid it on the society's table." After this came a dinner and a search for specimens.—Newton Upper Falls has been "steadily advancing," and one member is learning how to stuff birds, having already succeeded nicely with a blue-jay.—229 makes expeditions nearly every week, attends the meetings of the City Scientific Society, conducts its meetings by parliamentary rules, has essays and debates, and is going to exhibit its collection in the "famous Exposition this fall."—Plantsville, Conn., rounds out its first year with an excellent report, having held meetings every two weeks with scarcely an exception. The members spend a little part of each meeting in looking over the S. S. lesson for next Sunday; and, imitating the example of Prof. Agassiz, they open all their meetings with prayer.

188 "continues to flourish, and has spent most of its time among the birds, but is now going to the ant."—Chittenango, No. 447, "talks of opening a public library," and we would that every Chapter, wherever there is not already such a library, would not only "talk of," but actually open one. It can be done by a few earnest workers.—170 has progressed, and is aiming at a still higher "mark." Six of them captured a "42-inch black snake, alive." [It is to be hoped that does n't mean 42-inch caliber.]

#### EXCHANGES AND QUESTIONS.

Correspondence with distant Chapters.—Miss Marie MacKenna, box 1313, Baraboo, Wis.

Petrified wood, for mounted sea-weed or star-fish.—D. W. Rice, box 193, Brandon, Vt.

Insects and skulls, for fossils.—Ernest L. Stephan, Pine City, Minnesota.

Fossils.—F. C. Johanson, Boonville, N. Y.

Shells, for fossils and minerals.—W. D. Grier, 590 Tremont, Boston.

Geodes, agates, etc., for fern impressions, star-fish, or insects.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood ave., Jackson, Mich.

Where can gilt insect-pins be procured?

Meteorite, agates, silver ore, figured mica, etc., for minerals, fossils, or shells.—Frank Jay, 2510 Indiana ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Chalcopyrite, tourmaline, turquoise, platinum, etc. All letters answered. Send postal.—Ezra R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.

Southern and Northern woods, for labeled woods. Write first for particulars.—Isaac Ford, Ch. 394.

Chapter 229 offers for four best sets of lepidoptera (three insects in each set)—for best, 15 fine minerals; 2d best, 10; 3d, 5; and 4th, 3. The specimens shall weigh not less than 1½ ounces each, and include silver ore, malachite, azurite, topaz, tourmaline, etc.—E. R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

Electrical apparatus (\$3), for minerals.—Kenneth Hartley, Ft. Scott, Kansas.

Sets and single eggs, for single eggs.—F. D. Lisle, 486 Bond st., Providence, R. I.

Is the color of the beaver's incisors natural or caused by the sap of the trees it gnaws?

#### PRIZE.

The prize for the essay on "Evidences of Design in Nature" is awarded to Mr. M. Blake, of Chapter A, Taunton, Mass. Our crowded columns will not allow us to print his paper, and we can only say that Mr. Blake draws his arguments from his own observations, on "waders," crabs, clams, and other sea-side creatures, and from some inhabitants of the land, such as ants and aphides. Honorable mention must be made of Mrs. Rachel Mellon, Miss Ethel Gillis, P. C. Benedict, A. C. Bent, E. L. Stephan, R. P. Miller, Eleanor D. Munger, C. B. Davenport, H. H. Bice, F. W. Wentworth, Marian Armstrong, and W. W. Mills.

President's address: HURLAN H. BALLARD,

Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.





## DIAMOND.

1. In gander. 2. A fondling. 3. Subject to a penalty. 4. A wild flower. 5. What comets have. 6. Three-fourths of a wooden mold. 7. In gander.

THE HOUGHTON FAMILY.

## BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail a jewel, and leave the organ of hearing. 2. Behead and curtail a large pair of scissors, and leave to listen to. 3. Behead and curtail very angry, and leave a small animal. 4. Behead and curtail the subject of a discourse, and leave a border. 5. Behead and curtail to disembark, and leave a useful article.

The beheaded letters, when transposed, form a word meaning to divide. The curtailed letters, when transposed, form the name of a city in England.

W. ST. L.

## CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence: 1. Tom wondered, as he drew near to the house, that not even Ponto remembered him. 2. At St. Malo, every one admires the famous harbor. 3. There is the bad man who beats our dog nearly every day. 4. Tom and Jack together drove the large flock of sheep to the upper pasture.

KARI.

## EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I.—1. A tube. 2. A beloved object. 3. The place where an election is held. 4. A girl's name.

II.—1. A kind of grain. 2. A medley. 3. To drive. 4. A shout of joy.

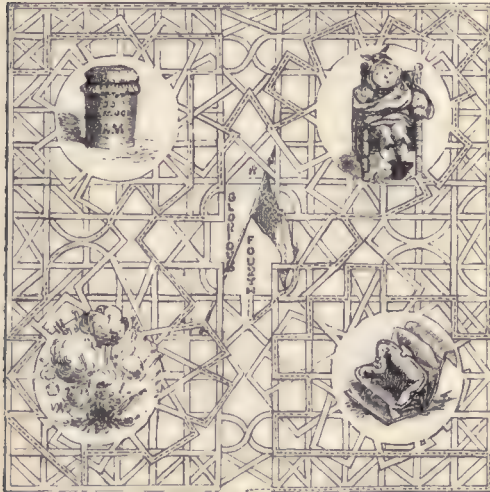
III.—1. Attitude. 2. Resembling oak. 3. An island near Scotland. 4. Views.

ALEX. LAIDLAW.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

BEHEADINGS. American Independence. Cross-words: 1. T-ale. 2. A-men. 3. K-eel. 4. T-rap. 5. T-ire. 6. S-car. 7. P-ant. 8. S-nap. 9. R-ice. 10. S-nip. 11. E-den. 12. P-ear. 13. S-pin. 14. M-end. 15. S-nip. 16. A-dam. 17. H-elm. 18. K-new. 19. S-cau. 20. F-cat.

MAZE.



DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Hand—dial. Cross-words: 1. Hard. 2. Dais. 3. Fans. 4. Load.

ANAGRAM. Abraham Lincoln.

CHARADE. Innocent.

HISTORICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance, but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.—Proverbs xv. 13.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Israel Putnam. Cross-words: 1. Simple. 2. EscUlapius. 3. CRaTer. 4. CARNation. 5. CEdeAr. 6. PLuMe.

FIRE-CRACKER MAZE.



COMBINATION PUZZLE. Diagonals, Washington and Cornwallis. Place of surrender, Yorktown. Left-hand side of perpendicular: 1. Witty. 2. Talon. 3. Nests. 4. Goths. 5. Ennui. 6. Villa. 7. Coils. 8. Solid. 9. Liken. 10. Satin. Right-hand side: 1. Antic. 2. Stoop. 3. Mural. 4. Knock. 5. Wrong. 6. Never. 7. Agent. 8. Watch. 9. Valor. 10. Solon. I.—Beheaded letters, Washington. Cross-words: 1. W-rote. 2. A-tone. 3. S-cold. 4. H-edge. 5. I-deal. 6. N-omen. 7. G-rate. 8. T-case. 9. O-pine. 10. N-once. II.—Syncopated letters, Cornwallis. Cross-words: 1. Pe-C-an. 2. Fl-O-at. 3. Sh-R-ed. 4. Li-N-es. 5. Fa-W-ns. 6. Se-A-ts. 7. Pe-L-ts. 8. Pi-L-es. 9. Ho-I-st. 10. Be-S-et. III.—Curtailed letters, Yorktown. Cross-words: 1. Sill-Y. 2. Limb-O. 3. Ride-R. 4. Clan-K. 5. Fain-T. 6. Ling-O. 7. Bede-W. 8. Grow-N.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. Havre, Paris, Seine. Cross-words: 1. HoPes. 2. AbAtE. 3. VeRdI. 4. ReIgN. 5. EnSuE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the July number, from Bell Macdonald, Lyttelton, New Zealand, 12—Edith McKeever and her cousin, Heidelberg, Germany, 8—Isabel Purington, 6—H. and F. Davis, 13.

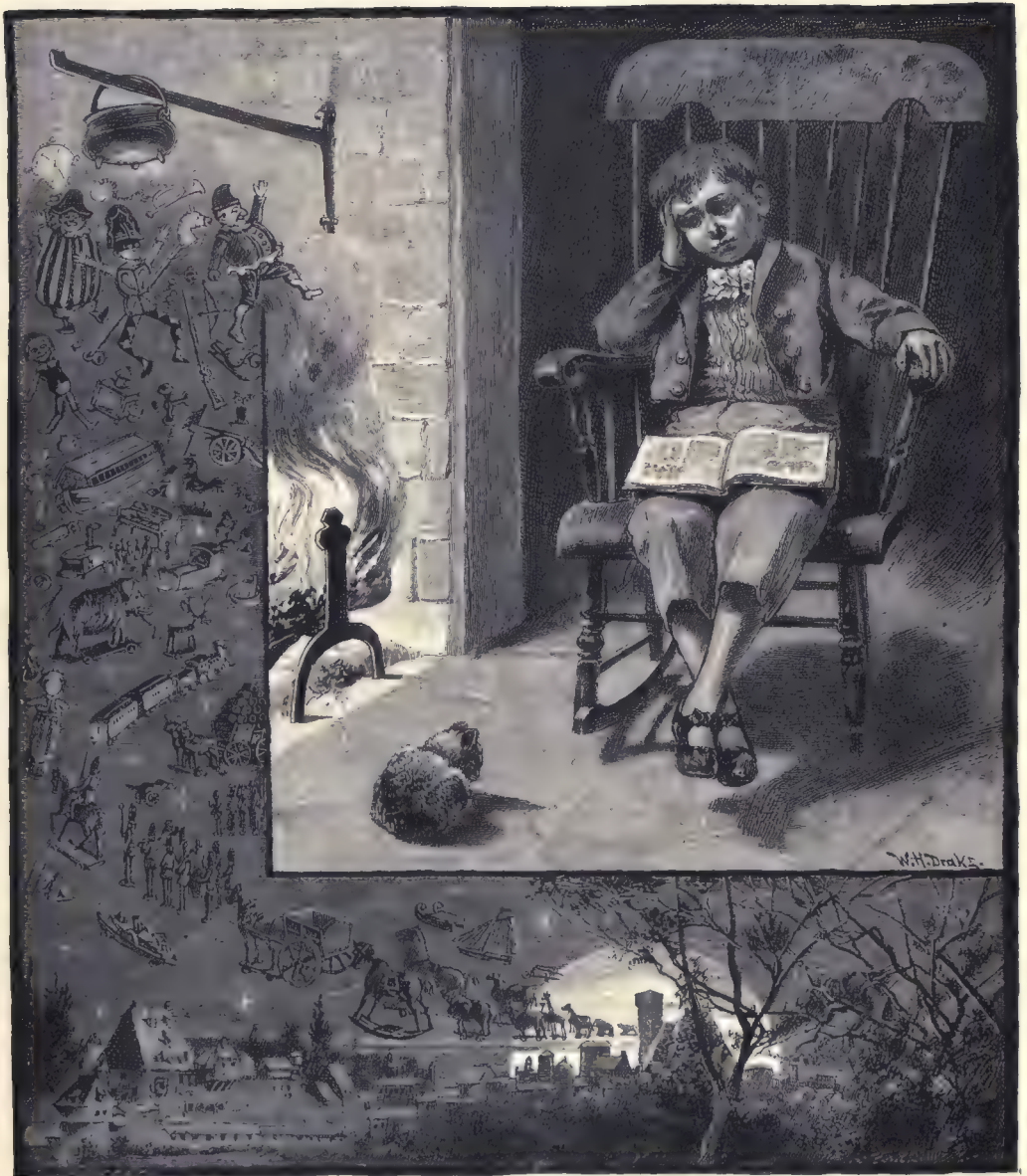
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Cuchee Smith—Two Subscribers—Arthur Gride—"Marna and Bae"—Pearl Francis Stevens—Heath Sutherland—Helen C. McCleary—M. S. T—"Blythe"—Alice H. J.—Jennie and Birdie—Louise M. Knight—Lucretia—Minnie B. Murray—"Cold Moon"—The Houghton Family—"Butterfly and June Bug"—Arian Arnold—Dexter S. Crosby, Jr., and Harry W. Chandler, Jr.—G. A. Lyon—A. P. Odwer, Jr.—George Draper—P. S. Clark—Richmond, Ky.—Bessie H. Smith—"Alcibiades"—Emma and Jennie Elliott—F. and H. Davis—Walter B. Angell—Florence Wilkinson—Bessie and Birdie—Violet—Maggie T. Turrill—C. S. C.—X. Y. Z.—I. Maud Bugbee—Florence E. Provost—Hugh and Cis—D. B. Shumway—Francis W. Islip—Walter Fisk—Génie J. Callmeyer—G. Lansing and J. Wallace—Pinnie and Jack—The Stewart Browns—X. Y. and Z.—Chas. H. Parmley—Lottie A. Best—Madeleine Vultee—Lulu M. Stabler—Estelle Riley—Clara J. Child—No Name.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from "Jessamine," 2—G. M. W., 1—Fannie S., 1—Julian R. Keeler, 1—Bertie French, 1—Adrienne Duysters, 1—"Bookworm," 4—Arthur B. Phelan, 1—"Extension," 6—Theodore Yankauer, 5—J. N. D. Dickinson, 2—Livingston Ham, 6—Annette M. Ham, 1—Lizzie S., 3—"Hen and Chickens," 8—Ruth and Samuel H. Camp, 12—The Two Annes, 13—Florence Williams, 1—Bessie A., 4—Emmet and Frankie Nicolai, 2—Herbert Perrin, 1—Philip Fimbury, Jr., 12—Bessie Comstock, 2—"Star," 5—Emeline Ingerich and Clara Small, 11—May A. Cornell and Sister, 13—Lizzie F. S., 1—Little Gracie, 3—Belle and Mary Patterson, 7—"Ignoramus and Nonentity," 11—Carrie and Alice Williams, 7—Edith L. B., 6—E. Bancroft, 5—"Captain Cuttie," 8—Ethel, 3—Elsie Prentiss, 1—Geo. B. Maggini, 2—James M. Barr, 2—T. A. Russell, 1—Daisy, 3—G. H. Dennison, 6—Austin H. Pease, 9—Horace R. Parker, 1—B. W., 1—J. W. Pettie, 2—"Blossom," 5—Abbie Schermerhorn, 3—Lewis P. Robinson, 5—Hugh Meckleston, 1—Daisy Talman, 4—P. O. Hartough, Jr., 6—Marie A., 1—Effie K. Talboys, 11—"Clover and Arbutus," 2—"Nip and Tuck," 7—Estella Jane Spencer, 2—J. J. Lee, 1—A. S. Pennington, 1—L. I., 10—Louisa, 6—Helen Merriam, 6—Paul Reese, 13—Christine Oberfelder, 2—G. Ranium, 3—Edward L. Hunt, 3—Frank Mitchell, 11—Lee W. Earnest, 3—Cabell Chadwick, 1—Mary E. Baker, 8—Florence Reeves, 6—Ruth C. Schropp, 12—Subscriber, 1—The Newsome Family, 11—"Fordyce Aimee," 13—Anna E. B. H., 1—M. T. H., 5—Frank Shallenberger, 10—Alex. H. Laidlaw, 9—Dora Jackson, 3—G. Blanchard Dodge, 4—Hessie, 3—Charles H. Wright, 13—"Liliput," 2—W. R. Gaylord, 2—George W. Dessault, 5—Philip Davis, 2—May M. Brunson, 2—George Lyman Waterhouse, 12—Carl H. Niemeyer, 8—"Robin Hood," 9—Cambridge Livingston, 4—Florence Budd, 4—The Coates Family, 8—Ella Fisher, 1—Matie Martin, 3—Calla, 6—Florence P. Jones, 1—Estelle Weiler, 9—Mamma and Nellie, 11—Mynck Rheem, 8—Professor and Co., 10—"Phil. O. Sophy," 5—E. E. V. and A. B. J., 3—G. M. Lawton, 4—Marguerite Kyte, 1—Charles H. Kyte, 4—Bessie and Sadie Rhodes, 12—Edith L. F., 3—Gertie and Ed Ward, 12—Isabella Ganceaux, 11—Louis R. Custer, 12—"Caedmon," 12—Susie and Papa, 6—Kari, 7—Mary and Nathalie, 6—Algernon Tassin, 11—Lulu Culver, 8.

Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.







"OUR GEOGRAPHIES TOLD US THAT TOYS WERE MADE IN NUREMBERG."

[See "The Playthings and Amusements of an Old-Fashioned Boy," page 864.]



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

NO. 11.

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## LITTLE PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

### PART I.

IF any one had asked Johnny Morris who were his best friends, he would have answered :

"The sun and the wind, next to Mother."

Johnny lived in a little court that led off from one of the busiest streets in the city—a noisy street, where horse-car bells tinkled and omnibuses rumbled all day long, going and coming from several great depots near by. The court was a dull place, with only two or three shabby houses in it, and a high blank wall at the end.

The people who hurried by were too busy to do more than to glance at the lame boy who sat in the sunshine against the wall, or to guess that there was a picture gallery and a circulating library in the court. But Johnny had both, and took such comfort in them that he never could be grateful enough to the wind that brought him his books and pictures, nor to the sun that made it possible for him to enjoy them in the open air, far more than richer folk enjoy their fine galleries and libraries.

A bad fall, some months before the time this story begins, did something to Johnny's back which made his poor legs nearly useless, and changed the lively, rosy boy into a pale cripple. His mother took in fine washing, and worked hard to pay doctors' bills and feed and clothe her boy, who could no longer run errands, help with the heavy tubs, nor go to school. He could only pick out laces for her to iron, lie on his bed in pain for

hours, and, each fair day, hobble out to sit in a little old chair between the water-butt and the leaky tin boiler in which he kept his library.

But he was a happy boy, in spite of poverty and pain; and the day a great gust came, blowing fragments of a gay placard and a dusty newspaper down the court to his feet, was the beginning of good fortune for patient Johnny. There was a theater in the street beyond, and other pictured bits found their way to him; for the frolicsome wind liked to whisk the papers around the corner, and chase them here and there till they settled under the chair or flew wildly over the wall.

Faces, animals, people, and big letters, all came to cheer the boy, who was never tired of collecting these waifs and strays; cutting out the big pictures to paste on the wall with the leavings of mother's starch, and the smaller in the scrap-book he made out of stout brown wrappers or newspapers, when he had read the latter carefully. Soon it was a very gay wall, for mother helped, standing on a chair, to put the large pictures up, when Johnny had covered all the space he could reach. The books were laid carefully away in the boiler, after being smoothly ironed out and named to suit Johnny's fancy by pasting letters on the back. This was the circulating library; for not only did the papers whisk about the court to begin with, but the books they afterward made went the rounds among the neighbors till they were worn out.

The old cobbler next door enjoyed reading the

anecdotes on Sunday when he could not work, the pale seamstress upstairs liked to look over advertisements of the fine things which she longed for, and Patsey Flynn, the newsboy, who went by each day to sell his papers at the station, often paused to look at the play-bills; for he adored the theater, and entertained Johnny with descriptions of the splendors there to be beheld, till he felt as if he had really been, and had known all the famous actors, from Buffalo Bill to the great Salvini.

Now and then, a flock of dirty children would stray into the court and ask to see the "pretty picters." Then Johnny was a proud and happy boy; for, armed with a clothes-pole, he pointed out and explained the beauties of his gallery, feeling that he was a public benefactor when the poor babies thanked him warmly, and promised to come again and bring all the nice papers they could pick up.

These were Johnny's pleasures; but he had two sorrows,—one, a very real one, his aching back, and the other, a boyish longing to climb the wall and see what was on the other side; for it seemed a most wonderful and delightful place to the poor child, shut up in that dismal court, with no play-mates and few comforts.

He amused himself with imagining how it looked over there, and nearly every night added some new charm to this unseen country, when his mother told him fairy tales to get him to sleep. He peopled it with the dear old characters all children know and love. The white cat that sat on the wall was Puss in Boots to him, or Whittington's good friend. Blue Beard's wives were hidden in the house of whose upper windows the boy could just catch glimpses. Red Riding Hood met the wolf in the grove of chestnuts that rustled over there, and Jack's Beanstalk grew up just such a wall as that, he was sure.

But the story he liked best was the "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," for he was sure some lovely creature lived in that garden, and he longed to get in to find and play with her. He actually planted a bean in a bit of damp earth behind the water-barrel, and watched it grow, hoping for as strong a ladder as Jack's. But the vine grew very slowly, and Johnny was so impatient that he promised Patsey his best book "for his ownty-donty," if he would climb up and report what was to be seen in that enchanted garden.

"Faix, and I will, thin," and up went good-natured Pat, after laying an old board over the hogshead to stand on; for there were spikes all along the top of the wall, and only cats and sparrows could walk there.

Alas for Johnny's eager hopes, and alas for Pat's Sunday best! The board broke, and splash went

the climber, with a wild Irish howl that startled Johnny half out of his wits and brought both Mrs. Morris and the cobbler to the rescue.

After this sad event, Pat kept away for a time in high dudgeon, and Johnny was more lonely than ever. But he was a cheery little soul, so he was grateful for what joys he had, and worked away at his wall; for the March winds had brought him many treasures, and after April rains were over, May sunshine made the court warm enough for him to be out nearly all day.

"I'm so sorry Pat is mad, 'cause he saw this piece and told me about it, and he'd like to help me put up these pictures," said Johnny to himself, one breezy morning, as he sat examining a big poster which the wind had sent flying into his lap a few minutes before.

The play was Monte Cristo, and the pictures represented the hero getting out of prison by making holes in the wall, among other remarkable performances.

"This is a jolly red one! Now where will I put it to show best and not spoil the other beauties?"

As he spoke, Johnny turned his chair around and surveyed his gallery with as much pride and satisfaction as if it held all the wonders of art.

It really *was* quite splendid, for every sort of picture shone in the sun: simpering ladies, tragic scenes, circus parades, labels from tin cans, rosy tomatoes, yellow peaches and purple plums, funny advertisements, and gay bills of all kinds. None were perfect, but they were arranged with care, and the effect was very fine, Johnny thought.

Presently his eyes wandered from these treasures to the budding bushes that nodded so tantalizingly over the wall. A grape-vine ran along the top, trying to hide the sharp spikes; lilacs tossed their purple plumes above it, and several tall chestnuts rose over all, making green tents with their broad leaves, where spires of blossom began to show like candles on a mammoth Christmas tree. Sparrows were chirping gayly everywhere; the white cat, with a fresh blue bow, basked on the coping of the wall, and from the depths of the enchanted garden came a sweet voice singing:

"And she bids you to come in,  
With a dimple in your chin,  
Billy boy, Billy boy."

Johnny smiled as he listened, and put his finger to the little dent in his own chin, wishing the singer would finish this pleasing song. But she never did, though he often heard that, as well as other childish ditties, sung in the same gay voice, with bursts of laughter and the sound of lively feet tripping up and down the boarded walks. Johnny longed intensely to know who the singer was, for



her music cheered his solitude, and the mysterious sounds he heard in the garden increased his wonder and his longing day by day.

Sometimes, a man's voice called, "Fay, where are you?" and Johnny was sure "Fay" was short for Fairy. Another voice was often heard talking in a strange, soft language, full of exclamations and pretty sounds. A little dog barked, and answered to the name Pippo. Canaries caroled, and some elfish bird scolded, screamed, and laughed so like a human being, that Johnny felt sure that magic of some sort was at work next door.

A delicious fragrance was now wafted over the wall as of flowers, and the poor boy imagined untold loveliness behind that cruel wall, as he tended the dandelions his mother brought him from the common, when she had time to stop and gather them; for he loved flowers dearly and tried to make them out of colored paper, since he could have no sweeter sort.

Now and then, a soft, rushing sound excited his curiosity to such a pitch, that once he hobbled painfully up the court till he could see into the trees, and once his eager eyes caught glimpses of a little creature, all blue and white and gold, who peeped out from the green fans and nodded and tried to toss him a cluster of the chestnut flowers. He stretched his hands to her with speechless delight, forgetting his crutches, and would have fallen, if he had not caught by the shutter of a window so quickly that he gave the poor back a sad wrench; and when he could look up again, the fairy had vanished, and nothing was to be seen but the leaves dancing in the wind.

Johnny dared not try this again for fear of a fall, and every step cost him a pang; but he never forgot it, and was thinking of it as he sat staring at the wall on that memorable May day.

"How I *should* like to peek in and see just how it all really looks. It sounds and smells so summery and nice in there. I know it must be splendid. I say, Pussy, can't you tell a fellow what you see?"

Johnny laughed as he spoke, and the white cat purred politely, for she liked the boy who never threw stones at her nor disturbed her naps. But Puss could not describe the beauties of the happy hunting-ground below, and, to console himself for the disappointment, Johnny went back to his new picture.

"Now, if this man in the play dug his way out through a wall ten feet thick with a rusty nail and a broken knife, I don't see why I could n't pick away one brick and get a peek. It's all quiet in there now; here's a good place, and nobody will know, if I stick a picture over the hole. And I'll try it, I declare I will!"

Fired with the idea of acting Monte Cristo on a small scale, Johnny caught up the old scissors in his lap, and began to dig out the mortar around a brick already loose, and crumbling at the corners. His mother smiled at his energy, then sighed and said, as she clapped her laces with a heavy heart:

"Ah, poor dear, if he only had his health he'd make his way in the world. But now he's like to find a blank wall before him while he lives, and none to help him over."

Puss, in her white boots, sat aloft and looked on, wise as the cat in the story, but offered no advice. The toad who lived behind the water-barrel hopped under the few leaves of the struggling bean, like Jack waiting to climb, and just then the noon bells began to ring as if they sang clear and loud, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

So, cheered by his friends, Johnny scraped and dug vigorously till the old brick fell out, showing another behind it. Only pausing to take breath, he caught up his crutch and gave two or three hearty pokes, which soon cleared the way and let the sunshine stream through, while the wind tossed the lilacs like triumphal banners, and the jolly sparrows chirped:

"Hail, the conquering hero comes!"

Rather scared by his unexpected success, the boy sat silent for a moment to see what would happen. But all was still, and presently, with a beating heart, Johnny leaned forward to enjoy the long desired "peek." He could not see much, but that little increased his curiosity and delight, for it seemed like looking into fairyland, after the dust and noise and dingy houses of the court.

A bed of splendid tulips tossed their gay garments in the middle of a grass-plot; a strange and brilliant bird sat dressing its feathers on a golden cage; a little white dog dozed in the sun, and on a red carpet under the trees lay the princess, fast asleep.

"It's all right," said Johnny, with a long sigh of pleasure; "that's the sleeping beauty, sure enough. There's the blue gown, the white fur cloak sweeping 'round, the pretty hair, and—yes—there's the old nurse, spinning and nodding, just as she did in the picture-book Mother got me when I cried because I could n't go to see the play."

This last discovery really did bewilder Johnny, and make him believe that fairy tales *might* be true, after all; for how could he know that the strange woman was an Italian servant, in her native dress, with a distaff in her hand. After pausing a moment to rub his eyes, he took another look, and made fresh discoveries by twisting his head about. A basket of oranges stood near the princess, a striped curtain hung from a limb of the tree to keep the wind off, and several books fluttered their

pictured leaves temptingly before Johnny's longing eyes.

"Oh, if I could only go in and eat 'em and read 'em and speak to 'em and see all the splendid things!" thought the poor boy, as he looked from one delight to another, and felt shut out from all. "I can't go and wake her like the Prince did, but I do wish she'd get up and do something, now I *can* see. I dare n't throw a stone, it might hit some one, or holler, it might scare her. Pussy wont help, and the sparrows are too busy scolding one another. I know! I'll fly a kite over, and that will please her any way. Don't believe she has kites; girls never do."

Eager to carry out his plan, Johnny tied a long string to his gayest poster, and then fastening it to the pole with which he sometimes fished in the water-cask, held it up to catch the fresh breezes blowing down the court. His good friend, the wind, soon caught the idea, and with a strong breath sent the red paper whisking over the wall, to hang a moment on the trees and then drop among the tulips, where its frantic struggles to escape waked the dog and set him to racing and barking, as Johnny hurriedly let the string go and put his eye to his peep-hole.

The eyes of the princess were wide open now, and she clapped her hands when Pippo brought the gay picture for her to see; while the old woman, with a long yawn, went away, carrying her distaff, like a gun, over her shoulder.

"She likes it! I'm so glad. Wish I had some more to send over. This will come off; I'll poke it through, and may be she will see it."

Very much excited, Johnny recklessly tore from the wall his most cherished picture, a gay flower-piece, just put up, and folding it, he thrust it through the hole and waited to see what followed.

Nothing but a rustle, a bark, and a queer croak from the splendid bird, which set the canaries to trilling sweetly.

"She don't see; may be she will hear," said Johnny, and he began to whistle like a mocking-bird, for this was his one accomplishment, and he was proud of it.

Presently he heard a funny burst of laughter from the parrot, and then the voice said:

"No, Polly, you can't sing like that bird. I wonder where he is? Among the bushes over there, I think. Come, Pippo, let us go and find him."

"Now she's coming!" and Johnny grew red in the face trying to give his best trills and chirrups.

Nearer and nearer came the steps, the lilacs rustled as if shaken, and presently the roll of paper vanished. A pause, and then the little voice exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise:

"Why, there's a hole! I never saw it before. Oh! I can see the street. How nice! How nice!"

"She likes the hole! I wonder if she will like me," and, emboldened by these various successes, Johnny took another peep. This was the most delicious one of all, for he looked right into a great blue eye, with glimpses of golden hair above, a little round nose in the middle, and red lips below. It was like a flash of sunshine, and Johnny winked, as if dazzled; for the eye sparkled, the nose sniffed daintily, and the pretty mouth broke into a laugh as the voice cried out delightedly:

"I see some one! Who are you? Come and tell me!"

"I'm Johnny Morris," answered the boy, quite trembling with pleasure.

"Did you make this nice hole?"

"I just poked a brick, and it fell out."

"Papa wont mind. Is that your bird?"

"No, it's me. I whistled."

"It's very pretty. Do it again," commanded the voice, as if used to give orders.

Johnny obeyed, and when he paused, out of breath, a small hand came through the hole, grasping as many lilies of the valley as it could hold, and the princess graciously expressed her pleasure by saying, "I like it; you shall do it again, by and by. Here are some flowers for you. Now we will talk. Are you a nice boy?"

This was a poser, and Johnny answered meekly, with his nose luxuriously buried in the lovely flowers:

"Not very—I'm lame—I can't play like other fellers."

"*Porverino!*" sighed the little voice, full of pity; and, in a moment, three red-and-yellow tulips fell at Johnny's feet, making him feel as if he really had slipped into fairy-land through that delightful hole.

"Oh, thank you! Are n't they just elegant! I never see such beauties," stammered the poor boy, grasping his treasures as if he feared they might vanish away.

"You shall have as many as you like. Nanna will scold, but Papa wont mind. Tell me more. What do you do over there?" asked the child, eagerly.

"Nothing but paste pictures and make books, when I don't ache too bad. I used to help Mother, but I got hurt, and I can't do much now," answered the boy, ashamed to mention how many laces he patiently picked or clapped, since it was all he could do to help.

"If you like pictures, you shall come and see mine some day. I do a great many. Papa shows me how. His are splendid. Do you draw, or paint yours?"

"I only cut 'em out of papers and stick 'em on



this wall, or put 'em in scrap-books. I can't draw, and I have n't got no paints," answered Johnny.

"You should say 'have n't any paints.' I will come and see you some day, and if I like you, I will let you have my old paint-box. Do you want it?"

"Guess I do!"

"I think I *shall* like you, so I'll bring it when I come. Do you ache much?"

"Awfully, sometimes. Have to lay down all day, and can't do a thing."

"Do you cry?"

"No! I'm too big for that. I whistle."

"I *know* I shall like you, because you are brave!" cried the impetuous voice, with its pretty accent; and then an orange came tumbling through the hole, as if the new acquaintance longed to do something to help the "ache."

"Is n't that a rouser! I do love 'em, but Mother can't afford 'em often," and Johnny took one delicious taste on the spot.

"Then I shall give you many. We have loads at home, much finer than these. Ah, you should see our garden there!"

"Where do you live?" Johnny ventured to ask, for there was a homesick sound to the voice as it said those last words.

"In Rome. Here we only stay a year, while Papa arranges his affairs; then we go back, and I am happy."

"I should think you'd be happy in there. It looks real splendid to me, and I've been longing to see it ever since I could come out."

"It's a dull place to me. I like better to be where it's always warm, and people are more beautiful than here. Are *you* beautiful?"

"What queer questions she does ask!" and poor Johnny was so perplexed he could only stammer with a laugh:

"I guess not. Boys don't care for looks."

"Peep, and let me see. I like pretty persons," commanded the voice.

"Don't she order 'round," thought Johnny, as

he obeyed. But he liked it, and showed such a smiling face at the peep-hole, that Princess Fay was pleased to say, after a long look at him:

"No, you are not beautiful, but your eyes are bright, and you look pleasant; so I don't mind the freckles on your nose and the whiteness of your face. I think you are good; I am sorry for you, and I shall lend you a book to read when the pain comes."

"I could n't wait for that if I had a book. I do *love* so to read!" and Johnny laughed out from sheer delight at the thought of a new book, for he seldom got one, being too poor to buy them, and too helpless to enjoy the free libraries of the city.

"Then you shall have it *now*," and there was another quick rush in the garden, followed by the appearance of a fat little book, slowly pushed through the hole in the wall.

"This is the only one that will pass. You will like Hans Andersen's fairy tales, I know. Keep it as long as you please. I have many more."

"You're so good! I wish I had something for you," said the boy, quite overcome by this sweet friendliness.

"Let me see one of *your* books. They will be new to me. I'm tired of all mine."

Quick as a flash, off went the cover of the old boiler, and out came half a dozen of Johnny's best works, to be crammed through the wall, with the earnest request:

"Keep 'em all; they're not good for much, but they're the best I've got. I'll do some prettier ones as soon as I can find more nice pictures and pieces."

"They look very interesting. I thank you. I shall go and read them now, and then come and talk again. *Addio, Giovanni.*"

"Good-bye, Miss."

Thus ended the first interview of little Pyramus and Thisbe through the hole in the wall, while Puss sat up above and played moonshine with her yellow eyes.

(To be concluded.)



## THE ROSY SAIL.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

OVER the level, sparkling sand,  
 All through the golden afternoon,  
 The sisters wandered hand in hand  
 To hear the winds and waters croon.

The waves sang low, the waves sang sweet,  
 With mellow murmur full and deep;  
 The ocean glittered in the heat,  
 The warm wind breathed like one asleep.

The white gull shone in depths of blue,  
 On airy pinions floating wide;  
 And slowly, slowly downward drew,  
 With lapsing soft, the ebbing tide.

Silently westward sank the sun;  
 A whisper skimmed the broad expanse;  
 The ripples hastened one by one  
 Along the sand to leap and dance.

The elder spoke: "'T is late, Janet;  
 The lengthening shadows deeper grow,  
 The reddening sun will soon have set;  
 Come, dearest sister, let us go."

The younger answered: "Look, Louise,  
 How yonder far-off, idle sail,  
 Rose-flushed, is filling with the breeze.  
 Stay,—Watch it take the loitering gale."

They paused to watch the rosy sail,  
 While fondly the caressing air  
 Kissed their bright cheeks and foreheads pale,  
 And lingered in their lovely hair.

The great sun touched the ocean's rim.  
 "Ah, come, Janet, we must not wait!  
 The cliffs are looming tall and grim;  
 Come, dear Janet, we stay too late."

As speeds the slender, swift beach-bird,  
 Homeward they turned along the shore:  
 What was the boding sound they heard?  
 The rapid tide had turned before!

The lazy tide that ebb'd so slow,  
 Returning, hurried fast as fate,  
 And barred the way they strove to go  
 With breathless haste—alas, too late!

"O sister, fly! But reach the ledge  
 We clambered down, and we are safe!"  
 Ripples grew waves along the edge;  
 The rousing sea began to chafe:

A trampling as of myriad feet  
 Heavily charging up the land!  
 They shuddered,—there was no retreat,—  
 Straight rock-walls rose on either hand.

The friendly ledge they could not reach  
 Afar was tossing plumes of spray;  
 The billows swallowed up the beach,  
 Like monsters cold in dreadful play.

Ah, me! with what a different voice  
 The sea raved, that had sung so soft!  
 A rush, a roar of deafening noise,  
 And clouds of foam that leaped aloft.

At the cliff's foot, upon the sands,  
 The sisters stood; no help was nigh;  
 The breakers stretched white, eager hands  
 To drag them roughly down to die.

They clung about each other close;  
 The wind, grown wild, blew their rich hair  
 This way and that; the waters rose;  
 They waited mute in still despair.

Sudden, the elder's voice rang clear:  
 "Janet, Janet! the rosy sail!  
 This way 't is coming, near, more near!"  
 In the dim twilight, glimmering pale,

They called aloud across the sea,  
 A high, sweet, piercing clarion scream!  
 The boatmen heard—"What can it be?  
 Some mermaid shrieking, or a dream?"

Again! The sailors turned the prow,  
 They trimmed the sail, they plied the oar;  
 No second to be wasted now!  
 Down to the cliff the stout boat bore.

"Janet, Janet, keep up your heart!  
 They're coming, dearest, help is near!  
 Let not the sea tear us apart—  
 They shout, Janet! they're almost here."





The breakers clasped each  
slender waist  
With cruel arms that fiercely  
clung,  
And dragged them down with  
hungry haste,  
And forth upon the tumult flung

Each trembling form. — But they  
were cast  
To their salvation! Quick as thought,  
Breathless, from death to life they  
passed,  
By strong, kind hands securely caught.

And clinging close together still  
They sailed, with eyes all tearful-bright,  
Till up the coast, from its green hill,  
Their home sent out its beckoning light.

## HALCYON DAYS AND HALCYON WAYS.

BY DE COST SMITH.

WHERE is the country boy who does not know the kingfisher, and who has not often watched his daring feats and eccentric ways; who has not seen him plunge fearlessly into the rushing stream, and heard his brisk rattle echo along its banks? But though he is one of our commonest and most interesting birds, few persons are sufficiently observant to be acquainted with the details of his life and habits.

The kingfisher family (*Alcedinidae*) is made up of a great many different species, and is scattered throughout the world, almost every country possessing one or more representatives. In the northern United States and in Canada, though the country is intersected by numerous rivers and lakes abounding in fish, we have but one species, the belted kingfisher (*Ceryle alcyon*); while near the Mexican border the green kingfisher (*Ceryle*

of life; in fact, were he differently constructed, he would be an utter failure as a fisherman. The small, delicate feet enable him to perch securely upon the slender twigs usually found overhanging the water, or even, as I once observed, upon a telegraph wire—a feat of balancing which would have been impossible for most birds of his size. (I have seen the robin—a much smaller bird—attempt the same feat, but with very poor success.) The weight of the kingfisher's head serves to balance and carry him with greater swiftness in his downward, arrow-like plunges; and the long bill, with its rough, sharp edges, enables him to hold fast the slippery, wriggling minnows which form his principal food. The entire length of the bird is about twelve and three-quarter inches, of which the head alone, from the tip of the bill to the end of the crest, measures nearly five. The upper parts, the band or belt across the breast, and a few irregular markings under the wings, are of an ashy-blue color, darkest about the head; while the under parts and throat, as also a small spot in front of the eye, another just beneath it, and numerous narrow bars across the under side of the tail, are of a beautiful white. The female and young differ from the adult male in having the sides of the body and the belt flecked and spotted with a tinge of bright chestnut.

Although the kingfisher sometimes remains in the Northern States during mild winters, he is usually only a summer visitor, arriving from the South about the first of April; and, feeding as he does almost exclusively upon various kinds of fish and crustaceans, he is generally found along the banks of streams, rivers, lakes, salt-water inlets, or wherever his food is abundant. Like most of his craft, he prefers being alone. Two are rarely seen fishing near each other. His favorite perch is a post, stump, or branch projecting over the water, and at times he takes advantage of the masts and booms of small boats at anchor.

Upon some such convenient object he often sits for an hour at a time, looking into the water and watching intently for unsuspecting minnows to approach the surface, or for a craw-fish, the claws of which are projecting from beneath a sheltering stone, to emerge and wander about over the pebbles. From time to time he changes the position of his head, first to one side, then to the other, and often in so doing twitches his tail in a nervous, impatient manner. At last he sees his chance.



THE BELTED KINGFISHER.

*Americana*), is occasionally met with, though not so frequently as the former species. And it is chiefly about the belted kingfisher that I wish to tell you here.

At the first glance we are struck with the peculiar form of this bird. The head seems enormously large and the feet look ridiculously small in proportion to the wings, tail, and body. But upon closer investigation we realize how admirably this apparent disproportion adapts him to his mode



He lowers his crest, looks steadily at one spot, makes a sudden movement forward, but checks himself, waits a second or two, then with a rapid sweep dives into the water, catches his victim

in his strong bill, and flies back to his post. If the captive happens to be a fish of convenient size, the bird throws back his head and swallows it immediately. But if he has caught a large minnow or a craw-fish, he batters it into a sufficiently soft state for swallowing by striking it repeatedly against the object upon which he is sitting.

This is not generally done by downward blows, as one would naturally suppose, but by strokes from the side, accompanied by a sort of twirling motion, somewhat as a terrier shakes a rat. After disposing of his prey he daintily arranges his feathers, and having winked once or twice, and slowly raised and lowered his

crest with a very satisfied air, he settles himself again upon his perch and is ready for another meal.

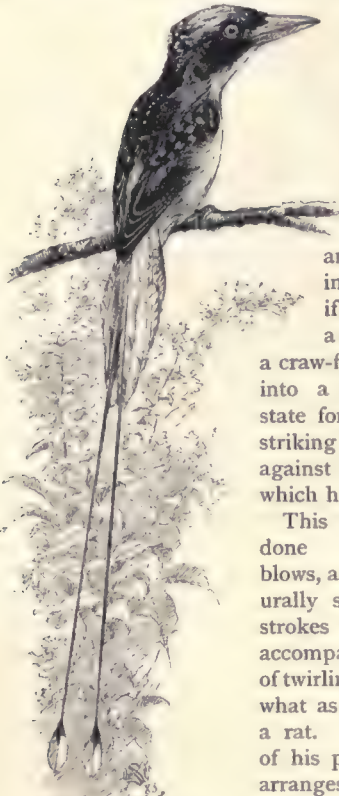
Convenient objects upon which to alight are not, however, always at hand. In many places shoals exist at considerable distances from shore; in others, long stretches of beach intervene between the bank and the water's edge; and in places of this kind his food is frequently abundant. In order to get a good view of the fish in such situations, he is obliged to mount into the air a distance of about fifty feet, and by a rapid, fluttering movement of his wings keep himself suspended until he has singled out a likely victim, when, darting down, he secures it, and flies away to the shore.

Often he descends to within two or three feet of the water, and then rises again without diving, probably finding before reaching the surface that he would be unsuccessful. At times he plunges into the water, but misses his mark altogether; at

others, after a short struggle, he emerges with nothing in his bill, the game having wriggled loose and escaped, even so skillful a sportsman as he, it would seem, not being entirely exempt from the uncertainties of "fishermen's luck."

In some localities where the shores of the lakes and rivers are stony, minnows are often scarce, and the kingfishers feed almost exclusively on craw-fish. In picking up these small, lobster-like animals from the bottom, they sometimes strike their bills against the stones with considerable force; and I once obtained a specimen which had its lower mandible worn quite blunt at the point, while the tip of the upper one was splintered and broken for nearly a quarter of an inch.

An artist friend of mine once had a most remarkable kingfisher adventure. While sketching on the shore of a river, he saw one of these birds flying across the water directly toward him. He watched its approach, expecting every moment to see it change its course, but, to his astonishment, the bird, swerving neither to the right nor left, came straight at his face. His hands were filled with palette and brushes. He raised his foot to shield himself. "Thud!" came the bird against it, falling to the ground stunned by the shock; but, recovering quickly, it again took wing and disappeared around a bend in the shore. Now, the snowy owl (*Nyctea scandiaca*) is said to alight at times upon the heads of sportsmen while they are crouching quietly among the reeds watching for



THE LONG-TAILED KINGFISHER, NEW GUINEA.



THE AUSTRALIAN KINGFISHER, OR LAUGHING JACKASS.

wild geese and ducks, probably mistaking them for stumps or something of that sort. But to suppose that the kingfisher may have taken my friend for a stump would not be complimentary to either the bird or the artist.

Soon after the arrival of the kingfishers in the spring, they choose mates and begin nest-building. The nest is rather curious, and differs from that of most birds in being placed under-ground, at the end of a narrow tunnel from four to fifteen feet in length, dug into the steep bank of a stream or lake, the opening being usually several feet above the water. Both birds work diligently at the excavation, which becomes wider as it deepens, until, at the end, it is large enough to contain the nest and the young birds. The kingfisher's cry is said to resemble the sound of a watchman's rattle (an instrument that is no longer in use, except in a modified form as a child's toy), and is heard at all times; but while the birds are engaged in nesting and caring for their young, it is kept up almost incessantly. The eggs, which are generally six in number, nearly spherical, and beautifully clear

upon removing the skin, the body is found enveloped in a coating of fat nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness. This great quantity of blubber is, I suppose, stored up and kept in reserve, to serve as a source of supply during the famine of the late autumn, when many of the streams are frozen, and also during the fatiguing southward migration.

According to the ancients, the kingfisher, called in Greek, Halcyon, or ἁλκυών (from ἅλς, the sea, and κύων, brooding upon), was so named from Halcyone, a daughter of Æolus, and the wife of Ceyx. The story goes that Ceyx was drowned while on his way to consult the oracle, and that, in a dream that night, Halcyone was informed of the fate of her husband. Next morning, as she wandered disconsolately upon the shore, she found his body washed up by the waves, and, overcome with grief, threw herself into the sea. The gods, in admiration of their mutual affection, changed them into kingfishers.

The kingfishers were supposed, at that time, to make their nests during the seven days preceding the winter solstice (about December 21st), and to lay their eggs during the seven days directly following it; and it was a popular superstition that the sea remained calm and tranquil while they reared their young. And, therefore, these fourteen days were called "halcyon days," or days of calm, pleasant weather. On this account the ancients regarded the halcyon as a symbol of tranquillity, and because it lived near the water it was consecrated to Thetis, a sea-nymph. The bird about which such wonderful stories were told was probably nothing more than the common kingfisher of Europe (*Alcedo ispida*), the habits of which are very much like those of the belted kingfisher.

New Guinea and some of the neighboring islands are the home of



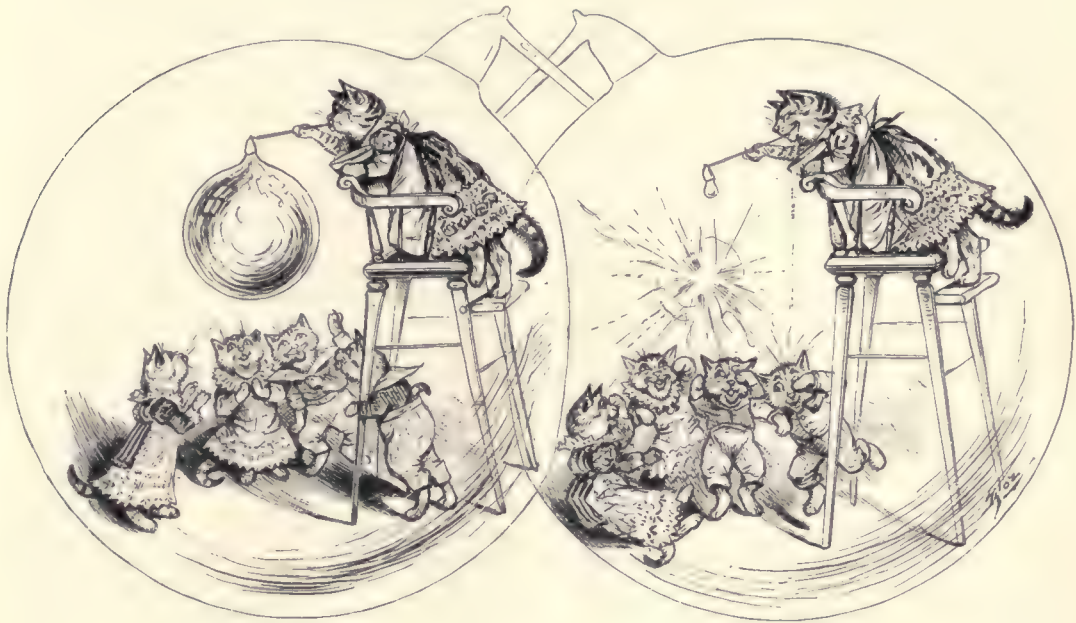
A KINGFISHER ATTACKS AN ARTIST.

and white, are laid, according to some writers, upon the bare sand at the end of the burrow, while others affirm that they are protected by a rudely made nest of feathers, dry grass, and fish-bones.

Toward the latter part of summer, when the young have left the nest and are capable of taking care of themselves, the kingfishers lose to some extent their shy watchfulness and become very fat and lazy. When shot at this season, the fat will actually ooze through the shot-holes and spread like oil over the surface of the water where the bird falls, while,

several beautiful and curious species, among which are the exquisitely colored long-tailed kingfishers, rivaling in their brilliant plumage even the humming-birds themselves, while the "laughing kingfisher" (*Alcedo gigas*), quite frequently seen in menageries, is a native of Australia. The last named is the largest of all, and, from its harsh, chattering cry, is commonly known by the name of "laughing jackass." All of these feed less upon fish than the belted kingfisher, and include in their bill of fare snails, reptiles, beetles, and insects.





CHORUS: "OH! MY EYE!"

CHORUS: "OH, MY EYES!"

## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## VICTORY.

**M**RS. TINKHAM had been awakened by the boys leaving the house, and much of the noise of the conflict had reached her ears. She was up and dressed, with lamp lighted, waiting in extreme anxiety, when Rupert came running into the house. He was breathless with haste and excitement. Before he could tell his news, she knew it was good news.

"We've beat 'em off!" he panted. "They've hurt the dam a little. But we don't care for that. We've got one prisoner, — Buzrow, — the worst rowdy of 'em all!"

"Anybody hurt?" was the widow's anxious inquiry.

"Nobody on our side; only one stone glanced from a limb and hit me on the leg. But I did n't mind it a bit! Rod and I were in the tree, and we let 'em have about a bushel of stones. Nearly all they fired at us came too low; we could hear 'em strike the trunk under us, or thump against the bank."

"And your prisoner?"

"Mart caught him by the lasso over his neck. He and Lute got him into the mill, and kept him well choked till he gave up. Then he begged like a good fellow; but they would n't let him off. And what do you think we found in his hat, after we got the lantern lit? A sponge as big as your head, such as they use for sopping out leaky boats! His hat had dropped off on the platform, where Rocket found it."

"Have the rest gone away?" asked the mother.

"We don't know. They may come around

again, and try to rescue Buzrow. I must hurry back, to help fight 'em if they do. The boys are on the lookout; but they told me to run in and tell you we're all safe. Mart has got his lasso ready to catch another Argonaut, if they give him a chance."

"Are any of *their* side hurt?"

"I hope so! Buzrow got a jolly choking, any way. And Rocket thrashed two with a bean-pole. And I'll bet our stones hit a few heads and shoulders! Oh, I tell you, it's the greatest fun you ever saw!"

And before she could ask any more questions, the wild youngster rushed out again.

Meanwhile, the lantern was placed on the platform, and lighted lamps were set in the windows of the threatened tide-mill, to shine up and down the river.

"We may as well let folks know we are at home and prepared to receive company," said Mart.

This bold course disconcerted the Argonauts, who were even then planning an assault, with the view of carrying off the captive. Still they did not give him up; but instead of making a fierce onset, they advanced within range of the misty rays, as if for a parley. Rush, posted in shadow, saw them coming up the Tammoset shore. Mart went out promptly and demanded what they wanted.

"We want the fellow you've got there in the mill," said Ned Lufford, halting at a safe distance, a little in advance of his comrades.

"You make a rather cheeky request," Mart replied. "We came honestly by him,—as the woman said when she found a frog in the milk,—and we mean to keep him. Not that we really care any more for him than the woman did for the frog; but she thought he would do to show to the milkman."

"If you wont give him up peaceably," said Lufford, "we will break in the mill and take him by force."

"That's a trick you're quite welcome to try," Mart answered, his drawl sounding oddly in contrast with the Argonaut's blustering tone. "We've handled your chap as tenderly as a cat carries her kittens, so far; but attempt to break doors, and you'll wake up in a hospital and find something else broken. Meanwhile, you are respectfully informed that we have room for three or four more quiet and well-behaved prisoners, and can take 'em, too, if as many of you should care to set foot on our premises!"

Mart stood where a lamp at the window shone upon his shoulder and side, and the Argonauts could see that he held something like a coil of stout cord in his left hand. The mysterious man-

ner of Buzrow's headlong plunge into the mill required no further explanation.

"Do you want anything more?" Mart asked, after they had remained a few moments in consultation. "If not, excuse me if I don't waste any more time in the mere forms of politeness."

He went back into the mill, and, after a little delay, the Argonauts disappeared behind a clump of willows.

They still lingered near their boat, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing him and Lute come out on the platform, get down into the river, and with stakes and boards proceed to repair the dam by the light of the lantern.

It was soon patched. Then the flash-boards were set, and the water being shut back, the Tinkhams, lantern in hand, appeared to be looking for something in the draining bed of the stream. At the same time, the boat was becoming hopelessly grounded.

"I can't stand this any longer!" exclaimed George Hawkins.

"Nor I!" said Frank Veals.

And yet the Argonauts did stand it long enough to see the brothers pick up two axes and a crow-bar and heave them in at the mill door.

"We ought to have swooped in and stopped that!" said Ned Lufford.

And now that it was too late, he did make a feeble movement toward the mill, followed by his comrades. Mart turned and faced them, in the halo made by the lantern in the drizzling rain.

"Stop there! and tell me what you want!"

Hawkins stopped, and finding himself in an awkward position, said:

"Take out your flash-boards and give us water, so we can float our boat."

"That's an humble and not very unreasonable request," Mart replied. "We've taken out our flash-boards for you, with all the good nature in the world, on various occasions. Very likely we shall do it again, but not at this hour of the night, now or any time. We'll give you water, though, in another way."

He had reëntered the mill, and the humble petitioners were wondering what he meant, when the water-wheel began to splash and turn, and a scanty stream came gurgling down toward the stranded boat.

"The mill is going!" said the astonished Argonauts.

It was going, indeed, and it continued to go during the remainder of the night; the Tinkhams, with characteristic "impudence" (the local newspaper's word), having resolved to make the most of their time while guarding their premises and their prisoner.



Buzrow, seated on the floor with his back against Lute's work-bench, to which he was fast bound, had an excellent opportunity of seeing how extremely impudent they were.

"If you're b-b-bright," Lute remarked to him pleasantly, "you may pick up a little of our trade. It's a very good trade when it is n't interf-f-fered with."

Buzrow, in his sullen rage, did not look as if he cared to pick up anything but himself just then, or to interfere with anybody's trade in future.

The younger boys kept their mother informed of what was going on, and it was not long before they announced that they had heard the Argonauts dragging their boat away down the river. Balch had gone off with his team long before.

In fact, no rescue was attempted,—a wise determination, as Buzrow himself was obliged to admit afterward, having seen how dangerous it would have been to attack the brothers in their own mill.

Daylight came, the tide turned, the mill stopped, the lights were extinguished, and the Tinkhams had not only their dam in good repair, but some useful work and a prisoner to show, as a reward for their trouble.

It seemed a great triumph. Yet the sequel must be told.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### THE PRISONER.

AFTER congratulations and rejoicings, and a deliberate breakfast, Mart and Rush set off in a slow, dull rain to march the cow-smiter's son (his hands still tied behind him) to Tammoset village and the house of Judge Hanks.

Early and rainy as it was, they had a lively following of youngsters at their heels before they reached the door; and Buzrow, who was only too well known to them as a Dempford boaster, was greeted with, "Turn up your cuffs!" "Scratch yer nose, Milt!" (the nose, by the way, was battle-smear'd) "What be ye goin' to do with them two chaps?" "Does your mother know?" and other like soothing remarks.

Judge Hanks was a conscientious justice of the peace; yet he, too, was under the influence of the popular prejudice against the dam. He was much disturbed when called from his breakfast-table into his office-room and informed of his visitors' business. But he could not refuse to hear the complaint against Buzrow.

"Untie his hands first," he said. "Proceed in the proper way."

"If we catch a marauder destroying our property in the middle of the night, is n't the proper

way to tie him and take him before the nearest magistrate?" Mart inquired.

"You have a right to capture him," Judge Hanks replied, "but you have no right to hold him a prisoner any longer than is necessary. Untie him!"

"I hate to do it about as badly as the old miser hated to buy his wife shoes," Mart dryly remarked; "but we'll have everything proper, Judge."

Manifestly, the knots were not made to untie, and he used his knife. He then made his formal complaint, while Buzrow stood by, gloomily rubbing his wrists.

"Whereabouts in the river do you say he was?" Judge Hanks stopped writing, to inquire.

"Not far from the middle, but I should think a little nearer the Tammoset side," Mart answered.

"Are you sure?"

"Well, I'm not positive as to that. I only know he came to our side pretty quick after he was noosed!"

Buzrow, being asked if he wished to make any statement, began with the old hackneyed denunciation of the obstruction in the river. The judge interrupted him.

"On which side of the center of the river were you? I wish to know"—this was spoken very significantly—"which town the offense was committed in. Was it Tammoset or Dempford?"

Buzrow took the hint. "In Dempford," he answered, stoutly.

Could he swear it? He could swear it. Judge Hanks then said:

"The complainant is uncertain which town the offense was committed in, but thinks it was in Tammoset. The defendant is positive it was in Dempford. Dempford being in another judicial district, this Court has no authority in the case. It is accordingly dismissed."

"Is this—what you call—the proper thing, Judge?" Mart asked. "Aint it a funny kind of law?"

"How so?" said the judge, severely.

"Why," Mart explained, "if it could be proved he did the act with one foot in Tammoset and the other in Dempford,"—he illustrated his point by setting two fingers astride a crack in the judge's table,—"then, I suppose, you would have jurisdiction over one leg,"—lifting a finger,—"while the Dempford court would have jurisdiction over the other leg,"—comically crooking up finger number two. "Funny kind of law, Judge, I should say!"

Even the Court had to smile, and there was a broad grin on the blood-smear'd Buzrow countenance, as the bearer, who had, perhaps, the best reason to laugh of anybody, walked out of the door a free man.

The Tinkhams had still further experience of the curiosities of the law when, complaint having been duly made before a Dempford magistrate, warrant issued, and offender arrested, they confronted him on the evening set for his examination.

Lawyer Snow, employed by Buzrow, cross-examined Mart.

"Which side of the river was he on when you saw and captured him?"

"Very near the center," said Mart; "but he says he was on the Dempford side."

But it turned out that Buzrow did not wish to swear at all, now that he was in a Dempford court of justice. Consequently, as there was no evidence that he had committed any offense in that town (the Tinkhams being unable to summon any of his companions as witnesses), the case was again dismissed.

Yet the brothers enjoyed a moral, if not a legal, triumph. Mart had an opportunity to describe in open court, in the presence of spectators, the manner in which Buzrow was lassoed and bound,



THE TINKHAMS LEAD BUZROW TO THE HALLS OF JUSTICE.

"No matter what he says. I want to know what you say."

"He swore before Judge Hanks——"

"I don't care what he swore before Judge Hanks! Which side of the center of the river do you say he was on?"

"I am willing to take his word in this matter," said Mart, "though, perhaps, I would n't in anything else."

"We want *your* word, and no hearsay evidence," said the lawyer. "Did n't you swear, in your complaint made to Judge Hanks, that you thought the defendant was nearer the Tammoset than the Dempford shore? Did you or did you not?"

"I did," said Mart. "But he swore——"

"No matter what he swore there! He will have a chance to swear here, if he wishes to."

how the sponge was found in his hat, and how he was marched into Tammoset village that rainy morning; which, with other particulars, related in the oldest brother's droll way, covered with ridicule the braggart Buzrow, and did not greatly help the cause of the Argonauts.

One point especially served to extinguish the boaster's pretensions.

"I suppose I ought to have been afraid of his fists," Mart said, incidentally, describing the capture; "for I had heard they were like his father's, and that his father once knocked down——"

"Never mind about that!" broke in Lawyer Snow, amidst an uproar of laughter.

Mart had said enough. Buzrow never liked to hear the feat of the paternal fist alluded to after that.



Seeing that the public enjoyed a good laugh at the burly pretender, the local editor had the tact to print a pretty full report of the trial, which now lies before me, filling a page and a half of Mart's scrap-book.

The same number of the paper contained an advertisement of articles found by the Tinkham brothers:

"The boat-sponge Mr. Buzrow carried in his hat. Left on the premises.

"Two axes and a crowbar, picked up in the river. One ax badly damaged.

"Also a log-chain, found locked about the mud-sill. In good condition.

"All which the owners can have by calling at the Tinkham Brothers' mill, proving property, and paying for this advertisement."

Needless to say, the articles were never called for.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### A BOAT-LOAD OF GIRLS.

AND now the dam got into politics. Crowbar and log-chain measures had so far failed. The injunction business had fallen through. Strenuous but futile efforts had likewise been made, as the brothers learned, to have it indicted as a nuisance by a grand jury.

So now, Tammoset and Dempford were clamoring to have it abolished by statute!

The next election of representatives to the State legislature was to turn upon this important question. All other issues were to be sunk, and no candidates countenanced who were not pledged to "some measure for promoting the free navigation of our beautiful river."

"An act defining navigable streams in terms broad enough to cover our beloved Tammoset is what we demand, and what we are bound to have. Look to it, voters of Tammoset and Dempford! Who shall carry our banner the coming year?"

The local newspaper furnished a good many paragraphs of this sort, which the Tinkham brothers read with amusement and cut out for their scrap-book.

And the tide-mill was still going!

Business was good. The pin-wheels, rocket-sticks, and other wooden fixtures were finished and delivered to Cole & Company, to be manufactured into fireworks for the "Glorious Fourth." From dolls' carriages, the brothers advanced to baby carriages; and Lute was inventing an improved seed-sower, of which he got a hint while watching the farmers at their work.

The boat was also completed and launched; and on a still evening, just at sunset, Letty, with Mart and Rush and Rupe, made a trial trip in it

on the lake. They floated under the overhanging trees; they landed to pick ferns and wild flowers; even Letty tried her hand at the oars; and all agreed that no better boat ever sailed on a lovelier sheet of water.

And now, in the fine June weather, the widow spent many an hour with Letty in the willow-tree, and enjoyed more than one enchanting row, at sundown, on river and lake.

The Tinkhams were beginning to be respected. Mrs. Tinkham went to church in her wheeled chair, with Lute and Letty, and the minister called on her.

"Perhaps he expected to convert you from the evil of your ways in maintaining a d-d-dam," said Lute.

But the conversion was on the other side. "I found her a remarkably intelligent, fine-spirited woman," the parson was reported as saying. "As for the mill question, she is in the right from her point of view. She has a very interesting family."

Then the wife of a prominent physician called. "Partly in the way of business, I suppose," Mrs. Tinkham smilingly explained to her children. "We are naturally looked upon as the doctor's possible patients."

The mill troubles had kept the younger children from entering school. But since the rebuilding of the dam—admired as a heroic feat even by its enemies—the acquaintance of Rupe and Rod had been sought by neighboring boys not in the club. Their popularity now extended even to Tammoset village, where the capture of Buzrow melted many hearts.

Then what a day it was when Tilly Loring came up from Dempford in a boat, at flood tide, with three other girls, stopped at the mill, and inquired of Rush—who went out to them, with joyful trepidation—if Letty was at home!

Letty was at home. He made the boat fast to the platform, and steadied it while they got out. And what a happy, foolish, blushing boy he was, in his paper cap, with paint on his hands, which he awkwardly wiped on his workman's frock, and yet did not dare offer, by way of help, to one of those light-footed, disembarking girls!

He was not afraid of Miss Loring. Oh, no! Nor of her friend Sarah Ball, whom he had seen with her once or twice in the city. But there was something about the other two girls which made him almost think they regarded him as a joke.

A dazzling vision of one of them had appeared to him before in that old mill. How well he remembered the charming Syl Bartland, who had brought her brother's message! The other was her companion of that day, whom he did not see, and who was so piqued at having missed seeing him.

If Rush had known how much they had talked of him and his brothers and their exploits, and how nervously eager, yet half afraid, Miss Mollie Kent had been to meet him, he would have guessed why they looked so amusingly conscious of hidden fun, and he, too, would have wanted to laugh.

Tilly Loring took her companions up the path over the bank, and then what little screams and kisses and joyful exclamations there were, as Letty met them at the door!

They were not gone long. They could stay but five minutes, they said. But Letty would not let them off so. She took them to the seats in the willow-tree, after they left the house; and the charm of the place or of their own society was such, that there they remained for at least half an hour longer, making a picture to the eyes and music to the ears of the boys behind the open windows of the mill.

The mill was not going, and if the brothers had stopped hammering they might have heard every word that was said. They were, indeed, tempted to listen, when the talk grew lively and loud on the subject of the Argonauts and the dam.

"Well, I vow!" exclaimed Lute, "that sister of the late c-c-commodore actually stands up for 'em!"

"Was it she who said the most of 'em are good fellows and want only what is right?" Mart asked. "Well! that may be so, but they've an odd way of showing it."

Rush would n't believe it was Miss Bartland who said it. But Lute was sure.

"The r-r-rest," he insisted, "are all on our side. I'm confident they are. I g-g-guess Tilly has talked 'em over."

At length, the girls left the tree, and Letty took them into the mill to appeal to her brothers on some point in dispute and to show where Buzrow had been caught.

Once in the mill, they became interested in other things. Rush was painting a doll's carriage; and Syl Bartland, with the prettiest arch smile, asked him to explain how the wheels were

made,—merely to make him talk for Mollie Kent, he half believed.

Then some of Lute's toys attracted attention, one especially which he was at work on at the time.

He called it a water-glass. It was like a big tunnel, two feet long, except that the smaller end



"THE BOAT WAS ALSO COMPLETED AND LAUNCHED."

was shaped to fit a pair of eyes, and in the large end a disk of plain glass was fitted. On one side was a handle.

It was not exactly a t-t-toy, he said, and he was not making it to sell. It was for use in examining objects beneath the surface of the water.

"Plunge the glass below the r-r-ripples and reflections," he explained, "then shut out the light from this other end as you look in, and you'll be ast-t-tonished to find how distinctly you can see objects at the b-b-bottom, even of a deep pond."

"It's nothing but a toy, after all," said Syl Bartland. "I did n't know young men cared for toys!"

She laughed. Lute smiled behind his spectacles, and said, simply, "P-p-perhaps!" not deeming it expedient to explain further what the "toy" was for.



He had lately hung a little bell under his work-bench, and had connected with it a copper wire running down under the mill floor, and extending the whole length of the mud-sill, in such a way that any tampering with the foundations of the dam would instantly give a signal tinkle. The water-glass was designed for the occasional rapid examination of this wire, to see that it remained in place.

A toy, indeed! But whether it was to prove useful or not in providing against the machinations of the Argonauts, it was destined soon to serve a more serious purpose, little suspected now by the laughing Syl, or even by Lute himself.

The brothers, especially Lute and Rush, were a little nervous under the fire of the visitors' bright eyes. But their diffidence became them well; they could hardly have appeared to better advantage in swallow-tail coats, at a ball, than they did there in the mill, with their simple, modest manners, and in their working-day clothes. What a quaint, unpretending, noble fellow was Mart! Where was there another boy of seventeen so frank, fresh-looking, and sensible as Rush? And Lute; how earnest, sympathetic, and interesting, with his delightful stammer! How proud Letty was of them all!

"And these," said Tilly Loring, when once more afloat with her three companions, returning to Dempford with the ebb, "these are the mean, obstinate men who take all the water for their factory and don't leave any for the boats! Oh, what a goose I was!"

"But you must admit," Syl Bartland replied, "that sometimes when it is low water, they *do* shut it off so there is very little left, and that the dam *is* in the way!"

"I don't care if it is!" cried Mollie Kent, merrily, as with gloved hand she pulled her oar. "I hope they'll keep it; and I think it will be fun to come up some time, just we girls, and make them pull up their flash-boards for us! Will you?"

"O Mollie! Mollie! you are incorrigible!" said Syl. But she, too, looked as if she thought it would be fun.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### "IN STRICTEST CONFIDENCE."

HAVING seen the girls off, Mart went straight to his work-bench and pulled a folded bit of paper out of a crack.

"What's that?" cried Rush. "Where did it come from?"

"It came from a pretty pair of fingers," Mart answered. "I'm going to see what it is."

He unfolded the paper and read these words, penciled in a pretty, school-girl hand:

"In strictest confidence. Look out for your dam on the night of the Fourth."

He showed it to Lute and Rush, who read it with puzzled surprise, wondering whether it were meant for a serious warning or a joke.

"Which pair of p-p-pretty fingers left it?" Lute asked. "I think it was that Miss Kent, and she is a little b-b-bundle of mischief!"

"No, it was n't Miss Kent."

"It could n't be that demure Sarah Ball!" exclaimed Rush. Mart shook his head. "Nor Tilly?"

"Nor Tilly! Guess again."

"There's only one more guess, and that's absurd. Miss Bartland defends the Argonauts; and if she left it, why," Rush exclaimed, "then I'm sure it's a joke!"

"She left it," replied Mart; "and if you had seen the look she gave me at the time, you would be as sure as I am that it's no joke at all."

"She's d-d-deep!" commented Lute, reading again the words of warning.

"Anyhow," said Mart, "she's no light feather of a girl, to be blown this way and that in her opinions by the people she happens to be with. To tell the truth, I thought all the more of her for standing up a little stiffly for the Argonauts, when Letty and Tilly were abusing 'em."

"Well, I forgive her!" said Rush, with a radiant look at the billet. "We'll act as if it was no joke, anyway! They must n't catch us napping on the night of the Fourth."

"Nor any night, for that m-m-matter. I've fancied all along they were getting ready for something sudden and t-t-tremendous," said Lute. "I've an idea!"

"Something new?" said Mart.

"R-r-rather new. I've been c-c-considering it. There's that old pump-log we got with Dushee's rubbish. We can make a c-c-cannon of it."

"A cannon!" exclaimed Rush. "How so? What for?"

"Plug one end; put iron b-b-bands around the butt. Then load with sand, to sweep the d-d-dam, in case of any v-v-very sudden attack."

"O Lute!" said Rush, almost dancing with delight. "We'll get it all ready, and fire it off on the Fourth to try it!"

"Are n't you afraid you'll hurt some of the Argonauts, or frighten their horses?" said Mart, with drawling seriousness; but there was a twinkle in his eye which boded danger to marauders. "You're a reckless fellow, Lute! Let's go and look at your log."

It was, indeed, no false word of warning which the brothers had received. This time, the little commodore had taken the matter in charge; he

had consulted a mining engineer, and with his help had formed a plan which could hardly fail to succeed.

There was to be no stealthy attempt at carrying it out. On the contrary, the Argonauts were to come down the river in a fleet of boats on the night of the Fourth, making a great noise of singing and cheering and laughter and splashing of oars; under cover of which, quick and precise preparation was to be made by scientific hands for blowing up the dam.

"That's the way to do it!" said Web Foote to the committee on obstructions, flinging back his hair.

"That's the way to do it!" one of the said committee repeated to his friend Lew Bartland, one evening, at the late commodore's home,—“in strictest confidence,” as he declared.

Lew was not pleased with the plot, yet felt himself in honor bound not to divulge it. But a part of the conversation had been accidentally overheard by one who had fewer scruples.

Sylvia had learned of her brother to respect the attitude of the mill-owners. And though she believed the Argonauts had a right to the river, she was equally sure that in their manner of

enforcing that right they had put themselves outrageously in the wrong. She had not wished to hear the disclosure of their latest plot; she had tried to shut her ears against it. But she had been compelled to listen to it, and it had filled her with indignation.

"Can't they carry on their little war against those boys—fifty against five," she said to herself, (for the club was now so large)—“without getting help from professional men outside? I'm ashamed of them!"

Then came the opportunity to go up the river with her friends; and sitting with them in the willow-tree, hearing Letty's eloquent story of her brothers' wrongs, the impulse seized her to scribble those words of warning on the blank leaf of a letter; “in strictest confidence,” quoting the Argonautic phrase. She trembled afterward to think what she had done. But how could she be sorry?

This was on the first. By the fourth, arrangements on both sides, for attack and defense, were as complete as they could be made, while the Tinkhams remained ignorant of the details of the plot, and the Argonauts knew nothing of the alarm-wire and the wooden cannon loaded with sand.

(To be concluded.)

## THE SQUASH CLASS.

BY J. G. HADDINGTON.

THE Mayfair household were in a state of great commotion. It was the morning of the first Monday in September, and the day when school was to begin, after the long summer vacation.

The children had been in high glee half an hour before. Their tongues had made a perfect Babel of the house since their early waking; school-mates had been talked about, school-seats, school-desks, school-satchels, and school-games; and when the last shoe had been buttoned, the last bow tied, they simultaneously uttered the word “*school-books!*” and rushed in a body to the room where, late in June, they had left their manuals in neatly arranged rows. They stopped short in their merry tumble over each other; for one instant there was ominous silence; then a variously pitched wail broke forth, for the shelves which should have held their books confronted them with staring emptiness.

Their helplessness and indignation took expression according to their peculiar characters. Ned

kicked the door-panel, and banged with his pudgy fists till the sound reëchoed through the house. Mabel began to take the starch out of her clean white apron with her tears. Georgie lay prone on the floor in sullen silence, and Mollie rushed about exclaiming in shrill, angry tones:

“It's that good-for-nothing Roxie again! I'll just shake her, I will!”

Mamma, followed by three-year old baby Roxie, came up in haste to see what dreadful disturbance had arisen among her little folk. At sight of the little toddler, the wrath of the elder children seemed, if possible, to increase.

“We can't go to school now, you naughty little thing!” shouted Ned; and Mollie's threatening “Tell us where they are! Tell us where they are!” made the generally petted baby-sister run and hide for protection in the mother's skirts.

Plainly, Roxie was the offender. But Mamma sought to adjust matters, and said calmly:



"Roxie, where are the books? Think carefully, and tell us!"

But the little quivering lips only stammered:

"*Woxie has n't me-mem-ber!*" and all knew at once that the only thing to be done was to search and search until the missing books were found. So, with Mamma leading, the children filed out gloomily and began to look in all directions. Upstairs and down-stairs they went, Papa and aunties joining in the general hunt as the case grew more mysterious. All the rooms were gone through; all the passage-ways investigated;—little Roxie accompanying and seeming to enjoy it all, as if it were some game like "Hunt the thimble." But would the books be found in time for school! It grew near the time when the children should be off, and still the search was unsuccessful.

Roxie had mislaid books before; had been talked to, and even mildly punished for it. Lest you should think she did it maliciously, we will explain for her.

Almost every child has a mania for *playing* school-teacher, after once beginning to attend school; and Roxie had been seized with this mania early. She had never yet been in a school-room, nor did she know a single letter of the alphabet. All her conception of study, gathered from watching her brothers and sisters, consisted in holding a book in her lap, lowering her face close over it, and swaying her little body back and forth with a buzzing accompaniment of lips and voice that was very comical to witness. She had a perfect craze for books at the time of our story; and when the children were out at play their methodically arranged piles of school-books were often ruthlessly mixed and scattered, so that when they were again wanted the woful owners went complaining to Mamma over Little Mischief's doings. Sometimes the missing books were found lying open on different chairs, each of which Roxie had peopled with a scholar; sometimes distributed in the same way over the steps of the hall or cellar stairs, until there were fears that some one would be dangerously hurt by stumbling over them.

But where could she have been teaching last? Where could the missing books be, this morning? The more hopeless the search became, the more

animated the searchers grew. School hour came and passed, and the excited children exclaimed that they never would forgive Roxie for this crowning piece of mischief.

Papa, who also was detained from his office, finally took the little culprit aside, lifted her on his knee, and tried to help her recollect what seemed to have slipped out of her memory altogether. His effort was in vain. Little Roxie felt the importance of the occasion, and her position as the central figure, and, giving her imagination loose rein, named most impossible places: "*New 'Ork*" (a hundred miles away); "*At Auntie Em's*" (a day's ride in the country); and such like answers. Every part



THE SQUASH CLASS.

of the house and yard had been searched. The family stood waiting upon every chance word that fell from the child's lips, if possibly any one of them might give a clew; for the books had to be found; the children would have to go to school in the afternoon. Some one suggested the barn, and a rush thither ensued. A row of eggs in regular order showed that Roxie had been drilling scholars there; but a thorough search afforded no trace of the books.

It was getting near the dinner-hour by this time, and Mamma, pausing in the search to give orders to Bridget, chanced to mention "squashes" as among the things to be prepared for the meal. But at the sound of the word, Roxie instantly flew toward the garden, exclaiming, "*My skosh! My booful skosh!*" They hardly knew why they followed her, for squashes had no association with books; but, reaching the plot in the garden, each and every one of them was convulsed with laughter.

The search for the books was over.

The artist auntie begged that Roxie's garden school should be left undisturbed till the books were needed for the afternoon; and, hurrying to the house, she brought camp-stool, drawing materials, and an umbrella. At the dinner table she presented, for the amusement and appreciation of all, a sketch of Roxie's squash class, just as she had left it. The children all voted it

should be sent at once to ST. NICHOLAS, and so here it is.

As for little Roxie, she esteemed herself a heroine instead of a baby in disgrace. And she still delights to point out in the picture, for Mamma's benefit, the "skosh" that would n't study, the one that grew sleepy and would n't stand straight, the one that *would* whisper, and the good one that studied *so* hard.

## DORA.

BY HELEN HAYES.

IT was a dull, dark day, and a short one. The sun went down behind the hills early, leaving a little cottage, where an old woman sat knitting, even more dismal and dark than it had been before. It was not much better than a hut, with two or three rooms, and was wretchedly old and worn out; and the old woman who lived in it was quite as forlorn. She was a bent, withered, wrinkled dame, too mean and miserly to keep herself comfortable. She had money, but it was hidden away in old stockings, and they were hidden in out-of-the-way places, in crevices and crannies, under old broken bowls, or between the layers of her rickety bed.

The house was tumbling down for want of repair; there was not a chair nor a table in it that did not need a leg; the shelf for dishes had not a cup that was not cracked nor a plate without a nip out of it. The pitchers all had broken noses, the pails had no handles, the tea-pot was without a spout, and the iron kettles were rusty and leaky. But this did not matter, for no one ever shared the old dame's crusts, and even beggars thought the place too ill-looking to stop there and ask alms. The neighbors, and none were very near, never crossed her threshold; the only live thing in the hut besides herself was the cat. Had it not been for the many mice and an occasional squirrel, even the cat could not have lived there, for she was never fed by the old woman, whose own food was of the plainest, coarsest kind. Once a week, she hobbled into the town for a little tea, a bit of meat, and a small pail of flour. Upon this very same dark, dismal day, she had bought her supplies, and had come home very weary; so she put a stick on the fire, hung the kettle over it, and took up an unfinished stocking to knit till the water should boil.

Blacker and blacker grew the sky, and the rising

wind made the old shutters creak and the old boards tremble. Dry leaves whirled in the air, but they were the only moving things on the road.

Click, click, went the old dame's needles, for she was used to knitting in the dark, and would not have lighted a candle for the world: such a useless expense as that; no, indeed!

The cat yawned and stretched herself by the scanty blaze on the hearth, then drew up and sat in dignified silence. She seemed to be listening.

There certainly was a sound not made by the wind! It was not unlike the sobbing of a child. It came nearer, then stopped, and a little knock was heard on the door.

The dame thought she must have been dreaming; no one ever knocked at that door, so she went on knitting,—clickety click, clickety click. The cat opened her eyes wider and gave a little flourish of her tail.

Knock, knock! There it was again! So the dame shuffled over to the door, and, poking out her head, cried:

"Who's there?"

"Me, ma'am," said a tiny voice.

"And what do you want?"

"I'm so hungry."

"This is no place to come for food; I have n't enough for myself."

"But I am very tired."

"So am I." And with that the old woman banged the door and came back to the fire.

The sobbing began again, and the wind muttered and growled in the chimney and moaned about the eaves. The cat's eyes grew greener, and her tail lashed about. She drew herself up even more than before; and then, to the dame's utter surprise, the cat said:



"You have made a great mistake."

"How so?" returned the dame, dropping the knitting, and peering over her glasses, as if it was their fault she had not heard aright.

"You have turned away peace and plenty from your door," said the cat, very grandly.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the old woman.

"I tell you again, you will rue it," said the cat.

"Are you sure?" asked the dame, impressed by the cat's dignified and positive manner.

"Quite sure," said the cat; "she would have brought you GOLD."

That magic word made the dame start.

"Who would have brought me gold?" she asked.

"The child."

"Who is she?"

"No matter," said the cat.

"Is it too late to call her back?" inquired the old woman anxiously, and shuffling again toward the door.

"Try," said the cat.

The dame opened the door, but the night was too dark to see anything. In spite of her deafness, however, she thought she heard a cry. She groped her way in its direction, and there, crouching under a corner of the rickety old fence, was the self-same child.

"Come with me," said the dame; and the child arose and followed her.

When they had come back to the house, they found the cat curled up in a heap, and apparently asleep. The dame muttered angrily about being so foolish as to listen to what a cat said. But just then she heard a low "Take care!"

It could have come only from the cat, for the child was warming its poor little hands before the tiny blaze, and the kettle had begun to sing.

Then the old woman took out a candle, lighted it, and surveyed the child.

She was a little creature, thin, and half-starved looking, but her eyes were of the soft blue of wild violets, and her hair was yellow as sunshine.

"What is your name?" demanded the dame, peering at the little girl.

"Theodora, or 'Dora' as Mamma called me."

"Where is your mother?"

"In heaven."

"And you? where did you come from; where are you going?"

"I'm trying to find Mamma."

Nothing more could the old woman draw from the sobbing little creature. But her old, withered heart began to pain her. Some dim, far-off recollection stirred a faint feeling of pity; something in the child's words and wistfulness roused the old dame to warm the little feet and bathe the little

face, and give the child a taste of food and drink, and place her beneath the warm bed-clothes.

The dame rose early next day, and made a fire while the child still slept; and as she was blowing the embers, she was sure the cat, who was stretching herself in the chimney-corner, said:

"Be kind! Be careful!"

When the child awoke and had risen, she fell upon her knees and prayed; and the old dame, listening, felt a tear trickle down the wrinkles and fall upon her hand. At once she went to the cupboard and cut a thick slice of bread; and then she watched the child eat it, with a new sensation of pleasure. But the little one, having eaten, came and kissed her, and the poor old woman sat down and cried; for no human being had so much as spoken a kind word to her in years. Then little Dora seemed so sorry, that the old woman dried her tears and began the household work; but Dora begged so hard to do a share, and was so active and handy, that the old dame just sat down and simply watched her.

Hither and thither went the little girl, like a busy domestic fairy. She swept the room, she polished the candlestick, she wiped the table, and folded the cloth; she fed the cat, and the dame said never a word in objection; she filled the kettle and replenished the fire, and then she sat down and asked for some knitting. It took the dame's misty eyes a long time to find extra needles and yarn; but when she saw how fast Dora's little fingers made the yarn spin out, and how swiftly and deftly the stocking grew, she determined to go to the village, that very day, and get some more wool to knit with.

This was a wonderful thing for the dame to do, and, more wonderful still, she sought for one of the old stockings in which she had hid the money, and, taking out a goodly coin, she put it in her pocket and departed.

Never had the dame known the sun to shine so brightly, or her old limbs to feel so light and agile. She laughed at the squirrels that seemed to chatter at her from the tree tops, and she trotted on, with a new, strange feeling underneath her kerchief. In the village, she bought the yarn, and the shop-woman gazed in surprise at the change in her face: where had been a gloomy frown was now a merry twinkle.

Then the old woman bought some pretty blue stuff and a ribbon to match; and a poulterer opened his eyes when she asked the price of a pair of fowls, and paid for them on the spot,—real live rooster and hen. And she tied them by the legs, swung them over her arm, and left the village.

As she neared the hut, she almost feared to enter. What if Dora had gone? What if some one had

come and lured the child away? Where, then, would have been the use of all this expenditure?

But Dora had not gone. At the door, with open arms, and eager face all sunny with smiles, stood the child, and the cat beside her.

They entered the house, and then Dora laughed and danced and clapped her hands to see the old dame stare; for the little hut seemed turned into a bower. Boughs and branches of green hid the once bare walls and the broken places; a bright fire burned on the hearth; the table was set with its homely appointments, but it had also a pitcher filled with purple asters and bright red leaves; a nice little loaf of bread was on the table, too; the floor had been swept, and the kettle sang a merry welcome.

"Where did you get the loaf, child?" asked the old woman.

"I made it, Granny, all by myself, and baked it in the ashes.

"Oh I can bake, and I can brew, and I can fill the kettle too,"

sang Dora, dancing about, and holding up her little skirts; then, catching up the cat, she romped about till the old dame shook with laughter.

But when the cock and hen were put upon the floor, and their legs untied, Dora was wild with delight. And away she went to look for something to make a house for their comfort. Soon she returned with an old box she had seen out-of-doors, saying:

"This will do nicely. Now we will have fresh eggs every day! I will keep them in this, till you get somebody to make a nice chicken-coop, Granny; and somebody, too, must come with a hammer and nails and mend things up for us; and we will make a rag carpet, and you shall have a new bed. Oh, it will be so nice!"

But Granny looked grave and shook her head; when the cat suddenly drew up and looked very solemn, and Granny was sure she heard a low

"Take care!"

But Dora did not hear. She only danced up to the old woman and kissed her, took off her shawl and folded it, and, putting some tea to draw, made "Granny" sit still by the fire and eat a bit of the little loaf.

The child's kiss again had a strange effect upon the dame; it brought tears to the old eyes, and made her willing to do just as Dora wished.

Then the blue stuff for Dora's dress and the ribbon to match were shown, and there was another shout of glee and a dance of delight, and once more the cat was hugged and old Granny kissed.

Never had the dame known such a day. Never

had her old heart been so gladdened. She seemed to have become a child again, young and fresh and happy. And when night sent long shadows upon the hearth, and the child, after saying her few words of prayer, crept into bed, the old dame knelt down, too, and cried:

"Oh, Lord God! forgive me all my miserly wickedness."

From that day forward, there was a great change in the old hut and its owner. Dirt and untidiness vanished. Dora knitted so fast that the old dame had to send her twice a week for yarn, and the stockings and mittens she made were so strong and so warm, that every one was glad to buy them. More chickens were bought, and there were so many eggs that some had to be sold. A carpenter came from the village and mended the chairs and tables, and put on a new roof. At evening, a ruddy light gleamed through bright window-panes, and in the morning Dora might be seen, with pail on arm, going to milk a meek brown cow which the dame had bought. Good, thick, rich cream was now in the cat's bowl, and she no more had to hunt squirrels and mice. A bright-faced clock ticked over the fire-place, white curtains draped the snowy bed, and peace and plenty abode in the old dame's home.

Dora grew tall and strong, and more and more helpful. The dame sat beside the fire in spotless cap, and did nothing but knit. Neighbors and friends came in and chatted, and were welcome. No more the hungry beggar passed by the door, for all who saw Dora, knew that pity and kindness were within her heart. Flowers blossomed in the door-way, and vines crept up the door-posts.

The cat grew older and older, and purred out her happiness; never again had she spoken in audible words, but peace and plenty, ay, and gold, had come to the old dame's hearth.

A strange clergyman, passing one day, asked for a draught to quench his thirst. Dora brought him a brimming glass of sweetest milk.

"Whom shall I thank?" he asked, as he glanced at her lovely face.

"My name is Theodora," she returned.

"That means '*The gift of God*,'" said the stranger, reverently.

Sometimes, the thought of what she would have lost that dreary night, had she refused shelter to the little sobbing child, would come to the old dame's mind; and then she would shiver and bend down to pat the purring pussy. Was it, then, conscience or the cat that had spoken? Whichever it was, the dame never regretted opening her cottage and her heart to little Theodora.



## THE BOY AND THE TOOT.

By M. S.



There was a small boy, with a toot,  
 Whom the neighbors all threatened to shoot:  
 But the toot the next day,  
 Was filled full of clay,  
 Which stopped all the toot of the toot



## TOM, DICK, AND HARRY, IN FLORIDA.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

THE sun that brings perpetual summer to balmy southern climes was shining brightly over the white houses of Pilatka. Amid the shade trees along the streets, the golden yallahalmacks (sour oranges) hung in bright contrast to the dark and shining foliage of their loftier companions. Graceful festoons of gray Spanish moss draped the boughs of the wild magnolias, whose sweet fragrance, mingling with the scent of many flowers unknown to northern latitudes, perfumes the soft May air; while along the water's edge the presence of myriads of mosquito-like insects suggested



"A PEEP INTO THE FOREST ON THE BANKS OF THE OCLAWAHA."

one of the characteristic discomforts which are mingled with the attractions of life in Florida.

The perfume-laden breeze fanned alike the cheeks of the sallow southern planter, the suntanned tourist, the swarthy negro, and the wan and feeble invalid, as they lazily grouped themselves in picturesque lounging attitudes on the dock to watch three lively, bustling youths, who were engaged in hoisting the anchor and setting the sail of a small flat-bottomed boat.

"I say, fellows," presently called out the tallest of the boys, "it's a shame to leave such a chance for a sketch! If those people were posing especially for a picture, they could not form themselves into a finer tableau."

"Oh, give us a rest on sketching and take the tiller!" replied one who answered to the name of Dick. "There, old fellow, now let's show that old 'corn-cracker' down yonder that we Yankee boys can sail a boat."

"Ay! Ay! Dick;—Hard-a-lee!" was the response. "Look out, Tom, or that luggage will be overboard."

And with a loud answering cry of "Hi-yi!" to the farewell cheer from the group on the landing, our three heroes, Tom, Dick, and Harry, went skimming merrily over the coffee-colored waters of the St. John's River.

"Ah!" sighed Harry, while tugging at the rude oar that answered for a rudder. "If we only had the 'Nomad' down here now."

"Yes," answered Tom;—"but this scow-shaped craft can make good time with the wind astern. There,—make the sheet fast with a hitch,—that's it. See how small the people on the dock look now! The 'Nomad,'" he continued, "is a beauty, and no one can deny that she is just the boat for a cruise on Long Island Sound. Yet this open, flat-bottomed boat possesses advantages not to be overlooked. See! she draws but a few inches of water, is as tight as a drum, and what better or more convenient lockers could a fellow want for his luggage than the two water-tight compartments in the square bow and stern? The mast can be taken down at pleasure, and, when supported by the two crotches that I had made at Pilatka, forms an excellent ridge-pole for a tent made of the sail. And last, but not least in your eyes, Harry, this comical little boat is more picturesque than the trim yacht on board of which we made the trip to the Desert Island\* last year."

"True," replied Harry, thoughtfully. "There seems to be a natural fitness even in man's handiwork that harmonizes with nature's surroundings."

"Now, Harry, I really must protest," Tom was beginning, with an air of long-suffering endurance finally worn out, when Harry interrupted him in his turn.

"Let me alone, Tom; I never interrupt you when you talk natural history. As I was saying, this craft is a natural accompaniment to the scene.

\* See "One Day on a Desert Island," ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1882.



What an entirely to the rough, cold

"There he is go-

But Harry was bound to finish, and placidly continued:

"What a peaceful, quiet warmth pervades everything here! See how the white houses of distant Pilatka shine out from among the trees! And look at the bold dash of color on yonder lawn——"

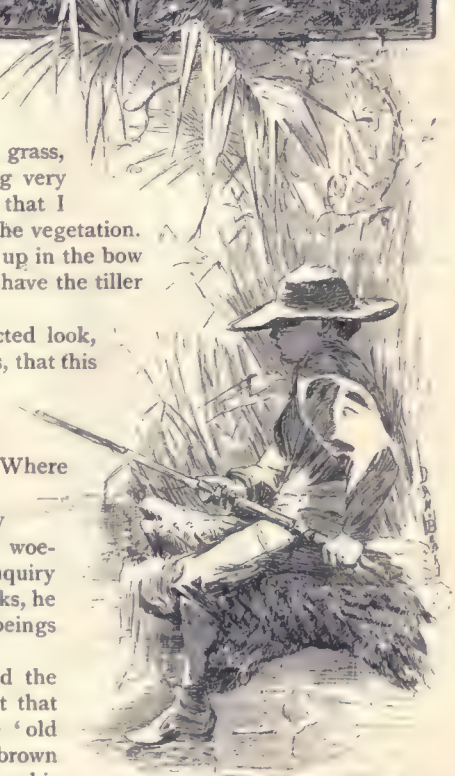
"Ye-s," again interrupted Tom, as he busied himself soaking blotting paper with chloroform, and fitting the pieces into wide-mouthed glass vials; "ye-s," he repeated, as he tightly corked the last bottle and placed it in a side pocket, "the scene has a sleepy look, and that lawn reminds me of a big red patch in a green bed-quilt. It excited my curiosity when ashore, and I found on examination that, instead of grass, the ground is covered with a mass of red flowers growing very closely together. It was not until I leaned over the fence that I could tell to a certainty what gave such a brilliant hue to the vegetation. But I say, Harry, what's the matter with Dick? He sits up in the bow like a knot on a log, as solemn as an owl! There, let me have the tiller while you rouse him!"

Dick's usually jolly face had indeed a solemn and abstracted look, and he did not deign to reply to Tom's chaff. The fact was, that this tireless sportsman was beginning to be a little disappointed. Florida had, so far, failed to come up to his expectations. Where were the myriads of ducks? Where the banks lined with the martial-looking flocks of the heron tribes? Where the much talked of alligators?

These were the questions the young hunter was mentally revolving, and which gave his countenance its present woe-begone look. He replied to his companion's half-joking inquiry by an impatient gesture, and, pointing to some distant ducks, he muttered something very uncomplimentary to the race of beings whom he denominated "pot hunters."\*

"Why, Harry," exclaimed he, "when we were aboard the steamer I sometimes felt ashamed of my gun-case,—not that it is shabby-looking," he added quickly, "nor because 'old Baldface'" (here he affectionately patted the clean brown barrels of his breech-loader) "ever did aught to shame his owner; but because every man, woman, and child aboard that boat seemed to have fire-arms of some description, with which they kept up a constant fusillade, aimed at every living thing we

different theme for a picture we have here, in strong contrast sentiment of our rocky old Sound!" ing it on pictures again," protested the naturalist.



\* A term applied to those who shoot game out of season.

passed. I shall be ashamed to look game in the face——"

"Perhaps that unpleasant contingency will not be forced upon you," interrupted Harry.

"Well," said Dick, quite soberly, "there is not, I am sure, an alligator left in the St. John's large enough to frighten a cat."

Hardly were the last words out of Dick's mouth, when there was a terrible splash alongside the boat.

"Look out! there, she jibes! Goodness! what *was* that?" said Harry, as he perched himself upon the gunwale of the boat and wiped the water from his eyes. "I thought you knew better, Tom, than to jibe a cranky boat like this, when going before the wind!"

"It was all my fault," acknowledged Tom. "I attempted to sail up close to that old log to see why it looked so peculiar, and when the boat was so near that I could almost touch the log with my hand, the old snag split in two, and half of it came near tumbling into the boat. Strangest thing I ever saw!"

"Yes," answered Harry, dryly, as he pointed to some object that was swimming off, leaving a long wake in the water; "it was a very lively *log*! And there it goes, with the tip of its scaly yellow and black tail and the end of its snout above the water. A *log*, indeed! It is one of Dick's little 'gators, not large enough to frighten a cat! It really is not

more than twelve feet long,—the little dear! Oh! oh!" laughed the artist. "Tom, the celebrated naturalist, mistakes an alligator for a log, and Dick, the nimrod, is too astonished to shoot!"

"Harry," retorted Dick, "how about that sand-

hill crane at Jacksonville—or rather, that pair of cranes? I think that is too good a joke to keep. I'm going to tell it to Tom. You deserve to be laughed at; so here goes."

"Now, Dick," remonstrated Harry, half laugh-



SOME OF HARRY'S SKETCHES.

ingly; "you are not going to tell that old story again, are you?"

"Yes, I am though," replied the sportsman, with a malicious wink at Tom, who sat

looking back at him, the picture of expectancy.

"No, let me make a donation of myself and tell the story," pleaded Harry.

"Too late, my boy," laughed Dick. "As I said before, here goes. Tom, you remember how the



old fish-hawk prevented Harry from sketching her nest? Well, our bold knight of the pencil has had another brush."

"There!" retorted Harry, "you know you only wanted to tell that story in order to gain the dishonor of that bad pun."

"While we were looking through the shops of Jacksonville, and waiting for the boat," continued Dick, unheeding the interruption, "Harry went off to make a sketch. Some tame sand-hill cranes, belonging to the curiosity-shop man, were stalking around town, showing off before strangers and picking up dainty morsels here and there, when they espied Harry hard at work painting. Now these birds possess a great amount of curiosity, and the strange position and actions of our artist excited in them a desire to see what the funny human animal was doing, so they both slyly approached him. The foremost bird, the better to investigate the matter, thrust his head quietly under the arm of our industrious, preoccupied friend. As the latter looked down to select a proper tint from his palette, imagine his astonishment to see a red-topped, long-beaked head between him and his colors. Jumping to his feet, Harry administered a blow with the painty side of his board, which made a highly artistic landscape of the bird's head and set it cackling with rage, flapping its wings and calling to its mate. The two cranes darted at the now terrified artist and chased him through the streets of Jacksonville, to the great delight of the colored boys, who shouted with glee to see the Yankee boy run from a pair of "red-tops."

"That's about all, Dick," said Harry. "I have now been duly punished, and will never again dare to poke fun at so magnanimous and great a hunter."

Thus a running fire of conversation was kept up, each one of the boys laughing with a hearty good will at the sallies of his companions, even if the joke happened to be upon himself, until at last Harry called out:

"There is the island, boys! Let me see the notes, Tom. Ah, here it is. 'Rembert or Drayton's Island; N. E. side, low and swampy; higher lands back; shell formation; wooded with sweet-gum, live oaks, smooth-barked hickory, and magnolias.' Yes, this must be the place. Let's put into that cove, Tom."

"All right," answered the helmsman. "Stand by the down-haul, and be ready to drop sail."

"Ay! ay!" answered the other boys, and in a few moments the flat bottom of the boat slid noisily over the moist shore, as the bow ran up on the beach.

Just as the boys were about to jump ashore, Tom stepped forward excitedly and cried out in great alarm: "For your life, Dick, don't move!"

Dick naturally stood as motionless as a rock, while Harry stared first at one and then the other of his companions. The naturalist thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a wide-mouthed bottle, uncorked it, and with a lead-pencil skillfully knocked into it a small object from the sleeve of the horror-stricken Dick.

"A mule-killer! Hurrah!" shouted Tom, in rapture, as he quickly replaced the cork in the bottle. "Look at that sting, Dick!—fully one and one half inches long."

"Thanks for the implied compliment," retorted Dick, upon whose brow the beads of cold perspiration stood. "But if I am a mule, I had much rather die at work in my harness than be killed by any such horrid-looking, scaly brown bug as that!"

"It is not a bug, Dick," replied Tom, as he gazed fondly upon his prize, which the chloroform had already either stupefied or killed. "It is a kind of scorpion."

"Tom is always the first fellow to find game," said Harry, "and now that he has settled the mule-killer, let us pick out our camping ground and cook something, for I am as hungry as a wolf. It must be about half-past two."

"Yes, lacking three minutes, New York time," said Dick.

The three boys sprang ashore, and before long had discovered a plantation where there was a well of good water, some orange-trees, and a banana grove with ripe and unripe fruit.

This, indeed, looked something like the Florida they had read about. While they were examining some tall, strange-looking palm-trees, which Tom pronounced to be date palms, a gentleman came from the house, and observing the three boys, evidently strangers, hospitably invited them in to a dinner of unlimited fruit, corn-bread, and pork.

With the exception of two plantations (the Calhoun orange grove, eighty or more years old, and Wright's place), Rembert Island appeared to be unoccupied, and was wild and tropical enough to satisfy even the fastidious taste of Dick.

Harry was delighted with the odd forms assumed by the vegetation. There were the decorative fan-shaped leaves of the *latinia*, or scrub palmetto, which covered the waste places with almost impenetrable thickets, and here and there along the edge of the clearings were the trunks of a strange plant, which twisted like a serpent on the ground, and then, turning up at the end, presented a crown armed with a formidable array of sharp, spike-like leaves, from which the plant derives its name of Spanish bayonet.

The thickets and swamps afforded a safe retreat for many wild animals, which there lived almost as free a life as did their ancestors, when the moc-

casined foot of the painted savage left its print in the yielding soil, and was the only sign of human life in the vast southern wilderness.

There was a pond upon the island frequented by a large number of water-fowl, where Tom, one morning, secured a pair of beautiful roseate spoon-bills, and where Dick was wont to travel, the report of his gun, "Old Baldface," always telling of a new specimen for the naturalist, or a dinner of fresh meat for them all.

Harry tramped or sailed about on voyages of discovery, until there was not a picturesque cove or vine-covered tree, within a circuit of ten miles, of which he did not have one or two sketches in his portfolio.

And Tom, with his pins and fatal bottles, played havoc among the creeping and flying insects; while his collection of bird-skins was destined to be the envy of many a stay-at-home book-naturalist, as Tom contemptuously termed them.

Late one afternoon, the boys were seated around a crackling camp fire of blazing pine knots, feeling very comfortable with the prospect of a good cup of tea and a relish of crackers and cheese before them, when a strange step was heard, and, looking up, the boys saw as odd a boy as they had ever encountered. He had high cheek-bones and a copper-colored face, and instead of wearing the traditional ivory-displaying grin of the conventional negro, his countenance was subdued even to gloom. He was attired in an old buckskin coat, two sizes too large for him, and a pair of superannuated overalls. But his face brightened into a positive smile at the sight of their preparations for supper, as he unceremoniously seated himself by the fire. He looked from one to the other of the boys for a moment, and then ejaculated:

"I s'pose yo's havin' a good time, an' ef yo' wants some fun, old Uncle Enos told me dat dar am one of dem young' cats pesterin' de chickens. De old cat am dun killed a month ago."

"We 're not hunting pussies," said Dick, in a superior manner.

"Dis heah 's no pussy," retorted the lad, "he am a wild-cat; an' I knows whar to fin' him. Ef yo' 's a mind to hab a hunt I'll show yo' de way."

And without waiting for an answer, the young savage started off, leaving the boys undecided what to do.

"I move we eat first and hunt afterward," suggested Tom.

"I 'm with you," assented Harry.

Dick looked first at his gun and then at the simmering tea, and laconically remarked: "Tea,—or game? The majority rules."

"Pass around the majority," laughed Harry, as Tom commenced pouring out the tea.

Thoughts of both cat and boy soon faded from the minds of the tired and hungry boys as, with keen appetites, they devoured their evening meal.

The sun was setting when the boys retired to their sleeping quarters, which consisted of a bed of blanket-covered boards in their boat, over which they had pitched an A-shaped tent, open for ventilation at the ends, which, however, were protected by mosquito netting.

The boat was anchored out a little from the land, and all was ready for the night, when a voice rang out through the still air:

"I 've got 'im! I 've got 'im."

"What 's that? Listen!" said Tom.

"I 've got 'im!" repeated the voice, now recognized as belonging to their late visitor.

Without more ado, the three boys jumped into the skiff, and in a few moments were ashore, stumbling over roots, and splashing through water like mad, running pell-mell toward the spot where they had heard the voice.

"He is on the high land," cried Dick. "This way!" and leaping over a fallen tree, he disappeared in the jungle.

"Wonder what he 's got?" queried Harry as, with perspiring face and torn garments, he rested against a palmetto tree.

"The cat, of course," replied Tom, as he bound his handkerchief around his wrist where a sharp thorn had lacerated it.

"Well," quoth Harry, "if the wild cat is anything like those that I have seen in cages, the boy is welcome to keep it, and I don't see why I hurried so."

"Dick must be there by this time," said Tom, "and possibly may need our help."

There was a sudden crackling of branches; and Dick ran by, laughing and mutely pointing back. Tom and Harry ran in the direction indicated, and soon discovered the young Indian in a half-kneeling posture, holding tightly to something under an old root.

The something proved to be a short, scrubby tail, the owner of which was struggling frantically to crawl down the hole; and Harry said it was only a question of how long the tail would last.

Tom was thunderstruck. The bare idea of catching a wild-cat by the tail made the well-read young naturalist shiver; but the ignorant Indian lad knew more of the nature and habits of such creatures than books could teach, and, therefore, when he saw the animal dive into the hole, he knew that, if caught by the tail, it would pull one way as long as he pulled the other. And as the hole was too narrow for the beast to turn, he was safe from claws and teeth until help arrived.



In a little while, the required help came in the shape of Dick, who, all out of breath, bore in his hand a pair of canvas overalls. Thrusting one arm through the lower end of one leg of the trousers, he caught the cat's tail with a firm grasp.

The negro now let go, and while Tom and Harry were gone to the camp for some twine, he pulled the top of the trousers leg over the hole and held it there securely. Dick then slowly pulled the frightened but ferocious animal backward out of the hole

A few days after this adventure, Harry went out for a tramp, and returned to camp, his face radiant with pleasure and self-satisfaction.

"Tom," said he, "I have caught for you some black, some yellow, and some brown lizards. Little beauties, I can tell you!"

Then he carefully opened an old cigar-box in which he usually carried his paints and, as he peeped inside, his eyes opened and his whole face expressed the utmost astonishment.



THE INDIAN BOY CATCHES THE WILD-CAT.

into the trousers leg, not letting go his hold on the tail until the Indian had gathered the top of the trousers together over the animal's head, and tied them securely.

When Tom and Harry returned, the cat was a prisoner, and Dick was scolding and laughing, by turns, at the poor, enraged brute's futile efforts to escape from the improvised bag, which danced and tumbled about in a most comical manner.

"What is the matter?" asked Tom. "Have they escaped?"

"Escaped! No," said he. "But either I am bewitched, or some wood-nymph has played a trick upon me; for here is a box full of pea-green lizards!"

"*Carolina anolis!*" sententiously remarked Tom.

"Who's she? The wood-nymph? Do you know her?" asked Harry, as he shut the box with a snap. "Well, what I want to know is, how Carrie what's-her-name painted all my specimens bright-green, for I am willing to vouch that nothing green touched that box."

"Except yourself," laughed Tom. "You have

been catching what are commonly known as Florida chameleons, and they have changed color in the box. If I were to put them all in alcohol now, they



A COMICAL CAPTIVE.

would again change color, and remain of a dirty yellow hue."

From the mysterious depths of his pockets Tom produced a magnifying-glass. Then, thrusting his hands into the cigar-box, he pulled out one of the squirming reptiles, and, holding it between his thumb and forefinger, handed Harry the glass, saying:

"Look and see how old Dame Nature has adapted the feet of these little rascals for climbing."

Harry looked and saw that the under side of each toe was a cushion, the surface of which was pleated like an old-fashioned shirt-front,—the pleats on the hinder part having their edges turned toward the end of the toe, and the pleats on the forward part having their edges turned toward the heel, thus dividing the cushion in the middle just as the band for the studs divided the shirt-front.

"What's that for, Tom?" asked Harry.

"Look again and see," answered Tom, in a lofty, professor-like manner.

Upon looking a second time, Harry discovered that the edges of the pleats were armed with rows of needle-like points, and the mechanical principles upon which the foot acted dawned upon him.

"I see, I see!" he exclaimed. "When the little rascal runs up a wall, the soft pads upon his toes fit and fill any little uneven place beneath them, acting like the leather suckers we used to make; while, at the same time, the little spines pointing downward are brought to bear upon the surface of the wall. But," he continued, "should Mr. Bright Eyes run down the wall, the pads perform their part just as well and are aided by the opposite set of spines and pleats. Hurrah for Tom, the great naturalist!" he shouted, and in his enthusiasm dropped the box from under his arm.

The inmates immediately took advantage of the opportunity to scatter in every direction; seeing which, Harry grabbed at one and caught it by the tail. His sudden cry of horror startled Tom from his fit of laughter; but when a tailless chameleon darted under a stick at his feet, and he saw Harry gazing with consternation on a squirming tail which he held in his hand for a moment, and then dropped twisting and writhing on the ground, he broke out afresh and laughed immoderately.

Harry looked up at last, muttering something about its being his belief that the box had contained imps instead of reptiles. He was then about to

start away, when Tom picked up the still lively tail, and explained that it was quite an ordinary occurrence for this curious animal to part with its caudal appendage, when, by that means, escape from captivity was possible.

"Well," said Harry, changing the subject, "what do you think of this?"



A STUDY OF BIPEDS.

With these words, he opened his sketch-book, and showed it to his companion. Tom's eyes sparkled, and he exclaimed joyously:



"Ha, old fellow! Where *did* you make that sketch?"

"Oh," replied Harry, in his turn assuming a patronizing air, "the negro fisher-boy I 'copied from the life,' and as to those other bipeds, I was creeping up slyly on nothing, after the manner Chitta,\* the Indian boy, has taught us, pretending I was stalking a deer, when something across the water caught my eye.

The sun had not yet risen, and there was a slight mist on the river, through which I saw a lot of long-legged, red-bodied creatures wading and posing in such a grotesque manner that I forgot the imaginary deer, and,

producing my sketch-book, made the drawing."

"They are flamingoes, Harry," said Tom. "Oh! if I had only been with you! Let us go now."

"Too late," said Harry. "I slipped off the log in trying to assume a more comfortable position; and although the birds were quite a long distance away, up they flew, their long legs hanging out behind, and disappeared in the distance."

"The big storm that passed through Florida just before we arrived here must have



HARRY'S ADVENTURE WITH THE CRANES.

driven them inland," remarked Tom; "for, if I am rightly informed, flamingoes are never seen here. However, from the naturalness of the poses in your sketch, I know that the drawings were made from nature. How happy I should have been to see them!"

"Thanks," remarked Harry to the naturalist, "more for the compliment to my sketch than for the implied doubt of my word. But I suppose you scientific fellows must have hard facts, so here is a sketch of a fish-stork, though I call the whole lot river pirates."

"Harry! Harry!" cried Tom, "that can not be true to nature!"

"There you go again, Tom," said the naturalist, in an injured tone. "Now, I tell you I did not get up before daylight, and tramp and crawl around through mud and water all day without any dinner, merely to draw on my imagination. Old Uncle Enos will bear witness to this."

"He was out fishing this morning, and as I was acting the spy on all nature I watched him. I saw him row ashore and pull up his boat high and dry. Then he went away for

the water, and with the string of fish dangling behind."

"That was a pelican, Harry," said Tom. "You have seen enough of them before; so don't pretend ignorance, just to add to the improbable possibilities of your story."

"I say, boys," interrupted Dick at this point, "I do not like to propose it, any more than you; but do you know our time is up? I think that we had better devote to-morrow to gathering our traps together and packing. We must hurry, too, to reach home on time!"

"That is a *home thrust*," but you are right, Dick," responded Tom, with a regretful sigh for the delights he was called upon to leave.

Not many days afterward, the boys landed safely in New York, and were looking after the careful handling of their numerous odd-shaped packages and bundles, which, as might be surmised from the alligator's

RIVER  
PIRATES



something; but he had n't been gone for more than a few minutes, when along came two big birds about the size of swans, but with great long heads with bags hanging from the under side of them.

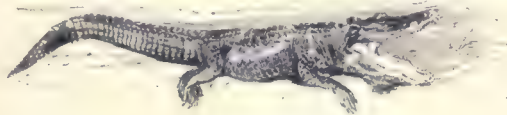
"There is something for Tom," thought I, and as I had no gun, I took out my pencil. Suddenly, to my surprise, one of the birds made for the boat, waddled ashore, and with an awkward flap of its wings tumbled its great body into the skiff. Uncle Enos evidently caught sight of the bird just then; for as it was making a tremendous effort to swallow a whole string of fish at once, the old man shouted at it. At the sound of the voice away went the bird, flapping its huge wings on

foot and an odd-looking bird's head which protruded from one and another, contained their curiosities, trophies, and specimens.

"It does not seem possible, and I can hardly realize the fact, that we are back in New York," remarked Harry. "This whirling a fellow from the wild, silent depths of a Floridian swamp into the midst of the every-day, practical, bustling world, rather upsets me."

"Well, good-bye, boys," said Dick, as they took leave of one another on the pier. "I have ordered all the boxes sent to my house, as we agreed; and if you should feel sufficiently civilized by to-morrow to resume your ordinary store clothes, come around, and we'll unpack them together."

The friends then separated. And so ended their trip to Florida.





## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.\*

NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.



THE BEAN SONG. (SEE PAGE 840.)

## CHAPTER IV.

## PAINS AND PENALTIES.



**A**MONG all civilized nations, the rules of war seem to have been written with an iron hand. The laws by which the soldier in the field is governed are, of necessity, inexorable; for strict discipline is the chief excellence of an army, and a ready obedience the chief virtue of a soldier.

Nothing can be more admirable in the character of the true soldier than his prompt and unquestioning response to the trumpet-call of duty. The world can never forget, nor ever sufficiently admire, a Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ, the Roman soldier on guard at the gates of perishing Pompeii, or the gallant six hundred charging into the "valley of death" at Balaklava. Disobedience to orders is the great sin of the soldier, and one which is sure to be punished; for at no other time does Justice wear so stern and severe a look as when she sits enthroned amidst the camps of armed men.

In different sections of the army, various expedients were resorted to for the purpose of correcting minor offenses. What particular shape the punishment should assume depended very much upon the inventive faculty of the Field and Staff, or of such officers of the line as might have charge of the case.

Before taking the field, a few citizen sneak-thieves were discovered prowling about among the tents. These were promptly drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogues' March," the whole regiment shouting in derision as the miser-

able fellows took to their heels when the procession reached the limits of the camp, where they were told to be gone, and never show their faces in camp again on pain of a more severe handling.

If, as very seldom happened, it was an enlisted man who was caught stealing, he was often punished in the following way: A barrel, having one end knocked out, and in the other end a hole large enough to allow the culprit's head to go through, was drawn over his shoulders. On the outside of the barrel, the word THIEF! was printed in large letters. In this dress, he presented the ludicrous appearance of an animated meal barrel; for you could see nothing of him but his head and legs—his hands being very significantly confined. Sometimes he was obliged to stand, or sit, as best he could, about the guard-house, or near the Colonel's quarters, all day long. At other times he was compelled to march through the company streets and make the tour of the camp under guard.

Once in the field, however, sneak-thieves soon disappeared. Nor was there frequent occasion to punish the men for any other offenses. Nearly, if not quite, all of the punishments inflicted in the field were for disobedience, in some form or other. Not that the men were at any time willfully disobedient. It very rarely happened, even amid the greatest fatigue after a hard day's march, or in the face of the most imminent danger, that any one refused his duty. But after a long and severe march, a man is so completely exhausted that he is likely to become irritable, and to manifest a temper quite foreign to his usual habit. He is then not himself, and may, in such circumstances, do what at other times he would not think of doing.

If, while we were lying in camp, a man refused to do his duty, he was at once taken to the guard-house, which is the military name for "lock-up." Once there, at the discretion of the officers, he was either simply confined and put on bread and water,

or else ordered to carry a log of wood, or a knapsack filled with stones, "two hours on and two off," day and night, until such time as he was deemed to have done sufficient penance. In more extreme cases, a court-martial was held, and the penalty of forfeiture of all pay due, with hard labor for thirty days, or the like, was inflicted.

In some regiments they had a high wooden horse, which the offender was made to mount; and there he was kept for hours in a seat as conspicuous as it was uncomfortable.

One day, down in front of Petersburg, a number of us had been making a friendly call on some acquaintances over in another regiment. As we were returning home, we came across what we took to be a well, and, wishing a drink, we all stopped. The well in question, as was usual there, was nothing but a barrel sunk in the ground; for at some places the ground was so full of springs that, in order to get water, all you had to do was to sink a box or barrel, and the water

"Why," said the guard, who was standing near by, and whom we had taken for the customary guard of the spring, "you see, comrades, our Colonel has his own way of punishin' the boys. One thing he wont let 'em do—he wont let 'em get intoxicated. If they do, they go into the gopher hole. Jim, there, is in the gopher hole now. That hole has a spring at the bottom, and the water comes in pretty fast; and if Jim wants to keep dry, he's got to keep dippin' all the time, or else stand in the water up to his waist—and Jim is n't so mighty fond o' water, neither."

## CHAPTER V.

### FUN AND FROLIC.

IN what way to account for it I know not, but so it is, that soldiers always have been, and I suppose always will be, merry-hearted fellows and full of good spirits. One would naturally think that,



DRUMMING SNEAK-THIEVES OUT OF CAMP.

would soon collect of its own accord. Stooping down and looking into the barrel in question, Andy discovered a man standing in the well, engaged in bailing out the water.

"What's he doing down there in that hole?" asked some one of our company.

"He says he's in the gopher hole," replied Andy, who had already exchanged a few words with the man.

"Gopher hole! What's a gopher hole?"

having every day so much to do with hardship and danger, they would be sober and serious enough. But such was by no means the case with our boys in blue. In camp, on the march, ay, even in the solemn hour of battle, they were always merry. However severe the hardship or nigh the danger, there was ever and anon a laugh passing down the line, or some sport going on in or about the tents. Seldom was there wanting some one noted for his powers of story-telling to beguile the weary hours



about the camp-fire at the lower end of the company street, or out among the pines on picket. Few companies could be found without some native-born wag or wit, whose comical songs or quaint remarks kept the boys in good humor, while,

We always believed that Harter had somehow smuggled a cartridge into that beef of ours while our backs were turned.

A famous and favorite kind of sport, especially when we had been



THE GOPHER HOLE.

at the same time, all were given to playing practical jokes of one kind or other for the general enlivenment of the camp.

We were lying down along the Rappahannock some time in the fall of 1863, when Andy said one day: "Look here, Harry; let's have some *roast* beef once. I'm tired of this everlasting frying and frizzling, and my mouth waters for a good roast. And I've just learned how to do it, too; for I saw a fellow over there in another camp at it, and I tell you it was a success! You see, you take your chunk of beef and wrap it up in a cloth or newspaper, and then you get some clay and cover it thick all over with the clay, until it looks like a big forty-pound cannon-ball; and then you put it in among the red-hot coals, and it bakes hard like a brick; and when it's done, you simply crack the shell off, and out comes your roast, just prime!"

We at once set to work, and all went well enough till Corporal Harter came along. While Andy was off for more clay, and I was looking after more paper, Harter fumbled around our beef, saying he did n't believe we could roast it that way.

"Just you wait, now," said Andy, coming in with the clay; "we'll show you."

So we covered our beef thickly with tough clay, and rolled the great ball into the camp-fire, burying it among the hot ashes and coals, and sat down to watch it, while the rest of the boys were boiling their coffee and frying their steaks for dinner. The fire was a good one, and there were about a dozen black tin cups dangling on as many long sticks, their several owners lounging about in a circle, when, all of a sudden, with a terrific bang! amid a shower of sparks and ashes, the coffee-boilers were scattered to right and left, and a dozen quarts of coffee sent hissing and sizzling into the fire—and our poor roast beef was a sorry looking mess indeed when we picked it out of the general wreck.

lying in camp for some time in summer, or were established in winter quarters, was what was known as "raiding the sutler."

We heard a great deal in those days about "raids"; and it was only natural, therefore, for us when growing weary of the dull monotony of camp life, to look about for some one to "raid." Very often the sutler was the chosen victim. He was selected, not because he was a civilian and wore citizens' clothes, but chiefly because of what seemed to the boys the questionable character of his pursuit—making money out of the soldiers. "Here we are," they would reason; "here we have left home and taken our lives in our hands—'in for three years or sooner shot.' We get thirteen dollars a month and live on hard-tack, and over there is the sutler, at whose shop a man may spend a whole month's pay and hardly get enough to make a single good meal. It's a mean business."

The sutler never enjoyed much respect; how could he, when he flourished and fattened on our hungry stomachs? Of course, if a man spent the whole of his month's wages for ginger-cakes and sardines it was his own fault; but it was hardly in human nature to live on pork, bean soup, and hard-tack, and not feel the mouth water at the sight of the sutler's counter, with its array of luxuries, poor and common though they were. Besides, the sutler usually charged most exorbitant prices—two ginger-cakes for five cents, four apples for a quarter, eighty cents for a small can of condensed milk, and ninety for a pound of butter. Perhaps his charges were none too high, when his risks were duly considered; for he was usually obliged to transport his goods a great distance, over almost impassable roads, and was often liable to capture by the enemy's foraging parties, beside being exposed to other fortunes of war whereby he might lose all in an hour. But soldiers in

search of sport were not much disposed to take a just and fair view of all these circumstances. What they saw was only this—that they wanted somebody to raid, and who could be a fitter subject than the sutler?

The sutler's establishment was a large wall tent, which was usually pitched on the side of the camp furthest away from the Colonel's quarters. It was, therefore, in a somewhat exposed and tempting position. Whenever it was thought well to raid him, the men of his own regiment would make to the men of some neighboring regiment a proposition in some such terms as this:

"You fellows come over here some night and raid our sutler, and we 'll come over to your camp some night and raid yours. Will you do it?"

This courteous offer of friendly offices was usually agreed to; and great was the sport which often resulted. For, when all was duly arranged and made ready, on a dark night when the sutler was sleeping soundly in his tent, a skirmish line from the neighboring regiment would cautiously pick its way down the hill and through the brush, and silently surround the tent. One party, creeping close in by the wall of the tent, would loosen the ropes and remove them from the stakes on one side, while another party on the other side, at a given signal, would pull the whole concern down over the sutler's head. And then would arise yells and cheers for a few moments, followed by immediate silence, as the raiding party would steal quietly away.

Did they steal his goods? Very seldom. For soldiers were not thieves, and plunder was not the object, but only fun. Why did not the officers punish the men for doing this? Well, sometimes they did. But sometimes the officers believed the sutler to be exorbitant in his charges and oppressive to the men, and cared little how soon he was cleared out and sent a-packing; and therefore they enjoyed the sport quite as well as the men, and often imitated Nelson's example when he put his blind eye to the telescope and declared he did not see the signal to cease firing. They winked at the frolic, and came on the scene usually in ample time to condole with the sutler, but quite too late to do him any service.

The sutler's tent was often a favorite lounging place with the officers. One evening early, a party of about a dozen officers were seated on boxes and barrels in the sutler's establishment. All of them wanted cigars, but no one liked to call for them, for cigars were so dear that no one cared about footing the bill for the whole party, and yet could not venture to be so impolite as to call for one for himself alone. As they sat there, with the flaps of the tent thrown back, they could see quite across the camp to the Colonel's quarters beyond.

"Now, boys," said Captain K—, "I see the chaplain coming down Company C street, and I think he is coming here; and if he comes here, we'll have some fun out of him. We all want cigars, and we might as well confess what is an open secret—that none of us dares to call for a cigar for himself alone nor feels like footing the bill for the whole party. Well, let the sutler set out a few boxes of cigars on the counter, so as to have them handy, and you just follow my lead, and I'll see whether we can't somehow or other make the chaplain yonder pay for the reckoning."

The chaplain, it should be said, made some pretension to literature, and considered himself quite an authority in the camp on all questions pertaining to orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, and presumed to be an umpire in all matters under discussion in the realm of letters. So, when he came into the sutler's tent, Captain K— exclaimed: "Good evening, Chaplain. You're just the very man we want to see. We've been having a little discussion here, and as we saw you coming, we thought we'd submit the question to you for decision."

"Well, gentlemen," said the chaplain, with a smile, "I shall be only too happy to render you what assistance I can. May I inquire what is the matter in dispute?"

"It is but a little thing," replied the captain. "You would, I suppose, call it *more a matter of taste* than anything else. It concerns a question of emphasis, or rather, perhaps, of inflection, and it is this: would you say, 'Gentlemen, will you have a cig-ár?' or 'Gentlemen, will you have a cig-àr?'"

Pushing his hat forward, as he thoughtfully scratched his head, the chaplain, after a pause, responded: "Well, there does n't seem to be much difference between the two. But I believe I should say, 'Gentlemen, will you have a cig-àr?'"

"*Certainly!*" exclaimed they all, in full and hearty chorus, as they rushed up to the counter in a body, and each took a handful of cigars with a "Thank you, Chaplain!" leaving their literary umpire to pay the bill—which, for the credit of his cloth, I am told he did.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CHIEFLY CULINARY.

IT is a self-evident truth that, if you want men to fight well, you must feed them well.

Of provisions, Uncle Sam usually gave us a sufficiency; but the table to which he invited his boys was furnished with no delicacies and but little variety. On first entering the service, the drawing



of rations was quite an undertaking, for there were nearly a hundred of us in the company, and it takes quite a weight of bread and pork to feed a hundred hungry stomachs. But after we had been in the field a year or two, the call of "Fall in for

the appearance of an ordinary soda biscuit. If you take it in your hand, you will find it somewhat heavier than an ordinary biscuit, and if you bite it—but, no; I will not let you bite it, for I wish to see how long I can keep it. But if you were to re-

duce it to a fine powder, you would find that it would absorb a greater quantity of water than an equal weight of ordinary flour. You would also observe that it is very hard. This you may, perhaps, think is to be attributed to its great age. But if you imagine that its age is to be measured only by



A DINNER OF HARD-TACK, COFFEE, AND RICE.

your hard-tack!" was leisurely responded to by only about a dozen men—lean, sinewy, hungry-looking fellows, each with his haversack in hand. I can see them yet, as they sat around a gum blanket spread on the ground, on which were a small heap of sugar, another of coffee, and another of rice, may be, which the corporal was dealing out by successive spoonfuls, as the boys held open their black bags to receive their portion, while near by lay a piece of salt pork or beef, or possibly a dozen potatoes.

Much depended, of course, on the cooking of the provisions furnished us. At first we tried a company cook; but we soon learned that the saying of Miles Standish—"If you want a thing to be well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others"—applied to cooking quite as well as to courting. We therefore soon dispensed with our cook, and though, when we took the field, scarcely any of us knew how to cook so much as a cup of coffee, a keen appetite, aided by that necessity which is ever the mother of invention, soon taught us how bean soup should be made and hard-tack prepared.

As I write, there lies before me on my table an innocent looking cracker, which I have faithfully preserved for years. It is about the size and has

the years which have elapsed since the war, you are greatly mistaken; for there was a common belief among the boys that our hard-tack had been baked long before the commencement of the Christian era! This opinion was based upon the fact that the letters B.C. were stamped on many, if not, indeed, all of the cracker boxes. To be sure, there were some skeptics who shook their heads, and maintained that these mysterious letters were the initials of the name of some army contractor or inspector of supplies, but the belief was wide-spread and deep-seated that they were certainly intended to set forth the era in which our bread had been baked.

For our hard-tack were very hard. It was difficult to break them with the teeth. Some of them you could not fracture with your fist. Still, there was an immense amount of nourishment in them—when once you had learned how to get at it. It required some experience and no little hunger to enable one to appreciate hard-tack aright, and it demanded no small amount of inventive power to understand how to cook hard-tack as they ought to be cooked. If I remember correctly, in our section of the army we had not less than fifteen different ways of preparing them. In other parts, I understand, they had discovered one or two more

ways; but with us, fifteen was the limit of the culinary art when hard-tack was on the board.

On the march they were usually not cooked at all, but eaten in the raw state. In order, however, to make them somewhat more palatable, you simply cut down a slice of nice fat pork, laid the pork on your cracker, put a spoonful of brown sugar on top of the pork, and you had a dish fit for a soldier. Of course, the pork had just come out of the pickle, and was consequently quite raw. When we halted for coffee, we sometimes had fricasseed hard-tack—prepared by toasting them before the hot coals, thus making them soft and spongy. If there was time for frying, we either dropped them into the fat in the dry state, and did them brown to a turn, or soaked them in cold water and then fried them, or pounded them into a powder, mixed this with boiled rice or wheat flour, and made griddle-cakes and honey. (The honey, however, was usually dispensed with till “this cruel war” was over. Brown sugar was good enough for a soldier.) When, as was generally the case on a march, our hard-tack had been broken into small pieces in our haversacks, we soaked these in water and fried them in pork fat, stirring well, and seasoning with salt and sutler’s pepper, thus making what was commonly known as a “hishy-hashy,” or a “hot-fired stew.”

But, to my mind, the great triumph of the culinary art in camp was a hard-tack pudding. This was made by placing the biscuit in a stout canvas bag and pounding bag and contents with a club on a log, until the biscuit were reduced to a powder. Then you added a little wheat flour (the more the better), and made a stiff dough, which was rolled out on a cracker-box like pie-crust. Then you covered this all over with stewed dried apples, dropping in here and there a raisin or two, just for “auld lang syne’s” sake. The whole was then rolled together, wrapped in a cloth, boiled for an hour or so, and eaten with wine sauce. Usually the wine was omitted and hunger inserted in its stead.

Thus you see what vast and unsuspected possi-

bilities reside in this innocent looking three-and-a-half inch square hard-tack lying here on my table before me. Three like this specimen made a meal, and nine were a ration; and this is what fought the battles for the Union.

The army hard-tack had only one rival, and that was the army bean. A small, white, roundish, soup bean it was, such as you have no doubt often seen. It was not so plastic an edible as the hard-tack, indeed, nor susceptible of so wide a range of use; but the one great dish which might be made of it was so excellent that it threw hishy-hashy and hard-tack pudding quite into the shade. This was “baked beans.” Of course, bean soup was very good, as it was also very common—but, oh, “baked beans!”

I had heard of the dish before, but had never even remotely imagined what toothsome enjoyment lurked in the recesses of a camp-kettle of beans baked after the orthodox backwoods fashion until, one day, Bill Strickland, who hailed from the lumber regions, where the dish was no doubt first invented, invited me to a breakfast of baked beans prepared by himself. Now, if my good reader has ever eaten baked beans, I need not prove to him that they are good; and if he has not, then I can not prove it. The only trouble with a camp-kettle of this delicious food was, that it was gone so soon. How *did* it go so soon? It was something like Father Tom’s quart of ale,—“an irrational quantity, indade; for it was too much for one and too little for two!”

Still, too much of a good thing *is* too much; and one might get too much of beans (except in the state above described), as you will find if you ask some friend or acquaintance who was in the war to sing you the song of “The Army Bean.” And remember, please, to ask him to sing the refrain to the tune called “Days of Absence,” and to pull up sharp on the last word:

“Beans for breakfast,  
Beans for dinner,  
Beans for supper—  
BEANS!”

(To be continued.)

## PERSEVERANCE.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

DEAR Polly, these are joyful days!  
Your feet can choose their own sweet ways;  
You have no care of anything.  
Free as a swallow on the wing,  
You hunt the hay-field over  
To find a four-leaved clover.

But this I tell you, Polly dear,  
One thing in life you need not fear:  
Bad luck, I’m certain, never haunts  
A child who works for what she wants,  
And hunts a hay-field over  
To find a four-leaved clover!





The little leaf is not so wise  
 As it may seem in foolish eyes;  
 But then, dear Polly, don't you see,  
 Since you were willing carefully  
     To hunt the hay-field over,  
 You found your four-leaved clover!

Your patience may have long to wait,  
 Whether in little things or great,  
 But all good luck, you soon will learn,  
 Must come to those who nobly earn.  
     Who hunts the hay-field over  
 Will find the four-leaved clover.

## SWEEP AWAY.\*

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

THE exclamation of Jack Lawrence was caused by the sight of water directly ahead. They had been walking away from the camp, at right angles to the course of the river, and he naturally supposed, as did all the others, that they were upon the main-land. Advancing through the wood, they presently found, however, that they were still separated from the main-land by an arm of the overflow, fully a half-mile wide. This, they presumed, marked the limit of the flood in that direction.

The long stretch of forest and open meadow upon which they had landed was, after all, only a large island.

After gazing awhile at the turbulent river that effectually barred their further progress, Jack philosophically remarked:

"I am sure you two feel like eating some tender roast meat, and I guess Mr. Wheeler has some ready for us by this time."

And so saying, he turned about and started toward camp, pursuing, however, a different course from that followed when leaving it.

But this ramble through the woods was destined to afford them more surprises than they suspected. They had probably passed half the intervening distance, when bright-eyed Dollie called out:

"Oh, is n't that funny? There's a house!"

Such was the fact. Partly concealed by trees, they all now saw a log cabin, of the class common to the poorer districts of the South-west. It was small, containing only two rooms, and there was no evidence of the adjoining ground having been cultivated.

The party had come upon the cabin from the front, on which side were a closed door and a small window, without any panes. This window was open and without curtain; but though they all looked in, they could discover no traces of present occupancy.

"I guess the owners must have gone away," said Dollie, "or they would show themselves."

"You are mistaken, Dollie; some one must live there," replied Jack, who, happening to glance upward at that moment, had observed a thin column of smoke rising from the wooden chimney. His first impulse was to proceed toward the boat, without pausing to inquire into the condition of

any one who might be within; but his conscience told him that would not be right. Somehow or other, since Jack's rescue of Mr. Wheeler and his family, he began to feel as though he were a young Crusader. He had a mission which, if not so grand as that which led the mailed knights of King Richard and Godfrey of Bouillon into Palestine, was equally noble. For hundreds of miles along the overflowing Mississippi there were multitudes perishing from starvation and exposure; and, since some slight means had been placed at his command, he felt that he was in duty bound to do what he could to relieve the sufferings of any who might be more unfortunate than himself.



"JACK THEN KNOCKED ON THE DOOR."

"Stay here where you are," he said, addressing the little girls, "while I go forward and see whether any one needs our help."

Jack then knocked smartly on the door, though the latch-string was hanging out. Receiving no answer, he repeated the summons, when, instead



of being bidden to enter, he heard some one shuffling across the floor to the door, which was opened the next minute, and the occupant of the cabin stood before the startled boy.

He was a man who was really younger than Mr. Wheeler, but he stooped over, as he walked, like a man of fourscore. His face was wan and haggard, and his large black eyes shone with feverish luster. His grizzled beard was short and scraggy, and his long black hair was unkempt. He held to the door for support, and stared wonderingly at the lad before him as he asked, in a weak voice:

"Where did you come from?"

"I came down the river in a boat," replied Jack, "and thought may be I could help you. Are you ill?"

"Yes, ill for the want of food," said the man.

"I have been deserted and betrayed, and have given up hope. Why do you come to disturb me?"

"I have just told you," said Jack, who feared that the man was out of his mind, probably on account of his sufferings.

"Did you fire that gun I heard a few minutes ago?" questioned the stranger.

"Yes, sir," replied Jack.

"I thought it was a dream of mine," continued the man. "I was dozing by the fire, and when I heard that, I got up and looked out of the window. But as I did n't see any one, I concluded that I had been mistaken."

"You were not," said Jack; "it was I, and I am glad to say I can give you the food which you seem sorely to need."

The poor fellow stared at Jack like a wild man, and began breathing faster and harder, as though laboring under great and increasing excitement.

Jack began to feel uneasy, and recoiled a step or two, still keeping his eyes fixed on the strange individual.

Suddenly, the latter gave utterance to a half shriek or shout, and, springing through the door, he seized the arms of the boy with a grip that made him wince with pain.

Jack was now sure the man was crazy, and was greatly frightened. Both Dollie and Jennie began crying, and the former exclaimed:

"Please don't hurt Jack, for he is a good boy, and will bring you something to eat."

The stranger paid no attention to her remonstrance, but continued staring savagely at the boy, as though about to rend him like a wild beast. Then he stooped down, so as to bring his face close to Jack's, and asked in a low, intense voice:

"Did I understand you to say you could give me something to eat?"

The man's strange conduct was enough to terrify any one, but Jack strove to conceal his trepidation. He had heard his father say that one should never show fear in the presence of an insane person, and that the only way to conquer such people is by the force of a stronger will. There-



"DID YOU SAY YOU COULD GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT?"

fore, though hardly able to refrain from crying out with the pain caused by the vise-like grip on his arm, he replied in a bold, stern voice:

"Of course, I can give you food; but you sha'n't have it if you don't behave yourself."

The man did not loosen his clutch, nor did he remove his glaring eyes from the face of the boy. The latter felt that he could not stand the torture any longer, and by a violent jerk he wrenched himself free. Then, springing back several steps, he called out in a savage voice:

"Don't you put your hands on me again or you'll get hurt!"

These threatening words were accompanied by a bravado of manner that would have deceived no one but a lunatic; but when Jack, himself comprehending this fact, ran for his gun which he had left leaning against a tree, and, raising it, held it so that he could use it the instant it should be needed, the starving stranger seemed suddenly to feel that he was standing before his master.

His whole demeanor changed. Trembling from head to foot, he looked so pitifully at the boy, that Jack's feeling of resentment and fear vanished on the instant.

"Don't shoot! don't shoot!" begged the man; "I did n't intend to hurt you—I only wanted to look at you. You remind me of a little boy that I once had—but he is gone now. Such a long time ago. I thought you were my Frank; but no, it can not be. Did you say you would give me something to eat?"

"Yes," replied Jack, heartily, no longer fearing any violence. "I will give you as good a meal as you ever ate in all your life. So come out of your house and go with me."

At this instant, the man noticed the two girls for the first time and fixed his eyes upon them.

"Why, I have seen them before," he said to himself, and immediately began walking slowly toward them. Upon this, Dollie and Jennie screamed and started on a run for the shore. In their haste they fell several times, which only added to their fright.

Jack saw that he must interfere, and so he called out in a commanding voice:

"Stop! Never mind about those girls. Walk along with me, and I'll take you where you can get a good supper."

The man checked himself abruptly, gazed at the boy, and then said meekly:

"I beg pardon. I did n't know what I was doing. Yes, I will go with you; show me the way."

"Walk straight ahead, not too fast, and I will tell you when to turn," replied Jack.

"I believe there is nothing the matter with him but hunger,—craving, gnawing hunger,—unless it may be he has been frightened by something. But it won't do for him to gormandize on roast pig, which can not be called the most digestible of food. Give him some bread first, and then I will take him in hand."

Mr. Wheeler's prudent suggestion was carried out. The stranger, in the presence of the company, was the picture of meekness. He did what he was told to do, and showed a childish fear of displeasing his new-found friends. Although he was evidently ravenously hungry, yet he stopped eating when told to do so, and appeared at all times to be anxiously awaiting orders.

The meal finished, it was decided to keep on down the river until dark, when, if they chose, they could land and encamp for the night. Several hours of daylight yet remained; and, although it



ON THE WAY TO THE BOAT.

The stranger did as directed, and the entire party then proceeded on their way toward the boat.

All the way to camp, Jack could not help recalling the words of the man, when he declared he was ill from starvation, and that he had been deserted and betrayed.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### ANOTHER RESCUE.

WHEN Jack and his party reached the camp, they found that the interesting process of roasting the pig was just completed. Mr. Wheeler, as soon as Jack had put him in possession of the facts connected with the finding of the stranger, studied the man intently for a few moments, and then remarked:

was a question whether anything would be gained by leaving the island, it seemed certain nothing could be lost.

Their patient, if such he might be called, was eager to accompany them, and, though they felt a little shy of him, they knew it was their duty to care for him. So he was placed in the stern, the others entered, and they shoved off. They were scarcely clear of the shore when the stranger was found to be in a sound slumber.

"It is the best thing for him," said Mr. Wheeler, much pleased. "If nothing else is the matter with him, complete rest and freedom from anxiety will soon restore him."

There was hope on the part of all that they would be able to hail some steamer before night; and so, while Jack, Crab, and Mr. Wheeler took



turns in using the paddle, the others scanned the waters for the hoped-for sight. Soon afterward they saw two steamers laboriously working their way up the river, but they were so far to the eastward that it was impossible to attract their notice. The scow was paddled further out into the river, and when, just as night was closing in, a third was discovered steaming southward at full speed, strenuous efforts were made to attract her attention. But for the gathering darkness they probably would have succeeded. As it was, they missed the opportunity so narrowly that lamentations were expressed by all.

"We came so near success," said Mr. Wheeler, "that we forget the thankfulness due for our present comparative comfort and safety. My family suffered a great deal, it is true, but it may be that our sufferings were far less than those of this poor fellow."

At this point, Mrs. Wheeler nudged him, and whispered:

"He is awake, and I think he intends to say something."

The actions of the stranger were now watched with much interest by all. He was sitting bolt upright, carefully studying the faces of those around him. He looked first at one and then at another, and then he gazed abstractedly at the flood on which they were drifting. A moment later he pressed his hand to his forehead. It was evident he was trying to solve the question as to how he came to be with these strangers. All at once his haggard visage lit up with a pleasant smile, and, gently touching the arm of Mr. Wheeler, he said:

"Please tell me how it all happened."

"He is the one to tell the story," said Mr. Wheeler, indicating Jack Lawrence.

"Ah; I will be extremely obliged if you will enlighten me," said the stranger, turning to the boy. His manner, more than his words, convinced Jack that he was himself again.

The lad told the story, which, as may be supposed, was of intense interest to his hearer, who was profuse in his thanks.

When the narrative was completed, he gave his

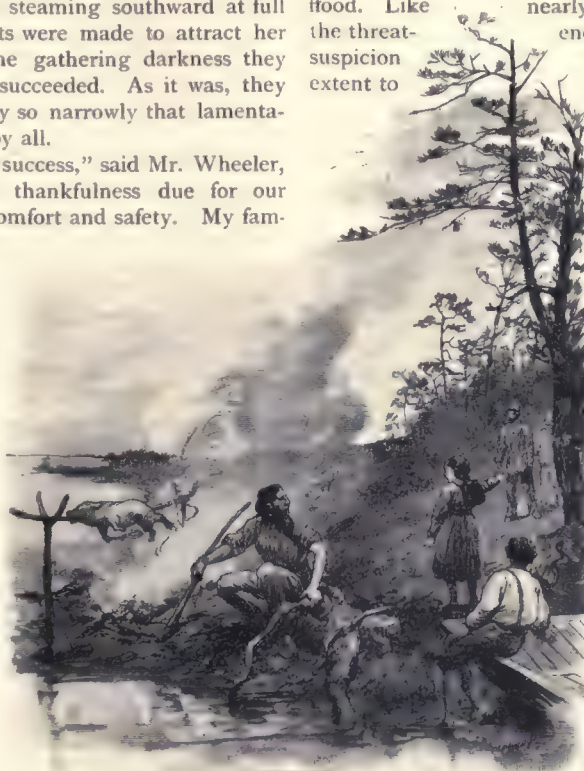
own history. He was a gentleman of means, whose home was in Little Rock, the capital of the State. He had started on horseback to visit some lands which he intended buying. He had dressed himself plainly, as he feared he might be brought into contact with dangerous characters, and was in this section when he found himself caught by the flood. Like nearly every one who lived in the threatened region, he had no suspicion of the unprecedented extent to which the overflow would extend.

When he took refuge in the settler's cabin, and they told him he was as secure there as if in the city of St. Louis, he gave himself no further concern. He was tired and worn out, and, without waiting for supper, lay down to sleep.

But the settler and his family were among the few who appreciated the impending danger. During the night they gathered a few of their household goods, took the horse belonging to Mr. Strawton (their stranger guest), and made their way to the water on the westward, where

they crossed to the main-land in a large scow belonging to themselves. The torrent which had made an island of the tract of land where the cabin stood had not yet forced its way through when Mr. Strawton had ridden across the space in the middle of the afternoon; but it had appeared within an hour after, and, when paddled over by the settler and his family, must have been fully a hundred yards in width.

Strawton slept heavily, and did not awake until long after day, and several hours more elapsed before he was fully acquainted with what had happened. When he saw that he had been deserted and betrayed, his indignation knew no bounds. But he was unable to help himself, for the only boat that could have taken him to the main-land was gone. It must have cost the settler and his family a great deal of work to get the lum-



MR. WHEELER BECOMES COOK FOR THE PARTY.

bering craft from the river through the cut-off to the rear of the island, but they had succeeded.

Strawton shouted and fired his gun, but saw no living person for days. He went down to the shore of the river, in the hope of attracting the attention of some steam-boat, but they were all so far out that he failed. He finally gave up in despair, and went back to the cabin to die.

How long he had been there when Jack Lawrence, like a gallant Crusader, came to his rescue, he could not even guess; but judging from his sad condition when found, it must have been a number of days.

While Mr. Strawton was talking, night had set in and it was becoming quite dark. Jack was standing erect, paddle in hand, gazing on the face of the speaker, which was gradually growing more dim and misty in the gloom, when all were somewhat startled by hearing a voice shouting:

"Halloo, there, strangers! Can't you take us aboard?"

Only a short distance from them was the broken roof of a house, on which a man was seen standing, with a long pole or paddle in his hand, which he had probably been using to impel his awkward craft toward the scow. Near him sat his wife, with a baby in her arms. The group and the surroundings reminded both boys in the same instant of the plight in which they had found the Wheeler family.

Jack stared for a moment at the strangers, and then was about to paddle toward them, when Crab interposed.

"It's my turn," said he. "You picked up dat wild man, and now I'll gather in some folks dat are tame."

Jack did not object, and so Crab, taking the paddle, moved the boat in the direction of the party on the roof, who watched their approach with no little anxiety.

The scow was laid alongside the floating roof without difficulty, and the three were taken aboard. The man shook hands all around and expressed his obligations, but his wife, with bowed head, took the seat proffered her, and remained silent. She seemed to be weighed down by sorrow, and all regarded her with sympathy.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A NARROW NECK OF LAND.

"OUR lot has been a sad one," presently said the man just picked up, his remark being intended as an explanation of his wife's apparent sorrow. "We have been on the river for two days and nights; we had time enough before starting to snatch up a little food and some extra clothing,

but it rained the first night, and we suffered a good deal.

"When we began sailing down the river, we had our little boy, Harry, six years old, as well as the baby, Katie. I made up the best sort of bed I could for them, but when morning came, and we could again see one another, Harry was gone!"

"What had become of him?" inquired Jack.

"I do not know," said the man, with a sigh. "He must have rolled off into the water during his sleep, without being missed until daylight. We must have been asleep ourselves at the time, or his mother or I would have discovered it."

The story was indeed a sad one and secured the deep sympathy of all.

"We have lost every dollar in the world," added the father, "and we must depend on charity for awhile to escape starvation; but what is that to our other loss?"

No one spoke in reply, for all felt that mere words were of no avail. The silence had not continued long when it was broken by the most extraordinary uproar. From across the water were heard the bellowing of cows, the grunting and squealing of pigs, the whinneying of horses, the braying of mules, and apparently a dozen other horrid discords.

When those in the scow had listened a moment, Mr. Wheeler remarked, thoughtfully:

"That sounds to me as though it came from some point *below* us, if not further out in the river."

"So it does," said Mr. Strawton, and all the others agreed with them.

Our party was not long in doubt. A few minutes later a dark bank loomed up to view below them, extending out into the great Mississippi further than the eye could penetrate in the gloom and darkness.

All presently discovered that a long cape projected from the western shore into the river, and that this neck of land was swarming with domestic stock that had taken refuge there to escape the flood. Tormented by hunger and insects, they rent the air with cries for relief which could not be given. This was certainly not a desirable place to land, but the scow was forced upon shore, despite the efforts of the occupants to prevent it. The boat, it will be borne in mind, was heavily loaded, so that it was now managed with difficulty. The single paddle was in the strong grasp of Mr. Wheeler, and the pole was used by Jack. They did all that was possible, but the swift current gave the craft such momentum that it did not respond to the abrupt turn of the current on the upper end of this cape. As a consequence, the scow struck the soft shore with such force that every one was



thrown forward. Then it immediately swung around and began filling with water. A general scramble followed, and all landed with little trouble, though with wet feet. The boat was drawn up on the beach, with a view of keeping it beyond reach of the river, and then the company looked about them. The scene was anything but a pleasant one.

The cape was not more than a hundred yards across at the point where it joined the main-land, from which it extended a furlong or more. A few stunted pines were growing on the neck, which was swarming with cows, oxen, pigs, horses, and mules, who were in such torture from the pangs of hunger and buffalo gnats that they were already in a dangerous mood. In many places, they were crowding and fighting with each other, and the uproar was terrifying to the last degree. Graminivorous animals, like those on the island, may be driven to such a point of hunger that they will devour flesh; so there was no certainty that they would not attack the party from the boat, unless relief was soon given. In the deafening racket, our friends could make themselves heard only by shouting close to one another's ears. The moment the party had

landed, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Strawton hurriedly removed from the boat all the clothing and food it contained, as well as the boards that had been used for seats.

"Is there no way of escaping from here?" asked the man they had last picked up. "Any place would be preferable to this; these wild beasts will soon attack us, I fear."

These words were shouted in the ear of Mr. Wheeler, and he replied at the top of his voice:

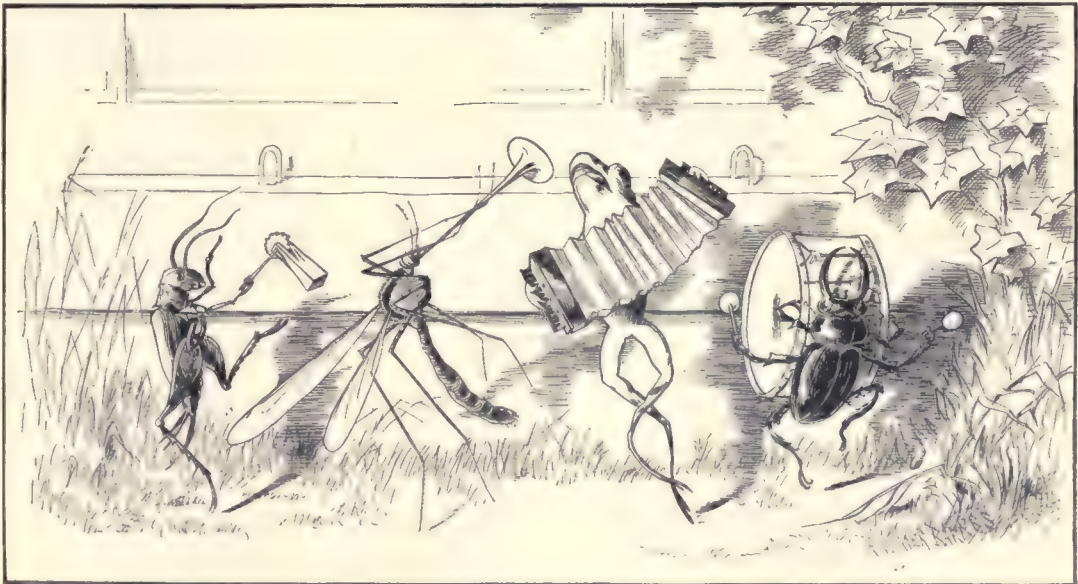
"I am afraid not at present. The current is too strong just here for us to work our heavy scow against it; and as for escape by land, those maddened animals occupy almost every foot of space save the spot on which we stand. I fear that we must pass the night where we are, and perhaps daylight will bring relief in some form."

"I am not so sure that we could not manage the scow," returned the man. "Come here, and I will show you what I mean."

And he led the way to the spot where they had left the flat-boat at the time of their hasty landing.

But the proverbially treacherous Mississippi had stolen a march upon them in their brief absence. The boat was gone!

*(To be concluded.)*



A RURAL QUARTETTE.

# COUNTING UP AND DOWN.

UP.



ONE LADY'S LAP-DOG LOOKED A WINDOW TROUGH,  
SAW HIS LIKENESS IN THE GLASS AND THEN THERE WERE TWO.

TWO MERRY MERMEN MARCHING THROUGH THE SEA,  
MET ANOTHER LIKE THEM & THEN THERE WERE THREE.

THREE LAZY LOBSTERS LYING ON THE SHORE

THE SEA WASHED ANOTHER UP & THEN THERE WERE FOUR



FIVE  
LEARNED  
LAWYERS  
FAIRLY IN  
A FIX,

ONE CAME  
TO HELP  
THEM OUT  
AND THEN  
THERE  
WERE SIX.

SIX DROWSY DRAYMEN DRIVING DOWN IN DEVON,  
ONE DREAMED HIS MATE HAD COME, & THEN THERE WERE SEVEN.

SEVEN STUPID SCHOOLBOYS SUMMING ON A SLATE,  
ONE MULTIPLIED HIMSELF, & THEN THERE WERE EIGHT.

EIGHT SINGLE SLIP-KNOTS IN A STRING OF TWINE,  
ONE BECAME A DOUBLE KNOT, AND THEN THERE WERE NINE.

NINE GREAT GRIZZLY BEARS MEETING IN A DEN,  
ONE BROUGHT A LITTLE CUB, AND THEN THERE WERE TEN.



## DOWN.

THEN TICKLISH TUMBLING TROUT PLAYING ROUND A LINE,  
ONE SEIZED THE BAIT AND HOOK, & THEN THERE WERE NINE.

NINE ROSY ROVING LADS RIDING ON A GATE.  
ONE TUMBLED IN THE MUD, & THEN THERE WERE EIGHT.

EIGHT SILVER-NOTED LARKS SOARING IN THE HEAVEN.  
ONE TRIED TO KISS THE SUN, & THEN THERE WERE SEVEN.



SIX BOOMING BUMBLE BEES BUZZING IN THE HIVE,  
ONE FELL AMONG THE WAX, & THEN THERE WERE FIVE.

FIVE MEALY MINDED MICE LIVING 'NEATH THE FLOOR,  
ONE RAN TOO NEAR THE CAT, & THEN THERE WERE FOUR.

FOUR FRIGHTENED FOXES FLEEING O'ER THE LEA,  
ONE HID HIM IN A HOLE, & THEN THERE WERE THREE.

THREE WITHERED WITCHES LIVING IN A SHOE,  
ONE LEFT FOR WANT OF ROOM, & THEN THERE WERE TWO.

TWO CLUMSY COUNTRYMEN CLUTCHING AT A GUN,  
ONE PULLED THE TRIGGER HARD, & THEN THERE WAS ONE.

ONE FULL OF FEAR & FRET AT THE DANGER DONE,  
& WENT AND DIED FOR WANT OF BREATH,  
AND THEN THERE WAS NONE.

## KING PHILIP—CHIEF OF A SCHOOL TRIBE.

BY JOHN CLOVER.

ONE cool, cloudy September afternoon, many years ago, Philip Moss and I, neighbor boys and school-fellows, were sauntering down Hackberry Lane, with our backs to the great Gypsy Woods, where we had been investigating the nearing nut-harvest. The ground was dry and firm, and a faintly perfumed west wind gently rustled the leaves overhead. Many of the birds had gone south for the winter, and those remaining had mostly stopped their idle singing to bustle about and pack up for leaving. The crickets and grasshoppers among the grasses were singing away merrily, unconscious (poor things!) that Jack Frost would soon put an end to their songs and their lives. The squirrels, too, were frisky and chatty, apparently glad, as were we, that they were to remain and enjoy the big nut crop. It was just the kind of weather for a field and forest ramble—for implanting in a boy's mind memories and sentiments that would last him a life-time.

As we came down Pilgrim Hill, a covered wagon turned from the highway into the lane and toiled toward us. A man and a boy walked ahead of the jaded horses. A cow was led behind the wagon. After her trudged a great gray-and-white dog, that at first we had mistaken for a calf. When we had nearly met, the weary procession turned aside and halted at the door of an old, deserted cabin that stood a hundred paces from the lane, at the foot of a wide, briery slope—an open waste, over which the cows of the neighborhood wandered at will. It was a famous place for blackberries and black-snakes.

From the mouth of the cavernous wagon a little girl sprang lightly into the arms of the man. A woman followed more deliberately and was tenderly handed down. Her face and hands looked very white in contrast with her black dress. She must be an invalid, we thought. Curiosity prompted a thousand suggestions, for strangers were rare in that inland Ohio settlement; but the instinct of good manners prevented us from intruding. We had seen enough, however, to satisfy us that these people had come from a distance to take possession of the old cabin, which in our recollection had been tenanted but once, and that for only a few months, by a wood-chopper's family. We were not slow to communicate our observations. Soon the newcomers were the talk of the neighborhood. Surmise and suspicion of them developed into wild and cruel stories. The days of belief in witchcraft were over, but I am disposed to think there was

a slight lingering taint of it in that community of ours. The new people seemed shy and did not go about introducing themselves. One day, my friend Philip's grandfather, Uncle Joe Moss, a kind-hearted though inquisitive old man, called at the cabin when he happened to pass that way. He was received by the woman with civility and the utmost frankness. Her story was brief and straightforward. They had come from the eastern side of the Alleghany Mountains, the State, county, and town all being plainly shown in our school atlases. The woman, a widow of a year, was named Mary Rankin. Her husband, John Rankin, had been a carpenter, and had died, after long suffering, from injuries received in a fall from a house-top, leaving his family in poverty. Her children were named Robert and Katie. The man with them was her brother, Thomas Van Cleve. He was an invalid, but his ailment was of the mind rather than of the body. When his poor head became confused, he began to wander about, and he would take to the road and tramp, tramp, tramp wherever a beaten path might lead him. This Ohio estate (a long strip of rugged land along the creek) came into her possession through her father—a soldier's inheritance from the grateful country which he had served, and which had bestowed it upon him because, perhaps, it had nothing poorer to give. So she had come with her loved ones and settled down here, hoping that the land might yield them subsistence and afford them a home; that her children might be reared and educated in a quiet, respectable neighborhood; and that new scenes and employments might benefit her unfortunate brother and overcome his disposition to stroll. She thanked her visitor for the friendly interest he had shown; trusted his friends and neighbors were all well and prosperous; prayed God they would think kindly of her and hers; and, with a cheerful faith in divine goodness, expressed her belief that she and her brother and children would be happy and contented in their new home.

Time passed. Few, if any, were the visits to the shabby old house in the lonely lane. There were no visits from it—whether because the widow was too retiring or too busy, because she was not invited, or because she was too ill and weak, I can not say. Thomas Van Cleve was at first sprightly and energetic. It seemed that he was trying to make acquaintances and friends, though he was not much encouraged. With his sister's scrawny team and the implements brought from



Pennsylvania, he plowed a few acres of the best land and sowed some wheat. But presently he began to show uneasiness. The "fit" was coming on. One morning, he and his traveling companion, the big gray-and-white dog, were absent—gone on the road again!

On a cold, blustery Monday morning in November, after our school-master had arrived and settled his awkward squad at their books, a knock was heard at the door, and in were ushered a clear, keen-eyed young fellow, followed by a timid, brown-haired little girl. The boy carried an arm-load of books, slates, sponges, and rulers. They were Robert Rankin and his sister Katie. We all, the children of substantial farmers, were clothed by careful mothers in winter costumes, which, though homespun and of clumsy cut, were snug and warm, while the garments of the young strangers, though clean, were pitifully scant, worn, and thin. During the morning the new scholars were the objects of our sharp scrutiny and whispered criticism. At recess time they were more freely and familiarly ogled and commented on. It was a trying ordeal for them. The leading tormentor of the school, a glib-tongued girl, began the attack with sarcastic, cutting remarks that raised a laugh. She was not long without allies. To the dishonor of the school be it said that, of the twenty-five or thirty girls and boys present that day, there was not one to utter a word of remonstrance in behalf of the helpless victims, who looked appealingly into this face and that for a friendly glance, but in vain. Even the teacher, a dull old man, did not interfere. "For shame!" cried a voice in my heart. But I quickly smothered it and joined the laughing wretches. I have often heard that voice since, like a whispering echo, when it was too late to undo the wrong. I have reasoned about that morning, too, and have come to the conclusion that we were a pack of young savages.

When school was again called, the Rankin boy was white with rage under the insults offered and his sister was in tears. These were the children a sick mother had brought over the mountains, to be educated in a quiet, respectable neighborhood!

At dinner-time, Robert, after some hesitation, left his sister at the school-yard gate and sped down the road as fast as his legs could carry him. He went to look after his mother, who was alone at home, nearly a mile away. The distance was too great for Katie to traverse in the time allowed. She watched him longingly until he disappeared over a hill, then, with a brave effort, entered the house, and in her timid, gentle way essayed to make friends with the girls. By this time a feeling of pity for the forlorn one began to manifest itself. Kindlier words were spoken. The shabby clothing

was seemingly unnoticed. But the knife had already struck home. The smiles and the hazel eyes were pleading for love, but the heart felt very sore. Robert returned, hot and panting, with a kiss from mother to daughter and a hopeful word.

That evening, at dismissal, the school relapsed into the savage state. The strangers were attacked with redoubled fury. At length the boy, furious with pain and anger, his face deadly pale, and grasping in one of his clenched hands an open knife, turned at the gate, defied his persecutors and dared them to utter another insulting word. His sister clung in terror to his menacing arm and with tears begged him to desist. Her prayer prevailed. The savages, awed by the scene, permitted their victims to proceed home without further molestation.

Philip Moss was not at school that day. In passing by his home, I heard a muffled drumming in the barn, and rightly surmised that he was helping his father to winnow his grain.

The Rankins did not appear next day, nor the next; but on the third Robert came, at noon, for their books. Philip was present. He asked Robert his reason for leaving school. The latter answered by showing a note from his mother to the teacher, asking that her children be excused from further attendance, as she desired their presence at home. But Philip was not satisfied with this. He suspected something of what had taken place, and pressed his new acquaintance for an explanation, which was reluctantly given. Philip pondered the matter awhile and then said:

"You and your sister come along to school. I'll stand by you. The boy who offers a word or a wink against you without cause is no friend of mine, and he'll soon find it out. As for the girls, I think I can answer for them, too."

I remember his words well. That day we were engaged in our favorite amusement of "playing Indian." The conversation between Philip and Robert was held at the door of the "wigwam," under the big oak tree that ornamented our playground. The wind was sighing among the tough, dry leaves overhead. Near by, with little blaze and much smoke, a "council-fire" was burning. A prisoner—"a hunter and trapper"—had been captured on the confines of our hunting-ground. He had been "tried, and condemned to death by burning at the stake," after being most basely betrayed into making a gallant struggle for his life by "running the gauntlet." The "death-sentence" was, however, withdrawn through the intercession of Philip, the chief of our tribe. He had been our leader in Indian and other games for more than a year and was known as "King Philip, Chief of the Pawpaw Tribe."

Cooper's novels had found their way into our settlement, and the farmers' meager libraries bristled with histories of Indian wars. Philip's title was suggested by our reading in the New England annals of the famous warrior of that name, to whose courage and many virtues our school history bore testimony. Quiet, earnest, brave, eloquent, and persuasive, young Philip outranked all his fellows. From the twelfth to the fifteenth years of his age, or until he left school, none disputed his sway. The whole school, both girls and boys, were included in his tribe. The girls frequently joined us in our Indian games. They delighted to figure as "princesses," "queens," "squaws," and "pale-face captive maidens." Beaded with red haws and sweet-brier berries, and bedecked with flowers, they shone in beauty among the "braves," hideous in their poke-berry war-paint and turkey-feathers. Philip excelled in all sports—in leaping, in throwing, catching, and batting the ball, in fox-chasing, and in exercise with the bow and arrow. He was not a wonderful scholar. Others led him in the school-room, for he took only to such books as pleased his taste. He was fond of natural subjects and delighted in learning about the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the inhabitants of the water, and the substances in the earth. For a boy, he had much information of this kind. He learned more reading at his father's fireside and in roving the fields and forest than he ever did at school.

The next morning, the Rankin children were at school. Philip had visited their home the evening before and completed the treaty with their mother. He met them in the road in the morning, accompanied them into the school-room, and gave them his countenance and support. He issued no formal proclamation, but without ceremony adopted them into the "Pawpaw Tribe." Katie became a beautiful "little princess," and was much beloved, while Robert donned the war-paint as one of the most highly respected "braves."

At ten o'clock, A. M., on the Saturday closing the following week, there was a council-meeting of the tribe at the school-house. About all the members were present except the Rankins. In came the braves and squaws, bearing baskets, boxes, and bundles, and when they had all assembled, with King Philip in the lead, they filed out and proceeded straight to the cabin of the Widow Rankin. This they surrounded and captured without resistance. Philip explained that it was a surprise-party. His explanation was unnecessary. A dinner was prepared for the hungry though happy tribe from the materials they had brought. Besides, they offered as presents to the widow and her children many delicate, ornamental, and plain, useful articles, such as a rustic neighborhood might afford.

The mother hesitated to accept, but Philip insisted in a most eloquent speech. He said the older folks had just given what they called a donation-party to the minister's family at the village, and that "The Pawpaw Tribe" did not propose to be outdone. Mrs. Rankin could no longer hesitate and with the rest entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion. A happy day was spent at the cabin, and for many, many days thereafter a brighter light shone in and around it. The invasion of the school tribe broke down the barriers. Neighborly visits were frequently made by farmers' wives and mothers, and were returned. One day, several men, handy with the saw and hammer, met by appointment, and put the old house in comfortable shape for the winter. Loads of wood, ready for the fire, were piled by the door, and the stable-loft was filled with fodder for the horses and cow. It having been ascertained that Mrs. Rankin was a skilled needle-woman, she was also given all the sewing she cared to do and at fair prices.

In the spring, the widow had an offer for her lands. Though the price was small, she was about to accept it and move back over the mountains, for the rough hills were apparently valueless, except as a pasture range and for the timber on them. About that time, Philip's uncle, Professor White, principal of an Ohio academy which in a year or two Philip expected to attend, paid the Moss family a visit. The Professor was quite a geologist. On one of his rambles in search of specimens, accompanied by Philip, they traversed the bed of the stony creek that wound through the Rankin lands. A rock jutted out from a clay bank. The Professor broke off a piece and examined it. He broke off other pieces along the creek and examined them also. Presently he observed, "It is the true grindstone grit. The hills are full of it. There is a fortune here for the owners of these lands." The valuable material was piled up, one layer on another, walling up the stream on either side. The Professor put a few of the chips into his knapsack, and went on looking after something else, more interested in getting rare specimens for his cabinet than in opening rich mines.

But not so with Philip. He thought the matter over, informed the widow of the discovery, and finally prevailed upon his father to write to John Lennox, the quarryman. Mr. Lennox came, took a look among the rocks, and pronounced the material the best he had yet found. It was the true grit and of superior quality. A few months afterward quarries were opened, and soon their products were distributed throughout the country. Ponderous stones from the Rankin quarries whirled amid the sparks and flashing steel blades in the largest factories; smaller ones were turned by farmers' boys in wood-sheds; scythe-stones made



merry music among the meadow-larks and song-sparrows, and Rankin whetstones squealed on the edge of the woodman's ax from Maine to Missouri. The widow's income from the quarries was large. A new life opened to her and her children. Her weak-headed brother, although he continued to wander, now went about with money in his pocket.

"The Pawpaw Tribe" scattered as widely as the famous products of the grindstone quarry. Its noble chief went West, established a little tribe that bore his own name, led a regiment into the war, and died for his country. A year ago I went to where his ashes lie, pulled away the weeds, and laid a handful of wild flowers on his grave.

## THE SHIP IN THE MOON.

By S. T. R.

MOST of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS have probably seen the sea, either at some one of those crowded resorts,—Newport, Long Branch, Atlantic City, Asbury Park, and Coney Island,—or else at one of the little hamlets or fishing villages scattered along the coast. And, perhaps, some of these boys and girls have seen the curious sight reproduced in the accompanying illustration. But as I have never had the good fortune to behold it more than once, I want to tell you of the incident.

One sultry August day, I left the hot city with a party of friends in search of a cool and restful holiday by the sea. Before night-fall, we found a pleasant place on the New Jersey coast, and after a hearty supper we hastened down to the beach. Crowds of people were strolling up and down the board walk that formed a promenade along the shore; but we were tired, and so threw ourselves immediately upon the sand, where we soon made comfortable resting-places in which to listen to the



roar of the surf and look out over the sea. Vessels of all sorts and sizes were moving slowly along in the twilight, and at last one fine steamer came up out of the southern horizon on her way to New York harbor, leaving a long cloud of black smoke behind. As she passed by, she saluted the crowd on shore with a deep, hoarse whistle, while the people waved their handkerchiefs, hats, and shawls in response. By and by, as it grew darker, the throng dwindled, and at last we roused ourselves from our rapt enjoyment of the scene to find that we were almost alone upon the beach. We jumped up, and were preparing to leave the shore, when one of our number called attention to a faint flush on the eastern horizon, and with one simultaneous cry, "The moon!" we settled ourselves again upon the sand in expectation of a magnificent spectacle.

And you may be sure we were not disappointed. The color in the far distance, looking at first like the glow of some great fire, gradually grew larger and larger, rounder and rounder, until finally a hemisphere of red light rested upon the farthest edge of the ocean. Just at that moment, we observed on the horizon a ship or sloop, seemingly almost as far away as the ball of light, but moving toward it. It drew swiftly nearer and nearer, and, finally, at the very moment when the great red globe drew itself wholly out of the water, the ship appeared upon its face, with all sail set, the whole outline of the vessel inclosed within the circle of the moon.

It was only for an instant, and the dark sloop passed out of the magic ring as quickly as it had entered it. But we who saw it have never forgotten the beautiful sight it gave us as it photographed itself for that one moment upon that wonderful screen. And, though I have many times watched for a repetition of the coincidence, I have never beheld a second ship in the moon. Have you?

## WAYS AND MEANS.

BY ONE BEHIND THE SCENES.



"OH, wont you purchase tickets, Mr. Poodle, for the ball?  
We've engaged two famous singers, Signor Screech and Madame Squall,  
And a lovely little German band to fiddle in the hall.  
You can bring your charming family—we'd like to see them all."

Mr. Poodle looked considerate. "It would be pleasant, quite;  
Should one even not participate, 't would be a beauteous sight;  
But, if I purchase tickets, my purse will be so light,  
There'll be nothing left for fancy-dress, so we needs must come in white,  
And I fear, my dear Miss Shorthorn, that you would not think this right!"

Miss Shorthorn's manner froze at once. "It is a *fancy* ball;  
If folks can not come in costume, they'd best not come at all!  
The expense of it would be quite too ridiculously small——"  
And she looked at Mr. Poodle just as if he'd been a wall  
Mr. Poodle meekly bowed himself out backward through the hall—  
Then he murmured, with a pleasant grin, "Ah, pride will have a fall!"

The evening came, and—fancy it!—the Poodles all were there!  
There were some attired in Persian dyes that looked both rich and rare,  
And some in simple garments, most innocently fair;  
There were some in high-necked robes, and some with arms and shoulders bare,  
And two with fluffy trains were thought a very charming pair;  
The crowd all turned to look at them, as they went up the stair,





## LOST IN THE WOODS.

*(A True Story.)*

BY MARY J. SAFFORD AND HELEN D. BROWN.

FAR up in the northern part of the State of Michigan, a peninsula, called Keweenaw Point, extends for fifty miles into Lake Superior. Along its western shore runs the main road, from which branch many others, leading to the numerous copper mines situated in this region—among which the Calumet and Hecla, Allouez, Phoenix, Delaware, and Schoolcraft are most famous. The eastern shore, being still covered with wild woods, is overgrown with thick underbrush, and intersected here and there by short, swift streams.

During the week, the men of this peninsula are almost all at work under the earth, and the country seems deserted, though many little wooden houses and log-huts with shingle roofs dot the region near the mines. But on Sundays men literally spring up out of the ground, and groups of miners appear everywhere, enjoying the only day they have to see the sunshine, the lake, the trees, and the flowers.

Amid the dense forests to the south and east grow quantities of berries and wild small fruits; and on the morning of Friday, July 21, 1882, a merry party of four children started into the woods, expecting to fill their tin pails with blueberries before many hours. The children were Mary Palson, a girl of thirteen; her younger sister, Margaret Palson; Theodore Lorrè, a boy of nine; and his sister, Arminda Lorrè, who was but seven years old. They proceeded on their journey in gay spirits and came ere long to the mouth of one of the mines, called "The Wolverine," where the father of the Lorrès was employed. Alas, for their day's sport! The father happened to see his children, and, fearful of their getting lost in the dense woods, he bade them go back to their home. All four of the children obeyed his injunction; but on the return journey they mistakenly followed another road than that by which they had come, until they finally discovered that, instead of bringing them nearer home, it was really leading them farther and farther into the forest.

After plodding patiently on for an hour, the boy asked the three girls to sit down and wait while he searched for the right road. But his little sister clung to his hand, preferring to go along with him; and so the children separated in pairs. The Palson sisters chose a path leading to the north,

and followed it all day and until they came at last to the bank of a river, where they were found on the evening of the next day, and returned in safety to their home.

But the Lorrès? They had not returned when their late companions were brought in, nor had any news been heard of them. Mary and Margaret could only indicate vaguely the locality of the spot in the woods where they had last seen the brother and sister, as they bade them good-bye; but several parties immediately started out in search. The father and older brother of the children, in company with friends, had been seeking the missing ones during Saturday, and on Sunday night a party discovered the children's tracks in the soft ground near a river. But they were soon lost in the mud, and the most thorough search in the neighboring woods proved fruitless, while loud and repeated halloos brought no response.

Monday morning came and the children had not been found. But now, large parties of men, sympathizing with the parents' agony, began to search the forest in all directions. Most of these, however, were miners, ignorant of woodcraft, and knowing little of the upper world, and so they discovered no sign of the children, and many even lost their own way, and found the path home with difficulty. On Tuesday, by a generous action of the proprietors, all the employés of the Allouez mine were given permission to share in the search, and large numbers from the Calumet and Red Jacket joined them.

As the evening of this day closed in, a terrible storm arose, and every home in the surrounding country was filled with exclamations of pity for the lost boy and girl who had to face the tempest alone in the wilds. Gradually the men, wearied and almost hopeless, returned with sorrowful faces from the vain search, without having found even a trace of the lost children.

Wednesday and Thursday passed, and still the almost frantic parents had no tidings of their absent ones. But on Friday morning, as a final endeavor, all the men employed in the Calumet and Hecla mines, together with many citizens of Red Jacket, set off for the woods, where they were met by more laborers from the Allouez, Centennial, and Wolverine mines; and before noon of that day nearly



*thirteen hundred men* plunged into the forest in search of the lost boy and girl.

It was while this army of searchers was scouring the woods in all directions, beating through the wild shrubs and tangled thickets, and frightening timid birds and animals with their loud "hal-loo-oo-s," that, in another part of the forest, a brave nine-year-old boy trudged wearily through the underbrush, carrying his sister upon his back.



THEODORE AND ARMINDA LORRÉ. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR ST. NICHOLAS.)

Both their faces were pale and white with exhaustion, and the little girl's bore the mark of tears. But Theodore Lorré was a plucky lad and had by no means lost heart. He had kept up his courage and cheered his little sister through all the days

and nights that they had spent in the woods, and he had even thought out a way of escape, and planned a route which he felt must bring them out of their prison—for the vastness and shadow of a mighty forest can form as strong and gloomy a prison, if you do not know some way out from it, as was ever made by stone walls and iron bars.

As he toiled painfully along on that afternoon, with vision strained to catch some break in the endless rows of trees that stretched in every direction, he kept revolving in his mind a plan which he had made, and was as happy as a lost boy can be when he found, by and by, that the plan was working well. In other words, he had resolved the day before to follow steadily the course of a small stream which they had chanced upon, as he knew that it must flow into a larger stream, and that in turn into a still larger, until at last some one of them would lead him out of the forest! So much his wise young head had taught him; and the reason of his joy that afternoon was, that the little stream had just fulfilled his expectation and brought him to the edge of a larger one—in fact, to a river. But, after reaching it, he felt that he could make no effort to follow it that day, for his sister was too weak and tired to walk, and he himself so weary and foot-sore that his knees seemed ready to sink under him.

He saw a fallen tree-trunk near by, and, making a little bed of dry leaves against one side of it, he placed his sister upon it, while he sat down upon the log beside her. And so they rested, while the shadows grew longer and darker among the trees. They spoke but little; but whenever Arminda seemed frightened or ready to cry, Theodore took her hand in his and cheered and soothed her by encouraging words.

"But," you will ask, "how did they live? What had they to eat?"

In order to answer these questions fully, we must retrace their wanderings.

After parting from the Palson sisters (one whole week before they arrived at the resting-place where we have just seen them), Theodore and Arminda wandered on, seeking constantly for some path or road, until day began to fade. As the darkness closed in upon them, little Arminda could not keep back the tears, and her heart was filled with dread. But Theodore was not easily frightened. "Cheer up, Sis," he said; "it'll be just like campin' out—that's all," and he took out his pocket-knife and proceeded to cut some bushes for a bed.

"Mother wont like it and will be dreadfully scared," said Arminda.

"Well, I don't know as I like it any better 'n Mother," said Theodore. "But I'm not going to be scared."

Arminda, however, seemed to have something on her mind.

"Did you ever see a bear?" she whispered, as if she feared that Mr. Bruin might even then be in the thicket and overhear what she said. "I saw a picture of one, once," she went on, "and he was eatin' up a great big man. I guess that man was scared, I guess he was."

"Well, I don't let old make-believe pictures scare me," said Theodore.

Nevertheless, Arminda's words recalled to Theodore a certain bear story that a few days before had filled him with delight. It was not quite so pleasant now to think of the great brown bear that, according to the story, had crossed the forest road and frightened a woman almost out of her wits, as she was driving over to the Wolverine mine.

The woods were fast growing dark, and little Arminda clung closer to her brother, till at last they lay down on some soft moss and leaves which Theodore had gathered, and he told his sister to go to sleep. He watched the stars and the moon,—the same moon that was looking down into the door-yard at home,—and wished that it could somehow show him the way thither.

Meantime, the little sister was breathing softly; and soon these modern babes in the wood, wearied with the day's travel, were fast asleep.

The morning sunlight was just creeping into the forest when Theodore awoke.

"Halloo!" said he, looking about him in confusion at the strange surroundings.

Little Arminda started, and opened her eyes, too, in a daze. "Why, I slept all night with

my dress on! Why, we 've runned away!" she exclaimed.

"That's what the folks 'll say, I s'pose," replied her practical brother, jumping up cheerily now that daylight was at hand. "And they 'll say we ought to be whipped, too, I guess. But I'd be willin' to be whipped when I get home, if I only could get there. And oh, but aint I hungry?"

"So am I," said Arminda.



"Well, let's have some breakfast, then," suggested Theodore. "There are nice, big berries all 'round here. I see some. Just you wait."

He soon came back with an armful of branches from the heavily laden bushes, and they both devoured an unlawful quantity.



"I guess they 'll make us sick, such a lot," said Arminda, in a cheerful tone; "but there's a lot more in the pails; and we must n't lose our pails," she added. "And if we carry 'em home full of berries, then they 'll like it better."

"We must pick our pails full," said Theodore, "so that, if we don't find any more, we won't starve." And he proceeded to fill the pails.

"I'm all skeeter-bites!" sobbed Arminda. And the spiteful insects had indeed cruelly wounded the little girl's face and neck and soft, round arms; and Theodore, too, bore many a mark of their sharp stings. "Well, we must hurry and get home," said he, "and Mother 'll cure 'em."

So they set out on their journey, eating the big ripe huckleberries from the bushes as they walked, filling their pails, in case they should come to places where there were no berries, and quenching their thirst at the creeks and small streams which they chanced upon at intervals. This day, too, wore slowly away, and once more they made a rude bed at the spot where darkness overtook them, and slept as best they could. Sunday came and passed. The little ones, walking hand-in-hand through the dense underbrush, could find no clew to guide them out of the wilderness. Yet all day they kept moving on. When they looked up to the tops of the tall trees, they felt lost and lonely; and when they grew tired, the great stillness subdued them, like the height of the trees. Now and then, the chirp of a bird or the crackle of a dead branch made little Arminda shiver and sink her voice to a low whisper.

But that night—the third which they had passed in the woods—they heard another sound far away in the distance.

"O-ho! O-ho-o! O-ho-o-o!"

Theodore recognized his brother's voice and shouted loudly in answer, Arminda joining. They called again and again. But the wind was against them. The sound they had heard grew fainter—their brother was evidently moving away. At last, only a poor little echo answered their cry, and then the great woods seemed more silent than ever.

The next day, while they were walking along, Theodore thought he heard a call, and they stopped to listen. "'T was over yonder," said the boy. "You wait here a minute, and I'll go and see if I can get a sight of 'em." He rushed through the brake a few rods, shouting and calling, and at last thought he saw a man moving among the trees in the dim distance. But the figure soon faded from sight, and, as Theodore turned to go back to his sister, he found that, in his eagerness, he had gone much farther away from her than he supposed. He called and called, but got no answer. He looked about him, faltered, stopped short. How far he

had run he could not tell, and the way back to his little sister was lost completely in the bewildering sameness of the forest. He plunged into the bushes, first in one direction, then in another, but seemed to get no nearer to the spot he had left. He leaned at last against a tree, dashed his fist across his eyes, and with a great gulp cried hoarsely, "I have lost her!"

But he would not give up; and he set to work to find the path he had taken through the thicket after leaving her. While seeking this, he caught sight of a fluttering bit of rag on a bush a few rods away. It flashed upon Theodore that here was a guide: these bits of calico belonged to Arminda's dress, and he had only to follow their lead to find his sister. He took the poor little rags tenderly from the bushes, and when at last he did find his sister, the thrifty little soul insisted on putting them, with other pieces that she had preserved, in her own pocket, "as Mother would need them when she mended the dress."

In the early dawn of the next morning, Theodore leaped suddenly from the bed of leaves where he was lying, and looked wildly about him in every direction. He had heard it again, that far-off "O-ho-o! O-ho-o-o!" And what was that, now up, now down, dancing in and out among the dark trees? Could it be a light? Could it be the light of his father's lantern? Yes, it was! As the daylight grew, he could distinctly see his father with a lantern in the distance. But all his frantic shouts failed to reach the searcher's ear, and, in his terror at losing his sister the day before, Theodore had resolved that nothing should tempt him to leave her again. And this determination he kept now, since he preferred to starve in the terrible woods rather than save his life by deserting her.

In the evening of the next day came the storm. The stillness of the forest began to be broken by the stirring and rustling of leaves, and then by long sighs of the wind, that deepened into a groaning and grumbling. Every moment the sky grew blacker, and down among the shadows of the great trees night had already come.

It found the two children at the foot of a pine tree, near which (and, indeed, half-covered by the boughs of the pine) lay a fallen trunk. Theodore had chosen this as the best place he could find in which to meet the storm; and on the lee side of the fallen trunk he had made a sort of rude tent, or covering, of loose brush that he had gathered, weaving together the crooked branches that they might not blow away. The poor little shelter was ready none too soon; for by this time the wind was tearing madly through the forest, bending and twisting the trees, and hurling to the ground small branches and twigs thick with leaves. Just as

heavy drops of rain began to fall, little Arminda crept into the rude "house" which Theodore had made for her, and drew close to the side of the huge log, which lay between her and the wind. The "house" was not large enough to hold Theodore, too, and so he made his bed upon a stone just outside. Down came the rain, while the thunder drew nearer and nearer, till the forest seemed one vast crash and roar. Through the dark trees the children saw the lightning darting and dancing over the sky. Arminda sobbed and trembled; but Theodore comforted her by telling her not to be frightened, "for *he* was there with her." Perhaps even his stout little heart would have quailed had he not been sustained by his pride in his "house."

"What's goin' to hurt us here?" he shouted, proudly, amid the tumult of sound. "I like to be out in the rain."

"I like to get wet, too," Arminda answered, weakly. "It makes my skeeter-bites feel good."

The lightning by degrees grew fainter and the thunder farther away; but all night long the wind and rain kept on together. The children clung to each other and whispered that they were not afraid.

Morning came at last, but still the tempest raged. Theodore looked ruefully about him when he arose, and resorted immediately for comfort to the pail of berries he had wisely sheltered. "I'm getting sick of this," he remarked to Arminda. "We must get home to-day."

But alas for such hopes! The whole day was spent in patient but fruitless plodding over the wet leaves, with the rain still falling, and that night they had to seek their rest upon a huge, sloping stone under the projecting boughs of a thick-leaved tree—since that was the driest bed that they could find.

By this time, you may be sure, they were in a sorry plight. Their hands and heads fairly ached from the bites of swarming mosquitoes; they were scratched and bruised by their scrambles through the tangle of the underbrush; and though they managed to keep their pails filled with berries, they were becoming very hungry for some more satisfying food. Arminda was now too foot-sore to walk more than a few steps at a time, and Theodore had to carry her. Their clothes had become so soaked that they were a heavy burden: even Theodore was too weary to tramp very far in a day; and poor little Arminda was almost sick with fatigue and hunger.

On the next day, however, they came upon a brook and began to follow it as Theodore had planned, and made what progress they could. The wind had died down, and, save for the "drip, drip" of the drenched trees, the great storm was over. It left the little wanderers pitifully weak and

sore, but still brave and hopeful, and they kept on their way along the bank of the brook, until, in the afternoon of Friday, they reached, as we have seen, the edge of a larger stream. Content with this triumph of his new plan, Theodore prepared the little couch of leaves for his sister to rest upon, as already described, and sat down on the log beside her. And when she dropped asleep from weariness, he began to wonder how long it would take them to get home by following the river shore, and whether his poor little sister would have strength to stand the journey, or he to carry her.

But a speedier deliverance was even then at hand. It was on that day that the great woods reëchoed in all directions with the calls and shouts of thirteen hundred men; yet none of their loud halloos had reached Theodore, as he sat upon the log that afternoon, all unconscious that he and his sister were the objects of such a great expedition. Indeed, it was late in the day, and the army had really failed like the other smaller searching parties, having passed beyond or far to the side of the spot where the children were now resting;—and yet it had not failed either, as you shall see. It so happened that four men belonging to the searching regiment lagged behind their companions, and, failing to catch up with them, went straying hither and thither, forgetting the children entirely in their desire to rejoin their fellows. But being miners, and having little knowledge of woodcraft, they soon found themselves hopelessly bewildered, and had to confess that, instead of finding the lost children, they were in the unpleasant predicament of being themselves lost in the woods.

It can not be said that, considering how much older they were, they bore this discovery with any better courage than the children had shown. But all they could do was to keep up a constant halloo, in the hope that some of the returning parties would hear them. This, therefore, they set about doing as lustily as possible, but for a long time without reply. At last, however, as they stood silent, listening after one of their loud calls, one of the men said: "Hark! What was that?" Faint and weak through the far distance came an answering "Halloo—oo!" They moved over in the direction whence it came and again repeated their call, and stopped to listen. Again it was answered, more clearly this time, but on the instant one of the men said, breathlessly, "That is a *boy's* voice!"

They ran forward quickly, and before long came in sight of the boy himself, and one of the party shouted to him, "Who are you?"

"I am Theodore Lorrè," was the answer.



"Where do you live?"

"At Allouez."

"Is there any one with you?"

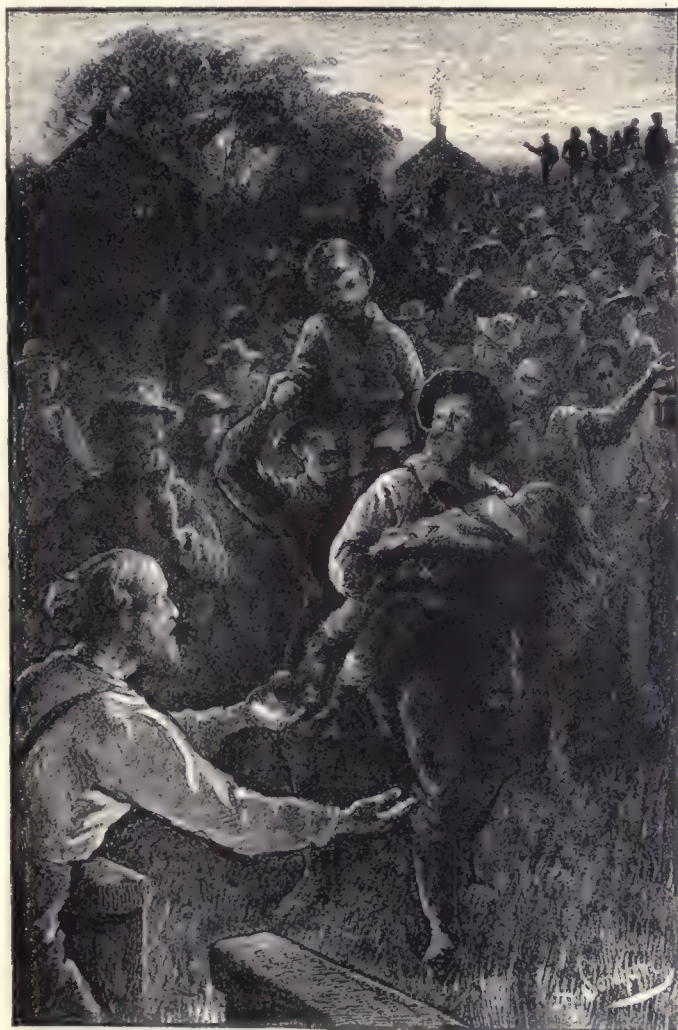
"Yes, my little sister."

Imagine the surprise and joy with which the men discovered that they had at last found those for whom all were seeking. Ragged, foot-sore,

and the whole party,—miners as well as children,—being lost, a consultation was held about the direction to be pursued. The miners said that it would be useless to follow the river, because it flowed into Lake Superior, and would lead them farther and farther from home; but the boy stoutly maintained that all the water on that side of Keweenaw Point flowed into Torch Lake. At last, persuaded by his entreaties, and aware of their own ignorance of the locality, the men yielded, and slowly forced a path along the bank down the stream, a course which, to their great delight, brought them ere long to a region where they recognized several landmarks, and whence they soon and easily made their way to Calumet.

Meantime, in the town, parties were sadly preparing to resume the apparently hopeless search, when the news flew from mouth to mouth that the lost ones had been found. At first, the report was not believed; but before night-fall the miners, carrying the children on their shoulders, came in sight, and the crowd burst into shouts and cheers of joy. A gentleman took the little ones into his buggy, and drove along the street toward their home while the crowd thronged about the horse and vehicle clamoring for a sight of the children, who had to be constantly held up to their view and saluted with cheers. A friend had run forward to inform the almost frenzied parents, who wept with joy on hearing the news; and in a few minutes the father and mother clasped to their hearts the lost ones whom they had begun to mourn as dead.

Theodore's boots could be taken off only by cutting them away from his feet with a knife; and, as the poor boy had had his leg broken hardly a year before, it seemed marvelous that he could have endured all he did. Both children were terribly foot-sore, and several days passed before the brave lad could leave his bed. For eight long days and nights he had wandered with his little sister, refusing, even to save his life, to leave her a moment, lest she should be hopelessly lost. And during the last two days, hardly able to drag



HOME AT LAST!

bruised, and exhausted, the children still showed that they had not lost their courage, and the men, overjoyed with their success,—for few had hoped after so many days to find the brother and sister alive,—lifted them on their shoulders and carried them till dark, when they encamped for the night on the bank of the stream near which the little ones had been found.

Early Saturday morning, they prepared to con-

himself along, he carried her on his back. He had shown through all that had happened a courage and endurance that many a man might envy, and it is good to know that, in the days following his return, hundreds of friends and neighbors visited the family, and in many ways testified their appreciation of the children's bravery.

Through the kind assistance of a friendly correspondent,\* ST. NICHOLAS is enabled to show you photographs of the two children in the clothes which they wore during their wanderings in the woods; and, looking at them, we seem to see in the faces something of the brave and patient en-

durance that carried them safely through that terrible week. Perhaps they were remembering it all in those few minutes when they stood before the camera; but, whether that were true or not, the devotion and courage shown by this boy of nine are truly remarkable and worthy of all praise. And when we remember that his own wise little head had really discovered a way out of the woods before he was found by the miners, and that he in fact guided them out afterward by persuading them to follow the route he had determined upon, we could not blame the sturdy lad for hesitating to admit that he was really *lost* in the woods.

\*[We are indebted, for the faithful and striking pictures of the Lorrè children accompanying this story, to Mrs. Sarah J. Penniman, of Calumet, Michigan, who made the photographs from which our engravings are copied. "A few evenings ago," writes Mrs. Penniman, in a letter received just as the story is going to press, "I went to see the Lorrè children, who interest me very much. It is difficult for me to converse with the father and mother, because they are Swedes, and I am not very familiar with the Swedish language; but Theodore interprets for me. A lady in Boston sent me a fine pocket-compass for Theodore and a dress for Arminda, so my last visit was especially interesting. The lady was an utter stranger, and sent the gifts from the admiration she felt for the children after hearing the story of their adventure. Some time ago, a gentleman in Cleveland sent Theodore twenty-five dollars and a suit of clothes in compliment to his bravery. I am sure that the ST. NICHOLAS account of the children's week in the woods will greatly interest, not only the people of this locality, but all the readers of the magazine.

"In making the photographs, I had to reward the children for consenting to be taken in the garments they wore in the woods by giving them a photograph of themselves arrayed in their Sunday best. They did not like the idea of 'those old clothes.'"—ED.]

## LOVELINESS.

BY MARIA LOCEY.

"BEAUTIFUL thoughts make a beautiful soul, and a beautiful soul makes a beautiful face."

ONCE I knew a little girl,  
Very plain;  
You might try her hair to curl,  
All in vain;  
On her cheek no tint of rose  
Paled and blushed, or sought repose:  
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain  
Came and went,  
As a recompense for pain,  
Angels sent:  
So full many a beauteous thing,  
In her young soul blossoming,  
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,  
Pure and true;  
And in time the homely face  
Lovelier grew;  
With a heavenly radiance bright,  
From the soul's reflected light  
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,  
Plain or poor,  
If your thoughts are undefiled,  
You are sure  
Of the loveliness of worth;—  
And this beauty not of earth  
Will endure.



## UNDER THE APPLE-TREE.

BY AUNT FANNY.

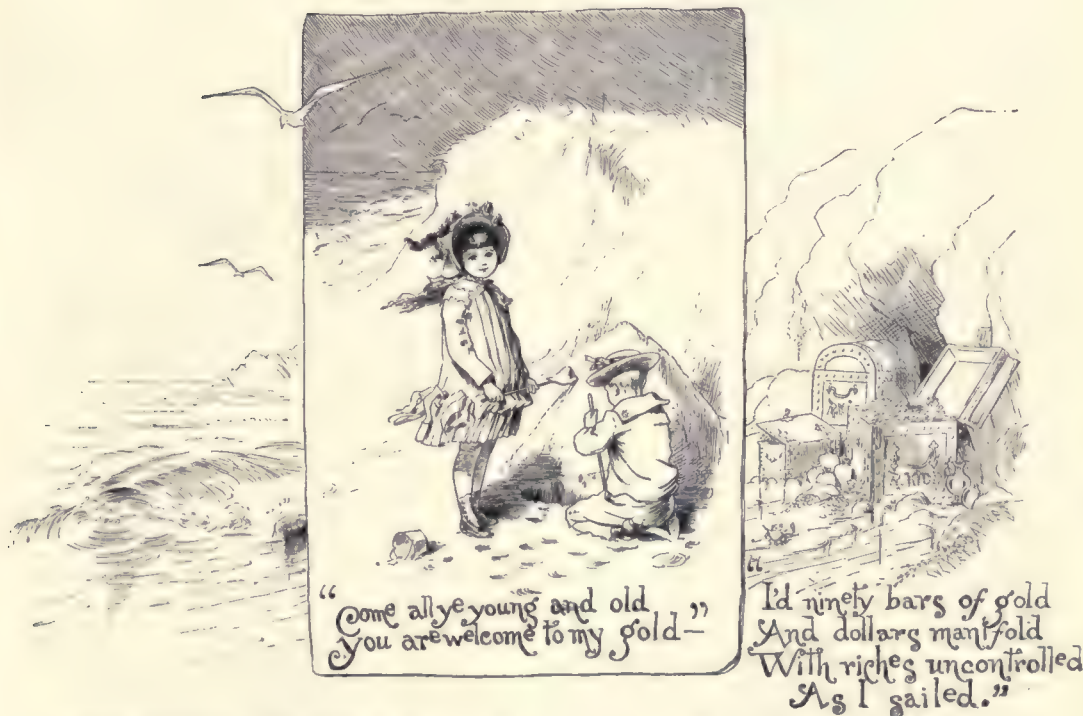
SHAKE, shake the branches!  
 Make the beauties drop!  
 Pity 't is the reddest ones  
 Are always at the top!  
 Oh, what a merry chime!  
 (Sing all together!)

Trip in time and ring a rhyme,  
 In the autumn weather.

Shake, shake the branches!  
 Gather every one,  
 Rosy-golden rogues they are,  
 Ripening in the sun!

Tommy holds his apron white,  
 (Sing all together!)  
 Fire bright will roast 'em right,  
 In the autumn weather.

Shake, shake the branches!  
 Down, down they fall;  
 We 're to have a bun apiece  
 If we gather all.  
 Now we 're marching home again  
 (Sing all together!)  
 Let the rain fall amain—  
 We 'll not mind the weather!



ELSIE: “NOW, FRED, I JUST DON'T BELIEVE THAT STORY ABOUT CAPTAIN KIDD IS TRUE. BESIDES, I'M TOO TIRED TO DIG ANY FURTHER.”

## WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. IX.

## THE PLAYTHINGS AND AMUSEMENTS OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

At the time when my companions and I were boys, there was scarcely such a thing known as a manufactured toy. The few of such toys as came over to America were soon used up in the larger cities, so that none of them ever came to the village where I had my home. Our geographies told us that large quantities of toys were made in Nuremberg, and we never ceased to wonder at that far-away place where toys could actually be bought all ready for use. How much labor, we thought, that would save us if we could only get a sight of those coveted toys from Nuremberg, so that we might copy after them—for, with hardly a single exception, all the toys that we had we made ourselves.

Perhaps it was just as well that we did. Our geographies opened with heavy arguments from the *North American Review*, *The Journal of Education*, Maria Edgeworth, and Pestalozzi, to show that the book was so plainly written as to be easily understood by the most stupid pupil. The following titles sufficiently indicate the character of the illustrations: "Railroad Car"—of the olden style; "Freemen's Meeting Displaying the Flag of 'Equal Rights'"; the "Hudson River, Palisades, and Steamer Oregon"; "A Despot Giving Orders"; "Indians Attacking the First Settlers"; "Lion Carrying Off a Hottentot"; "Death of Captain Cook"; "Capture of a Boa-Constrictor"; "Capitol at Washington," as it was originally built; "Portraits of the Presidents of the United States"—Polk being the last, and ten the whole number, instead of twenty-one, as at the present time.

A glance at our "children's book-case"—as it is called to-day—shows that the best of our books were: "Robinson Crusoe"; "Swiss Family Robinson," and the sequel; "Paul Preston's Voyages," with engravings; Captain Marryatt's "Children of the New Forest"; "Hugh Fisher, or Home Principles Carried Out"; "Letters to the Young," by Miss Jewsbury; and "Glimpses of the Past," by Charlotte Elizabeth. Beside these, we had the "Franconia Stories"; the earlier numbers of *Merry's Museum* and *The Youth's Cabinet*; and "Peter Parley's Tales."

This was the kind of reading that we had, instead of the lighter kind, with beautiful pictures, which almost every boy and girl of to-day can enjoy. We had no such fine books in those days,

and we had no fine toys either. Do you wonder, then, that we were, and that we grew up, old-fashioned boys and girls?

As soon as we were well along in our studies, our teacher made us spend a part of our play-time in knitting with a spool. This is the way it was done: Four pins were driven into the end of the spool, close to the hole that runs through it. A loop was tied in the yarn and slipped over the head of one of the pins. The yarn was then carried around the other three pins, and the work of knitting was ready to proceed. A loose pin was taken between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, by means of which a bit of the loose yarn was pried up. It was then pulled through the loop, put over the head of the pin that stood upright, and pressed back to its place again. Another stitch was taken at the next pin, and so on. After working in this way for awhile, the knitted part began to appear through the other end of the hole in the spool, where it would grow gradually longer. When it was long enough, it was cut off and sewed together in the form of a mat. Instead of a spool, some of us were so much better off than the rest as to have a cork, through which a large hole was made. I will not draw a picture of this knitting-machine, because it has lately made its appearance at the toy-shops as a new invention, and for a few cents you can easily have one that will be a great deal better than mine ever was.

We boys soon became tired of "cork knitting," "grace hoops," "battledoor and shuttlecocks," and other games, which the teacher had us play. Such games we left for the girls, while we took up marbles and tops. From that time, our sports and games were as different as could be from those which the girls enjoyed; and, if you will let me, I will tell you how three or four of us—all under the age of twelve—made our own toys and playthings, and managed to have a good time generally, although we were obliged to do without "store" toys. For the sake of convenience, I will divide my story into chapters, in this way:

## CHAPTER I.

## TOPS, KITES, AND FLAG-POLES.

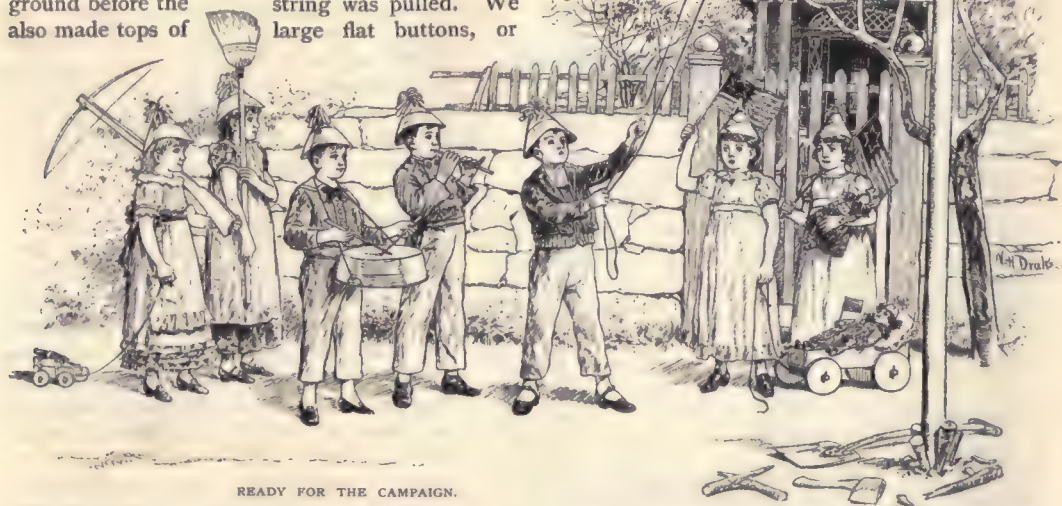
SOMEBODY has said that, when marbles, tops, and kites make their appearance, we may know



that winter is over and spring has come. This is truer of marbles than of the other things we have named. The tops that we made were of two kinds. The first kind was of the shape shown at Fig. 1 (p. 866), with a spiral groove running from the upper part down to the lower end, where a nail had been driven into the wood and filed to a point. The work of cutting this groove was difficult, for it had to be very evenly done, or else the leathern string—or whip-lash—would slip over the point of the top. When everything was ready, the whip-lash was wound in the groove, and the boy threw the top away from him toward the ground, taking care to hold the lash and the whip-handle in his hand. If the point struck the ground, the top would keep on spinning for a little time; but it would soon stop unless the boy whipped it with a great deal of force, and even then it would stop if he did not strike it in the right way. You will not see many of these tops nowadays, because boys do not like to work so hard with a whip when they play. Another kind of top (see Fig. 2) was spun by wrapping a string around the handle, which was held in one hand, while the string was pulled with the other. The body of the top was near the point, and this made it spin for a long time, but we were careful to put the point close to the ground before the string was pulled. We also made tops of large flat buttons, or

short piece, *fc*, were fastened at the center, *g* (Fig. 3). Notches were cut in the ends of the sticks, and a string was slipped into the notches, at *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, and *f*. Four other notches, about *g*, were made for the two cross-loops of string—the “belly-bands”—to which was fastened the long string that “fled” the kite. Other notches, at *e* and *d*, secured a crossstring, which held the tail. The whole surface, *a*, *b*, *c*, and round to *a* again, was covered with newspapers that were cut large enough to fold over the outer string, and to be secured with flour-paste on the under side.

The next thing to flying a



wooden button-molds (see Fig. 2), with holes in the center of each. A broom-splint made the handle, and, by turning the top over and making a point of the handle, we enjoyed the antics of what we called “a long-legged top.”

Our kites were very simply made from paper, string, and three bits of lath split in two, lengthwise. For a fair-sized kite, two of the laths were three feet long, and the third lath was two feet long. The two long pieces, *a d* and *b e*, and the

kite, in our opinion, was the flying of a flag or banner of some sort. Of course, the flag or the banner was “home-made.” The flag was of white cotton, red cambric, and blue cambric. The banner was usually of white cotton, with some political motto or sentiment, like “We are all Whigs here,” painted upon it. In order to float these flags or banners, we were obliged to go into the woods and cut small tamarack or hemlock trees. Having trimmed these and stripped off the bark, we had very

smooth and straight poles, from twenty to twenty-five feet long. When we wanted longer poles, we cut two trees, and "spliced" one at the end of the other. Then came the fun of "rigging" a pulley at the smaller end, through which the rope or string that held the flag might run. After that came the greatest fun of all, the digging of a hole in the ground for the planting of the pole. When this was done we were ready, and even anxious, for the next political campaign to begin.

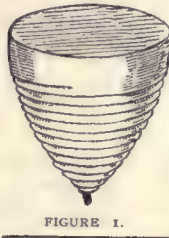


FIGURE 1.

had to go to the house after a drink of water and some of Grandma's "jumbles," as a spur to industry. The deeper we dug, the less you could see of us above the ground, and when our shoulders were below the surface it was hard work to

## CHAPTER II.

### EXCAVATIONS.

AND in speaking of the digging of holes in the ground, I am reminded of larger holes, real excavations, that we dug every spring for a number of years—for, at that time, we had never been told that in digging into the earth we ran the risk of malaria. Our method of working was very simple. Having selected a place that suited us, we marked upon the ground a circle of perhaps



FIGURE 2. OLD-FASHIONED TOPS.

throw the earth up and so far away from the hole that it would not tumble back again. So we covered all the edges of the hole with boards, and, while one threw up the earth from below, another would take it from the boards and throw it further away.

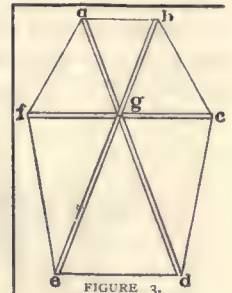


FIGURE 3.

Pretty soon the hole became so deep that we could not throw the earth out. Then we brought an old pulley-wheel, fastened it to a beam which we had placed across the hole, and dropped a pail into the hole by a rope that ran over the pulley. The pail being filled with earth below, it was drawn up by pulling on the rope above. In this way we went down to a depth of perhaps ten or twelve feet, taking care to go no further lest the banks should give way and cover us. A rough ladder was then made by nailing short sticks across a long board, and on this ladder we were able to go down to the bottom of the hole and to come up to the surface again. (Fig. 4.)

But this was only a small part of the pleasure of "digging a hole," as we called it. After enjoying the cool air at the bottom, we marked the outline of an oven at one side, and dug with spades and hoes until we had made a very large

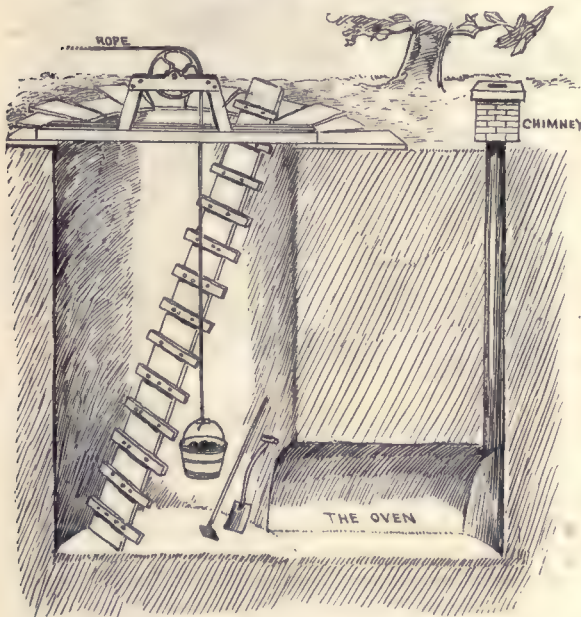


FIGURE 4. A JUVENILE MINE.

six feet in diameter. Three of us worked together, and each took a shovel. For awhile the work went on bravely. But it was not long before we



open space. Carefully measuring the depth of the oven, we came up to the surface, marked off the distance, and dug a small hole downward. When this small hole met the oven, we built up the top with bricks and called it the chimney.



FIGURE 6.

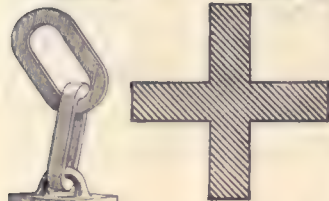


FIGURE 5.

Everything was now ready for "the bake." A fire was built, and while it was roaring we gathered corn and potatoes. Bearing



FIGURE 7.

these to the oven, we waited till only the coals and hot ashes were left, and then, throwing in the potatoes and the corn and covering them with grass, we waited till "the bake" was done. You can not imagine how much better the corn and the potatoes tasted than any that we ever had at the table. After two or three

fires had been built in the oven, the earth became so dry as to cave in—and this was always the end of "the hole." After that the gardener threw in whatever rubbish he wanted to dispose of, and there was nothing left for us boys but to fill up the hole. This was not as much fun as it was to dig it—but we always managed to do the filling, because we knew that, if we did not, we could not have permission to dig another hole when another spring came around.

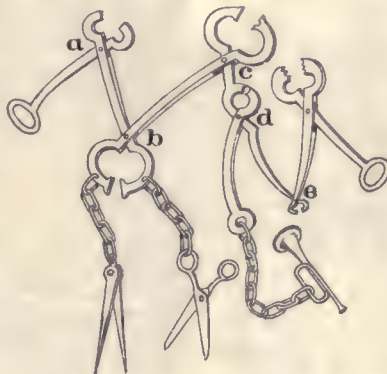


FIGURE 8. SOME TRIUMPHS OF WHITTLING.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WOODEN CHAINS, BUZZ-SAWS, AND FLAP-JACKS.

WE spoiled or broke many a two-bladed jack-knife in the process of whittling chains, etc., from blocks of wood. The blocks (for a beginner) were about an inch and a half square at each end and a foot long. Pine was the wood first selected, but as we learned how to avoid breaking our knives or splitting the wood, we took black walnut instead, because the links "finished" more handsomely. As we became more expert, we reduced

the size of the blocks until we were able to use them when they were as small as an inch or even three-quarters of an inch at the end. The first thing, after trimming the stick so that it would be perfectly square, was to dig out the four corners, so that each end would look like Fig. 5, which is made from what the lumber dealers call "inch stuff." Once in awhile, when we felt too lazy to dig the corners out with our knives, we had a carpenter plane them out with his tools. Our next move was to mark out the links so that they should be of a uniform length. If we were working in "inch stuff," the links were an inch and three-quarters long; but if we were working in "inch-and-a-half stuff," the links were two and a quarter inches long. You will see by Fig. 6 how we cut each link away from the rest, and how the whole chain was made out of a single piece of wood. Great care was taken not to split the wood at the place marked *a*. The links were very rough when they became loose, and each one was smoothed and afterward oiled. Sometimes we left the corners as they were at one end of the block and cut the open spaces at *b* and *c* (Fig. 7). This gave us a block which we afterward whittled into the shape of a ball. At other times, when we had more of the virtue of patience than usual, we cut from a

single piece of inch or inch-and-a-half board a number of pincers, with joints at *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d* (Fig. 8), that would allow them to open and shut. Another joint, at *e*, was so cut that the smallest pair of pincers worked at right angles to the others. There were also small chains of wood which held a draughtsman's compass, a bugle, and a pair of scissors—the whole, as I have said before, being made from a single block of wood.

What we called "buzz-saws" were imitations of the circular saws at the saw-mills. In order to make them, we first pounded the cover of an old blacking-box until the rim came off. Hav-

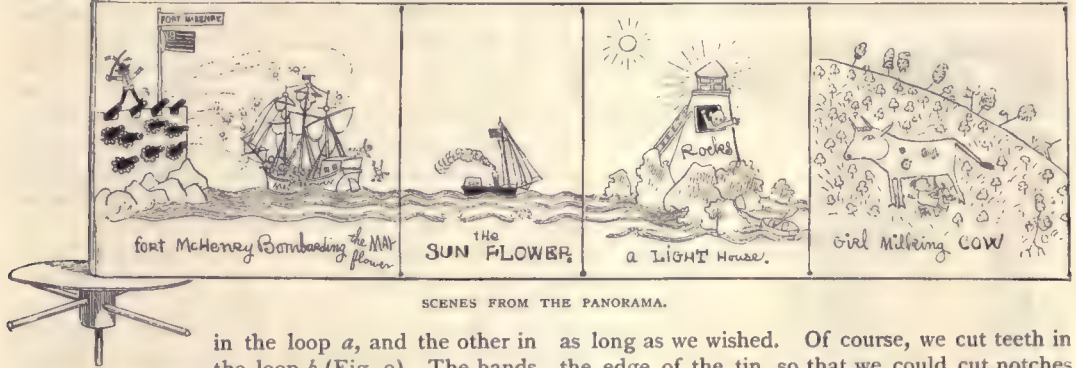


FIGURE 9.

ing flattened the round part, we punched two holes through it close to the center and perhaps half an inch apart. The holes were at the same distance

from the center. A string nearly four feet long was run through the holes, and the ends were tied together. One hand was placed

buzz-saw turned rapidly in the other direction. By thus bringing the hands nearer together and then pulling them apart, the buzz-saw would twirl



SCENES FROM THE PANORAMA.

in the loop *a*, and the other in the loop *b* (Fig. 9). The hands being then about two feet apart, they were pulled still farther apart. This motion caused the string

as long as we wished. Of course, we cut teeth in the edge of the tin, so that we could cut notches in any bit of wood that we came across. But when we had such a toy, you may be sure that we were



"THE FLAPJACK TURNED HEELS OVER HEAD WITH A GREAT NOISE." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

to twist, thus bringing the hands nearer together. Another motion of the hands outward, and the

not allowed to use it in the parlor. We sometimes made a safer and less noisy toy, similar in char-



acter but much smaller, by using buttons instead of the cover of the blacking-box.

So far as I know, my grandfather was the in-

were cut—usually an advertisement-card of some insurance company, the white side of which was as good for our purpose as if the whole card had been



SCENES FROM THE PANORAMA.

ventor of the "flapjack"—a plaything that he taught us to make and to use. The fork of a tree was selected—the two branches being about eighteen inches long and not more than one inch thick. Near the ends of the two branches there were cut notches, into which a double string was closely fitted. A flat stick—a little longer than the distance between the string and the place where the branches came together—was slipped between the double string, and twisted until the shortened string brought the ends of the branches very much closer. Then the flat stick was shoved down a little beyond the point where the two branches came together. The stick did not want to stay in that position, and therefore it was fastened to the fork with a piece of warm wax at *a* (Fig. 10). Stoves were higher from the floor in those days than they are now; and when the flapjack had been placed—stick side down—where the warm air under the stove would strike it, the wax became softer, and the flapjack turned heels over head with a great noise. And yet nobody was hurt; for the flapjack simply made people jump, because it jumped so suddenly itself.



FIGURE 10.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### PANORAMAS AND THE LIKE.

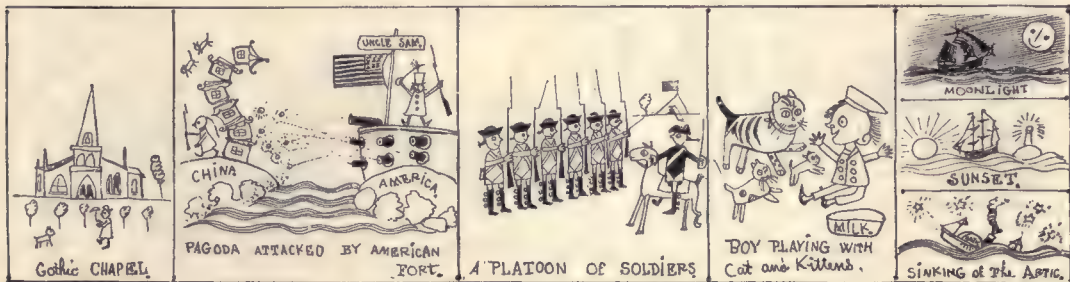
OF course, we had a glimpse of a magic-lantern once in awhile; but a really good lantern was unknown in the neighborhood. Nor was there any such thing as a stereopticon in existence. We thought ourselves fortunate when—at the suggestion of the older people—we were able to make a "Thames Tunnel." Eight pieces of card-board

blank. Each of the eight pieces was six inches wide from *a* to *b* (Fig. 11). The height from *a* to *c* was four inches; but we sometimes made each card a trifle higher than the one before it, so that the lower card—if they were laid one on another—would be an inch more from *a* to *c* than the upper card, or five inches instead of four inches. The upper card was then cut in the manner shown by the straight and curved lines in Fig. 11. The second card was cut with the same figure, only a trifle smaller; and so on—the eighth card having the smallest openings of all. Strips of thin brown wrapping-paper were pasted upon the edges of the cards in the manner shown in Fig. 12, so that the whole might fold together like an accordion. This done, the next thing was to cut small ships and boats from the illustrated papers, and to paste two or three of them on each card along the upper edge. Blue paint made these upper edges resemble the water. Small men, and horses drawing carts—which had also been cut from the papers and adjusted within the curved openings—gave the appearance (Fig. 13) of a great crowd passing through the celebrated tunnel under the Thames River in London, England.

But the painting of panoramas was a source of far greater amusement to us. Of course, we painted several, and I have time only to describe one, which is a good specimen of them all. It lies on the table before me as I write—a roll of yellowish paper, that was originally white, wound upon a round hickory stick (Fig. 14), eleven inches long and half an inch in diameter. The bottom part was an inch thick, and supported a tin plate. Heavy wires or nails were driven into the bottom of each roller. The opposite ends were provided with wire handles, with which we turned our rollers. The panorama itself was made by cutting blank sheets of newspaper into three strips, and then pasting them together. We thus had a roll of paper nine inches wide and as long as we chose, on

which we drew the pictures that were afterward painted. Here is a list of a part of the "pictures" in the panorama I have mentioned: "Fort

thatched cottage; a yellow country tavern, with horse-sheds; an American railway depot; a landscape in Italy—porphyry columns, overgrown



SCENES FROM THE PANORAMA.

McHenry bombarding the "Mayflower"; a mite of a steamer, named "The Sunflower"; a light-

with ivy; a castle, with draw-bridge and moat; views of Harvard College, and the Champs de Mars, Paris; Niagara Falls emptying into the ocean; an iceberg, painted dark brown; Minot's Ledge light-house; the wreck of the schooner "Hesperus"; again the "Mayflower," with a green hull, red masts, and blue booms; Columbus's vessel, the "Santa Maria"; a black, three-masted

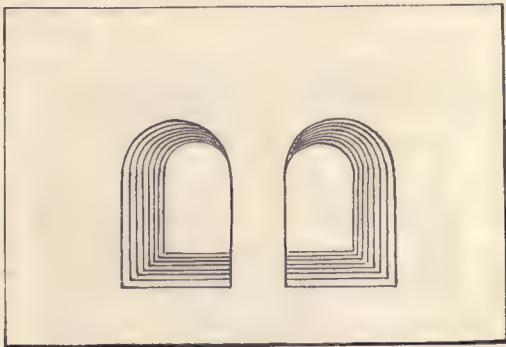


FIGURE 11.

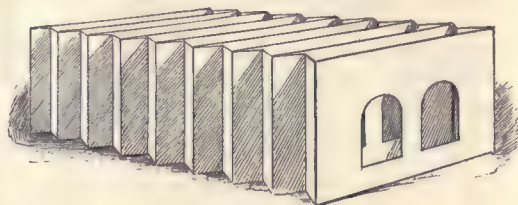


FIGURE 12.

house, on which was the sign "Rocks"; a girl milking a very sick-looking cow; another girl reading a book on the roof of a red house, with a yellow cornice; the heathen in Madagascar chopping off a rope and letting the missionaries fall headlong on the rocks below; St. Peter's Church in Rome; a bird's nest in a tree; a Chinese fort; a Turkish soldier (taller than the tree and twice as tall as the fort); the Grand Mufti—who stands taller than the spire of a Gothic chapel near by; a Chinese pagoda—into which an American fort is firing cannon-balls; a platoon of soldiers that are almost as tall as a cat and kittens with which a chestnut-haired boy is playing; a series of marine views—all shades of blue water—including Gosnold's ship, red, yellow, and brown schooners, pink steamers, and purple yachts with red sails; the sinking of the steamer "Arctic"; groups of cottages, with pink or purple roofs and red or blue doors and windows; Windsor Castle, as it was originally built; a grove of peacock-blue trees; a "lone fisherman," all in yellow; the ruins of Kenilworth Castle; a

gun-boat—the only really artistic picture in the lot; and, finally, the "Port of London"—a perfect maze of vessels—which concluded the exhibition.

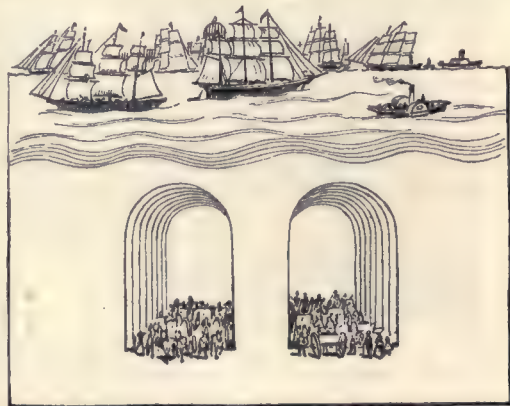


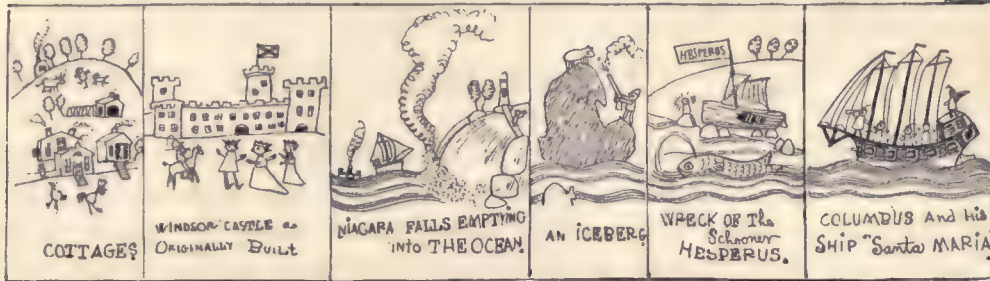
FIGURE 13.

Only a part of the pictures are mentioned above—for it would be too tiresome for any one to read a complete list. When the panorama was to be



shown, the roll (Fig. 14) was placed in one end of the box, at *b* (Fig. 15), and another roller just like it was placed at the point *a*. The loose end of the

pictures. One of the younger sisters, whom we called "Peggotty," was employed to turn the crank, while some of "us



SCENES FROM THE PANORAMA. (FIGURE 14.)

panorama having been fastened to the roller *a*, the crank was slowly turned, thus bringing the pan-

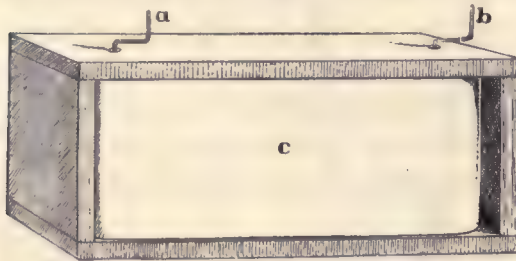


FIGURE 15.

orama into view at *c*. At the rear were two or three candles or a lamp, used to "light up" the

boys" explained the views to "the audience." This is the way in which a certain juvenile paper of the day spoke of the performance:

"PANORAMA.—This panorama was exhibited last Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock. The place where the panorama was exhibited was an unfinished room over the kitchen. A part of the room was divided from the rest by sheets; and a small hole, eighteen inches long and eight wide, was left in which to show the panorama. The audience consisted of nine persons, and the tickets were two cents apiece. The first thing was the first house in Wilmington, N. C., and a moonlight view of a bombardment by Fort McHenry. After crossing over a strip of water, we come into China; and after this, among other things, we have views of the following: Windsor Castle; the house at Genoa, in Italy, in which Columbus was born; the corner of a Mexican temple; the first church that was built in Cincinnati, Ohio; the mosaic temple in Benares; Gosnold's ship in 1602; some Indians; the steam-ship "Arabia"; a revenue cutter; a Spanish vessel; an American pirate ship, and the port of London. The panorama is nearly one hundred feet long, and I intend to have another part to it, which will be composed mostly of views in the Eastern continent and in South America."

(To be concluded.)



DOLLY ENJOYS A VIEW OF THE THAMES TUNNEL.

## THE STORY OF THE PAPER DOLLIES.

BY BESSIE HILL.

ONCE there was a ver-y nice girl who lived in the coun-try. Her name was Kate. She had a lit-tle sis-ter named Ma-bel; and Kate and Ma-bel would play out-of-doors ev-er-y fine day. Some-times they took their dog Car-lo with them, and he would leap be-fore them and bark with joy. Then Kate would throw a stick,—oh, so far!—for him to catch. She could throw a stick twice as far as Ma-bel could. If Ma-bel tried too hard she would fall down, and then Car-lo would try to lift her up, and she would put her lit-tle arms a-round his neck to help him all she could. Some-times Kate and Ma-bel found flow-ers and ber-ries in the field for Mam-ma, and some-times they would go to the brook and watch the lit-tle fish swim past. Or else they would roll a hoo-ple down the long gar-den walk, or jump a rope, or Kate would put lit-tle roll-er skates on Ma-bel and teach her to skate.

But on rain-y days they would stay in the house. Kate oft-en had work to do, or lessons to stud-y, but as soon as she had a mo-ment to spare, Ma-bel would say, in a fun-ny, coax-ing way, “Now, Ka-ty, please ’muse me.” “Ver-y well,” Kate would say; “I ’ll a-muse you, you dar-ling. What shall we do?”

Ma-bel knew Kate could do so man-y things, that it was hard to make a choice. Play-ing stage with the chairs was great fun; so was look-ing at a pict-ure-book; so was dress-ing the dol-lies; so was play-ing hide-and-seek; and so was hear-ing sto-ries, for Kate could tell ev-er so man-y nice sto-ries. But oft-en Ma-bel would not choose an-y of these things. No. She would run in-stead, and beg her Mam-ma for some sheets of pa-per and the scis-sors, and then Kate would laugh and say:

“I know what you want now! You want some pa-per dol-lies.”

“Yes,” Ma-bel would say, nod-ding her head and get-ting down on the floor close to Ka-tie’s feet, “I want pa-per dol-lies.”

Then Kate would cut, and cut, and cut till Ma-bel had as many as she wished.

One day Ma-bel looked out of the win-dow, and there sat a poor lit-tle girl by the fence.

“What ’s your name, lit-tle girl?” called out Ma-bel, as Kate o-pened the win-dow. “You ’ll get wet there. Come in-to my house. It ’s rain-ing.”



But the poor lit-tle girl was a-fraid to o-pen the gate. She be-gan to cry. "Don't cry!" called Ma-bel. "Oh, Ka-ty, Ka-ty! She's cry-ing!"

Then Kate went down and brought the lit-tle girl in, and let her sit by the kitch-en fire till she felt warm and dry. Then she and Ma-bel gave the lit-tle girl some bread and tea and cake, and Kate found a bas-ket and filled



KATE CUTS OUT THE PAPER DOLLIES FOR MABEL.

it full of bread and meat and eggs and tea for the lit-tle girl to take home with her. And you may be sure the lit-tle girl did not cry then.

And Ma-bel put in all the pa-per dolls she had, and kissed the lit-tle girl for "Good-bye."

"Come a-gain, lit-tle girl," she said, "and Ka-ty'll make you more pa-per dol-lies."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—Yes, my dears, it's getting nearer and clearer every day—the sound of that school-bell. But, before it grows so loud and pressing as to drive all other sounds quite out of hearing, we'll have time to look into the subject of

#### WAR ON THE SPARROWS.

ABOUT fourteen years ago, Deacon Green tells me, America's own poet, William Cullen Bryant, wrote in verse a beautiful welcome to the English sparrow—the "Stranger Bird," as he called it, then a new-comer (brought over from England) and an object of general interest. The little stranger birds very soon made themselves at home in our towns and cities. They went to housekeeping, reared their families, chirped and quarreled and struggled for a living very much as their biped brother man did. Soon the country round about knew the little birds, and even the farmers gave them a sort of grudging welcome. Children watched them with a kindly courtesy, and even men and women would pause in their busy ways to wonder at the active, hardy little emigrants, who were so willing to go west, east, north, or south in the new land and settle. But that was a dozen years ago. The little stranger bird soon grew familiar, then abundant, and now people rise against them and tell them to begone. Letters are written to the newspapers proposing various ways of destroying them. They are welcome no longer. It's a free country, but not free to the sparrows.

Perhaps I ought to feel differently, my children, and tell you that the little creatures have become troublesome, that they drive away better birds, that they don't eat insects and slugs, and they do

eat fruit and grain. Perhaps I ought to read you a lesson from all this, and say, Behold, my children, the effects of ill-doing! But I can not. I am only a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and there are so many things worse than sparrows!

Think of it! Only fourteen years since the old poet sang in his kindness:

I hear the note of a stranger bird  
That ne'er till now in our land was heard.  
A winged settler has taken his place  
With Teutons and men of the Celtic race;  
He has followed their path to our hemisphere—  
The Old-World sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,  
The fowler's snare and the poisoned grain,  
But snug-built homes on the friendly tree,  
And crumbs for his chirping family  
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear,  
For the Old-World sparrow is welcome here!

#### THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

Now and then my birds bring me a letter from some learned scientific man—pretty heavy for them to carry, and yet too interesting to be thrown down under my pulpit (the letter, I mean, not the learned scientific man). Here is one, for instance, that can be accepted word for word as a true account. So many of my youngsters have been by the sea and on the sea during the past summer that, for their sakes, I. E. shall have a hearty welcome and a hearing:

DEAR JACK: If you will give me room, I would like to say a few words to your school-boys and school-girls about deep sea soundings: When, half a dozen years ago, the English men of science in the "Challenger" sent word that they had succeeded in sinking their sounding-lead to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean through water 3862 fathoms deep, everybody thought it very wonderful. But last winter, the officers of the Coast Survey steamer "Blake" made a record with their lead-line (of piano-wire) of 4561 fathoms, at a point seventy-five miles north of San Juan, Porto Rico, in the West Indies. But a greater abyss than this even has been reached by another American steamer, the "Tuscarora," for her officers say that, between Japan and the Aleutian Islands, they "found bottom" at a depth of 4643 fathoms. A fathom is six feet, and a mile contains only 5280 feet; so that this depth is almost six miles. There is only one mountain in the world that stands as high as that above the surface, yet probably thousands of square miles of ocean bottom are much more than this depth below it. In Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's little book, "Old Ocean," he says that if Nature were to plane down the earth with its mountain ranges in order to fill the ocean valleys, and so make a perfectly smooth surface all over the globe, "she would find it needful to dig away all the dry land of the globe and also much which is submerged, and then salt water would cover everything with a uniform depth of over a mile." This means that the general average of land surface is sunk a mile deeper below the level of the ocean beach than it is raised above by all the mountain masses. I. E.

#### A PET RABBIT.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR JACK: I am ten years old. I have a pet rabbit; he has black ears, feet, and nose, and the rest is white, and his eyes are pink. He used to go under the parlor table just at dusk, but now he goes upstairs and finds shelter in some dark corner. One night, he got under the bed, and we had quite a hard time to get him out. He likes bread and gingerbread very much, and if I have either he follows me wherever I go until he gets some. One night I thought he was lost, and we hunted everywhere and could not find him. At last, we looked under the outer kitchen and he was there. We tried to coax him out with cantelope, and he drew it under; then we tried bread, and he came out. One day he was chased by a dog, and I heard the bell on the dog and the one on the rabbit, and I chased the dog out and the rabbit went under the porch. The dog was a good ratter and mistook Bunny for a rat. WALTER L. F.

Now, Walter, Jack wishes you to ask some wise body this question, if you can not answer it yourself: If a dog can make a *mistake* of that kind,



does it, or does it not, prove that a dog can think? My birds tell me, though, that the dog knew it was Bunny, but *thought* he would try a rabbit for a change.

#### AN IMPORTANT INSECT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Have your birds ever told you about the insect which, according to "Cassell's Family Magazine," has lately been discovered in Yucatan, Central America, by an American explorer? And, if so, do you know what it looks like? I do not. But hear what my book says of his possible performances:

It is called Neen, and belongs to the Coccus family, which feeds on the mango tree, and swarms in these regions. It is of considerable size, yellowish-brown in color, and emits a peculiar odor. The body of the insect contains a large proportion of grease, which is highly prized by the natives for applying to the skin on account of its medicinal properties. When exposed to great heat, the lighter oils of the grease volatilize, leaving behind a tough wax which resembles shellac, and may be used for making varnish or lacquer. When burnt, this wax produces a thick semi-fluid mass, like a solution of india rubber, and it is expected that this glutinous liquid will be very valuable for cement and water-proofing.

Yours truly,

JANET C. W.

No, my birds have not described this identical sort of gifted insect, but a little quail of my acquaintance says if he ever should taste one he would be sure to know it. Neither the Little School-ma'am, who is much interested in the account, nor the Deacon, can give me any further particulars about the newly discovered insect.

#### A RAILWAY VELOCIPEDE.



THE Deacon, by the way, wishes me to show you this picture of what he calls "A Railway Velocipede," and he says it will interest all the young ST. NICHOLAS "wheelmen," whoever they may be. The Deacon adds that the queer velocipede is an actual "machine," and is explained by this letter to him from a certain C. J.:

DEAR DEACON GREEN: The accompanying picture shows a velocipede designed to transport the employes of a railway company along the lines.

It is now used in most of the railways round Lake Michigan. The machine is propelled by the rider working the hand-lever, as shown; but the feet can also be called into play in order to insure greater speed. As the friction on the rails is very slight, the driver can readily attain a speed of twelve miles an hour; and if a train should be seen approaching, he can dismount very quickly and cant it off the rails.

Yours truly,

C. J.

#### A BULL-DOG ANT.

HAVE any of my young observers in this part of the world ever seen a fly attack an ant, or an ant trouble a fly? Probably not. But according to

a brave traveler named Livingstone, a certain species of small ant in Africa will worry flies in a sort of bull-dog way that can not be commended. One of these little insects will conquer even the house-fly, by seizing his wing or leg and holding on. The fly goes about as usual for awhile, but by and by he is tired out and gives up. Then the persevering ant devours the poor fellow without further ceremony.

#### A BUTTERFLY-HUNT IN RIO JANEIRO.

DEAR JACK: During two days which we spent in Rio Janeiro, we visited the Botanical Gardens, and saw the beautiful avenues of palms which distinguish them. I did not know before that palms were so beautiful, so strange, and yet so graceful. Their pictures always seemed to me like grown-up feather-dusters.

We soon found ourselves in a part of the garden where tropical plants of every kind are allowed to run wild, forming a tangled underbrush, through which run well-kept walks.

We had been here but a minute when we saw, resting on a flower, a butterfly, more beautiful than ever I had seen. He was of a pale-green, with markings. I thought immediately of the Agassiz Association. Alas! he flew away, and we saw him no more. Hardly was he gone when a purple one, of so brilliant metallic luster that he seemed to reflect the sunlight, flitted by us.

A gentleman with us sprang over a little stream in order to catch him, and sank deep into a bog. So that one, too, was lost. Then began a regular chase for butterflies, and during the next ten minutes I saw more different kinds of butterflies than I had seen during the thirteen years of my previous existence. The largest was a pale-blue one, fully as large as a bat. Not one did we catch, so I can do nothing but tantalize butterfly hunters by any description of their beauties. One was jet-black, with a light blue spot on each of his front wings, and a crimson one on each of his hind wings. There were a good many of these on the other side of a fence, which we could n't get over. Truly your friend,

A. B. G.

Now that is just the kind of a butterfly-hunt your Jack likes. Butterflies beautiful and abundant, atmosphere sunny, scenery picturesque, hunters enthusiastic and active, and nobody hurt. Not one joyous butterfly less in the world than when the chase began.

Not that your Jack is down on the naturalists—oh, no. But then a butterfly has such a short time to live at best, and your naturalists can try again, summer after summer.

#### A SCORPION MOTHER.

Now don't suppose, my hearers, that I am going to tell you about a very cruel and unnatural parent. Not at all. There is no reason to suppose that a scorpion mother is harder by nature, or more irritable in her feelings, than a turtle-dove mother. I merely propose to show you part of a letter from a good correspondent who, being, like A. B. G., a member of the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association, sometimes takes notes about what she sees and hears:

LAKE WORTH, Florida.

\* \* I have been very much interested in watching a family of scorpions. I caught a fine scorpion and put it in a bottle. Next morning its back was covered with eggs, about as large as pin heads, not round, but oval. We counted twenty-two. They were in straight, regular rows. When they hatched, the little scorpions remained on the old scorpion's back, without moving, for several days. When we pushed them off with a stick they scrambled back, climbing up their mother's claws and tail. Sometimes she picked them up in her claws and put them on her back. In a week the old scorpion found herself, much in the condition of the "Old woman who lived in a shoe." These were the common scorpions (*Butkus Carolinianus*), I think.

LIDA BROWN.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

July, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This summer, we four girls have a little Reading Club, and every two or three afternoons in the week we start off with our book to a charming place on the bank of a river. We will describe this place to you the best we can, and see if you can't give us some nice name for it. It is on the bank overlooking a small river; here is a large oak tree, the limbs being arranged so as to make a nice, cozy seat for the reader, while the rest of us sit around on the grass, sketching, sewing, or doing anything we like. Up the river a little way is an island covered with trees, ferns, and vines; right by this island another river flows down to meet this one, and all along the banks are drooping trees. Down the river are rocks, and stones, and an old mill, making the scenery very picturesque. Do give us a name for our nook.

BELLE, MAY, FAUN, and KATE

Why not name the chosen spot of your Reading Club "Oak Knoll," after the present home of the poet Whittier?—or "The Talking Oak," after the title of one of Tennyson's most celebrated poems? If you prefer a special name of your own, how would THE RIVER GLEN do?

NEW YORK, July, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Rome, N. Y., and I am at school here in New York. I take ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much. I read what you said in the last number about the way rubber balls are made. I think they are made in two parts, and then joined together, because I had a rubber ball once and it broke apart right through the center. Your constant reader,

DAISY W.

Thanks, Daisy. Has anybody another theory to suggest?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your correspondent's sensible suggestion, to fix important dates in children's minds by means of easy rhymes, reminds me of how the poet Southey taught his little daughter some facts in natural history and in grammar at the same time:

"A cow's daughter is called a calf;  
A sheep's child is a lamb.  
My darling must not say 'I are,'  
But must always say 'I am.'"

How would the following do as a short history lesson?

In seventeen hundred and sixty-nine  
Two baby boys saw the light,  
Who, long before your time or mine,  
Met in a desperate fight.

On Waterloo's red battle-field  
France lost, and England won;  
Napoleon there was forced to yield  
To the Duke of Wellington.

Yours truly, L. B.

CHARDON, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It says in the dictionary that "lurid" means ghastly pale, gloomy. Therefore, Mr. Trowbridge is right, and Mr. Forbes is wrong. Yours respectfully, GEORGIE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old, and take the ST. NICHOLAS, which I think is the best magazine published. I guess about all its readers agree with me in that.

We came out West here to live because Papa's health was so poor, and I think this is a lovely place.

In winter it was very cold, the thermometer at one time being thirty below zero! We did n't do much those days but keep warm.

Then in a few days it was so warm that we could go out without any outside wraps on.

It is very different here from Newton, Mass., where I used to live. Manitou, the "Saratoga of the West," is right next to us, about five miles off, and I have tasted all the Springs,—Iron, Soda, and Sulphur,—and I think they are all horrid!

I liked "Donald and Dorothy" and "Jack and Jill" ever and ever so much.

I always like every one of your stories, dear ST. NICHOLAS. I like the subjects for compositions, too, and should try for the prizes if you got to me soon enough.

Give my love to Deacon Green and the "Little School-ma'am," who are both as nice as can be.

Your constant and loving reader, BESSIE H. B.

HERE is one more letter about the rhyme of the little girl who had a little curl. We print it because it settles the question of the authorship of the verse beyond dispute:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In behalf of my little ones, Jessie and Harold, aged 8 and 4, who take great delight in your monthly visits, I answer your query as to the author of the jingle,

"There was a little girl,  
And she had a little curl," etc.,

by telling you that I have a letter from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Mr. Longfellow's publishers, saying that Mr. Longfellow did compose the one stanza beginning as above, but never published it. The subsequent additions, or parodies, however ("There was a little boy," etc.), were made by other persons. Yours truly,

A. H. NELSON.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and have been reading your precious pages four years. I live on the Guilford battle-ground, where Greene and Cornwallis fought; we find many relics of the battle—bullets and human bones, etc. And I have found in the kitchen garret, covered with the dust and cobwebs of all these years, a lovely spinning-wheel, with the date 1717 and the letters M. C. cut in it. It was my great-great-grandmother's.

SUSIE B. H.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are very kind to wish to hear if I am still good, and I wanted to tell you that I 'most lost my May ST. NICHOLAS, but Papa says I'd best wait awhile before I say how good (!) you make me.

I have two canaries, and they have a nest with four little eggs in it, for all the world like the picture in this May number—the spots and all. They sit on the side of the nest, and look just as wise at the eggs as yours do. (Papa says they are from Germany, and are wondering whether there is any germ in the shells.)

I wish you could see them—but I will send you one of the little birds when the eggs grow up.

Your fond friend, CUCHEE SMITH.

HOBOKEN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. I go to No. 4 School, and am in the fourth class. I am going to tell you how we get your magazine in our class. We have a bank on which is engraved, "Pass around the hat." The scholars drop in the pennies they have to spare.

We also received fifty cents from our principal for selling tickets for an entertainment. He gave us twenty-five per cent. on every dollar's worth we sold; and as we sold two dollars' worth, we raised money enough in that way for two magazines. We have six months in all.

We like ST. NICHOLAS very much, and we read it in the class instead of our Readers, which have n't very nice pieces, and those that are interesting are so short.

Yours, very respectfully, SOPHIE K.

BROOKLYN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine since 1875, and like it very much.

I like your magazine better than any other that I have read; and although I am fourteen years old, I expect to take your magazine for several years longer.

I have read all of the serial stories that have been in ST. NICHOLAS for seven or eight years, and have enjoyed them all. G. M. L.



## AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—THIRTIETH REPORT.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

In response to the call in a late number of ST. NICHOLAS for specialists in conchology, I will undertake to answer any queries in regard to, or identify, any specimens of land or fresh-water shells of North America; will also "ex." for good specimens.

H. A. PILSBRY.

The number of members joining our summer classes is quite gratifying. It is not yet too late to begin. The subject for the month in Entomology is *Neuroptera*. Records of original observations are to be prepared after the plan given in July ST. NICHOLAS, and sent to Prof. G. Howard Parker, Academy of Sciences, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Botany Class will take up *Leaves* this month, and specimens—or better, drawings (see July number)—should be prepared at once, in accordance with the following scheme, and sent to Prof. Jones, Salt Lake City, Utah:

## III. LEAVES.

ORDINARY LEAVES—SIMPLE.

PARTS:

<i>Stipules:</i>	<i>Tip (continued):</i>
foliaceous (for shapes, see blade),	cuspidate,
scale-like (for shapes, see blade),	aristate,
thorny,	mucronate,
glandular (for kinds, see hairs),	obtusé,
attachment,	truncatæ,
free,	retuse,
adnate,	emarginate,
connate,	obcordate,
sheathing, etc.	combinations.
uses,	<i>Base:</i>
common,	acuminate,
special (bud scales, ligules, etc.).	acute,
	obtusé,
	truncate,
	retuse,
	emarginate,
	auriculate,
	sagittate,
	hastate,
	cordate,
	reniform.
	combinations.
<i>Petiole:</i>	<i>Edge:</i>
shapes (see stems),	entire.
lengths,	serrate,
appendages,	simple,
wings,	double,
glands,	spinulose,
teeth,	sharp,
etc. (see hairs).	obtusé,
	glandular, etc.
<i>Uses:</i>	dentate (for kinds, see serrate),
ordinary,	scalloped,
special,	sinuate,
as leaves (phyllodia)	incised,
tendrils,	lobed,
water-catchers,	palinate,
store-houses, etc.	pinnate,
	number,
<i>Blade:</i>	cleft,
shapes.	simple,
<i>Body:</i>	compound,
linear,	palinate,
lanceolate,	pinnate,
oblanceolate,	number,
ovate,	cleft,
obovate,	simple,
spatulate,	compound,
cuneate,	palinate,
elliptical,	pinnate,
oval,	number,
orbicular,	parted (for kinds, see cleft),
peltate,	number,
combinations.	divided (for kinds, see parted).
<i>Tip:</i>	
acuminate,	
acute,	

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
499	Princeton, Ill. (C).....	6..	Harry Bailey.
500	Stockbridge, Mass. (A)...	46..	Miss Bessie C. Chaffee.
501	Philadelphia, Pa. (O).....	5..	Mrs. E. P. McCormick, 1525 Bouvier.
502	Herkimer, N. Y. (A).....	5..	Geo. W. Nellis.
503	Nassau, N. Y. (A).....	6..	Miss Emily P. Sherman.
504	Oswego, N. Y. (B).....	28..	Miss Alice T. Weed, 108 W. 7.
505	Brazil, Ind. (B).....	7..	Hugh T. Montgomery.
506	Port Henry, N. Y. (A)....	4..	John Thomas.
507	Tonawanda, N. Y. (A)....	5..	Miss Jennie Faulkner.
508	Middlebury, Vt. (B).....	4..	Miss May A. Bolton.
509	Macomb, Ill. (A).....	10..	Miss Nellie Tunncliffe.
510	Burlington, Wis. (A)....	4..	Miss Clara Keuper.
511	Blackwater, Fla. (A)....	8..	Miss Kitty C. Roberts.

## REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

363, Saco, combines music with science, having "four violinists, two guitarists, two pianists, and two flutists." Hear the origin of an enthusiastic girl's museum: "We decided that it was n't fair for the boys to do *everything*; so we decided *we* would start a museum. We started with a few shells we found on the shore and some cones we found in the woods. Our friends gave us some things, till, in all, we had about one hundred specimens. Now I have full possession of a room in which to keep my treasures. I have some *beautiful* nests. I've fossilized wood, teeth, bones, and shells, and a great many minerals," etc., etc., through six delightful pages, which we must pass over to make room for Keyport, N. J., whose secretary, Phelps Cherry, says: "Our president gave us each one of the orders of insects, and we made a study of them and brought in a composition about each order."—The Chapters of Greeley, Col., 425 and 474, had a union meeting on Agassiz's birthday. The secretary writes: "Whenever a member goes abroad, let him seek out a Chapter, and let that Chapter entertain him. Get up a spirit like this all over, and every one would enjoy himself. I wish to see a brotherly feeling all over the United States about this. And another thing, if the Association could hold conventions of ten or twelve Chapters in different places, what a good thing it would be. When I go East, next summer, I want to meet different Chapters and tell them about our Western country." [There is much good sense in all this, and we are growing into just that sort of "brotherly spirit" all the time.]—Linwood M. Howe writes from Hallowell, Maine: "I have been able, though alone and unaided, to collect over seventy geological specimens. I have a note-book, and jot down anything of interest. I find that it takes just one month for a robin (counting from the laying of the egg) to fly."—Belpre, O., writes: "I begin to think that our little 'one horse' Chapter may do something. I should like to know if any other members have noticed that birds sing the same song in different keys? The other day, I noticed a little bluebird singing a song. It paused, and then transposed it into another key, sang in that strain awhile, and then changed the same song into a third key."—Fannie Rathbone, Lockport, N. Y. (our largest Chapter), writes: "Truly, our record is a bright one. We have a membership of 130: a fine cabinet filled with splendid specimens, and containing the nucleus of a natural history library, furnishes us with much interesting knowledge."—Robert H. McGrath, 1038 Third street, Brooklyn, has some excellent books, and "will send all the information that I can on eggs or spiders, on receipt of postal card or stamp."—Francis Parsons, Hartford, Conn., B. writes: "We keep note-books about birds that we see, the weather, first snow-storm, etc. A friend of ours hangs out meat-bones, and watches the chickadees, creepers, and nut-hatches that come and feed on them."—Rosemont, Pa., is "growing more interested" [and consequently more interesting]. Grace Austin Smith, their secretary, writes: "We are making two herbariums, and the general collection is increasing."—Abington, Mass., has celebrated its anniversary. After the address of welcome, the secretary read a report for the year. Recitation, "Birthday of Agassiz"; essay, "The day we spent at White Rock"; treasurer's report; bountiful collation. The president then introduced the toast-master, who proposed the following: "Our Association," "Our Poetess," "The Ladies," "Our Younger Members." During the year the membership had increased from four to fifteen. [A most excellent record—who can excel it?]—Wiconisco (231) is holding the "even tenor of our way," and has increased to above twenty members, and has fossils to exchange.—Jessie P. Smith, secretary of Ambler, writes that her Chapter proposes to undertake silk-worm culture.

NEILLSVILLE, WIS.

H. H. BALLARD—*Dear Sir:* Our Chapter grows in interest. We have been studying mainly from books, which, though not according to your advice, is good to keep young people busy. An essay each evening has been one of our plans, and we find it a good one. Our cabinet—two and a half feet by six feet—is full, not room for another article. Another must be built. True, we had most of these specimens before we organized a Chapter; but the new ones are not the least valuable. The best of it all, to me, is the interest, the alertness of the children.

Yours, etc., MRS. M. F. BRADSHAW.

## NOTES.

(40) *Frog-hoppers*.—The drops of froth found on grasses in the spring contain little insects: at first, a yellow worm; later, a green insect; at last, the perfect little black bug. Can any one give the scientific name?

LILLIAN E. ROGERS.

(41) *Caddis-flies*.—I found some caddis-fly cases in the brook, and put them in water at home. The grubs crawled about. They have three pairs of legs: a long pair close to the cases; a shorter pair next, and a still shorter pair next to the head, which is black.

HERBERT FORSYTH.

(42) *Hair-snake*.—I saw it pulling a stone along in the bottle in which I kept it. As I stood looking at it, it tied itself up into a knot and died.

OWEN B. ADAMS.

(43) *Bittern*.—One of our friends has a bittern; his diet is frogs, snakes, and insects. He will not eat toads. FRANK BURDICK.

(44) *Microscopic Photography*.—A friend showed me some very fine photographs which he had taken through a microscope, and they surprised me by their size and clearness. EDWARD McDOWELL.

(45) *Spiders*.—There were found under a boulder what appeared at first to be white, silken cocoons, but on examination they were found to contain spiders, that came out when warmed. The spiders are about one centimeter long and five millimeters wide. The legs are five millimeters long. The cephalo-thorax is black on top and gray on the sides. The abdomen is black, spotted with white on top and gray on the sides. The underside is gray and covered with hairs. GEO. AYER.

#### GALVESTON, TEXAS.

(46) *Electric Fish*.—I wrote you in my letter of July 17th about a fish, the substance of which you kindly published in the ST. NICHOLAS for December. It is a rare fish in our Southern waters. To-day, I received a letter from W. C. Phillips, of New Bedford, who supposed it to be the *Torpedo oculata* or eyed torpedo—a mistake probably arising from the fact that the eyed torpedo is the only electrical fish found on the Massachusetts coast. It is a kind of ray or skate. The ray is plentiful in the Gulf of Mexico, and I am perfectly familiar with its different families. To have compared the fish I described, or a red gurnard (which I mentioned as its shape), with an eyed torpedo would have been absurd. It resembles it as little in appearance as it does the *Gymnotus electricus*, or electric eel, although each is armed with an electric apparatus, differently located, and similar but in effect. The fish I mentioned was neither of these; it belongs to South American waters; it is described as in possession of an electrical apparatus or battery intermediate in character between those of *Gymnotus* and torpedo, though of much finer texture. The details of the interior arrangement are too lengthy to form a part of this letter. The direction of the current is probably from the head to the tail; the cephalic extremity being positive and the caudal negative. It is the *Malapterus electricus*—the *Silurus electricus* of the old authors. PHILIP C. TUCKER, JR.

#### EXCHANGES AND QUESTIONS.

Pressed plants.—D. F. Carpenter, New Salem, Mass.  
Are there pink amethysts?—J. F. Stevens, 1127 Mt. Vernon street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Correspondence on birds and rocks.—George B. Hudson, Wareham, Mass.

What forms the cement in coquina?

449. Richmond B. has 30 members, instead of 6.  
For best three varieties of fossils received within three months, I will give a collection of thirty varieties of same—all fine, labeled specimens.—W. R. Lighton, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Petrified wood agates and geodes, for insects and birds' eggs.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood avenue, Jackson, Mich.

Birds' eggs.—Harry Bailey, Princeton, Illinois.

Copper for quartz.—Linwood Howe, box 353, Hallowell, Me.

Labeled shells for same.—H. B. Shaw, 253 S. Union street, Burlington, Vt.

Turtles' eggs.—Charlotte H. Cochrane, Sixth avenue, Newark, N. J.

Beetles of Illinois.—Chas. F. Gettemy, 208 N. Academy street, Galesburg, Ill.

Eggs.—Dr. E. A. Patton, 721 Nicollet ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Many varieties to exchange for well-identified side-blown specimens. Red and black iron ore and calcite, for specimens from West and South.—John P. Gavit, 3 La Fayette Place, Albany, N. Y.

Moths and cocoons.—Mabel Adams, secretary 113, 307 N. Third street, Camden, N. J. (Have large moths any proboscis?)

Gold and other ores.—W. D. Burnham, 697 Curtis street, Denver, Col.

Very fine insects.—Edward McDowell, 264 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

Prof. French is having such remarkable success with our botanical members that we gladly append his exchange list. Members of each of these Chapters are preparing sets of 100 plants for exchange.

#### EXCHANGE LIST.

No. of

Chap. Canada:

451 Beech Hill.—Sydney Mines, C. B., Margaret S. Brown.

Maine:

368 } Saco.—Helen Montgomery.

446 } Waldoboro.—Thomas Brown

442 Brunswick.—E. B. Young.

443 New Hampshire:

440 Keene.—Frank H. Foster.

284 Marlboro Depot.—Lucy A. Whitcomb. (Swansey, N. H.)

#### Massachusetts:

1 Lenox.—Harlan H. Ballard.

92 N. Cambridge.—Fred E. Keay.

124 Jamaica Plain.—Geo. W. Wheelwright, Jr.

203 Framingham.—Chester Cutting.

256 Newton Upper Falls.—Josie M. Hopkins.

352 Amherst.—Edith S. Field.

367 Boston.—Annie Darling, 47 Concord Square.

269 Waltham.—H. I. Hancock, box 1339.

283 Greenfield.—C. H. K. Sanderson.

231 Webster.—Robert Leavitt.

438 Somerville.—Chas. E. Perkins.

#### Connecticut:

123 Waterbury.—Herbert N. Johnson.

#### New York:

87 New York.—Geo. Aery, Jr., 257 Madison street.

114 Auburn.—S. E. Robb, pres.

191 New York.—Buckner Van Amringe, 51 E. Forty-fourth street.

215 Tioga Center.—Angie Latimer.

286 Stockport.—Willard J. Fisher.

Auburn.—E. L. Hickok, 13 Aurelius avenue.

336 Brooklyn.—F. E. Cocks, 136 Seventh street.

374 Sag Harbor.—C. R. Sleight.

409 Aurora.—E. L. French.

476 Westtown.—W. Evans.

272 Cayuga.—H. D. Willard.

#### New Jersey:

113 Camden.—Mabel Adams, 307 N. Third street.

403 Newark.—C. H. Barrows.

423 Perth Amboy.—Bertha Mitchell.

#### Pennsylvania:

77 Wilkes Barre.—Helen M. Reynolds.

110 Frankford, Phila.—R. T. Taylor, 4701 Leiper street.

206 State College.—Geo. C. McKee.

289 Cambria Station.—Ellis P. Oberholzer.

314 Lancaster.—E. R. Heitschu.

255 Chester.—F. R. Gilbert.

258 Reading.—W. W. Mills.

#### Ohio:

154 Jefferson.—Clara L. Northway.

310 Belpre.—Fanny Rathbone.

323 Bryan.—Ethel Gillis.

#### Indiana:

431 Terre Haute.—Jacob Greiner, 432 Center street.

#### Illinois:

153 Chicago.—Frank W. Wentworth, 1337 Michigan avenue.

229 Chicago.—Ezra Larned, 2546 Dearborn street.

#### Michigan:

328 Buchanan.—William Talbot.

50 Flint.—Hattie Lovell.

#### Wisconsin:

134 De Pere.—Annie S. Gilbert.

253 Poynette.—Harry Russell.

344 Monroe.—J. J. Schindler.

Baraboo.—Marie MacKenna, box 1313.

#### Iowa:

285 Dubuque.—Alvin Wheeler.

330 Cedar Rapids.—Charles R. Eastman.

#### Minnesota:

121 St. Paul.—Frank Ramaley.

#### Missouri:

366 Webster Groves.—Edwin R. Allen.

#### Kentucky:

133 Erlanger.—L. M. Bedinger.

207 Bowling Green.—Jennie P. Glenn.

#### Florida:

282 Zellwood.—Mary E. Robinson.

#### Colorado:

262 Denver.—Ernest L. Roberts.

#### California:

296 San Francisco.—Bertha L. Rowell.

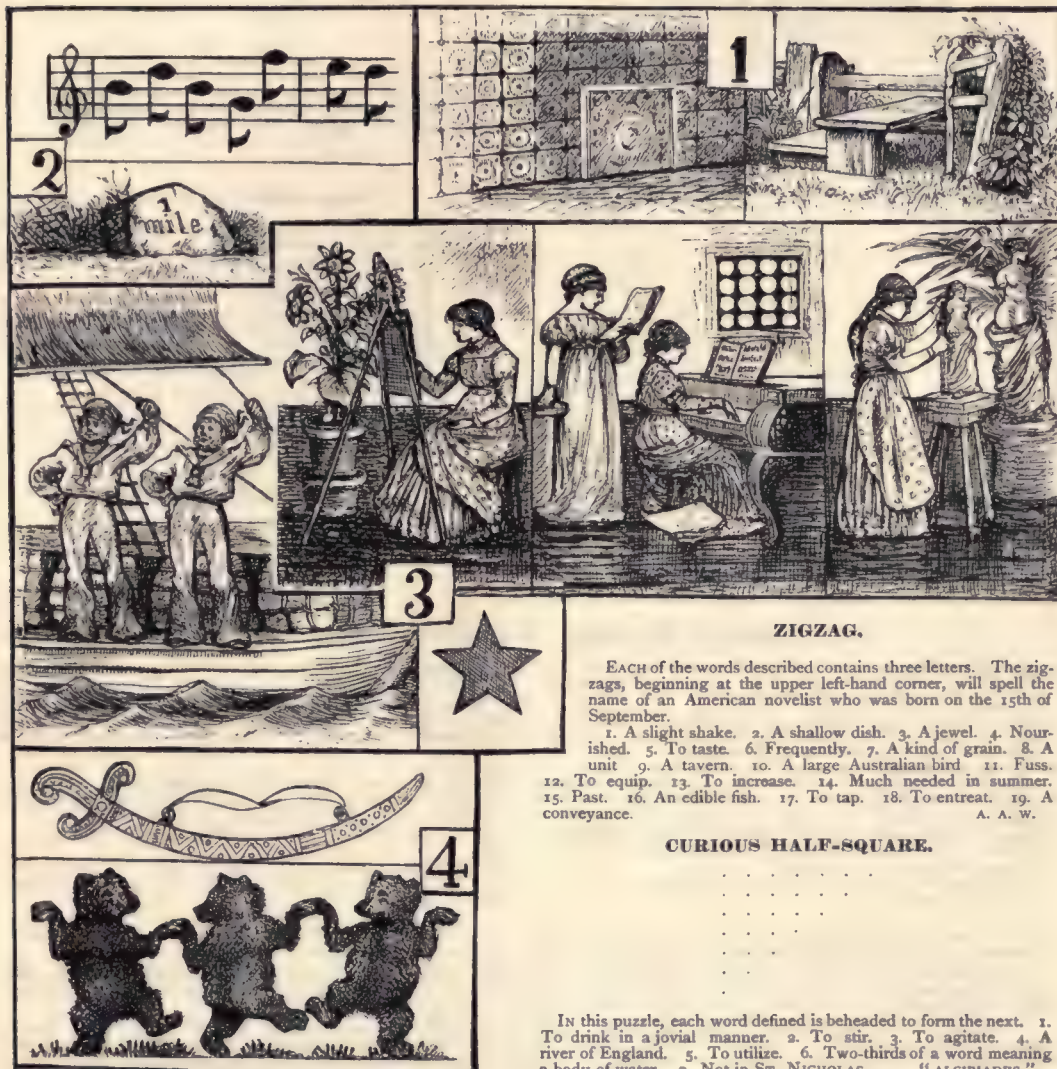
Plants for identification may be sent to the following experts, always inclosing postal card or stamped envelope for reply:

- I. N. E. States and Canada.....Prof. C. H. K. Sanderson, Greenfield, Mass.
- II. Middle States.....Dr. Charles Atwood, Moravia, N. Y.
- III. Southern States.....Dr. Chapman, Apalachicola, Fla.
- IV. Western States to Colorado....Dr. Aug. F. Foerste, Dayton, O.
- V. Far West and North-west....Dr. Marcus L. Jones, Denver, Col.
- VI. Ferns, Sedges, and Grasses specially.....Prof. W. R. Dudley, Ithaca, N. Y.

Address all communications to the President,  
HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.



## ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains three letters. The zigzags, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of an American novelist who was born on the 15th of September.

1. A slight shake. 2. A shallow dish. 3. A jewel. 4. Nourished. 5. To taste. 6. Frequently. 7. A kind of grain. 8. A unit. 9. A tavern. 10. A large Australian bird. 11. Fuss. 12. To equip. 13. To increase. 14. Much needed in summer. 15. Past. 16. An edible fish. 17. To tap. 18. To entreat. 19. A conveyance.

A. A. W.

## CURIOUS HALF-SQUARE.



In this puzzle, each word defined is beheaded to form the next. 1. To drink in a jovial manner. 2. To stir. 3. To agitate. 4. A river of England. 5. To utilize. 6. Two-thirds of a word meaning a body of water. 7. Not in St. NICHOLAS. "ALCIBIADES."

## PICTORIAL ANAGRAMS.

In the above illustration there are four anagrams, and four sets of pictures to correspond. The puzzle is to be solved by taking the letters of a word that describes one picture of each set, and re-arranging them so as to spell the words which will describe the remaining pictures of the same set. In the illustration, each number is placed so as to indicate the pictures belonging to its set.

A. S. R.

## PI.

Ti si eth starveH noMo! no digdel vesna  
Dan sorof fo galvesil, no dolwonad cretts  
Nad hurel realai bighshodoneor fo nest  
Reedtesd, no eth rancuted donwiw-snape  
Fo smoro hewer hendric plese, no nutcory slean  
Dan hastrev-slided, sit sytcim dorspnal stres! G. W.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-seven letters, and am four lines of a poem by James Russell Lowell.

My 79-27-91-31-57-33-76 is a name applied to Egyptian kings. My 9-65-70-42-22 is disgrace. My 29-5-59-72-86 is anger. My 38-89-88 is a metal. My 63-18-87-6-67-16-25-71 is thoughtless. My 3-77-84-68 is comfortable. My 92-21-60-36-19 is to glow. My 62-1-51-93 is very small. My 46-35-54-40-41-61-52 is a favorite pastime with boys. My 74-48-96 is a domestic bird. My 85-64-44-69 is to grieve. My 30-66-58 is a projection on a wheel. My 14-94-83 is a plaything. My 43-78-39-11-45 is to damage. My 23-15-53-12-81 is a very young person. My 80-4-90-34 is to gape. My 10-55-82-20-49 is batrachian reptiles. My 8-73-32-28-13 is a kind of seat. My 26-2-24-56 is to melt. My 47-50-97-75 is large. My 17-95-37-7-31 is a sweet substance.

STROXTON.

## NOVEL WORD-SQUARE.

The first word of the square is the answer to the following cross-word enigma:

My first is in month, but not in May;  
My second in loam, but not in clay;  
My third is in look, but not in sight;  
My fourth in conquest, but not in fight,  
My whole comes often, but not in the night.

The second word of the square is the answer to the following cross-word enigma:

My first is in soon, but not in near;  
My second in terror, but not in fear;  
My third is in heat, but not in fire;  
My fourth is in hoop, but not in tire;  
My whole, a name heard in the German Empire.

The third word is the same as the second, and the fourth word is the same as the first.

## CUBE.

1	.	.	.	.	2
.	.	.	.	.	.
3	.	.	.	.	4
.	.	.	.	.	.
.	.	5	.	.	6
.	.	.	.	.	.
7	.	.	.	.	8

FROM 1 to 2, to manifest; from 2 to 6, dominion; from 5 to 6, to pour out freely; from 1 to 5, fit to be eaten; from 3 to 4, to give power; from 4 to 8, to obliterate; from 7 to 8, complete; from 3 to 7, a mechanical contrivance; from 1 to 3, a river in Germany; from 2 to 4, a large lake of North America; from 6 to 8, facility; from 5 to 7, margin.

DVCIE.

## CHARADE.

A COMMON nickname is my *first*,  
A preposition is my *next*;  
A definitive adjective is my *third*,  
From my *fourth* is read the text.  
Of my *whole* you've no doubt heard—  
'T is a flower and not a bird.

B.

## DIAMOND.

1. In perform. 2. A cavity. 3. A substance which exudes from certain trees. 4. Small, smooth stones. 5. False religion. 6. Husbandry. 7. To whinny. 8. To observe. 9. In perform.  
"A. P. OWDER, JR."

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in candle, but not in lamp;  
My second in soldier, but not in camp;  
My third is in carrot, but not in beet;  
My fourth is in summer, but not in heat;  
My fifth is in shepherd, but not in crook;  
My sixth is in meadow, but not in brook;  
My seventh in carol, but not in trill;  
My eighth is in feather, but not in quill;  
My ninth is in saddle, but not in spur;  
My tenth is in velvet, but not in fur;  
My eleventh in dungeon, but not in cave;  
My twelfth is in villain, but not in knave;  
My thirteenth in giant, but not in elf;  
My fourteenth in mantle, but not in shelf;  
My fifteenth in weaver, but not in loom;  
'T is also in servant, but not in groom.  
My whole—why, my whole is my whole, nothing more—  
No doubt you will guess it ere I shall count four.

M. C. D.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

## CHARADE. August.

SYNCOPIATIONS. Taylor. 1. Ma-T-in. 2. Pr-A-y. 3. G-Y-rate.  
4. G-L-oat. 5. M-O-use. 6. T-R-act.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Napoleon. 2. Adorers. 3. Ponder. 4.

Order. 5. Leer. 6. Eit. 7. Os. 8. N.

MUSICAL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Wieniawski.

RIDDLE. Sausage.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. I. 1. N-eat. 2. E-den. 3. W-hen.

4. P-ore. 5. O-pen. 6. R-car. 7. T-rip. II. 1. S-hip. 2. A-rid.

3. R-age. 4. A-men. 5. T-ear. 6. O-men. 7. G-old. 8.

A-men. The blanks may be replaced by these words, in the following order: When, neat, ship, Eden, rear, trip, open, pore, rage, tear, gold, arid, omen, amen.

THE BARBER'S PUZZLE. "The barber will soon be in. Wait ten minutes, please."

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the August number, from D. Caine, London, England, 3—George S. Hayter, London, England, 12—David H. Dodge, England, 8—Edith McKeever and her cousin, Heidelberg, Germany, 10—Hester M. F. Powell, Grantham, England, 6—I. P., Trebizond, Turkey, 2.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Helen C. McCleary—Lottie A. Best—Frank J. Siefert and Walter S. McVay—"Two Subscribers"—Virginia Pegram—Lulu M. Stabler—Arthur Grice—Frederica and Andrew Davis—"Demosthenes"—Pinnie and Jack—E. Werneburg—Maggie T. Turrill—Helen F. Turner—Mabel Florence Noyes—Estelle Riley—Clara J. Child—George Lyman Waterhouse—Isabella Ganeaux—P. S. Clarkson—"Mama and Bae."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from J. Jay Pardee, Jr., 1—O. K. Fagundus, 1—E. M. Perry, 2—Spencer Weart, 1—Walter McIndoe, 2—Louise Pitkin and Kitty Atkins, 2—Annie M. Wadsworth, 2—Grace E. and Emilie D. Murray, 1—Paul Reese, 8—Russell K. Miller, 3—"Simple Simon," 1—Grace Johnson, 1—G. F. Blandy, 2—Eleanor E. Du Bois, 1—S. R. T., 8—M. E. M., 8—Sophie M. du Pont, 1—W. W. S. Hoffman, 1—John W. Stebbins, 3—Clara Gilbert, and Edna and Mary Higley, 4—Rosa Fleetwood, 1—W. M. Richards, 9—W. N. Carlton, 1—Dora Jackson, 8—Mary K. Doherty, 1—"Tom Thumb" and "Goliath," 1—C. Roy Macfarlane, 1—H. Grace R. Parker, 3—"Nitor," 2—Tiny Rhodes, 3—Alice F. Wann, 2—Eunice Johnson, 1—"Robin Hood," 3—Grace Taylor Lyman, 1—M. L. G., 5—Viola S. C., 3—Frank E. Brewer, 4—George Denton, 1—Genie J. Callmeyer, 8—Louise W. Bunce, 2—Anna Calkins, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 6—"Solomon John" and "Elizabeth Eliza," 4—Marion, 4—Philip Embury, Jr., 7—Herbert Tremaine, 1—Annie Kuhn, 2—"Pleasant Beach," 2—"Crab-apple Jackson," 3—A. and B., 4—Mabel B. Canon, 5—Mabel Cilley, 5—Raymond Cilley, 3—Berta and George, 5—"Quincy, Ill.," 3—Lizette A. Fisher and H. Hobart Keech, 1—Gillet and Stewart, 8—Eugene and Miriam, 2—Helen Merriam, 2—Dydie, 6—Edward J. V. Shipsey, 5—Darie Hawkins, 6—Charlotte H. Holloway, 3—Madeleine Vultee, 8—Theodore C. Janeway, 1—Louise M. Knight, 6—Mattie Fitzgerald, 3—Florence E. Provost, 5—Gertie and Ed, 7—"Silhouette & Co.," 9—R. Coates & Co., 6—Charles H. Wright, 4—Lester W. Walker, 2—M. H. Johnson, 1—Edward B. Hinckley, 8—Hattie Judd, 2—"Butterfly and June Bug," 5—S. L. P. and John Hobbie, 9—"Alcibiades," 8—Adelaide and Ethel Gardiner, 8—T. B. A., 3—Frank E. Schermerhorn, 2—"Fisheg Sregor," 6—Hester Bruce, 6—Samuel Branson, 2—Gertrude Cosgrave, 7—Annie S. Clift, 4—Alex. Laidlaw, 4—Hattie Brown, 6—"Kathleen," 2—Hester M. F. Powell, 6—H. L. P. and S. E. M. Jr., 3—"Æ," 1—Nona Fritz, 8—Sophia and Mary Lamb, 1—Hattie I. Weisel, 1. Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.







SUMMER MUST GO.



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## SUMMER CHANGES.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

SANG the lily, and sang the rose,  
Out of the heart of my garden close,  
    "O joy! O joy of the summer tide!"  
Sang the wind, as it moved above them,  
"Roses were sent for the sun to love them,  
    Dear little buds in the leaves that hide!"

Sang the trees, as they rustled together,  
"Oh, the joy of the summer weather!  
    Roses and lilies, how do you fare?"  
Sang the red rose, and sang the white:  
"Glad we are of the sun's large light,  
    And the songs of birds that dart through the air."

Lily and rose, and tall green tree,  
Swaying boughs where the bright birds nestle—  
    Thrilled by music and thrilled by wings,  
How glad they were on that summer day!  
Little they thought of cold skies and gray,  
    And the dreary dirge that a storm-wind sings.

Golden butterflies gleam in the sun,  
Laugh at the flowers, and kiss each one,  
    And great bees come with their sleepy tune

To sip their honey and circle round,  
And the flowers are lulled by that drowsy sound,  
And fall asleep in the heart of the noon.

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A small white cloud in a sky of blue,  
Roses and lilies, what will they do?  
For a wind springs up and sings in the trees!  
Down comes the rain—the garden 's awake,  
Roses and lilies begin to quake,  
That were rocked to sleep by the gentle breeze.

Ah, roses and lilies! each delicate petal  
The wind and the rain with fear unsettle;  
This way and that way the tall trees sway.  
But the wind goes by, and the rain stops soon,  
And smiles again the face of the noon,  
And the flowers are glad in the sun's warm ray.

Sing, my lilies, and sing, my roses,  
With never a dream that the summer closes;  
But the trees are old, and I fancy they tell,  
Each unto each, how the summer flies;  
They remember the last year's wintry skies.  
But that summer returns the trees know well.





## LITTLE PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

## PART II.

AFTER that day a new life began for Johnny, and he flourished like a poor little plant that has struggled out of some dark corner into the sunshine. All sorts of delightful things happened, and good times really seemed to have come. The mysterious Papa made no objection to the liberties taken with his wall, being busy with his own affairs, and glad to have his little girl happy. Old Nanna, being more careful, came to see the new neighbors, and was disarmed at once by the affliction of the boy and the gentle manners of the mother. She brought all the curtains of the house for Mrs. Morris to do up, and in her pretty broken English praised Johnny's gallery and library, promising to bring Fay to see him some day.

Meantime, the little people prattled daily together, and all manner of things came and went between them. Flowers, fruit, books, and bonbons kept Johnny in a state of bliss, and inspired him with such brilliant inventions that the princess never knew what agreeable surprise would come next. Astonishing kites flew over the wall, and tissue balloons exploded in the flower-beds. All the birds of the air seemed to live in that court, for the boy whistled and piped till he was hoarse, because she liked it. The last of the long-hoarded cents came out of his tin bank to buy paper and pictures for the gay little books he made for her. His side of the wall was ravaged that hers might be adorned, and, as the last offering his grateful heart could give, he poked the toad through the hole, to live among the lilies and eat the flies that began to buzz about her highness when she came to give her orders to her devoted subjects.

She always called the lad "Giovanni," because she thought it a prettier name than John, and she was never tired of telling stories, asking questions, and making plans. The favorite one was what they would do when Johnny came to see her, as she had been promised he should when Papa was not too busy to let them enjoy the charms of the studio; for Fay was a true artist's child, and thought nothing so lovely as pictures. Johnny thought so too, and dreamed of the happy day when he should go and see the wonders his little friend described so well.

"I think it will be to-morrow, for Papa has a lazy fit coming on, and then he always plays with me and lets me rummage where I like, while

he goes out or smokes in the garden. So be ready, and if he says you can come, I will have the flag up early and you can hurry."

These agreeable remarks were breathed into Johnny's willing ear about a fortnight after the acquaintance began, and he hastened to promise, adding soberly, a minute after:

"Mother says she's afraid it will be too much for me to go around and up steps, and see new things, for I get tired so easy, and then the pain comes on. But I don't care how I ache if I can only see the pictures—and you."

"Wont you ever be any better? Nanna thinks you might."

"So does Mother, if we had money to go away in the country, and eat nice things, and have doctors. But we can't, so it's no use worrying," and Johnny gave a great sigh.

"I wish Papa was rich, then he would give you money. He works hard to make enough to go back to Italy, so I can not ask him; but perhaps I can sell *my* pictures also, and get a little. Papa's friends often offer me sweets for kisses; I will have money instead, and that will help. Yes, I shall do it," and Fay clapped her hands decidedly.

"Don't you mind about it. I'm going to learn to mend shoes. Mr. Pegget says he'll teach me. That does n't need legs, and he gets enough to live on very well."

"It is n't pretty work. Nanna can teach you to braid straw as she did at home; that is easy and nice, and the baskets sell very well, she says. I shall speak to her about it, and you can try to-morrow when you come."

"I will. Do you really think I *can* come, then?" and Johnny stood up to try his legs, for he dreaded the long walk as it seemed to him.

"I will go at once and ask Papa."

Away flew Fay, and soon came back with a glad "yes!" that sent Johnny hobbling in to tell his mother, and beg her to mend the elbows of his only jacket; for, suddenly, his old clothes looked so shabby he feared to show himself to the neighbors he so longed to see.

"Hurrah! I'm really going to-morrow. And you, too, Mammy dear," cried the boy, waving his crutch so vigorously that he slipped and fell.

"Never mind; I'm used to it. Pull me up, and I'll rest while we talk about it," he said cheerily, as his mother helped him to the bed,

where he forgot his pain in thinking of the delights in store for him.

Next day, the flag was flying from the wall and Fay early at the hole, but no Johnny came; and when Nanna went to see what kept him, she returned with the sad news that the poor boy was suffering much, and would not be able to stir for some days.

"Let me go and see him," begged Fay, imploringly.

"*Cara mia*, it is no place for you. So dark, so damp, so poor, it is enough to break the heart," said Nanna, decidedly.

"If Papa was here he would let me go. I shall not play; I shall sit here and make some plans for my poor boy."

Nanna left her indignant little mistress and went to cook a nice bowl of soup for Johnny, while Fay concocted a fine plan, and, what was more remarkable, carried it out.

For a week it rained, for a week Johnny lay in pain, and for a week Fay worked quietly at her little easel in the corner of the studio, while her father put the last touches to his fine picture, too busy to take much notice of the child. On Saturday the sun shone, Johnny was better, and the great picture was done. So were the small ones; for as her father sat resting after his work, Fay went to him with a tired but happy face, and, putting several drawings into his hand, told her cherished plan.

"Papa, you said you would pay me a dollar for every good copy I made of the cast you gave me. I tried very hard, and here are three. I want some money very, very much. Could you pay for these?"

"They are excellent," said the artist, after carefully looking at them. "You *have* tried, my good child, and here are your well-earned dollars. What do you want them for?"

"To help my boy. I want him to come in here and see the pictures, and let Nanna teach him to plait baskets; and he can rest, and you will like him, and he might get well if he had some money, and I have three quarters the friends gave me instead of bonbons. Would that be enough to send poor Giovanni into the country and have doctors?"

No wonder Fay's papa was bewildered by this queer jumble, because, being absorbed in his work, he had never heard half the child had told him, and had forgotten all about Johnny. Now he listened with half an ear, studying the effect of sunshine upon his picture meantime, while Fay told him the little story, and begged to know how much money it would take to make Johnny's back well.

"Bless your sweet soul, my 'darling, it would need more than I can spare or you earn in a year. By and by, when I am at leisure, we will see what can be done," answered Papa, smoking comfort-

ably, as he lay on the sofa in the large studio at the top of the house.

"You say that about a great many things, Papa. 'By and by' won't be long enough to do all you promise then. I like *now* much better, and poor Giovanni needs the country more than you need cigars or I new frocks," said Fay, stroking her father's tired forehead and looking at him with an imploring face.

"My dear, I can not give up my cigar, for in this soothing smoke I find inspiration, and though you are a little angel, you must be clothed; so wait a bit, and we will attend to the boy—later." He was going to say "by and by" again, but paused just in time, with a laugh.

"Then I shall take him to the country all myself. I can not wait for this hateful 'by and by.' I know how I shall do it, and at once. Now, now!" cried Fay, losing patience, and with an indignant glance at the lazy Papa, who seemed going to sleep, she dashed out of the room, down many stairs, through the kitchen, startling Nanna and scattering the salad as if a whirlwind had gone by, and never paused for breath till she stood before the garden wall with a little hatchet in her hand.

"This shall be the country for him till I get enough money to send him away. I will show what I can do. He pulled out two bricks. I will beat down the wall, and he *shall* come in at once," panted Fay, and she gave a great blow at the bricks, bent on having her will without delay; for she was an impetuous little creature, full of love and pity for the poor boy pining for the fresh air and sunshine, of which she had so much.

Bang, bang went the little hatchet, and down came one brick after another, till the hole was large enough for Fay to thrust her head through, and, being breathless by that time, she paused to rest and take a look at Johnny's court.

Meanwhile, Nanna, having collected her lettuce leaves and her wits, went to see what the child was about, and finding her at work like a little fury, the old woman hurried up to tell "the Signor," Fay's papa, that his little daughter was about to destroy the garden and bury herself under the ruins of the wall. This report, delivered with groans and wringing of the hands, roused the artist and sent him to the rescue, as he well knew that his angel was a very energetic one, and capable of great destruction.

When he arrived, he beheld a cloud of dust, a pile of bricks among the lilies, and the feet of his child sticking out of a large hole in the wall, while her head and shoulders were on the other side. Much amused, yet fearful that the stone coping might come down on her, he pulled her back with the assurance that he would listen and help her now, immediately, if there was such need of haste.



But he grew sober when he saw Fay's face, for it was bathed in tears, her hands were bleeding, and dust covered her from head to foot.

"My darling, what afflicts you? Tell Papa, and he will do anything you wish."

"No, you will forget; you will say 'Wait,' and now that I have seen it all I can not stop till I get him out of that dreadful place. Look, look, and see if it is not sad to live there all in pain and darkness, and so poor."

As she spoke, Fay urged her father toward the hole, and to please her he looked, seeing the dull court, the noisy street beyond, and close by the low room, where Johnny's mother worked all day, while the poor boy's pale face was dimly seen as he lay on his bed waiting for deliverance.

"Well, well! it is a pitiful case! and easily mended, since Fay is so eager about it. Hope the lad is all she says, and nothing catching about his illness. Nanna can tell me."

Then he drew back his head, and leading Fay to the seat, took her on his knee, all flushed, dirty, and tearful as she was, soothing her by saying, tenderly:

"Now let me hear all about it, and be sure I'll not forget. What shall I do to please you, dear, before you pull down the house about my ears?"

Then Fay told her tale all over again, and being no longer busy, her father found it very touching, with the dear, grimy little face looking into his, and the wounded hands clasped beseechingly as she pleaded for poor Johnny.

"God bless your tender heart, child; you shall have him in here to-morrow, and we will see what can be done for those pathetic legs of his. But listen, Fay, I have an easier way to do it than yours and a grand surprise for the boy. Time is short, but it can be done; and to show you that I am in earnest, I will go this instant and begin the work. Come and wash your face while I get on my boots, and then we will go together."

At these words, Fay threw her arms about Papa's neck and gave him many grateful kisses, stopping in the midst to ask, "Truly, now?"

"See if it is not so," and, putting her down, Papa went off with great strides, while she ran laughing after him, all her doubts set at rest by this agreeable energy on his part.

If Johnny had not been asleep in the back room, he would have seen strange and pleasant sights that afternoon and evening, for something went on in the court that delighted his mother, amused the artist, and made Fay the happiest child in Boston. No one was to tell till next day, that Johnny's surprise might be quite perfect, and Mrs. Morris sat up till eleven to get his old clothes in order; for Fay's papa had been to see her, and became inter-

ested in the boy, as no one could help being when they saw his patient little face.

So hammers rang, trowels scraped, shovels dug, and wonderful changes were made, while Fay danced about in the moonlight, like Puck intent upon some pretty prank, and Papa quoted *Snout*\* the tinker's parting words, as appropriate to the hour:

"Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;  
And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

### PART III.

A LOVELY Sunday morning dawned without a cloud, and even in the dingy court the May sunshine shone warmly, and the spring breezes blew freshly from green fields far away. Johnny begged to go out, and being much better, his mother consented, helping him to dress with such a bright face and eager hands that the boy said, innocently:

"How glad you are when I get over a bad turn! I don't know what you'd do if I ever got well."

"My poor dear, I begin to think you *will* pick up, now the good weather has come and you have got a little friend to play with. God bless her!"

Why his mother should suddenly hug him tight, and then brush his hair so carefully, with tears in her eyes, he did not understand, but was in such a hurry to get out, he could only give her a good kiss and hobble away to see how his gallery fared after the rain, and to take a joyful "peek" at the enchanted garden.

Mrs. Morris kept close behind him, and it was well she did, for he nearly tumbled down, so great was his surprise when he beheld the old familiar wall after the good fairies Love and Pity had worked their pretty miracle in the moonlight.

The ragged hole had changed to a little arched door, painted red. On either side stood a green tub, with a tall oleander in full bloom; from the arch above hung a great bunch of gay flowers; and before the threshold lay a letter directed to "Signor Giovanni Morris," in a childish hand.

As soon as he recovered from the agreeable shock of this splendid transformation scene, Johnny sank into his chair, where a soft cushion had been placed, and read his note, with little sighs of rapture at the charming prospect opening before him.

"DEAR GIOVANNI: Papa has made this nice gate so you can come in when you like and not be tired. We are to have two keys, and no one else can open it. A little bell is to ring when we pull the cord, and we can run and see what we want. The paint is wet. Papa did it, and the men put up the door last night. I helped them, and did not go in my bed till ten. It was very nice to do it so. I hope you will like it. Come in as soon as you can: I am all ready."

"Your friend,  
FAY."

"Mother, she must be a real fairy to do all that, must n't she?" said Johnny, leaning back

\* A character in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

to look at the dear door behind which lay such happiness for him.

"Yes, my sonny, she is the right sort of good fairy, and I just wish I could do her washing for love the rest of her blessed little life," answered Mrs. Morris, in a burst of grateful ardor.

"You shall! you shall! Do come in! I can not wait another minute!" cried an eager little voice as the red door flew open, and there stood Fay, looking very like a happy elf in her fresh white frock, a wreath of spring flowers on her pretty hair, and a tall green wand in her hand; while the brilliant bird sat on her shoulder, and the little white dog danced about her feet.

"So she bids you to come in  
With a dimple in your chin,  
Billy boy, Billy boy,"

sang the child, remembering how Johnny liked that song, and, waving her wand, she went slowly backward as the boy, with a shining face, passed under the blooming arch into a new world, full of sunshine, liberty, and sweet companionship.

Neither Johnny nor his mother ever forgot that happy day, for it was the beginning of help and hope to both just when life seemed hardest and the future looked darkest.

Papa kept out of sight, but enjoyed peeps at the little party as they sat under the chestnuts, Nanna and Fay doing the honors of the garden to their guests with Italian grace and skill, while the poor mother folded her tired hands with unutterable content, and the boy looked like a happy soul in heaven.

Sabbath silence, broken only by the chime of bells and the feet of church-goers, brooded over the city; sunshine made golden shadows on the grass; the sweet wind brought spring odors from the woods, and every flower seemed to nod and beckon, as if welcoming the new playmate to their lovely home.

While the women talked together, Fay led Johnny up and down her little world, showing all her favorite nooks, making him rest often on the seats that stood all about, and amusing him immensely by relating the various fanciful plays with which she beguiled her loneliness.

"Now we can have much nicer ones, for you will tell me yours, and we can do great things," she said, when she had displayed her big rocking-horse, her grotto full of ferns, her mimic sea, where a fleet of toy boats lay at anchor in the basin of an old fountain, her fairy-land under the lilacs, with paper elves sitting among the leaves, her swing, that tossed one high up among the green boughs, and the basket of white kittens, where Topaz, the yellow-eyed cat, now purred with

maternal pride. Books were piled on the rustic table, and all the pictures Fay thought worthy to be seen.

Here also appeared a nice lunch, before the visitors could remember it was noon and tear themselves away. Such enchanted grapes and oranges Johnny never ate before; such delightful little tarts and Italian messes of various sorts; even the bread and butter seemed glorified because served in a plate trimmed with leaves and cut in dainty bits. Coffee that perfumed the air put heart into poor Mrs. Morris, who half-starved herself that the boy might be fed; and he drank milk till Nanna said, laughing, as she refilled the pitcher:

"He takes more than both the blessed lambs we used to feed for St. Agnes in the convent at home. And he is truly welcome, the dear child, to the best we have, for he is as innocent and helpless as they."

"What does she mean?" whispered Johnny to Fay, rather abashed at having forgotten his manners in the satisfaction which three mugs full of good milk had given him.

So, sitting in the big rustic chair beside him, Fay told the pretty story of the lambs who are dedicated to St. Agnes, with ribbons tied to their snowy wool, and then raised with care till their fleeces are shorn to make garments for the Pope. A fit tale for the day, the child thought, and went on to tell about the wonders of Rome till Johnny's head was filled with a splendid confusion of new ideas, in which St. Peters and apple tarts, holy lambs and red doors, ancient images and dear little girls, were delightfully mixed. It all seemed like a fairy tale, and nothing was too wonderful or lovely to happen on that memorable day.

So when Fay's papa at last appeared, finding it impossible to keep away from the happy little party any longer, Johnny decided at once that the handsome man in the velvet coat was the king of the enchanted land, and gazed at him with reverence and awe. A most gracious king he proved to be, for, after talking pleasantly to Mrs. Morris, and joking Fay on storming the walls, he proposed to carry Johnny off, and catching him up, strode away with the astonished boy on his shoulder, while the little girl danced before to open doors and clear the way.

Johnny thought he could n't be surprised any more, but when he had mounted many stairs and found himself in a great room with a glass roof, full of rich curtains, strange armor, pretty things and pictures everywhere, he just sat in the big chair where he was placed, and stared in silent delight.

"This is Papa's studio, and that the famous picture, and here is where I work; and is n't it pleas-



ant? and aren't you glad to see it?" said Fay, skipping about to do the honors of the place.

pretty children at play among the crumbling statues and fountains.

"I don't believe heaven is beautifuller," an-

"I'm glad you like it, for we mean to have you



"THE PICTURE WAS DONE."

swered Johnny, in a low tone, as his eyes went from the green tree-tops peeping in at the windows to the great sunny picture of a Roman garden, with

come here a great deal. I sit to Papa very often, and get so tired; and you can talk to me, and then you can see me draw and model in clay, and then

we'll go in the garden, and Nanna will show you how to make baskets, and *then* we'll play."

Johnny nodded and beamed at this charming prospect, and for an hour explored the mysteries of the studio, with Fay for a guide and Papa for an amused spectator. He liked the boy more and more, and was glad Fay had so harmless a playmate to expend her energies and compassion upon. He assented to every plan proposed, and really hoped to be able to help these poor neighbors, for he had a kind heart and loved his little daughter even more than his art.

When at last Mrs. Morris found courage to call Johnny away, he went without a word, and lay down in the dingy room, his face still shining with the happy thoughts that filled his mind, hungry for just such pleasures, and never fed before.

After that day everything went smoothly, and both children blossomed like the flowers in that pleasant garden, where the magic of love and pity, fresh air and sunshine, soon worked miracles. Fay learned patience and gentleness from Johnny; he grew daily stronger on the better food Nanna gave him and the exercise he was tempted to take, and both spent very happy days working and playing, sometimes under the trees, where the pretty baskets were made, or in the studio, where both pairs of small hands modeled graceful things in clay, or daubed amazing pictures with the artist's old brushes and discarded canvases.

Mrs. Morris washed everything washable in the house, and did up Fay's frocks so daintily that she looked more like an elf than ever when her head shone out from the fluted frills, like the yellow middle of a daisy with its white petals all spread.

As he watched the children playing together, the artist, having no great work in hand, made several pretty sketches of them, and then had a fine idea of painting the garden scene where Fay first talked to Johnny. It pleased his fancy, and the little people sat for him nicely; so he made a charming thing of it, putting in the cat, dog, bird, and toad as the various characters in Shakespeare's lovely play, while the flowers were the elves, peeping and listening in all manner of merry, pretty ways.

He called it "Little Pyramus and Thisbe," and it so pleased a certain rich lady that she paid a large price for it, and then, discovering that it told a true story, she generously added enough to send Johnny and his mother to the country when Fay and her father were ready to go.

But it was to a lovelier land than the boy had ever read of in his fairy books, and to a happier life than mending shoes in the dingy court. In the autumn they all sailed gayly away together to live for years in sunny Italy, where Johnny grew tall and strong, and learned to paint with a kind master and a faithful young friend, who always rejoiced that she found and delivered him, thanks to the wonderful hole in the wall.



THIS SEAT RESERVED.





BY E. T. CORBETT.

## I.

"I 'M going a-drumming!" said Marmaduke Mumm;  
 So he strapped on his drum,  
 With a rat-tat-tat, and a rum-tum-tum,  
 And he marched down the street,  
 While his head and his feet  
 Kept time to the music his drumsticks beat;  
 And the folks who heard him cried: "My!  
 how sweet!  
 How finely he plays on that big bass-drum!  
 Clever Marmaduke Mumm!"

## II.

He marched up the street, he marched down  
 the hill;  
 The miller ran out to the door of his mill;  
 The babies stopped crying, the cows stood still;  
 And all the cross dogs grew suddenly dumb,  
 When they heard the tum-tum  
 Of that wonderful drum,  
 And knew it was played by Marmaduke Mumm!

## III.

Gayly young Marmaduke marched along,  
 Drumming and singing, and this was his song:  
 "Rumty, tumty, tum!"  
 But the hill was steep, and the hill was long,  
 And his legs were weak, though his voice was  
 strong;  
 He tripped and fell—he rolled like a lump,  
 Over and over, with many a bump,  
 And twist, and jolt, and terrible thump;  
 While the big bass-drum  
 Said "tum, TUM, TUM!"  
 And "lumpety-LUMPETY-LUMP!"

## IV.

"I 'm bruised black and blue!" muttered Mar-  
 maduke Mumm,  
 As he crept from under his big bass-drum.  
 He rubbed his poor head—  
 'T was all that he said,  
 Though he certainly looked very glum.

## V.

He picked himself up, and went marching once  
 more,  
 And he traveled so fast  
 That the village was passed,  
 When, oh! from the woods came a horrible roar,  
 And a growl like thunder at last!  
 Poor Marmaduke shook—never, never before  
 Had he heard such a sound!  
 He looked all around,  
 Up at the sky, and down on the ground;  
 When, behind a big tree,  
 What a sight did he see—  
 A bear who was just making ready to bound!

## VI.

"I must run, I must fly!"  
 Did Marmaduke cry,  
 "For if he should catch me, I'd certainly die!"  
 Then, with terror half-dead,  
 He broke in the head  
 Of his drum, and jumped in. "I 'm safe now!"  
 he said;  
 "In this drum I will lie  
 Till the beast shall go by:  
 He can't eat my drum, and he'll think I have  
 fled."

## VII.

Well, the bear made a spring and his paws  
struck the drum—

It said: "Bum-bum-BUM!"

The bear was astonished—he gave it a pat—

It answered: "Rat-tat!"

"Ho! ho!" said the bear. "This is queer,  
I declare;

If this is a trap, I would better  
beware."

So he trotted away without further  
delay,

And growled as he went:

"G-o-o-d. day!

g-o-o-d day!"

## VIII.

Then out of his hiding-place  
Marmaduke crept,

And most bitterly wept.

"Alas! I have utterly ruined  
my drum,



My big bass-drum,  
With its marvelous, musical *tum-tum-tum*;  
For, if I can't mend this hole in its head,  
Its voice will grow dumb."  
And bitter,—oh, bitter the tears he shed—  
Poor Marmaduke Mumm!

## IX.

Just at this moment a cat drew nigh—  
A very obliging, friendly cat.

She stopped and said: "May I ask you *why*  
You are weeping like that?

Is n't there something I can do  
To comfort you?"

"N-no, nothing at all—boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"



"HE TRIPPED AND FELL, WHILE THE BIG  
BASS-DRUM SAID: 'TUM-TUM-TUM!'"

## X.

"Miou! Miou!" said the cat. "There's  
a hole in your drum!

Is *that* the cause of your grief? Now,  
come,

I'll help you to mend it—see! just  
so—

I'll sit on the drum, and the hole wont  
show!

Is n't that a good way?"

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Mar-  
maduke Mumm,

Beginning to play;

"You're the nicest old cat—rum, tum-ty, tum-  
tum,

Fol-rol-de-rol-ray!"

## XI.

So this friendly cat on the drum-head sat,  
While Marmaduke sounded his rat-tat-tat.  
Her tail kept time to the drumsticks' rhyme,  
With a gentle thump and a graceful pat;



And the folks would stare,  
 When they met the pair,  
 And ask, "Is he beating the drum or the cat?"  
 But Marmaduke Mumm  
 Answered only, "Rum-tum!  
 Rum-de-dum; row-de-dow; rat-tat-tat!"

## XII.

So they traveled on, till at last they met  
 A fierce old man, who chuckled, "Ho! ho!  
 This is the pair I wanted to get  
 For my '*Great Zoölogical Traveling Show!*'  
 The boy and the cat,

The drum and all that,  
 Will make all the children laugh, I know!  
 Come on, boy, come,  
 Bring your cat and your drum:  
 You belong to my circus—you need n't say no!"

## XIII.

So the cat and the drum,  
 And Marmaduke Mumm,  
 Went with the queer old man, you know.  
 You will find them to-day  
 (So people say)  
 In the "*Great Zoölogical Traveling Show!*"



"HIS PAWS STRUCK THE DRUM—IT SAID, 'BUM-RUM-BUM!'"

## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE TUB-RACE.

THE Fourth was a great day on the lake; a great day especially for Commodore Web Foote. If he was n't the pivot on which the world turned, until about twelve o'clock, I should like to know who was!

It was a bright, breezy morning—indeed, almost too breezy for the rowing matches. But what were they compared with the grand race in which a dozen sail-boats were to take part? It was a good wind for them—a good wind particularly for the Commodore's new yacht, which (not to keep the reader in suspense) won easily not only the prize-cup, but almost too much glory for one little man.

After the drama, the farce. After the regattas, the tub-race.

That was for small boys; and the Tinkhams were interested in it, Rod having been induced by some of his young Tammoset friends to join in that rough sport. Three prizes had been offered by the club, indiscriminately, to all competitors; and if even the least of them could be won by a Tinkham, would n't it (as Lute said) be j-j-jolly? To get anything out of the Argonauts!

The youngsters were ranged along one side of the float, each with his tub—Rod amongst them, bare-legged and bare-armed, in shirt and tights, with Rupe at his back, to assist in launching him or in pulling him out of the water. His companions kept him in countenance; yet he could n't help feeling a little abashed in that rig, before so many people.

A gay-colored throng covered the shore. The balcony, full of pretty girls in holiday dresses, looked like a hanging-basket of flowers. Door-way and windows were crowded; and the float was half the time under water, borne down by its weight of Argonauts. Outside of all was a circle of boats full of spectators.

One of the boats belonged to the Tinkham brothers, and in it were Mrs. Tinkham and Letty, with Lute and Rush. Lute had his water-glass with him, and, while waiting for the tub-race to begin, amused himself by looking down into the depths of the lake.

"She is laughing at you!" whispered Rush, who could not keep his eyes from glancing up at

the balcony, where a good many eyes were looking down. The pair he alluded to belonged to a certain young girl in a white straw hat, light-blue scarf and pink dress, with a rosebud mouth which did indeed blossom in a mirthful smile when she saw Lute leaning over the side of the boat with his "toy."

Lute held it up with a gesture of inquiry—would she like to try it? She answered with a laughing "I'll see!" sort of nod, and gave another, still more decided, when Letty motioned her to come down and take a seat beside her in the boat.

"They're going to start!" said Mrs. Tinkham. "I wish they would make haste, for Rod's sake; he does n't like making a show of himself!"

Rush could have wished the tub-race in Jericho until after they had got Miss Bartland into the boat. He was longing to ask her a question or two regarding the Argonauts' plot.

Commodore Foote, standing on a chair, to get well above the crowd on the float and to keep his feet out of the water, which occasionally washed over it, swung his cap, tossed back his hair, and gave the signal. The half-naked youngsters had been ready and waiting some time, impatient to start; but he had delayed, in order to let Tammoset and Dempford know that nothing could be done without him.

Amidst hand-clapping and cheers, five boys in five tubs started to paddle around a flag-buoy not more than twenty yards off. It looked to be an easy feat; and so it might have proved for some of them in calm weather. One turned round and round in a ludicrously helpless fashion. Another, too big for his tub, capsized at the start, and was greeted with roars of laughter as he scrambled out of the water. The other three made progress; but a little way from the float the wind struck them and the waves tossed them, and over went a sandy-haired lubber, who managed in his plunge to upset the next tub, which was Rodman's.

"It's Dick Dushee! He did it on purpose!" exclaimed Rush.

Whether Dick did it purposely or not, Rod was in the water, and there was nothing for him to do but to get back to the float with his tub and try again.

Before he made another start, the only tub that had not upset was rounding the buoy; and it looked as if the lucky navigator must win the first



prize. But the wind, which had been in his favor when outward bound, was against him on the return voyage. He sat with legs hanging over the side of the tub, and bearing it down; so that, in meeting the waves, it soon took in water enough to founder, and he who had been first in the race must now begin again as the last.

Rod knelt in his tub, balancing it well, and paddling steadily with a pair of wooden scoops. Some used little coal-shovels, attached by strings to the handles of their tubs, so that they might not lose them when they capsized and had to swim. One lost his, nevertheless. That left only four competitors. Of these, the two who next passed the buoy were Rod and Dick Dushee.

The strife between these two became exciting. The trick by which Rod was upset had been noticed, and it won him the sympathy of the spectators.

"Who is that fine-looking boy?" the mother heard some one ask.

"It's a Tinkham! It's one of the Tinkhams!" went from mouth to mouth in reply.

As the two neared the float almost abreast, they were greeted by loud cries from some of the small fry present. "Scratch water, Dick!" "Put in, Tinkham! pay him for that tip-over!"—followed soon by a chorus of shouts from small and great. Dick, in his hurry, had gone down within two yards of the float.

Looking straight before him, heeding nobody, paddling steadily, Rod quickly came within reach of Rupe's outstretched hand, and a burst of applause told that the first prize, a handsome hammock, had been won. Thereupon the little Commodore disappeared in the boat-house, frowning with huge disgust; and a man on the shore, with a vast, sandy desert of a face, uttered a dismal groan.

But others took a more cheerful view of the result.

"I declare!" said Mrs. Tinkham, wiping bright tears from her eyes, "I would n't have believed a bit of foolishness could ever interest me so much!"

"It's the honor of the T-t-tinkham's that's at stake!" said Lute, radiant behind his spectacles. "I wish Mart was here to enj-j-joy it!" But Mart had staid at home to guard the premises.

Rush and Letty were in the gayest spirits; nor was their happiness lessened when they looked up at the balcony and saw Syl Bartland clapping hands with delight at Rod's triumph.

They took little interest in the rest of the race, except to see that Dick Dushee did not win a prize.

"Now get her to come down into our boat," said Rush.

"She's coming," replied Letty.

There was a movement on the balcony. Sylvia disappeared. The Tinkhams pushed in between two yachts that lay beside the float.

"Make room here! make room for the ladies!" cried a shrill, authoritative voice within the lower door-way.

The crowd there opened, and Sylvia's rosy face was seen emerging. With her came Mollie Kent, laughing as at some merry adventure. Rush stepped out upon the float, and placed a board so that they could reach the boat without wetting their feet. But behold! three other young girls were following; and now the same peremptory voice called out again:

"Haul the Commodore's yacht a little ahead!"

It was the voice of the Commodore himself; and if ever a boy's heart was stepped on and flattened out by mighty disappointment, elephantine chagrin, that heart was Rush Tinkham's, when the girls tripped past him, lightly holding their skirts, and titteringly catching at each other as they stepped aboard the yacht.

The owner followed and took the helm. The yacht was shoved off, the sheet was hauled, the flapping canvas filled, the Commodore's broad pennant streamed in the wind, and away went Web with his lovely cargo of girls, Sylvia and Mollie smiling and fluttering their handkerchiefs (in mockery, Rush angrily thought) at their friends in the boat.

"I never saw anything so provoking," whispered Letty, as Rush jumped aboard and pushed away.

"You could n't expect a Dempford girl to go over openly and publicly to the enemy, could you?" said Mrs. Tinkham, "under the eyes of all the Argonauts!"

"I was a fool!" muttered Rush, imagining everybody was laughing at him. "Let's get out of this!"

There was to be a swimming race after the tub-race. But the Tinkhams took no interest in it; and, leaving Rod with Rupe to dress and get the hammock, they took a row up the lake.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### WHAT LUTE SAW IN HIS WATER-GLASS.

RUSH was not in a happy mood. To see the yacht go flying over the water under her broad sail, with her stern conspicuously lettered, "THE COMMODORE," was irritating to a boy of good taste and fine feelings. And the nervous, laughing screams of the girls as she careened to the breeze were not soothing sounds.

"The Commodore carries too much c-c-canvas," said Lute.

"It will do for racing," said Rush. "Fellows can take risks when they've only themselves aboard. But look at that!"

"O dear! They will go over!" exclaimed Letty.

"He l-l-luffed just in time," said Lute. "The girls don't trim her as the fellows did he had with him in the race."

"She took in water over the rail, even with them aboard; I saw it," replied Rush.

"I declare," said Mrs. Tinkham, indignantly, "it is criminal to trifle with the lives of young girls in that way!"

"Only a conceited blockhead would do it," said Rush. "The Commodore thinks nobody can sail a boat like him—that an accident can't possibly happen with him at the helm. His looks show that."

"He is n't like me," remarked Lute. "I should be the biggest c-c-coward in the world in his place now."

"He's coming for us, to show how smart he is," said Rush.

The yacht went rushing past, ripping the water with a loud noise, and sped on her course, leaving the prosaic little row-boat lying like a log in her wake. Not a glance from the girls, who had ceased to giggle, and appeared to be begging the Commodore to take them back.

It was very provoking. Rush resolved not to look at the yacht any more. He was rowing steadily along, with Lute behind him in the bow, and his mother and sister in the stern, when suddenly Mrs. Tinkham started forward with a frightened scream, in which Letty joined.

The five girls had been seated on the yacht's windward side, which ran high and higher with every gust. Then all at once the wind, made fitful by the high, wooded shores, veered about, the sail jibed suddenly and violently, the boat gave an unexpected roll, the enormous sail going over in the buffet of the flaw.

Rush looked in time to see the gunwale dip, carried down by the weight of girls. They threw up their arms with wild gestures, starting to their feet, and their screams came over the water.

In an instant all was confusion, the iron-ballasted yacht filling and settling rapidly, and the wind still playing with the upper part of the sail, while the lower part was disappearing in the lake. Down, down it went, until at last only the mast-head was seen, like a slanting stake, with the pennant still flying above the surface, where two or three vague objects tossed.

Letty sobbed and laughed hysterically.

"They'll all be drowned!" said her mother, with white lips.

"Pull! pull!" muttered Lute, snatching an oar from Rush and striking it into one of the forward rowlocks. "Wait a moment! Now!"

"Not another boat in sight!" said Mrs. Tinkham, casting a swift glance around. "Boys! it all depends on you!"

Screams were heard again. That was encouraging. Lute and Rush pulled as no champion oarsmen had pulled on the lake that day. They could not take time to glance over their shoulders; their mother told them how to row.

"Not quite so hard, Lute! You're too much for Rocket. There! there! Now straight ahead!"

"Do you see them?" Lute asked.

"There's somebody clinging to the mast," said Letty, with a convulsive laugh. "And somebody swimming. Row! row, boys! And a head above water. No! it's a floating bonnet."

"Only two?" Rush breathed between strokes.

"That's all I see," said Mrs. Tinkham. "Hold your oar, Lute! That's it, Rocket! Now straight ahead again!" Then, as they drew nearer, "There are two swimming!"

"One must be the Commodore," said Letty. "Oh! he is saving somebody! He is helping her get hold of the mast. No, not the mast, but the halyards."

"Bravely, boys!" cried the mother. "You'll soon be there! Two girls now at the mast! One has hold of the pennant. Look where you're going, Lute!"

"Oh!" said Letty, in wild despair, "I saw two hands come up and go down again! If we had only been a little sooner!"

"It was while he was saving the other," said Mrs. Tinkham. "Now he is swimming where we saw that one go down. Too late! Careful! careful, boys!"

"Hold, Rocket!" cried Lute. "Take the oar!" He sprang to the bow as the boat, with slackening speed, neared the tragical scene, and called out, "We'll have you in a m-m-moment!" Even at such a time, the poor fellow had to stammer.

"Don't mind us!" said one of the gasping creatures at the mast. "We can hold on. Look for the others!"

It was Mollie Kent, recognizable even with her agonized face and dripping hair.

"There are three more!" said her companion, an older girl whom the Tinkhams had never seen until that day. "Three drowned—unless you can save them!"

"One went down right here!" cried the little Commodore, paddling helplessly about, wild-eyed,



his black locks washed over his brows. "Can you dive? Oh Heaven! I can't!"

He had hitherto supposed he could, and had taken from a platform many a plunge which he thought the world ought to admire. But he could no more go down fifteen or eighteen feet, even to save a life he had so recklessly imperiled, than he could fly in the air.

Neither were the Tinkham boys at all expert at diving. In their limited swimming experience, their endeavor had generally been to keep as near the surface as possible.

Yet Rush had already kicked off his shoes and thrown down his hat and coat. And now he stood

hand and drawing up something entangled in the other.

"Here! here!" cried Letty, reaching to help him. "I've got hold of her!"

Up came a gasping and strangling face. Lute and Letty pulled the drowning girl into the boat. She was the youngest of the sailing party—a child not more than thirteen years old.

"It's Isabel! It's your sister, Web!" cried Mollie Kent. "Is she alive?"

"She is alive," said Mrs. Tinkham, who at once took the girl in charge. "Turn her on her face! Poor thing! poor thing! She was going down for the last time."



"THE YACHT WENT RUSHING PAST."

ready to leap, while he kept the boat in place with a single oar.

"There! there!" shrieked Letty.

Something like floating hair appeared on the opposite side of the boat from the poor, paddling Commodore. It was slowly settling down again, when Rush saw it, and, using his one oar as a lever, tried to force the boat over broadside toward it. Failing in that, and seeing it about to disappear, he gave a headlong jump, which nearly threw Lute overboard.

Lute saved himself, however. He seized the oar and brought the boat around just as Rush, after a brief struggle in the water, emerged with blinded eyes and dripping face, swimming with one free

Rush scrambled into the boat, to be ready for any further discovery that might be made. Lute also pulled in the little Commodore, who by this time was nearly exhausted with fatigue and fright.

"There are two more missing," said the wretched youth.

" Sylvia Bartland is one of them," said Mollie Kent, in tones of wildest affliction. "I have n't seen her at all! She would n't have gone in the yacht, if I had n't urged her."

The wind had lulled, and yet the boat was drifting off. Rush took an oar to bring it back.

"What are you doing?" he said to Lute.

Lute had bethought him of his water-glass. He hauled up the big, bungling "toy" from

under the thwart, thrust the broad end into the water, and, leaning low over the rail, looked down.

What he saw was quite beyond his stammering astonishment to utter.

On the dark bottom of the lake lay the handsome new yacht, partly on one side. Bright, waving gleams danced over it, caused by the sunshine passing through the waves. The deck, the tiller, the sloping mast, the sail sweeping off over the lower beam, were distinctly visible, with one object most wonderful of all.

Down there, in the perfectly clear water, a young girl. She was resting partly on the deck, seemingly inclined to float; but two little hands in black lace mitts grasped a rope, which prevented her from rising. Dressed in pale pink, with a light blue scarf clasped by a gold pin; loose auburn hair, to which the white straw hat was still tied; and a sweet, beautiful, almost smiling face, with open eyes staring at vacancy—all played over by the chasing ripples of sun and shade.

It did not look like death. It was more like a scene of enchantment, a fairy realm in the deep.

"L-l-look!" said Lute, giving the instrument to Rush. "Keep the boat up, w-w-will you?" to the little Commodore, who obeyed with the meekness of utter despair and remorse.

Rush looked, and was overboard the next moment, in a headlong plunge.

Lute watched him through the glass, and saw with dismay that he did not descend half-way to the drowning girl, but soon began to swim off in a lateral direction, coming up while he still believed he was going down.

"I can't see in the water!" said Rush, blowing at the surface. "If I could only keep my eyes open! I'll try again!"

"It won't d-d-do!" said Lute. "Put the boat ahead, will you?" to the little Commodore. "This is the rope she has hold of!"

It was one of the halyards to which Mollie and her companion were clinging above. Sylvia, with the blind desperation of a drowning person, had caught hold and was clinging fast below. Thus the very effort she was instinctively making to save her life was destroying it.

"Maybe I can shake off her hold," said Lute, "or b-break the rope."

The two at the mast were taken aboard. He then shook and pulled, but in vain. The unconscious girl held fast, and the unstable skiff afforded but a poor support when he tried to free the halyard from its fastening at the deck.

"Wait!" Rush exclaimed. "I can get her."

He could n't dive far; but, laying hold of the halyard, he could go down hand under hand to the yacht.

This he did, sliding his fingers along till they reached those of the drowning girl. He endeavored to unclasp them with one hand, holding one of her wrists with the other. To do so without violence was not so easy a task as he had supposed. His breath, which he was unable to retain, rose in bubbles to the surface. But he was resolved not to loose his hold of that wrist, and never to return to the upper world alone.

He was struggling and groping, believing that something still held her down, when there came a rushing sound in his ears, and behold! he was at the surface with Sylvia Bartland in his arms.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### FROM THE SUNKEN YACHT.

THE place where the yacht went down was hidden from the boat-house by a curve of the shore. But the news had reached there in the midst of the excitement over the swimming race. The crowd separated in a panic, and now boats were coming to the rescue.

Mrs. Tinkham had never before had any experience in resuscitating the drowned. But she did not need to be taught that less water and more air was in such cases the immediate necessity, and she knew something of the right theory of producing that result.

The Commodore's young sister was already so far restored as to be able to care for herself. She went over to the other two rescued girls in the bow, while Mrs. Tinkham and Letty took Sylvia in hand. Letty had quite got over her first hysterical emotion, and she now obeyed and helped her mother in a manner worthy of a Tinkham.

They first turned Sylvia on her face, depressing her head, and opening her mouth to let the water run out. At the same time they compressed her lungs gently, to expel the exhausted air, allowing the chest to expand again and inhale fresh, by its own elastic force. While they continued these movements at intervals, trying to give her life with artificial breath, the boys were searching with the water-glass for the other missing girl.

They discovered her under the shadow of the sail on the other side of the yacht. By this time the first boats had arrived. They had swimmers and even divers aboard. The Tinkhams, therefore, left them, with Commodore Foote, to recover the last of his victims, and with the other four pulled for home.

How they pulled! People in boats or running wildly up the shore shouted at them; but they gave no heed. What Mollie Kent answered, they hardly heard or cared.



Suddenly a boat, rowing furiously, turned in their wake, and the boys had a glimpse of a face they knew—a sternly anxious face, white and terrible in its excitement, sending after them looks of entreaty, with wild words:

"Tell me, I say! is she dead?"

"No! no! I think not! I hope not!" replied Mollie Kent, excitedly. "It's Lew Bartland and my brother!" she said, sobbing again.

The boat came alongside, and, after a few words exchanged, darted off toward the shore. The Tinkham boys all this time neither spoke word nor missed stroke, but continued to row their heavily freighted boat as if more than their own lives were at stake.

Into the outlet they pulled, then down the river with the tide, to the mill. There, fortunately, they found Mart, who had remained to guard the premises and prepare still further for the Argonauts' expected attack.

How quickly and utterly all thoughts of that were put out of his mind by the arrival of the boat with the shipwrecked girls! Sylvia was by this time recovering consciousness, in great bodily distress. He took her from his mother and sister, and bore her in his arms to the house; Lute and Rush and Letty following up the path over the bank with Mrs. Tinkham, in her wheeled chair, and the other drenched ones on their own feet.

They had hardly entered the house, when Charley Kent and Lew Bartland arrived with a doctor they had picked up on the lake shore. Rupe and Rod came running after, carrying their tub, with the hammock, between them, and behind them flocked a crowd of people. Many of the spectators of the races had gone up toward the sunken yacht; others followed the rescued girls; so that in a few minutes there was on and about the premises more people than had ever been there before, except on the day when it seemed as if half Dempford and Tammoset assembled to see the dam destroyed.

Very different motives brought them now—not curiosity merely and the love of sensation, but anxious sympathy and eagerness to help.

Women offered their services. These were welcome, Mrs. Tinkham being well-nigh exhausted as well as lame, and the servant being away. Hot drinks were soon prepared, dry clothing was got for the wet ones, and Sylvia was warmed in bed.

"The worst is over," the doctor had said, as soon as he touched her wrist. And now only good nursing was necessary to her complete restoration.

Assured of this, Bartland and Kent and the two older Tinkhams embarked in Lew's boat and rowed with speed up the lake.

They were too late to render any assistance to the lost girl. This was Kate Medway, one of the happiest of the five who were seen to set off so gayly in the Commodore's yacht less than an hour before. She had been taken from the water and borne to the nearest house, followed by a throng of horrified spectators, many of whom knew her and loved her; among them the little Commodore, capless, drenched, his wet hair not yet tossed back from his brow—a stricken, despairing man.

A physician was on the spot. But either she had remained too long in the water, or the right thing had not been done for her the moment she was taken out. Neither skill nor love nor pity nor remorse could help her now. She was an only child; her father and mother were yet to be sent for. Who could bear to tell them the heart-rending news?

The Tinkhams returned home with Bartland and Kent, having a little talk by the way. It was strange that not one of them spoke harshly of the author of the catastrophe. Only Lew said, "I always thought Web knew how to sail a boat!" Nothing more.

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE TIDE TURNS.

WHEN all was over, and the four girls who were saved had been taken home by their grateful friends, and she who perished had also been taken home; when the lake was deserted, and a strange quiet reigned where there had been so much movement and merriment in the morning; then Mart, late that afternoon, said to his brothers, as they sat together in the willow-tree:

"I was intending to put a lamp in the upper mill-window, where it would shine all night across the dam. I was going to be on hand myself, below, with the door open and the wooden cannon in position, and fire that charge of sand at the first marauders that came within range. I meant to let Dempford and Tammoset know that we were getting the least mite tired of being trifled with."

"It seemed to be about t-t-time," said Lute.

"But I've changed my mind," Mart continued. "We'll stop in the house to-night. I've a sort of notion that we've tried war long enough. I believe there's something better. You've had a chance to try that to-day, boys,—you and Mother,—and you've done well. Now, after what has happened, if there are Argonauts who want to meddle with our dam to-night, I say let 'em!"

"And let the w-w-world know it!" said Lute.

"It's the best way!" Rush declared. "We have had fighting enough. I'm sick of it!"

Even the younger boys were satisfied with this decision. When it was announced to Mrs. Tinkham, she exclaimed, fervently :

"I am thankful, boys! I said to myself in the presence of death to-day, when praying that we might be able to save those precious lives, I said then I would never repine at petty trials after this, but accept the ways of Providence in all things, as I had never done before. What if the dam is destroyed? You can still rebuild it. Or you can do something else. We will live in peace, and be just to all men; and if we can not prosper, we will at least deserve to."

"I know we shall prosper!" said Letty, overjoyed. "I would n't have had the boys stop fighting from cowardice. But if they stop from a better motive, we shall never be sorry, I am sure!"

Thus, the events of the day had softened and deepened all their hearts.

The boys went down at dusk and fired off their wooden gun, well satisfied to see the charge tear the water and throw over a post they had set up against the dam.

"What if that had been an Argonaut?" said Rod, with a chuckle of triumph.

"I'm rather glad, on the whole, it was n't," said Mart.

"There's a wire-alarm to sell or to let!" laughed Rush. But the boys did not regret the labor that it had cost.

"If it had n't been for that," said Lute, "I should n't have made the w-w-water-glass. And if it had n't been for that——"

It was terrible to think what might have happened but for that "toy"!

The boys then shut the mill, and soon after went to bed, leaving the dam to its fate.

In the morning it was still there, and there it remained.

The Argonauts were coming to their senses. The light of Buzrow's influence had been extinguished in ridicule, and Web Foote's brand-new popularity, which carried so much sail of self-conceit, had suddenly sunk deeper than ever yacht went down. On the other hand, the true characters of the Tinkhams were beginning to be appreciated.

The yacht was raised; but it quietly disappeared, and was never seen again on Tammoset waters. Web likewise tried to lift his lost reputation—a more difficult task. He did not have the grace to resign his office; but at the annual meeting of the club, which took place in August, he

was quietly dropped, Lew Bartland being reëlected commodore by a unanimous vote.

Not long after, what new members do you suppose were proposed by him, and admitted with scarcely any opposition? The three older Tinkham boys!

"I don't know that they will consent to join us," Lew said, in advocating their election. "But I hope they will; and if they do, it will be more an honor to us than to them. At any rate, I want the club to pay them this tribute."

The Tinkhams did consent, the more readily as they were made aware that they had done the Argonauts, in one particular, great injustice.

The mischief done that night when the mill-wheel was broken was not, after all, the work of any members of the club, but of vicious youngsters outside, ambitious of getting into it. He who had shown his zeal by creeping into the shop, stealing the sledge-hammer, and using it to smash the paddle-blades before throwing it into the river, was—whom do you think?

Dick Dushee!

That fact having been discovered by Rupert in his growing intimacy with Tammoset boys, and the damage to the wheel having been paid by Dick's utterly disgusted papa, the older Tinkhams became Argonauts; and those whom a conflict of interests had made enemies, found that they ought all along to have been friends.

The dam was as much in the way as ever. But the readiness of the Tinkhams to pull up their flash-boards for passing boats, and a little patience and forbearance on the part of the boatmen, made the difficulty, which had once loomed so great, dwindle to a very small matter—like so many things in life over which hatred and selfishness may fight, or reason and good-will clasp hands.

Not that all opposition to the dam was ended, by any means. Curiously enough, it was at last abolished by statute, a law having been enacted placing all such waters as the Tammoset, as far as the tides from a harbor rise and fall two feet, under the authority of harbor commissioners, and declaring them to be navigable streams. But this was after the business of the Tinkham Brothers had outgrown their old quarters, and they had bought a large factory, with steam-power, nearer town.

Meanwhile, a delightful intimacy had grown up between the Tinkhams in Tammoset and the Bartlands and Kents in Dempford, the story of which has not much to do with the Tide-Mill, and so need not be related here.





## PUNCH AND THE SERIOUS LITTLE BOY.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THERE was once a serious little boy,  
Who never smiled, and who rarely spoke;  
Arithmetic was his only joy,  
And he could not be made to take a joke.

If ever any one chanced to read  
Or tell him a joke, in accents chilly,  
To an older person he said, "Indeed?"  
To a younger person, "That is silly."

It happened one day, when he went to school,  
That his tender mother wrapped up his lunch—  
Though such was not her general rule—  
In a leaf from a recent number of *Punch*.

When noontime came, and he spread it out,  
The picture attracted his notice at once;  
And he said, with scorn, "Beyond a doubt,  
There are people who like to play the dunce!"

Now, what this picture was, my dears,  
I would gladly tell you, if I knew,  
For I should not be troubled by any fears  
That what happened to him might happen to you.



He read the joke—'t was a brand-new joke—  
And then for a minute sat perfectly still.  
Then he went as if he were going to choke,  
And said, with an effort, "That is sill—"

A violent chuckle stopped him here;  
He did not know what to make of it.  
He said to himself, "This is very queer—  
I wonder if it can be a fit?"

"The sensation is singular and new.  
I can not be laughing; I 've too much sense."  
Once more a chuckle shook him all through,  
And he tumbled abruptly off the fence.

He had never laughed in his life before;  
He was just eleven years old, and so  
When he tried to stop, he laughed the more,  
For he 'd all that time to make up, you know.

His mother chanced to be passing by;  
She was sensible, as well as kind,  
So she did not stop to scream and cry,  
But showed at once her presence of mind.

She leaned him up against the fence,—  
 For to stand alone he was quite unable,—  
 She put him through pounds, shillings, and pence,  
 And then the multiplication-table.

By the time he had got to ten times ten,  
 He had almost recovered his self-command;  
 He was only smiling a little then,  
 And by twelve times twelve he was able to stand.



But his mother was fully convinced that day  
 That it 's safer to laugh as one goes along,  
 For if it accumulates in this way,  
 It acquires a force that is terribly strong.

So now she keeps telling him little jokes,  
 And he 's learned an almost agreeable smile.  
 He may some day laugh, as do other folks,  
 But she can not expect that yet awhile.

The moral is plain to be seen, of course—  
 We should all learn laughing while we are small;  
 If we don't, it may come with alarming force,  
 Or—more dreadful still—never come at all!



## THE MIDGET SHEEP.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.



SHEEP have been the friends of man for so many ages that all trace of their wild ancestors is lost, and we can only guess at their origin. There has been a wonderful change in this creature's nature during the long ages since it first was tamed. The domestic sheep is one of the most timid and delicate of animals, while the wild sheep is second to no animal in courage and hardiness.

One of the peculiarities of the sheep is the manner in which it adapts itself to its surroundings, and no doubt it is this ability to suit itself to the circumstances of its dwelling-place that has given us so many varieties of domestic sheep. There is the large merino sheep, so famous for fine wool, and the small Welsh sheep, just as famous for its delicate flavor when cooked. There is the sheep of middle Asia, used for carrying burdens, and even for riding upon, and the sheep of southern and eastern Asia, with its enormous tail, that must be provided with a little cart to keep it from dragging in the dirt—a veritable Bo-peep sheep

that carries its tail behind it. There is the Persian sheep, with its black head and white body, and the Shetland sheep, so good for the wool which ladies like for crochet work; and then there are a great many more sheep that are good for nothing particularly—not very good to eat, and very poor wool producers.

Last of all, because it is the very smallest, is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise; for, of course, it can not have much wool, and as for eating, why, a hungry man could almost eat a whole one at a meal. It is so small when full-grown that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the particular part of France where it is most raised.

But if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and, because it is so small, is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. It would need to be a very large little girl—a giant girl, indeed

—who could take an ordinary sheep in her lap and cuddle it there; but any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep quite as easily as for one of those very ugly little dogs called by the ugly name of pug.

One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes a great deal is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way. A kind word and a loving caress will also fill it with happiness, while a cross word or harsh gesture will cause it such evident distress that only a cruel person could be otherwise than gentle with such a pet.

This strange delicacy of feeling once led to a very happy result, and helped a little girl named Jessie out of a difficulty which was at the same time dangerous and ludicrous.

Away off in one corner of the large garden, Jessie had what she called her house. James, the gardener, had nailed some boards to the fence to make a roof, and there Jessie used to go on summer afternoons with her dolls and her favorite pet, the little Midget sheep. One afternoon, Jessie was tired of staying in her house, and concluded to try the roof. By putting her chair on the starch-box that served for Ethel Araminta's bed, Jessie contrived to mount upon the roof.

Once there, she lay down upon the roof, and, after a deal of reaching, caught the back of the chair and pulled it up. Then she placed it against the fence, stood upon it, and looked over. There was nothing specially interesting there to look at, and Jessie concluded to do something else. The first thing that suggested itself was to sit upon the fence. It was not easy to do, but she finally accomplished it, and when she had recovered her breath, she found her perch very pleasant, until by and by she heard a dog bark. Looking over the fence, she exclaimed:

"Oh! it's that dreadful big bull-dog that belongs to Mr. Wainright. And here he comes. I guess I'll get down. No I won't, either. He can't catch me; it's too high for him. Boo! I'm not afraid of you."

The bull-dog by this time was right under Jessie, barking furiously, for he looked upon her as an intruder. She was too high for him to reach her, but he was a faithful dog, and determined to do the best he could. He jumped hard. He could not reach her, but her frock hung over the

fence, and into that he fastened his teeth just as Jessie, in a fright, slipped from her seat to reach the roof.

She did not reach it, however, for, unfortunately, her frock was new and strong, and would not tear; so she hung on one side of the fence, and the dog on the other. She screamed and wept, but it was too far from the house for her voice to be heard, and she might have hung there until her frock tore (for the dog would not loose his hold), if little Midget had not come to the rescue.

She did not know what was the matter, probably; but she did know that Jessie was in great trouble, and the dear little creature was driven almost frantic with sympathy. She trembled all over, then ran madly about, then stopped and shook again. Finally, she ran like a crazy sheep toward the house, and, in fact, acted so strangely that Ann saw her from the kitchen window, and, thinking her mad, called Jessie's mother. She knew in a moment that something was wrong with her little girl, and, fortunately, a particularly loud scream from Jessie just then caught her ear. She did not stop to explain, but ran as quickly as she could toward where Jessie was.

Ann, like a faithful servant, never stopped to ask why, but followed her mistress, calling at the same time for James, who was just entering the gate. James obeyed the summons, and, being the swiftest, reached the spot first. There hung Jessie, still sobbing and screaming. This so excited James that he forgot how frail the little house was, and sprang upon it at one effort. Crash it went under him, and he fell with it all in a heap to the ground.

What a hubbub there was then! But James was soon up again, and had brought a ladder. Ann was so eager to help that she started to run up just as James did, and the consequence was that a collision took place, and Ann sat down on the grass. James flew up, looked over, comprehended the situation, and, knowing he could not make the dog let go, whipped out his knife and cut Jessie's frock.

It took some time for the story to be told, and for everybody to recover composure; but when it was all understood, it was declared that Midget was a heroine, and that nothing was too good for her. They all believed that Midget had purposely run to the house to let them know there that Jessie was in trouble; but very likely Midget was so excited by Jessie's cries that she did not know what she was doing; for long after everybody else was composed, and even able to laugh at the picture of Jessie on one side of the fence and the dog on the other, Midget continued to tremble as if with ague.





## THE LOLLIPOPS' VACATION.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"I WANT to go where they let you break in colts, and the circus comes 'round every week," said the second Master Lollipop, named Granbury, but commonly called Cranberry by his friends, who thought Cranberry Lollipop sounded particularly well.

"I think it is time that I entered fashionable society," said the eldest Miss Lollipop, who was past sixteen.

"I always think first of my children," said the fourth Miss Lollipop, who was called Cherry, and who was the mother of ten dolls, — just as many as she had brothers and sisters, — "and Christabel Marie is suffering for sea-bathing."

"I want to go where there are sunsets and no cows," said Jujube Lollipop, who was fifteen, and painted in water-colors.

"I'm not going where a fellow has to wear his best clothes and there *must* be cherry pudding every day."

This was the third Master Lollipop, who had been christened Adonijam, but seldom had the benefit of anything but the last syllable of that dignified appellation, Jam Lollipop being thought a very appropriate name for him. Indeed, all the Lollipops' names were capable of being shortened into such very appropriate ones that most people believed they had been christened with this nicknaming in view. The eldest Miss Lollipop was named Araminta, and her name was usually shortened to Minty, or Mint, and people who wanted to tease her even went so far as to call her Peppermint Lollipop; but she did not like that, and was cultivating a dignified manner in the hope of preventing it. Julia Lollipop was always called Jujube, and Tryphena was Taffy, both at home and abroad. Carrie Amelia was called Caramel, by common consent, and Margaret Nutter (named after her grandmother, who had always been called plain Margaret) was called Nutmeg oftener than anything else. Charity was always Cherry, and Molly, Molasses. And the boys did not fare much better. Sherburne was nicknamed Sherbet, and Erastus was never called anything but Raspberry. They did not mind it very much, though Sherbet was sometimes heard to say that he wished they did n't all make people think of something good to eat. Papa Lollipop had been a confectioner, and people *would* say that he had become confused, and thought he was naming his candy when he named his children.

All these stories would probably be very soon forgotten, now, for Papa Lollipop had retired from business, with a fortune; they had moved from the rooms over the shop, where they had always lived, into a fine, large house, on a fashionable street, and if any of the younger children made any reference to the shop, and the times when Papa was a confectioner, all the others said, "'Sh! 'sh!'"

And it was because they were rich people now, and were trying to live as rich people did, that they were going to take a vacation trip. They had never taken one before, except out to Aunt Jane's in Popleyville. Aunt Jane kept a candy-shop in one corner of a big dilapidated old house, on the main street. Papa Lollipop had kept her supplied with candy. The upper shelf of her shop had eight large glass jars, filled with sugar-plums artistically arranged in lines of contrasting color, and intended merely for ornament. Those jars had stood there for twenty years, and all the babies in Popleyville had cried lustily for them; but Aunt Jane, whose heart was torn by a baby's cry for anything else, had never relented so far as to take one sugar-plum out of them. Babies of sense and discretion soon learned to look at them with the silent and hopeless longing with which they looked at the moon. On the next shelf were the sticks of candy, of every color and flavor known to the confectioner's art, and always fresh and crisp. Then came, on a lower shelf, jars of mint-drops and lozenges, sugared almonds and pea-nuts, cream-dates and walnuts, and caramels of every flavor; and on the lowest shelf of all were trays of molasses candy, pea-nut taffy, and corn-balls. The contents of that lowest shelf were always made by Aunt Jane's own hands, and her pride in them was only a trifle less than in the ornamental jars.

And though Aunt Jane's wares were so superior, it was universally acknowledged that there was "more for a cent" to be got there than anywhere else in town. Moreover, Aunt Jane had a most unbusiness-like way of slipping a square of pea-nut taffy or a corn-ball into a penniless little pocket; and when she saw a sad and longing little face glued to the outside of her window-pane, she mysteriously beckoned it in, and it went away a jolly little face that you would n't have known for the same one. Of course, the natural result of this unusual fashion of shop-keeping was that the penniless pockets and the mournful little faces came



often, and Papa Lollipop shook his head gravely, and declared that Jane would be ruined.

But Aunt Jane was n't ruined. She proved herself to be possessed of a Yankee bump for trading, with all her generosity. Everybody in the town was her customer, from sixty-years-old Deacon Judkins, down to the newest baby, who was never thought to have properly made its entrance into Popleyville society until it had been taken to Aunt Jane's shop; and the summer visitors who came to Osprey, the sea-shore resort, only five miles away, were always driving over to Popleyville for the express purpose of buying some of Aunt Jane's candy. She did not make a fortune, but she made enough money to enable her to support herself, and care for several household pets, including two dogs, three cats, and four or five canary-birds, and also to have a very stiff and rustling black silk dress to wear to church and to neighborhood tea-drinkings. If greater happiness than that was to be found in the world, Aunt Jane never sighed for it. But when the eleven Lollipops came out to spend the summer vacation, her cup of joy overflowed. Some people might have thought that there were too many of them, but if Aunt Jane had a regret, it was that they were only eleven. As for the little Lollipops, they thought there was nothing in this world so much like Paradise as Aunt Jane's.

But now that they had become rich and fashionable, of course going to Aunt Jane's was not to be thought of. It would have been such a dreadful thing if any of their fashionable friends had discovered that they had an aunt who kept a little candy-shop in a queer old dilapidated house, that was running over with birds, and cats, and dogs, and who kept no servant except a little lame pauper girl whom she had taken out of pity, and whom she waited upon as tenderly as she did upon the birds. No, indeed! fashionable society could not be expected to recognize people with such an Aunt Jane as that, so, although it was a great pity, they never could visit Aunt Jane any more.

In the family council that they were holding to decide where they should go for the summer, nobody mentioned Aunt Jane's.

"It never will do to have it said that the Lollipop family went anywhere but to Newport or Saratoga," said Mamma Lollipop, who had been a plump and jolly little woman, but had grown wrinkled and anxious-looking since they became fashionable.

"I don't want to go to Saratoga," said Taffy Lollipop, with deep feeling, "because the Krauts go there, and they say they wont associate with us!"

"Well, I sha'n't allow my children to associate with *them*!" said Mamma Lollipop, with decision.

"If the Krauts go to Saratoga, we'll go to Newport!"

"There are several confectioners in Newport who bought all their supplies from me, and I'd rather not go there, anyhow," said Papa Lollipop.

"We might go to Europe," said Taffy Lollipop.

"The ship might go down," said Sherbet.

Mamma Lollipop turned pale. She was very timid; and Europe's fate was sealed.

They looked at each other in dismay. There did n't seem to be anywhere to go. They had never felt any inconvenience from want of space before; but now the world was not large enough for the Lollipops.

Papa Lollipop, who was a nervous little man, walked up and down the room, and mopped his bald head with his handkerchief, as if he were very warm indeed. But suddenly such a bright idea seemed to strike him, that he cut a little caper to relieve his excited feelings.

"I have an idea! We'll all go everywhere, and we wont any of us go anywhere!" he cried, with the delight of one who has made a great discovery.

All the other Lollipops were delighted, too. It was a rather mysterious idea, but it sounded as if it solved all their difficulties, and the way things sound makes a great difference in this world.

"My idea," he went on, addressing Mamma Lollipop, "is to let 'em all go just where they please, each by himself or herself, if they like. We've got servants enough, so that each one of the children can take one as a companion. That will make the servants of some use, and keep me from being all worn out trying to find something for 'em to do! You and I will take the same privilege. I'll go where I please, and you can go where you please! And as I am in something of a hurry, I'll leave you to lock up the house!"

Out of the room hurried Papa Lollipop, and in less than ten minutes they heard the hall door shut with a bang, and, looking out of the window, they saw Papa Lollipop rushing down the street, with a huge traveling bag, in too great a hurry to remember that he now kept a carriage.

Mamma Lollipop looked after him, admiringly.

"My dears," she said, "your father has a great mind. I thought so when his marsh-mallow caramels took the first prize——"

"Sh! 'sh!" cried Minty. But Mamma Lollipop went on, firmly:

"I thought so then, but I know it now. We will do just as he said."

"I do wonder where he has gone, in such a hurry," said Taffy, who was the inquisitive one of the family.

Mamma Lollipop, who was a very shrewd woman,

looked at the newspaper which Papa Lollipop had just been reading, and saw a notice of a Confectioners' Convention in Chicago. It was almost a thousand miles away; but what were miles to a mind like Papa Lollipop's?

The door opened, and there stood Master Cranberry Lollipop, with a bundle of clothes slung over his shoulder upon a stout walking-stick; behind him stood Coffee, the colored boy who cleaned the knives and did the cook's errands, and he was similarly equipped for traveling.

"We're goin'—good-bye!" said Cranberry. "Mebbe we shall come back some time, but if you hear of orle piruts on the high seas, it's us."

Mamma Lollipop thought of screaming and fainting at this dreadful announcement, but she remembered what a mind Papa Lollipop had, and decided to have perfect faith in his plan.

And Cranberry and Coffee marched off, with fierce determination in their looks.

The next to go was Miss Minty, who first had her hair dressed so it would last all summer, if she did n't sleep in it, bought seventeen new bracelets for each arm, and a pair of eye-glasses, though she was not in the least near-sighted, had seven Saratoga trunks packed, ordered the carriage, and took her own maid with her.

Jam and Taffy were the only ones who told each other where they were going, and they happened to be going to the very same place. Jam and Taffy were twins, and thought just alike about everything. They seemed very happy in their plans, Jam occasionally giving expression to his feelings by uttering whoops and turning somersaults; but they evidently felt at the same time that they were going to do something rash and dreadful, and it was generally suspected that they meant to distinguish themselves by doing something even more terrible than turning pirates; and it severely tested Mamma Lollipop's faith in Papa Lollipop's plan to let them go. But they took Betty, who had been their maid-of-all-work in the old days, when they lived over the shop, and Betty had brains; she could make jujube paste and pipe-stem candy that rivaled everybody's except Aunt Jane's; even if Jam should decide to be a wild man of Borneo, like one he had read of and was always longing to imitate, Mamma Lollipop felt that Betty would be equal to the occasion.

Sherbet took his drum with him, and hinted, darkly, that he might be heard from on the field of battle; so it was generally supposed that he had gone to be a soldier, though where and whom he was to fight remained a mystery. Mamma Lollipop looked anxious, but did not attempt to influence him; she merely reminded him that for soldiers and pirates, as well as for less warlike

members of society, school began on the twenty-ninth of September.

Raspberry was seen negotiating with the proprietor of a hand-organ; it was evident that he intended to attain to the great ambition of his life, and enter the organ-grinding profession.

Jujube, who had just begun to paint in water-colors, bought artist's materials of all kinds, enough to last her a year, if she painted every day from morning till night, and went off with "Picturesque America" under one arm and the "Tourist's Guide" under the other, and entirely forgot her trunk.

Caramel wanted to go where there was a Sunday-school picnic every day in the week, and she was supposed to have gone in search of such a place, as she had all her cambric dresses freshly done up, and bought two new umbrellas.

Nutmeg had taken her nurse with her and gone, it was thought from her remarks, in search of a fairy who would tap her with her wand three times lightly and make diamonds and pearls fall from her mouth. Nutmeg was the youngest of the Lollipops, and believed firmly in fairies.

Cherry went off with her ten dolls and their wardrobes. It was thought probable that she had gone where there was sea-bathing to be had, and also where it was cool—as her wax children were seriously affected by heat.

Molly wanted to find a kitten with double claws, to be a gypsy, to go up in a balloon, to dig clams, and to see Queen Victoria. It was evident that she was much perplexed by these varied desires, and her destination was shrouded in deep mystery, as the only baggage she took was a book, almost as big as herself, from the top shelf in the library, entitled, "The Guide to True Happiness."

Last of all, Mamma Lollipop, having dismissed the coachman and her own maid, the only servants who were left, locked the doors of the house, and sauntered off down a little side street.

Aunt Jane was in trouble. Everybody in Popleyville seemed to have developed a sweet tooth, since her supplies from Papa Lollipop's manufactory had been cut off. Osprey and even Popleyville itself were full of summer visitors, who thronged her shop and complained that the acid drops were sweet, and the barley-sugar sour, that the chocolate creams tasted like flour-paste, and the caramels were burnt. It was just because they had been accustomed to Papa Lollipop's candy that they thought so; of course, there was no candy to be found like that. There was nothing that tasted as it used to, they said, but the corn-balls and the pea-nut taffy, and Aunt Jane had to make corn-balls and pea-nut taffy into the small hours



every night. And the circus was coming, to say nothing of a menagerie, and two small shows, and a military celebration and excursion parties and picnics almost every day. The demand for candy would be stupendous, and already a rival establishment was set up in the town, prepared to seize Aunt Jane's trade.

If she had n't been a Lollipop, she should have gone crazy. She knew she should, Aunt Jane said. Nobody to help her the least bit! Her little maid-of-all-work was willing, but she had no talent for confectionery; it was not to be expected; she did n't come from a talented family; her plain molasses candy was streaked and lumpy. Now, the little Lollipops, down to the youngest, had talent to their fingers' ends. Jam, at the age of three, had made taffy that was fit to set before the king, Aunt Jane proudly told her neighbors; and Cherry's cayenne lozenges would draw tears from a stone, so they would.

But alas! just when she wanted them most, the Lollipops had all written to say they were not coming!

Aunt Jane was standing in front of her door, with a tame squirrel perched on one shoulder and a kitten on the other. She was tasting the wares of a wholesale dealer in confectionery, who drove a pair of prancing steeds, and a huge wagon as gayly painted as if it belonged to a circus. As soon as she had tasted the candy herself, she gave a bit to the squirrel and offered a bit to the kitten, who declined, but rubbed his head against it as a token of gratitude for the attention.

But Aunt Jane did not find the candies satisfactory, and the candy dealer was so angry at her disparagement of his wares that he drove off and left Aunt Jane standing there, candy-less, with several of her empty jars staring at her from the window.

Aunt Jane would have tried to call him back; but, at that moment, her attention was arrested by the driving up of the stage, and the appearance of three unexpected visitors—Jam and Taffy and Betty!

She was so overjoyed that she ran forward eagerly and hugged them all, even Betty, till they were almost purple in the face.

For with Jam and Taffy and Betty to help her, there was no more fear of the rival shop!

"But you must n't let Mamma or Papa or any of them know that we are here!" said Taffy, earnestly, "because you know Popleyville is n't fashionable!" She did not want to say that it was n't fashionable to have an aunt who kept a candy-shop, for fear of wounding Aunt Jane's feelings, and Aunt Jane did n't suspect anything of the kind, for she thought her little shop was some-

thing to be proud of, and would n't have changed places with a queen on her throne.

They all made candy for three days, and great fun it was; they might not have enjoyed it so much once, but now it was new. And Aunt Jane's empty jars were filled, and people were quick to find out that they were filled with real Lollipop candy. The shop-bell was kept jingling nearly all the morning, and very few persons lifted the latch of the rival shop-door.

On the next afternoon, Jam and Taffy thought they would like a little variety, so they hired a donkey and cart of the man next door, took six tin pails and three baskets of luncheon and the little servant, and started to go a-berrying.

Before they had gone half a mile out of the village, on the road to the nearest railroad station, they met two very ragged and forlorn-looking boys. Both looked bruised and torn, as if they had been fighting, and one was limping painfully. The other one was a colored boy, and Taffy remarked that from a distance he did not look unlike their Coffee, only that Coffee was always so spick and span. When they came nearer, they saw that it was Coffee, and his companion, the poor limping lad with a blackened face, was Cranberry.

"Hello, pirates!" called Jam, cheerfully. "A short cruise and a merry one, was n't it?" Jam was always provoking.

"We carried off a boat from a wharf, and the owners did n't understand the first principles of piracy; they took us for thieves!" said Cranberry, in an aggrieved tone. "And Coffee was seasick, and I had to pay all my money for the boat, and it was n't like a book, anyway. There's more fun in Popleyville any day!"

Jam helped them into the donkey-cart, and drove them to Aunt Jane's, where they received such a welcome as is not often accorded to pirates returned from the high seas.

Jam and Taffy had scarcely started again upon their berrying excursion, when they met a fine carriage driving through the main street. A head was thrust out of the carriage window: the countenance was a very singular one, though strangely familiar; it looked very hot and flurried, and was surrounded by a mass of disheveled auburn hair, ringlets, braids, and puffs—all fluttering in the wind.

"I had to come home," said the piteous voice of Minty. "There were many more stylish dresses than mine, and a girl said my bracelets were brass, and I got entangled in the points of my parasol and had to be taken to pieces. And I'll never be fashionable again!" And off whirled the carriage bearing Minty to Aunt Jane's comforting arms.

Before they had gone half a mile farther they

met the stage, and there sat Jujube on the top, making a sketch.

"There are no sunsets anywhere but in Popleyville, so I had to come," she explained, calmly working away at her sketch. Inside the stage sat Caramel lunching off a hard-boiled egg and a pickle.

"Could n't you find enough picnics?" asked Jam and Taffy both together.

"I am sure that there are more picnics in Popleyville than anywhere in the known world!" replied Caramel, between her mouthfuls.

Before Jam and Taffy reached the railroad station, they met Raspberry, with a monkey perched on his shoulder and a tambourine in his hand.

"I had an organ, but it was too heavy," he announced as soon as they came within hearing. "Monkeys draw better in Popleyville than they do anywhere else. You'll just see fun, I can tell you! I suppose you have n't a quarter that you could lend a fellow? The hand-organ business is very expensive."

Of course, they had to carry Raspberry to Aunt Jane's, if they never got any berries, but it did seem very queer that before they had gone a mile on their way again, they should meet Sherbet, with his drum on his back, and his arm in a sling.

"Had a good time?" demanded Jam.

"Splendid! only off on a furlough now, till my country needs me again," said Sherbet, and that was all he would say. Sherbet was n't one to say much, but he looked as if serving his country had been hard work.

The berrying party went on; they had promised Aunt Jane some berries, and they must be had, however attractive the family reunion at Aunt Jane's might seem. When they got as far as the railroad station, whom should they see alighting from the cars but Nutmeg and her nurse.

"Nobody seems to know anything about fairies except Aunt Jane, and I don't believe they live anywhere but in Popleyville. And ignorant people laugh at one, so I came here," said Nutmeg, with dignity.

At the other end of the platform they espied Cherry, who had evidently come in the same train. She was negotiating with a man for a baby carriage to transport her ten children in. They were in a truly pitiable condition, some with saw-dust oozing from every pore, some with broken limbs, and noses, and some, alas! who had evidently been where it was very warm, had quite lost the shape of humanity and were nothing but lumps of wax.

"Traveling did n't agree with the poor dears," explained Cherry. "People with large families

never ought to travel. Popleyville is just the place to bring up children in. I don't think I shall ever go anywhere else."

The donkey-cart with its load went on, after taking Cherry's ten dolls upon the back seat, and making them as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

Just at sunset, the donkey-cart started for home, with the six tin pails full to the very top and the luncheon baskets empty to the very bottom. As they drew near the house Jam and Taffy saw, walking ahead of them, a very familiar figure. It was a lady with a richly embroidered shawl over her shoulders.

Yes, it was Mamma Lollipop and the drab parrot, and a jubilee the Lollipops had, you may be quite sure, when they got together in Aunt Jane's house.

"I went back to the old rooms over the shop where we were so happy before we got rich," said Mamma Lollipop; "but I was lonely without any of you, so I thought I would come to see Aunt Jane. But I should n't care to have your father know —"

Just then the door of Aunt Jane's kitchen, whence came a delicious odor of cooking candy, was opened, and there stood Papa Lollipop, looking happier than they had ever seen him look since he retired from business!

It seemed that he had come early that morning, and Aunt Jane had kept him hidden.

"It was a miserable affair — that convention," said he; "they openly favored using terra alba and poisonous coloring stuff. The American people will be poisoned if I don't return to the business! It is my duty, and I will!" At which announcement all the children clapped their hands with delight.

"But where is poor little Molasses? She is the only one missing!" said Mamma Lollipop.

At that very moment a knocking was heard at the door, and, when it was opened, there stood Molly, panting for breath, and with her cheeks all stained with dust and tears. She had a few torn leaves of the big "Guide to Happiness" still clutched in her hand, but she tossed them away as Aunt Jane caught her in her arms.

"It's a silly old book," sobbed Molly, "all full of big words that don't say anything about good times. Aunt Jane knows ten times as much about 'em, so I came here!"

Popleyville never was so pleasant in the world as it was that summer, and I only wish I had space to tell you of all the fun that the Lollipops got out of their vacation, after all!



## A BIG BITE.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

MAMMA gave our Nelly an apple,  
So round, and big, and red;  
It seemed, beside dainty wee Nelly,  
To almost eclipse her head.

Beside her, young Neddie was standing—  
And Neddie loves apples, too.  
"Ah, Nelly," said Neddie, "give Brother  
A bite of your apple—ah, do!"

Dear Nelly held out the big apple;  
Ned opened his mouth very wide—  
So wide that the startled red apple  
Could, almost, have gone inside!

And oh! what a bite he gave it!  
The apple looked small, I declare,  
When Ned gave it back to his sister,  
Leaving that big bite there.

Poor Nelly looked frightened a moment,  
Then a thought made her face grow  
bright:  
"Here, Ned, you can take the apple—  
*I'd rather have the bite!*"



## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.\*

NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

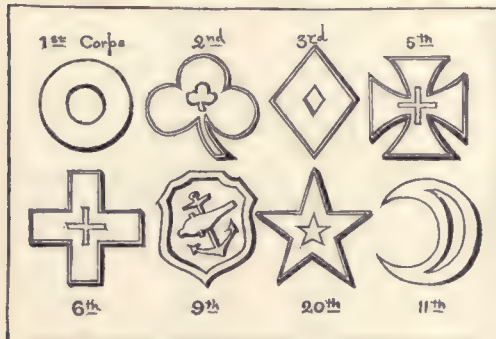
## CHAPTER VII.

## A BIVOUC FOR THE NIGHT.

IF, from any cause whatsoever, any one happened to have lost his command, or to have strayed away from or been left behind by his regiment, he could usually tell with tolerable certainty, as he trudged along the road among the men of another command, what part of the army he was with, and whether any of his own corps or division were anywhere near by. And he could tell this at a glance, moreover, and without so much as stopping to ask a question. Do you ask how? I answer, by the badges the men wore on their caps.

An admirable and significant system of badges was adopted for the entire Union Army. The different corps were distinguished by the *shapes*, the different divisions by the *colors*, of their several badges. Thus, the First Corps wore a round badge, the Second a clover leaf, the Third a diamond, the Fifth a Maltese cross, the Sixth a Roman cross, the Ninth a shield, the Eleventh a crescent, the Twentieth a star, and so on. As each corps included three divisions, and as it was necessary to distinguish each of these from the other two, the three good old colors of the flag were chosen for the purpose—red, white, and blue: red for the first division of each corps, white for the second, and blue for the third. Thus, a round

red badge meant First Division, First Corps; a round white, Second Division, First Corps; a round blue, Third Division, First Corps; and so on of the other corps. Division and corps head-quarters



SOME OF THE ARMY BADGES.

could always be known by their flags bearing the badges of their respective commands. As the men were all obliged to wear their proper badges, cut out of flannel or colored leather, on the top of their caps, one could always tell at a glance what part of the Army of the Potomac he was in. In addition to this, some regiments were distinguished by some peculiarity of uniform. Our own brigade was everywhere known as "The Buck-tails," for we all wore buck-tails on the sides of our caps.

It was in this way that I was able to tell that none of my own brigade, division, or even corps, were anywhere near me as, one evening along in the middle of May, 1864, I wearily trudged along the road in the neighborhood of Spottsylvania Court-house, in search of my regiment. I had lost the regiment early in the day; for I was so sick and weak when we started in the morning that it was scarcely possible for me to drag one foot after the other, much less to keep up at the lively pace the men were marching. Thus it had happened that I had been left far behind. However, after having trudged along all day as best I could, when night-fall came on I threw myself down under a pine tree beside the road, faint from exhaustion, stiff and sore in limb, and half-bewildered by a burning fever. All around me the woods were full of men making ready their bivouac for the night. Some were cooking coffee and frying pork, some were pitching their shelters, and some were already sound asleep; but they all, alas! wore the red Roman cross. Could I only have espied a Maltese cross somewhere I should have felt at home, for then I would have known that the good old Fifth Corps was near at hand. But no blue Maltese cross (the badge of my own division) was anywhere to be seen. As I lay there, with half-closed eyes,

feverishly wondering where in the world I was, and heartily wishing for the sight of some one wearing a buck-tail on his cap, I heard a well-known voice talking with some one out in the road, and leaning upon my elbow, called out:

"Harter! Hello, Harter!"

"Hello! Who are you?" replied the sergeant, peering in amongst the trees. "Why, Harry! Where's the regiment?"

"That's just what I'd like to know," answered I. "I could n't keep up, and was left behind, and have been lost all day. But where have you been?"

"Well," said he, as he brought his gun down to a rest and leaned his two hands on the muzzle, "you see the Johnnies spoiled my good looks a little back there in the wilderness, and I was sent to the hospital. But I could n't stand it there, and concluded I would start out and try to find the boys. Look here," continued he, taking off a bandage from the side of his face, and displaying an ugly looking bullet-hole in his right cheek; "see that hole? It goes clean through, and I can blow through it. But it does n't hurt very much, and will heal up before the next fight, I guess. Anyhow, I have the chunk of lead that made that hole here in my jacket pocket. See that?" said he, taking out a flattened ball from his vest pocket and rolling it around in his palm. "Lodged in my mouth right between my teeth. But I'm tired nearly to death. Let's put up for the night. Shall we strike up a tent, or bunk down here under the pines?"

We concluded to put up a shelter—or rather, I should say, Harter did so, for I was too sick and weak to think of anything but rest and sleep, and lay there at full length on a bed of pine branches, dreamily watching the sergeant's preparations for the night. Throwing off his knapsack, haversack, and accouterments, he got out his light hatchet, trimmed away the lower branches of two pine saplings some six feet apart, cut a straight pole and laid it across from one to the other of these saplings, buttoned together two shelters and threw them across the ridge-pole, staked them down firmly at the corners, and, throwing in his traps, exclaimed:

"There you are, 'snug as a bug in a rug.' And now for fire and a supper."

A fire was soon and easily built, for dry wood was plenty, and soon the flames were crackling and lighting up the dusky woods. Taking our two canteens, Harter started off in search of water, leaving me to stretch myself out in the tent—and heartily wish myself at home.

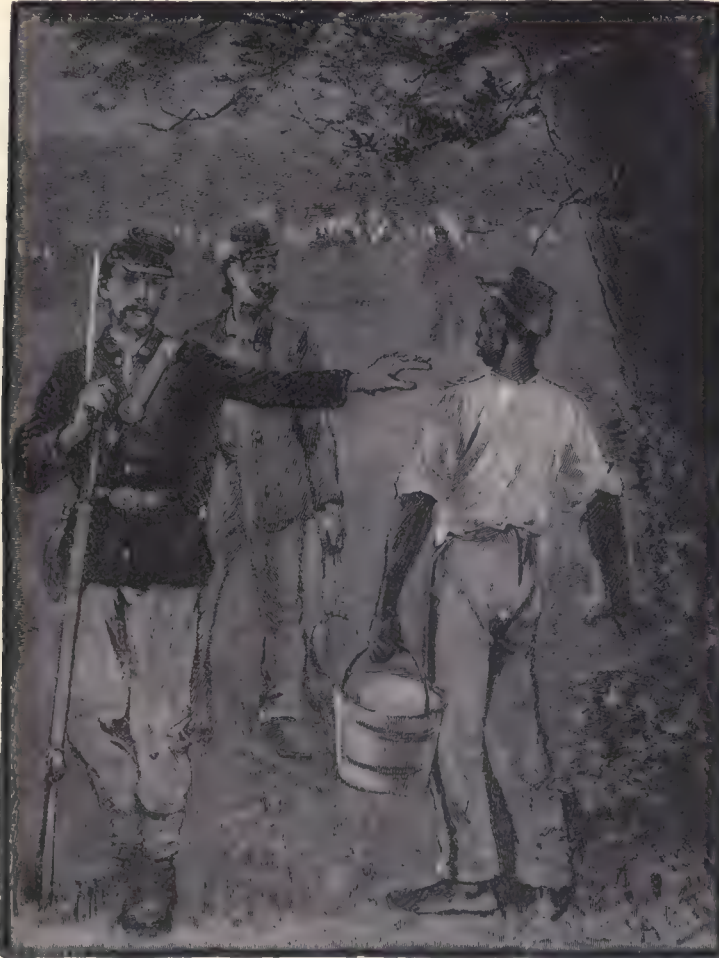
"I tell you, Harry," said the sergeant, as he flung down the canteens on his return, "there is n't anything like military discipline. I went



down the road here about a quarter of a mile, and came out near General Grant's head-quarters in a clearing. Down at the foot of a hill in front of his head-quarters is a spring; but it seems the surgeon of some hospital near by had got there before the General, and put a guard on the spring to keep the water for the wounded. As I came up

"The ducky, saying that 'he'd see about dat,' went up the hill to head-quarters, and returned in a few moments, declaring that 'Gen'l Grant said dat you got to gib me water.'

"'You go back and tell General Grant,' said the corporal of the guard, coming up at the moment, 'that neither he nor any other general



"GENERAL GRANT CAN'T HAVE ANY WATER FROM THIS SPRING TILL MY ORDERS ARE CHANGED!"

I heard the guard say to a ducky who had come to the spring for water with a bucket:

"Get out of that, you black rascal! You can't have any water here."

"Guess I kin," said the ducky. "I want dis yer water fer Gen'l Grant; an' aint he command-in' dis yer army?"

"You touch that water and I'll run my bayonet through you!" said the guard. "General Grant can't have any water from this spring till my orders are changed."

can get water at this spring until my orders are changed."

"Now you see, Harry," continued Harter, as he gave me a tin cup on a stick to hold over the fire for coffee, while he cut down a slice of pork, "that's what I call discipline."

Supper was soon disposed of, and without further delay, while the shadows deepened into night in the forest, we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and stretched ourselves out with our feet to the fire. Dreamily watching the blazing light of our

little camp-fire, and thinking each his own thoughts of things which had been, and things which might be, we soon fell sound asleep.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A TALE OF A SQUIRREL AND THREE BLIND MICE.

"ANDY, what is a shade-tail?"

We were encamped in an oak forest on the eastern bank of the Rappahannock, late in the fall of 1863. We had built no winter quarters yet, although the nights were growing rather frosty, and had to content ourselves with our little "dog-tents," as we called our shelters, some dozen or so of which now constituted our company row. I had just come in from a trip through the woods, in quest of water at a spring near an old, deserted log-house about a half-mile to the south of our camp, when, throwing down my heavy canteens, I made the above interrogatory of my chum.

Andy was lazily lying at full length on his back in the tent, reclining on a soft bed of pine branches, or "Virginia feathers" as we called them, with his hands clasped behind his head, lustily singing:

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,  
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;  
And beneath the starry flag  
We shall breathe the air again" —

"What's that?" asked he, ceasing his song before finishing the stanza and raising himself on his elbow.

"I asked," said I, "whether you could tell me what a shade-tail is?"

"A shade-tail! Never heard of it before. I know what a buck-tail is, though. There's one," said he, pulling a fine specimen out from under his knapsack. "That just came in the mail while you were gone. The old buck that chased the flies with that brush for many a year was shot up among the Buffalo mountains last winter, and my father bought his tail of the man who killed him, and has just sent it to me. It cost him just one dollar."

Buck-tails were in great demand with us in those days, and happy was the man who could secure so fine a specimen as Andy held in his hand.

"But is n't it rather large?" asked I. "And it's nearly all white, and would make a mighty fine mark for some Johnny to shoot at. Eh?"

"Never you fear for that. 'Old Trusty' up there," said he, pointing to his gun hanging along underneath the ridge-pole of the tent,—" 'Old Trusty' and I will take care of Johnny Reb."

"But, Andy," continued I, "you have n't answered my question yet. What is a shade-tail?"

"A shade-tail," said he, meditatively. "How should I know? I know what a *detail* is, though, and I'm on one for to-morrow. We go across the river to throw up breastworks."

"I forgot," said I, "that you have not studied Greek yet. If you live to get home and go back to school again at the old Academy and begin to dig Greek roots, you will find that a shade-tail is a — squirrel. For that's what the old Greeks called the bonny bush-tail. Because, don't you see, when a squirrel sits up on a tree with his tail turned up over his back, he makes a shade for himself with his tail, and sits, as it were, under the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree."

"Well," said Andy, "and what if he does? What's to hinder him?"

"Nothing," answered I, entering the tent and lying down beside him on the pile of "Virginia feathers" — "only I saw one out here in the woods as I came along, and I think I know where his nest is, and if you and I can catch him, or, what would be better still, if we can capture one of his young ones (if he has any), why we might tame him and keep him for a pet. I've often thought it would be a fine thing for us to have a pet of some kind or other. Over in the Second Division there is one regiment that has a pet crow, and another has a kitten. They go with the men on all their marches, and I am told that the kitten has actually been wounded in battle, and no doubt will some day be taken or sent up North, and be a great curiosity. Now, why could n't we catch and tame a shade-tail?"

"Yes," said Andy, getting a little interested. "He could be taught to perch on Pointer's buck-horns in camp, and could ride on your drum on the march!"

Pointer, you must know, was the tallest man in the company, and therefore stood at the head of the line when the company was formed. When we enlisted, he brought with him a pair of deer antlers as an appropriate symbol for a buck-tail company. Now, the idea of having a live, tame squirrel to perch on Pointer's buck-horns was a capital one indeed.

But as the first thing to be done in cooking a rabbit is to catch the rabbit, so we concluded that the first thing to be done in taming a squirrel was to catch the squirrel. This gave us a world of thought. It would not do to shoot him. We could not trap him. After discussing the merits of smoking him out of his hole, we determined at last to risk cutting down the tree in which he had his home, and trying to catch him in a bag.

That afternoon, when we thought he would



probably be at home taking a nap, having provided ourselves with an ax, an old oat-bag, and a lot of tent-rope, we cautiously proceeded to the old beech-tree on the outskirts of the camp where our intended pet had his home.

"Now you see, Andy," said I, pointing up to a crotch in the tree, "up there is his front door. There he goes out and comes in. My plan is this: One of us must climb the tree and tie the mouth of the bag over that hole somehow, and come down. Then we will cut the tree down, and when it falls, if old shade-tail is at home, like as not he 'll run into the bag; and then, if we can be quick enough, we can tie a string around the bag, and there he is!"

Andy climbed the tree and tied the bag. After he had descended, we set vigorously to work at cutting down the beech. It took us about half an hour to make any serious inroad upon the tough trunk; but by and by we had the satisfaction of seeing the tree apparently shiver under our blows, and, at last, down it came with a great crash. We both ran toward the bag as fast as we could, ready to secure our prize; but we found, alas! that squirrels sometimes have two holes to their houses, and that while we had hoped to bag our bush-tail at the front door, he had merrily skipped away out of his back door. For, as soon as the tree touched the ground, we both beheld our pet leaping out of the branches, and running up a neighboring tree as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Plague take it!" said Andy, wiping the perspiration from his face. "What 'll we do now? I guess you 'd better run to camp and get a little salt to throw on his tail!"

"Never mind," said I. "We 'll get him yet, somehow. I see him up there behind that old dry limb peeping out at us. There he goes!"

Sure enough, there he did go, from tree-top to tree-top, "lickitty-splitt," as Andy expressed it, and we after him, quite losing our heads, and shouting like Indians.

As ill luck would have it, our shade-tail was making straight for the camp, on the outskirts of which he was discovered by one of the men, who at once gave the alarm—"A squirrel! a squirrel!" It seemed hardly an instant before all the boys in camp not on duty came running pell-mell, Sergeant Kensill's black-and-tan terrier "Little Jim" leading the way. I suppose there must have been about a hundred men in all, and all yelling and shouting, so that the poor squirrel checked his headlong course high up on the dead limb of a great oak-tree. Then, forming a circle around the tree, with "Little Jim" in the midst, the boys began to shout as when on the charge—"Yi—yi—yi! Yi—yi—yi!" whereat the poor

squirrel was so terrified that, leaping straight up and out in sheer affright and despair, down he came, tumbling tail-over-head, into the midst of the circle, which rapidly closed about him as he neared the ground. With yells and cheers that made the woods ring, a hundred hands were stretched out as if to catch him as he came down; but "Little Jim" beat them all. True to his terrier blood and training, he suddenly leaped up like a shot, seized the squirrel by the nape of the neck, gave him a few angry shakes which ended his agony, and carried him off triumphantly in his mouth to the tent of his owner, Sergeant Kensill, of Company F.

That evening, as we sat in our tent eating our fried hard-tack, Andy remarked, while sipping his coffee from his black tin cup, that "if buck-tails were as hard to catch as shade-tails, they were well worth a dollar apiece any day, and that he believed a crow or something of that sort would make a better pet than a squirrel, anyhow."

"Never mind, Andy," said I, "we 'll make a pet out of something or other yet."

It was some months later, and not until we were safely established in winter quarters, that we finally succeeded in our purpose of having something to pet. I was over at brigade head-quarters one day, visiting a friend who had charge of several supply wagons. Being present while he was engaged in overhauling his stores, I found in the bottom of a large box, in which blankets had been packed, a whole family of mice. The father of the family promptly made his escape, the mother was killed in the capture, and one little fellow was so injured that he soon died; but the remainder, three in number, I took out unhurt. As I laid them in the palm of my hand, they at once struck me as perfect little beauties. They were very young, and very small, being no larger than the end of my finger, with scarcely any fur, and their eyes were shut. Putting them into my pocket, and covering them with some cotton which my friend gave me, I started home with my prize. Stopping at the surgeon's tent on the way, I begged a large empty bottle (which I afterward found had been lately filled with pulverized gum arabic), and somewhere secured an old tin can of the same diameter as the bottle. Then I got a strong twine, went down to my tent, and asked Andy to help me make a cage for my pets, as I took them out of my pockets, with pride, and set them to crawling and nosing about on a warm blanket.

"What are you going to do with that bottle?" inquired Andy.

"Going to cut it in two with this string," said I, holding up my piece of twine.

"Can't be done!" asserted he.

"Wait and see," answered I.

Procuring a mess-pan full of cold water, and placing it on the floor of the tent near the bunk on which we were sitting, I wound the twine once around the bottle, a few inches from the bottom, in such fashion that Andy could hold one end of the bottle and pull one end of the twine one way, while I held the other end of the bottle and pulled the other end of the twine the other way, thus causing the string, by means of its rapid friction, to heat the bottle in a narrow straight line all around. After sawing away in this style for several minutes, I suddenly plunged the bottle into the pan of cold water, when it at once snapped in two along the line where the twine had passed around it, and as clean and clear as if it had been cut by a diamond. Then, melting off the top of the old tin can by placing it in the fire, I fastened the body of the can to the top part of the bottle. When finished, the whole arrangement looked like a large bottle, the upper part of which was glass and the lower tin. Thus I accomplished the double purpose of providing my pets with a dark chamber and a well-lighted apartment, at the same time preventing them from running away. Placing some cotton on the inside of both can and bottle for a bed, and thrusting a small sponge moistened with sweetened water into the neck of the bottle, I then put my pets into their new home. Of course, they could not see, for their eyes were not yet open, neither did they know how to eat; but as necessity is the mother of invention with mice as well as with men, they soon learned to toddle forward to the neck of the bottle and suck their sweet sponge. In a short time they learned to nibble also at a bit of apple, and by and by could crunch their hard-tack like veritable veterans. Gradually they grew larger and very lively and became quite tame, so that we could take them out of their house into our hands, and let them hunt about in our pockets for apple-seeds or pieces of hard-tack. We called them Jack, Jill, and Jenny, and they seemed to know their names. When let out of their cage occasionally, for a romp on the blankets, they would climb over everything, running along the eave-boards and ridge-pole, but never succeeded in getting away from us. It was a comical sight to see "Little Jim," the black-and-tan terrier of Company F, inspect our pets. A mouse was almost the highest possible excitement to Jim, for a mouse was second cousin to a rat, no doubt, as Jim looked at matters; and just say "Rats!" to Jim, if you wanted to see him jump! He would come in and look at the mice, turn his head from one side to the other, and wrinkle his brow and whine and bark; but we were determined he should not kill our mousies as he had killed our shade-tail a few months before.

What to do with our pets when spring came on and winter quarters were nearly at an end, we knew not. We did not like to leave them behind in the deserted and dismantled camp to go back to the barbarous habits of their ancestors. On consideration, therefore, we determined to take them back to the wagon-train and leave them with the wagoner, who, though he at first demurred to our proposal, at last consented to let us turn them loose among his oat-bags, where I doubt not they had a merry time indeed.

## CHAPTER IX.

### "THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT."

IT must not be supposed that the pet-making disposition which had led Andy and myself to take so much trouble with our mice was confined to ourselves alone. The disposition was quite natural, and therefore very general among the men of all commands. Pets of any and all kinds, whether chosen from the wild or the domestic animals, were everywhere in great esteem, and happy was the regiment which possessed a tame crow, squirrel, coon, or even a kitten.

Although not pertaining to the writer's own personal recollections, there yet may appropriately be introduced here some brief mention of another pet, who, from being the "pride of his regiment," gradually arose to the dignity of national fame. I mean "Old Abe," the war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers.

Whoever it may have been that first conceived the idea, it was certainly a happy thought to make a pet of an eagle. For the eagle is our national bird, and to carry an eagle along with the colors of a regiment, on the march and in battle, was surely very appropriate indeed.

"Old Abe's" perch was on a shield which was carried by a soldier, to whom, and to whom alone, he looked as to a master. He would not allow any one to handle or to carry him except this soldier, nor would he ever receive his food from any other person's hands. He seemed to have sense enough to know that he was sometimes a burden to his master on the march, and, as if to relieve him, would occasionally spread his wings and soar aloft to a great height, the men of all the regiments along the line cheering him as he went up. He regularly received his rations from the commissary, the same as any enlisted man. Whenever fresh meat was scarce and none could be found for him by foraging parties, he would take things into his own claws, as it were, and go out on a foraging expedition himself. Sometimes he would be gone



two or three days at a time; but he would invariably return, and seldom came back without a young lamb or a chicken in his talons. His long absences occasioned his regiment no concern, for the men knew that, though he might fly many miles away, he would be quite sure to find them again.

In what way he distinguished the two hostile armies, so that he never was known to mistake the gray for the blue, no one can tell; but it is said to be a fact that he never alighted save in his own camp and among his own men.

At Jackson, Mississippi, during the hottest of the battle before that city, "Old Abe" soared up into the air and remained there from morning till the fight closed at night, having greatly enjoyed, no doubt, his rare bird's-eye view of the battle. He did the same at Mission Ridge. He was, I believe, struck by the enemy's bullets two or three times, but his feathers were so thick that his body was not much hurt. The shield on which he was carried, however, showed so many marks of the enemy's balls, that it looked on top as if a groove-plane had been run over it.

At the Centennial Exposition, held in Philadelphia in 1876, "Old Abe" occupied a prominent place, on his perch, on the west side of the nave in the Agricultural building. He was still alive, though growing old, and was the observed of all observers. Thousands of visitors, from all sections of the country, paid their respects to the grand old bird, who, apparently conscious of the honors conferred upon him, overlooked, with entire satisfaction, the sale of his photographs and biography going on beneath his perch. As was but just and right, the soldier who had carried him during the war continued to have charge of him after the war was over, until the day of his death, which occurred at the capital of Michigan two or three years ago.

Our own regiment had a pet of great value and high regard in "Little Jim," of whom some incidental mention has already been made. As "Little Jim" enlisted with the regiment, and was honorably mustered out with it at the close of the war, after three years of as faithful service as so little a creature as he could render to the flag of his country, some brief account of him here may not be amiss.

"Little Jim," then, was a small rat-terrier of fine blooded stock, his immediate maternal ancestor having won a silver collar in a celebrated rat-pit in Philadelphia. Late in 1859, while yet a pup, he was given by a friend to John C. Kensill, with whom he was mustered into the United States service "for three years, or during the war," on Market street, Philadelphia, Pa., August, 1862. Around his neck was a silver collar with the inscription, "Jim Kensill, Co. F, 150th Regt. P. V."

He soon came to be a great favorite with the boys, not only of his own company, but of the entire regiment as well, the men of the different companies thinking quite as much of him as if he



"OLD ABE," THE WISCONSIN WAR-EAGLE.\*

belonged to each of them individually, and not to Sergeant Kensill alone. On the march he would often be caught up from the roadside where he was trotting along, and given a ride on the arms of the men, who would pet and talk to him as if he were a child and not a dog. In winter quarters, however, he would not sleep anywhere except on Kensill's arm and underneath the blankets; nor was he ever known to spend a night away from home. On first taking the field, rations were scarce with us, and for several days fresh meat could not be had for poor Jim, and he nearly starved. Gradually, however, his master taught him to take a hard-tack between his fore paws and, holding it there, to munch and crunch at it till he had consumed it. He soon learned to like hard-tack, and grew fat on it, too. On the march to Chancellorsville he was lost for two whole days, to the great grief of the men. When his master learned that he had been seen with a neighboring regiment, he started off in search of him at once. As soon as Jim heard his owner's sharp whistle, he came bounding and barking to his side, overjoyed to be at home again, albeit he had lost his

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1876, page 799.

collar, which his thievish captors had cut from his neck in order the better to lay claim to him.

He was a good soldier, too, being no coward and caring not a wag of his tail for the biggest shells the Johnnies could toss over at us. He was with us under our first shell fire at "Clarke's Mills," a few miles below Fredericksburg, in May, 1863, and ran after the very first shell that came screaming over our heads. When the shell had buried itself in the ground, Jim went up close to it, crouching down on all fours, while the boys cried, "Rats! Rats! Shake him, Jim! Shake him, Jim!" Fortunately that first shell did not explode, and when others came that did explode, Jim, with true military instinct, soon learned to run after them and bark, but to keep a respectful distance from them.

On the march to Gettysburg he was with us all the way; but when we came near the enemy his master sent him back to William Wiggins, the wagoner, as he thought too much of Jim to run the risk of losing him in battle. It was a pity Jim was n't with us out in front of the Seminary the morning of the first day, when the fight opened; for as soon as the cannon began to boom the rabbits began to run in all directions, as if scared out of their poor little wits; and there would have been fine sport for Jim, had he been there.

In the first day's fight, Jim's owner, Sergeant John C. Kensill, while bravely leading the charge for the recapture of the 149th Pennsylvania Regiment's battle-flags (of which an account has elsewhere been given), was wounded and left for dead on the field, with a bullet through his head. He, however, so far recovered from his wound that in October following he rejoined the regiment, which was then lying down along the Rappahannock. In looking for the regiment, on his return from a northern hospital, Sergeant Kensill chanced to pass the wagon train, and saw Jim busy at a bone under a wagon. Hearing a familiar whistle, Jim at once looked up, saw his master, left his bone, and came leaping and barking in greatest delight to his owner's arm.

On the march he was sometimes sent back to the wagon. Once he came near being killed. To keep him from following the regiment, or from straying away in search of it, the wagoner had tied him to the rear axle of his wagon with a strong cord. In crossing a stream, in his anxiety to get his team over safely, the wagoner forgot all about poor little Jim, who was dragged and slashed through the waters in a most unmerciful way. After getting over, the teamster, looking back, found poor Jim under the rear of the wagon, being dragged along by the neck, and more dead than alive. He was then put on the sick list for a

few days, but with this single exception never had a mishap of any kind.

His master having been honorably discharged before the close of the war because of wounds, Jim was left with the regiment in care of Wiggins, the wagoner. When the regiment was mustered out of service at the end of the war, "Little Jim" was mustered out too. He stood up in rank with the boys, and wagged his tail for joy that peace had come and that we were all going home. I understand that his discharge papers were regularly made out, the same as those of the men, and that they read thus:

"To all whom it may concern. Know ye, that *Jim Kensill*, Private, Co. F, 150th Regiment, Penna. Vols., who was enrolled on the 22d day of August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, to serve three years or during the war, is hereby DISCHARGED from the service of the United States, this twenty-third day of June, 1865, at Elmira, New York, by direction of the Secretary of War.

"(No objection to his being reenlisted is known to exist.) Said *Jim Kensill* was born in Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, is six years of age, six inches high, dark complexion, black eyes, black-and-tan hair, and by occupation when enrolled a rat-terrier.

"Given at Elmira, New York, this twenty-third day of June, 1865.

JAMES R. REID,

"Capt. 10th U. S. Inf'y, A. C. M."

Before parting with him, the boys bought him a silver collar, which they had suitably inscribed, and which, having honorably earned in the service of his country in war, he proudly wore in peace to the day of his death.

But the Twelfth Indiana Regiment possessed a pet of whom it may be said that he enjoyed a renown scarcely second to that of the wide-famed Wisconsin eagle. This was "Little Tommy," as he was familiarly called in those days—the youngest drummer-boy and, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, the youngest enlisted man in the Union Army. The writer well remembers having seen him on several occasions. His diminutive size and child-like appearance, as well as his remarkable skill and grace in handling the drum-sticks, never failed to make an impression not soon to fade from the memory. Some brief and honorable mention of "Little Tommy," the pride of the Twelfth Indiana Regiment, should not be omitted in these "Recollections of a Drummer-boy."

Thomas Hubler was born in Fort Wayne, Allen Co., Indiana, October 9, 1851. When two years of age, the family removed to Warsaw, Indiana. On the outbreak of the war, his father, who had been a German soldier of the truest type, raised a company of men in response to President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 troops. "Little Tommy" was among the first to enlist in his father's company, the date of enrollment being April 19, 1861. He was then nine years and six months old.

The regiment to which the company was as-



signed was with the Army of the Potomac throughout all its campaigns in Maryland and Virginia. At the expiration of its term of service, in August, 1862, "Little Tommy" reenlisted and served to the end of the war, having been present in some twenty-six battles. He was greatly beloved by all the men of his regiment, with whom he was a constant favorite. It is thought that he beat the first "long roll" of the great civil war. He is still living in Warsaw, Indiana, and bids fair to be the

latest survivor of the great army of which he was the youngest member. With the swift advancing years, the ranks of the soldiers of the late war are rapidly being thinned out, and those who yet remain are fast showing signs of age. "The boys in blue" are thus, as the years go by, almost imperceptibly turning into "the boys in gray"; and as "Little Tommy," the youngest of them all, sounded their first reveille, so may he yet live to beat their last tattoo.

THE END.



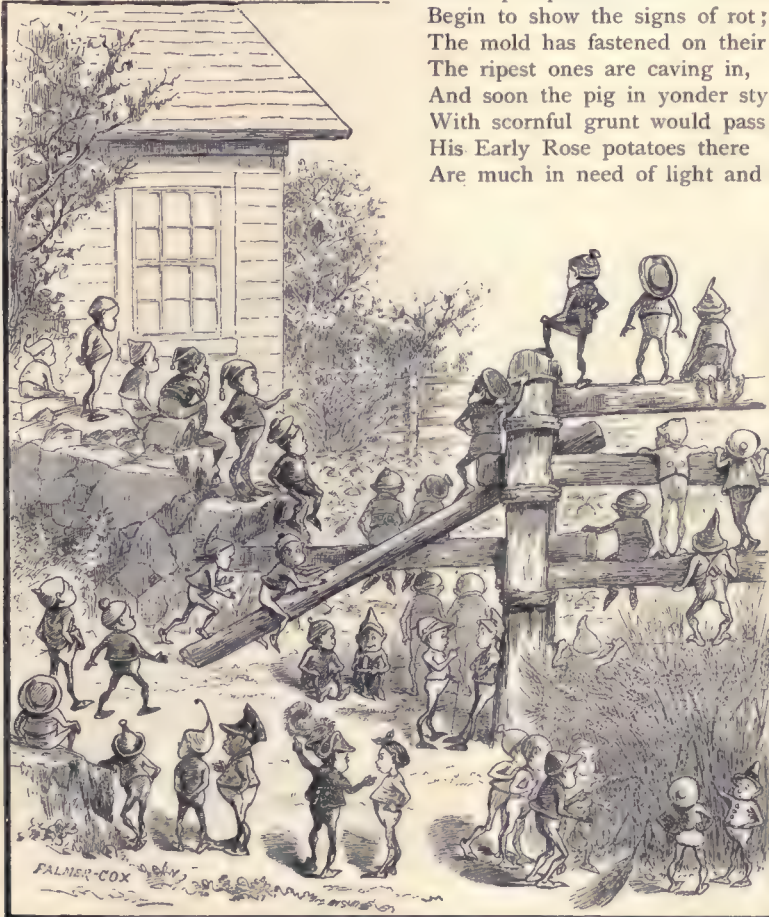
MOTHERLESS.

## THE BROWNIES' GOOD WORK.

BY PALMER COX.

ONE time, while Brownies passed around  
An honest farmer's piece of ground,  
They paused to view the garden fair  
And fields of grain that needed care.

Now overripe his harvest stands  
In waiting for the reaper's hands;  
The piece of wheat we lately passed  
Is shelling out at every blast;  
Those pumpkins in that corner plot  
Begin to show the signs of rot;  
The mold has fastened on their skin,  
The ripest ones are caving in,  
And soon the pig in yonder sty  
With scornful grunt would pass them by.  
His Early Rose potatoes there  
Are much in need of light and air;



"My friends," said one who often spoke  
About the ways of human folk,  
"Now here's a case in point, I claim,  
Where neighbors scarce deserve the name:  
This farmer on his back is laid  
With broken ribs and shoulder blade,  
Received, I hear, some weeks ago,  
While at the village here below—  
He checked a running team, to save  
Some children from an early grave.

The turnip withers where it lies,  
The beet and carrot want to rise.  
'Oh, pull us up!' they seem to cry  
To every one that passes by;  
'The frost will finish our repose,  
The grubs are working at our toes;  
Without you come and save us soon,  
We'll not be worth a picayune!'  
The corn is breaking from the stalk,  
The hens around the hill can walk,



And with their ever ready bill  
May pick the kernels at their will.

"His neighbors are a sordid crowd,  
Who've such a shameful waste allowed;  
So wrapped in self some men can be,  
Beyond their purse they seldom see;  
'T is left for us to play the friend  
And here a helping hand extend.

Prepared to give this farmer aid  
With basket, barrow, hook, and spade.  
But, ere we part, one caution more:  
Let some one reach a druggist's store,  
And bring along a coated pill;  
We'll dose the dog to keep him still;  
For barking dogs, however kind,  
Can oft disturb a person's mind."



"But as the wakeful chanticler  
Is crowing in the stable near,  
Too little of the present night  
Is left to set the matter right.  
To-morrow eve, at that dark hour  
When birds grow still in leafy bower  
And bats forsake the ruined pile  
To exercise their wings awhile,  
In yonder shady grove we'll meet,  
With all our active force complete,

When next the bat of evening flew,  
And drowsy things of day withdrew,  
When beetles droned across the lea,  
And turkeys sought the safest tree  
To form aloft a social row  
And criticise the fox below;—  
Then cunning Brownies might be seen  
Advancing from the forest green.  
Now jumping fences, as they ran,  
Now crawling through (a safer plan);

Now keeping to the roads awhile,  
 Now cutting corners, country style;  
 Some bearing hoes, and baskets more,  
 Some pushing barrows on before,  
 While others, swinging sickles bright,  
 Seemed eager for the grain in sight.  
 But in advance of all the throng  
 A daring couple moved along,  
 Whose duty was to venture close  
 And give the barking dog his dose.

For garden ground or larger field  
 Alike a busy crowd revealed:  
 Some pulling carrots from their bed,  
 Some bearing burdens on their head,  
 Or working at a fever heat  
 While prying out a monster beet.  
 Now here two heavy loads have met,  
 And there a barrow has upset,  
 While workers every effort strain  
 The rolling pumpkins to regain;



Now soon the work was under way,  
 Each chose the part he was to play:  
 While some who handled hoes the best  
 Brought Early Roses from their nest,  
 To turnip tops some laid their hands,  
 More plied the hook, or twisted bands.  
 And soon the sheaves lay piled around,  
 Like heroes on disputed ground.  
 Now let the eye turn where it might,  
 A pleasing prospect was in sight;

And long before the stars withdrew  
 The crop was safe, the work was through.  
 In shocks the corn, secure and good,  
 Now like a Sioux encampment stood;  
 The wheat was safely stowed away,  
 In bins the Early Roses lay,  
 While carrots, turnips, beets, and all  
 Received attention, great and small.  
 When morning dawned, no sight or sound  
 Of friendly Brownies could be found;



And when at last old Towser broke  
 The spell, and from his slumber woke,  
 He rushed around, believing still  
 Some mischief lay behind the pill;  
 But though the fields looked bare and strange,  
 His mind could hardly grasp the change.  
 And when the farmer learned at morn  
 That safe from harm was wheat and corn,  
 That all his barley, oats, and rye  
 Were in the barn, secure and dry,  
 That carrots, beets, and turnips round  
 Were safely taken from the ground,  
 The honest farmer thought, of course,  
 His neighbors had turned out in force

While helpless on the bed he lay,  
 And kindly stowed his crop away.  
 But when he thanked them for their aid,  
 And hoped they yet might be repaid  
 For acting such a friendly part,  
 His words appeared to pierce each heart;  
 For well they knew that other hands  
 Than theirs had laid his grain in bands,  
 That other backs had bent in toil  
 To save the products of the soil.  
 And then they felt as people will  
 Who fail to nobly act, until  
 Some other person, stepping in,  
 Doth all the praise and honor win.

## STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS—THIRTEENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

### PAINTING IN HOLLAND.

It is not possible to give a clear account of the earliest painters of Holland, or of the Dutch school, as it is called. It is certain that they executed wall-paintings and other works, which have been destroyed, and we know that, in the beginning, the Dutch masters painted devotional subjects almost without exception. About 1580 the famous school of Dutch portrait-painters had its origin, and soon after, scenes from common life, or *genre* subjects, became the favorite works of Dutch artists and their patrons. As time passed on, there were added to these the pictures of luxurious interiors, still-life, fruit, flowers, and game, both living and dead. In all these subjects the Dutch masters reached great excellence, for their habit was to reproduce exactly what they saw, and to lavish that infinite care and labor upon the execution of details which makes the perfection of pictures of still-life and kindred subjects.

Thus it results that no painters have excelled the Dutch in the painting of drapery, furniture, glass, metals, satin, and other objects which are made beautiful by strong effects of light and shade. Some of the night, or candle-light, scenes of this school are unequalled by any others in the world. There were, of course, landscape and marine painters, as well as painters of animals, in Holland, who attained high rank in their way; but the portraits and still-life subjects are especially characteristic of the Dutch school. The latter subjects are of two sorts: the smaller number represent

scenes from elegant life, which require fine apartments for a background—such as a music-lesson, a ceremonious call, a doctor's visit, or some occasion which permits the artist to show his skill in painting marbles, woods, china, stuffs, and all sorts of beautiful things. The larger number are scenes from peasant life—fairs and fêtes, dancing villagers, and rude, ungainly boys—or interiors of inns, with coarse boors drinking, smoking, playing cards, or perpetrating rude practical jokes.

There are many famous Dutch masters, but we can study but one—

### REMBRANDT VAN RYN,

the greatest painter of his school, and one who may be called preëminent in art by reason of his remarkable excellence in many departments of painting and engraving. He was the son of Hermann Gerritszoon van Ryn, and was born at Leyden, in 1607. He was sent to school when a boy, but he had so little liking for his books that he was soon allowed to follow his natural taste, and study art under J. J. van Swanenburg; and when he was about sixteen years old he entered the studio of Pieter Lastman at Amsterdam, where he remained but six months. He then returned to Leyden, where he spent seven years. During this time he studied Nature in all her forms—the splendid and varied scenery about him dividing his attention with the infinite variety of human faces which could be seen in the rare old city of Leyden, with its university, its free markets, and its ever brilliant

festivals. He also profited by the exhibitions of foreign pictures which were admitted to Leyden only, and by the collections of paintings, jewels,

represented in so many portraits by her husband that her face is familiar to all who know his works. Three pictures of her, painted during the year of their betrothal, show her in all the loveliness of youth, with dazzling complexion, rosy lips, great, expressive eyes, and auburn hair; and though later portraits are of a more serious cast, and have a more matronly bearing, yet they represent a joyous, happy woman, and may all be called young, since she died before she was thirty years old.

The years of his life that were passed with Saskia were the happiest that ever came to Rembrandt. He was beloved, honored, and rich. His house was fine and furnished with exquisite taste. On the first floor were the ante-chamber and *salons*, with beautiful mirrors, upholstery and drapery, oaken chests and presses, marble wine-coolers and many other rare objects, while the walls were covered with pictures and engravings of foreign artists as well as his own works. On the floor above were his studios and a great art-chamber, or museum, in which was a splendid collection, of which I will speak later. In this beautiful home the artist and his wife lived a happy, simple



REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

books, choice stuffs, and other beautiful objects frequently to be seen in the city hall.

Meantime he worked industriously, and by his earliest paintings and etchings gained a name which brought him a student (the afterward famous Gerard Dow) and obtained for him various commissions from the Hague and Amsterdam.

In 1630, when twenty-three years old, Rembrandt established himself in Amsterdam, where he spent the remainder of his life. He soon became famous, and many students flocked to him, making his life a busy one. Here he executed his first large picture, "The Presentation in the Temple," now in the Gallery at the Hague. Within two years of his settlement at Amsterdam he also painted many smaller pictures, and made at least forty engravings. From this time his career as an artist was but one success after another, and in 1634 he married Saskia von Ulmburg, a very beautiful girl, to whom he was devotedly attached. She was of an aristocratic family, an orphan, and had a large fortune in her own name. She is

life, devoted to each other and to their children, one of whom alone outlived his mother—a son, called Titus.

At her death Saskia left her fortune to her husband, with one request—that he should educate their child and give him a marriage portion. But in spite of this, and of his success as an artist and as a teacher,—for he had many scholars who paid him well,—Rembrandt became poor, and at length, in 1657, his household goods and his fine collection were sold at auction to satisfy his creditors.

There is always a temptation to say that an unusual thing which we see in a picture is not natural; but when we think about it, and observe Nature for that purpose, we find that scarcely anything could be too strange to be true; and this is all the more noticeable when, as in the pictures of Rembrandt, the great effects are those of light and shade. If you want to prove to yourself how wonderful these effects are, choose some landscape which has a variety of objects in it, and study its aspects on a dull, cloudy day. With no sun and no



shadow, how little interest it has. Go to the same spot on a bright day, and see how the sun will make the clump of trees stand out and look as if each separate twig was joyous with life; see the brook shimmer like rippling silver where the sunlight falls on it, and note how dark and cold it looks in the shade; see how black the rock is

Now, Rembrandt had a quick eye for all these marvelous effects of light, and he painted just such things as he had seen, and nothing else. In every picture there are particular points upon which to fix the eye, and, though the whole was painted with exquisite skill, and the smaller details would bear examination just as the blades of grass and



A RABBI. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

under the wide-spreading tree, and how the grass, that is like an emerald in the light places, grows dull and brown where the sunshine does not reach it. Could there be stronger contrasts than those you see, side by side, when you give your thought to it? And perhaps you wonder that you have not remarked all this before.

the smallest flowers in a landscape would do, we do not care to examine them; the one great interest holds our attention, and we are satisfied with that. The execution of the pictures of Rembrandt is marvelous. He painted some very ugly, and even vulgar, pictures; he disregarded all rules of costume and of the fitness of things in many ways;

he parodied many ideal subjects, and he painted scenes from Scripture history in which he put the exact portraits of the coarse and common people about him. But, in spite of all these faults, his simplicity, truthfulness, and earnestness make his pictures masterpieces, and we can not turn away



JOSEPH RELATING HIS DREAM TO HIS BRETHREN. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

from them carelessly; they attract us and hold us with a powerful spell.

Rembrandt's style was not always the same. Before 1633 he preferred the open daylight, in which everything was distinctly seen, and his flesh tones were warm and clear; after that time, he preferred the light which breaks over certain objects and leaves the rest in shade, while his touch became very spirited, and his flesh tones were so golden that they were less natural than before.

Rembrandt's engraving is very famous. He is called the "Prince of Etchers." He really established a new school of engraving; by his own genius invented a process, the charm of which can not be expressed in words. His wonderful use of the effects of light and shade is seen in his engravings as well as in his paintings. His etchings are now of great

value. The one which represents "Christ Healing the Sick" is called the "Hundred Guilder Print," because that is the price the master set upon it. But eight of the first proofs of this engraving exist in the world, and five of these are in Great Britain. In 1847, one of them was sold in London for \$600;

the same copy was again sold in 1867, and brought \$5000. The proofs from his portraits, as well as from the portraits of himself, are also very valuable.

The works of Rembrandt are so numerous and so important that one can not speak justly of them in our present space. His pictures number about 600, and his engravings 400, and these embrace not only many subjects, but many variations of these subjects. The chief picture of his earliest manner is the "Anatomical Lecture," now in the Gallery of the Hague.

In 1642 he painted his largest picture, which is also considered as his chief work. It is called the "Night Watch," and is in the Amsterdam Museum. It represents a company of guardsmen, and others, issuing from a public building into a space where there are many officers, soldiers, musicians, young girls, and other figures, the great standard of the city being in the foreground. One feels that the portraits of all the principal persons must be good. The color is splendid, and the blending of lights and shades is marvelous in its beauty. He painted other pictures, in which there were numbers of portraits of burghers, or men who were connected with important institutions and undertakings.

Rembrandt painted but few pictures from profane history, and his landscapes are rare, but the few that exist are worthy of so great a master, and one who so loved everything that God has spread out before us in Nature. His scenes from common life are beyond criticism, but sometimes his picturing of repulsive things makes us turn away, though we must admire the power with which they are painted. His portraits were of the highest order, and very numerous; no other artist ever made so many portraits of himself, and in them he is seen from the days of youthful hope to ripened age. At a sale in Paris, in 1876, "A Portrait of a Man" by Rembrandt brought \$34,000; at the San Donato sale, in 1880, "Lucretia" sold for \$29,200, "A Portrait of a Young Woman" for \$27,500, and others for equally large prices.

After the breaking up of his beautiful home, where he had lived so happily with Saskia, Rem-



brandt hired another house, where he remained until his death. His last home was comfortable; he had many friends; the younger artists respected and admired him, and we have no reason to believe that he was unhappy here—and certainly his pictures indicate no failure of his powers or any discouragement of feeling. We see rather, that, with rare exceptions, he worked with unceasing energy and vigor. He died in 1669,

when sixty-two years old, and was buried in the Westerkerk. The registered fees of his burial are but fifteen florins. When we consider the enormous amount of his artistic work, and remember that it was all done in about forty working years, we are filled with wonder and admiration of the determination and genius which could accomplish such herculean labors in so masterly a manner.



GATHERING BEECH-NUTS. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.)

## THE KITCHEN-GARDEN SCHOOL.

BY LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.



"WHEN THE PIANO SOUNDS, WE ALL MARCH IN."

A CERTAIN little girl in New York City, who on account of weak eyes had been deprived of many of the advantages of schooling, has been enjoying very pleasant times during the present year in Miss Huntington's "Kitchen-Garden"; and she has described this new kind of school and the lessons learned there in the following letter, which she wrote to her aunt, the wife of an army officer stationed in New Mexico.

The Kitchen-Garden system has been fully described in a previous number of ST. NICHOLAS.\* It was first designed to help the children of the poor, who have sad need of wise home training; but it comprises so many lessons which every little girl should know, whether rich or poor, and is taught in such a fascinating way, that already in several cities its benefits and pleasures have been secured to the more fortunate class of children to which little May belongs. Her letter here given was taken down by a faithful hand just as the little girl dictated it. But instead of the pictures she mentions (made "on the corners of the letters"),

the drawings here presented are by a ST. NICHOLAS artist, who visited the Kitchen-Garden for the express purpose of making these illustrations.

MY DEAR AUNT KATIE: I guess you will think it real queer to get a letter from me, because I suppose you think I can't write well enough; but Mamma says she will write down every word I say, though I must not say so very much, because your eyes are so bad that maybe you can't read it. My eyes are bad, too, and that's the reason I do not go to school; at least, to regular school, for I *do* go to school; but if you should guess all day and all night, I don't believe you could guess what kind of a school it is, Aunt Katie; because it's a *new* kind, that Mamma says you never heard about, she thinks—unless you saw the pictures and read about it in ST. NICHOLAS more than four years ago. I was *very* small then, but I remember.

Well, I'll just tell you, Aunt Katie. Mamma and some more ladies made up the school. I am in it, and little Cousin Nellie, and Sallie

\* See article entitled "Little Housemaids," ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1879.



White and the Stonezes and the Mitchelzes, and—and I can't think of any more; only when you count them there are twenty-four. And every Tuesday and Thursday, at two o'clock, we go to Sallie's mother's house. Nellie has to go right away after school, and so do Sallie and the Mitchelzes and the Stonezes; but I don't, because I don't go to regular school.

When we get to Sallie's house, we all take off our hats and mittens and coats, and go into the dining-room. It's ever so pretty there. There are five gold fishes in a jar in the window, swimming round and round, and there are two kindergarten tables, with little red-and-blue chairs set close around them. When the piano sounds, we all march in. We have to keep our hands down close to our sides, the teacher tells us, and I do; but Sallie White, she does n't. I guess she thinks because she's at her own house she can do just as she pleases. I don't think it's very polite not to mind the rules just because she's home. Mamma says that girls who mind the rules best at home, mind them best when they're not at home. This is about manners, and I was just going to tell about Kitchen-Garden: but there's manners in that, too, because one of the verses says:

"And learn to step more lightly,  
And quietly to speak."

That's being gentle, and Mamma says that to be gentle is to be polite, and that's being good-mannered—is n't it, Aunt Katie?

before her full of little toy dishes, and knives and forks and napkins, and towels and table-cloths, and every single thing to set on a table—only not things to eat. We play we had things to eat. Then Miss Robinson—she's the teacher—she's oh, so kind—she lets us put on the table-cloths all at the same time. We have to put them on just straight, and not slanting a bit. Then we lay on the knives and forks—they must be straight, too—"the knife at the right side, with the sharp edge to the plate, and the fork at the left side"; then we put on "the plates, which must be warm," by Papa's place, and the cups and saucers and cream and sugar and coffee by Mamma's place. There's much more in the breakfast lesson, and it's just the same in the dinner lesson, only there's more things in it, because there are three courses. First the soup, then the meat, and then the dessert. I think the dessert is the best part; don't you, Aunt Katie? Then Miss Robinson tells us how to wait on the table. She says the rules all out when she tells us. After this, we play we were in the kitchen washing the dishes. Oh, it's real fun, Aunt Katie. There's a very fine noise when we all wash our dishes together. Then the piano teacher plays some music softly. I'll send you a picture of a little girl washing dishes—*that's me*.

I've got some more pictures, too. Mamma gets them in the corners of her letters, and she lets me cut them out, and I am going to paste some of them on my letter so you can see how I look when



"WE ARE LITTLE WAITING-GIRLS."

Now, Mamma says I must come back to Kitchen-Garden, else you'll never know what it is.

I guess you would be astonished if you should see twenty-four little girls like us sitting by the tables, and every one of us has little boxes set

I sweep and dust. See me dusting Mamma's vase! I have to stand high, because I am so little, you know. And oh, Aunt Katie, I just wish you could see us when we wash our clothes; it's just lovely. We roll up our sleeves, and we wash our clothes

all at once. It's just as natural as anything, for we all feel as if we had tubs full of nice warm soap-suds. When the piano strikes, we sing —

"In the tub so merrily  
Our little hands must go,"

and

"Splish, splash, splish";

and when we wring out the clothes, we sing

"Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la."

Then we hang out the clothes and play

"By comes a blackbird and nipped off our nose."

We all laugh then, because it's so funny; and Miss Robinson, she laughs, too.

We have a splendid time when we come to our molding lesson, because we have clay, and that's most as good as the soft, clean mud that we children have in the country in the summer-time. We make real turkeys, Aunt Katie, with legs and wings. I can't make wings right, yet, but I can make good legs; and I make real fat turkeys, Aunt Katie; and we make pies and biscuit and every-

thing like that, and you just ought to see us.

Mamma has just had to go down-stairs to see a lady who sometimes calls on her, but now she is back again.

Aunt Katie, are n't you afraid of the Indians? Oh, Aunt Katie, don't let them get you; if they chase you, just

run like lightning. When Grandpa's calf chased me, I ran like lightning; and then I tumbled down, and I could n't get up quick, so I just sat up a little and screamed right into his face, and



"WE WASH OUR LITTLE DISHES."

he was so surprised, he stopped chasing me. Mamma says it is n't right to scream; but if great, awful big calves chase you, it is n't bad, is it, Aunt Katie? It is better to scream than for big calves to eat you up, is n't it, Aunt Katie? Dear Aunt Katie, if you have to run away from the Indians, please take Baby Grace, too.

Now, Mamma says this is n't telling you about the Kitchen-Garden.

Well, the lady who came to see her is Miss Huntington. She is the lady who first thought of the Kitchen-Garden. She came one day to our

class. She's *very* good, Aunt Katie. She told us about how sorry she was for people who had to work and did n't know how; so she tried to show little girls how to grow up so they will know how to keep house well. Mamma says I can be *her* little housekeeper when I grow up. I know how to do lots of things already, Aunt Katie. I know how to wait on the table, and how to kindle the wood-fire in the



"I KNOW HOW TO KINDLE THE WOOD-FIRE."



fire-place, and the fire in the stove that burns coal, and

"How to draw a cup of tea—  
The cup that never tires."

We sing that last. We have ever so many things that we sing in Kitchen-Garden. That's the reason we remember the rules so well, because we can sing them.

My dear Aunt Katie, I've saved the best part to the very last. It's about games. We just have an elegant time when we do games. We have one after every lesson in Kitchen-Garden. We have a skipping game, when we skip all round the room



"WE MAKE PIES AND BISCUIT AND EVERYTHING."



with a rope that has pretty ribbons tied to it, and we keep time when we skip to a nice tune that the teacher plays on the piano. And we have a broom game that is just splendid! We all have nice brooms, with pretty ribbons on them, and we do ever so many things with them, and sing songs all the time we're doing it. And then some of us make an arch with our brooms and the rest of us skip under the brooms all the way through the arch. And we hang up clothes-lines. You'd laugh if you saw all the funny little dolls' clothes hanging on the lines. But it looks real pretty, too, I think. And we play waiting on the door. We have a big round circle of girls, and we skip around and we sing:

"Here comes a crowd of merry little girls  
Who've lately come to school."

Then we ring a little bell, and we ask, "Is Mrs. Brown at home?" and we say, "Yes; will you please to 'low me to show you to the parlor, and I will speak to her." Then we go across the ring (we play that 's the hall), and the girls lift up their hands and we go under (we play that 's the door), and then we are in the parlor, you know. Then we play we have a card with our name on it and we put it on a tray, and the girl that opens the door, she brings it to the lady, or else we tell our name.

Sometimes, "Mrs. Brown is not at home," or else "She 's engaged." Then we say, "Will you please to leave a message?"

Then the other girl,—the lady, you know,—she could leave quite a long message if she could think of one, but she does n't, very often.

It 's a splendid game, Aunt Katie, and so is "Little waiting-girls." We all stand in a ring with trays, and we march and sing:

"We are little waiting-girls,  
Just little waiting-girls.  
We wait on the table  
As well as we are able  
For little waiting-girls."

"We pass the tray like this, we pass the tray like that,  
Try to hold it, always hold it, very, very flat."

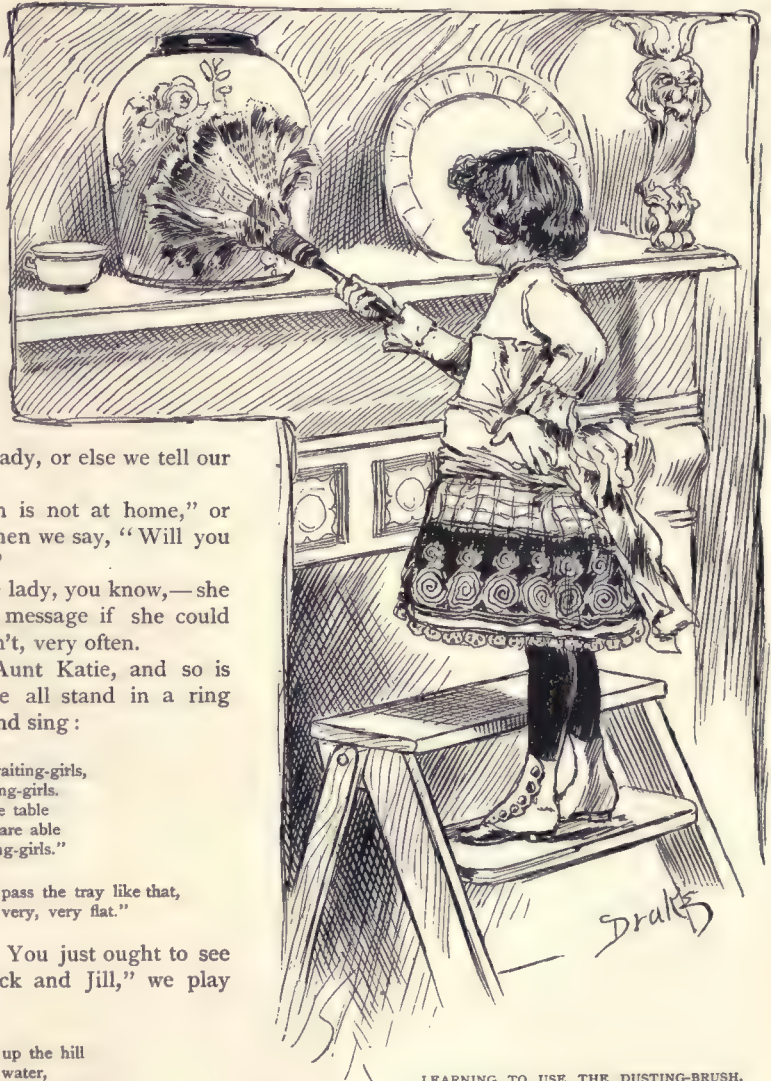
It 's a real funny game. You just ought to see it, Aunt Katie. And "Jack and Jill," we play that, too, and it 's

"Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To get a pail of water,  
Jack fell down and broke his crown  
And Jill came tumbling after."

And the chorus is:

"Two should step at the same time—  
One should not go faster,  
Else they 'll surely, surely meet  
With Jack and Jill's disaster."

Well, Aunt Katie, you ought to see just everything we do! I know you 'd think it was lovely, and you 'd be just as glad as we are that Miss Huntington\* thought about it. It don't seem



LEARNING TO USE THE DUSTING-BRUSH.

like going to school at all. It seems like play. But we all learn ever so much there. Mamma says I 've learned a good deal about housekeeping already.

Dear Aunt Katie: Mamma says I need not write any more, because your eyes are 'so bad. I give my love to you, Aunt Katie; and I give my love to Cousin Baby Grace, and to Uncle Howard, too.

This letter is from your dear little niece,

MAY STRONG.

\* Miss Huntington's address is 125 St. Mark's Place, New York City.



## THE LARGEST PET IN THE WORLD.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

ALMOST the first voyagers who sailed into the then unknown seas surrounding the south pole took back to Europe stories about a gigantic seal, much larger than the elephant, and, like that animal, furnished with a trunk. But the people had begun to doubt the stories of travelers, and consequently not much reliance was placed on these various accounts.

When the real Robinson Crusoe, whose name was Alexander Selkirk, was found on his island of Juan Fernandez and taken home to England, he also told about the giant seal, and gave such minute particulars concerning it that its existence was no longer doubted. Still, it was not until a century later, when the report of Captain Cook's voyages was published, that any real interest was roused in the sea-elephant, or elephant seal. This report said that the oil and skin furnished by the animal were valuable, and that statement was hint enough for one or two enterprising merchants. Without more ado, they fitted out a few whaling ships, and sent them to the southern seas to procure the oil and skins of the hapless creatures.

Among these ships the trimmest and swiftest was the "Mary Ann," and, though a modern clipper captain would have called her a "wind-jammer," she did manage in some way to drive that square hull of hers through the water with marvelous speed. She was just the sort of craft to keep a crew good-tempered, and that is what she almost did. It would have been quite, instead of almost, but for Bill Hawkins.

He was the surliest, most discontented fellow that ever spoiled enjoyment on ship-board. He "did n't believe they wuz no sea-elephants." He did not believe they were on the right course for Georgia Island. There was nothing apparently that he did believe, unless it was that easy-going, good-natured Tom Barrow was the safest man in the fore-castle for him to badger and brow-beat.

At any rate, he acted as if he believed so, for from the first he had done his best to make Tom miserable. Any other than Tom would have settled the matter by a set-to, but that was not Tom's way. He disliked fighting. The other sailors, who liked him for his joviality, and because he was such a prime hand at a song, urged him to have it out with Bill; but he refused, and they put him down for a coward. So did Bill, and he bullied Tom almost past endurance thereafter.

However, the good ship bowled along on her

way quite regardless of Bill Hawkins and his growling, and, one fine morning in the latter part of September, dropped her anchor in a pretty little bay which looked as if it might be a safe harbor in bad weather.

"Well," drawled Bill, as he came on deck and joined a group of sailors lounging against the rail, "is *this* Georgy Island?" Then he added, with positive pleasure, after he had scanned the beach for a few moments, "Wot's become o' all the sea-elephants we was to see here?"

Nobody gave him the satisfaction of a reply, for the truth was, the same question had been asked with considerable anxiety by everybody on deck, from the captain down; for it was a matter of no little consequence to know if the voyage was to be a failure or a success. Certainly, there were no seals of any kind to be seen either in the water or on shore, and an investigating party which had gone to the island came back reporting "no signs o' anything, let alone a elephant."

This was disheartening, but the captain knew there was no mistake in the island, and he therefore determined to wait at least until the other vessels came in, though they might not arrive for two weeks, or even a month. Two or three days passed in weary waiting, when, one morning, some one suddenly yelled in wild excitement: "Look! Oh! But *would* you look! Was ever seen the like o' that?"

Of a truth, no one there had ever seen, or imagined even, such a sight as fell then upon their astonished eyes. Slowly through the shallow water, leading to the beach, rolled and floundered a huge black mass—a very mountain of flesh. Painfully it gained the beach, and rested a few moments. Then it raised its head, looked toward the ship, and gave utterance to a roar so unearthly as to make the superstitious sailors shudder.

"Look at the water!" shouted a terrified voice.

It was fairly alive with gigantic black forms, which, as though by magic, seemed to have appeared in answer to the weird cry of the monster on the island. Soon the beach was black with them, and yet the water still teemed with them. They came and came, crowding, roaring, struggling, and still they did not cease to come. The white beach had become a writhing black mass of life. Hoarse roars from thousands of throats smote the sky. Crowding, crowding, crowding still, until night fell and shut out all but the din of voices,

which gained in intensity and horror from the darkness.

When morning dawned, the waters of the bay were placid again. The beach, from one end to the other, and from high-water line far back, was literally covered with the giants of the sea. Here was a fine crop; the only difficulty was how to harvest it. In fact, it was a serious question with the men how they were to get ashore even. None of them felt like making his way among those monstrous creatures. Consequently, there was no little grumbling when the captain gave orders to let down the boats, load up with spears and clubs, boiling-down apparatus, and tools for erecting temporary shelters, and go ashore ready for work at once.

However, they obeyed orders, and, when all was ready, set out for the beach, with the captain himself in the first boat. He knew the men objected to going among the animals, and he intended to lead the way. He was fortified by the assurances given in all accounts of the animal, that it was perfectly harmless, notwithstanding its seeming ferocity; and perhaps he was not averse to giving his sailors a good opinion of his courage by doing what they did not dare to do.

When the boats were near enough to enable the inmates to see distinctly, it was noticed that the animals were of two sorts—some very large, and others much smaller. The smaller ones were by far the most numerous, and it was discovered that they were formed into groups at intervals along the beach, with a guard of the larger animals ranged in a circle around each group. It was soon perceived, also, that the nose of the sea-elephant was far more like the nose of a tapir than the trunk of an elephant, and that it had the peculiarity of scarcely showing, except when the animal was roused.

When the boats drew up at the usual landing-place, the bulls in that vicinity raised their immense bodies with indolent effort, and, glancing at the intruders, broke out into a prolonged roar, which, added to gaping jaws armed with murderous looking yellow teeth, and the elongated, quivering nose, was sufficiently frightful to fix every man there in his determination not to provoke the monsters.

"I'll not go nigh 'em," growled Bill Hawkins, loud enough for the captain to hear.

"I don't ask any coward to follow me," said the captain, scornfully, though his heart was beating somewhat rapidly, too, at the thought of threading his way among the strange creatures, so closely packed that any one of them had only to turn its head, open its mouth, and make one bite to cut him quite in twain. "I only ask that if I go up

and back without trouble, then all the men of the party will go too."

With these words, the captain took a spear in his hand and stepped ashore. He expected to see the animals make some show of resentment at his approach, but they did not. After the first movement they all subsided and, like the lions in the fairy tale, seemed subdued by the courage of the man. However brave he appeared outwardly, he inwardly quaked when he found himself within reach of the jaws of the nearest bull, the gigantic size of which he had not before properly appreciated.

Although a tall man, not much less than six feet in height, he could not see over the back of the animal near which he stood. In length, it was not less than thirty feet, and the captain could now, for the first time, realize the story of the travelers, that the sea-elephant was as great in bulk as two land elephants.

Considerably re-assured by the peaceable demeanor of the animals, the captain chose a path that seemed to promise the most room, and walked into the midst of the strange congregation, with a tremor of fear of which he need not have been ashamed. The men in the boat watched him nervously for a few moments, when, seeing how securely he walked among the great beasts, one of the older men sprang up and declared he was going to follow, and, suiting his actions to his words, grasped an armful of the tools and started off. This was all that was needed to move the others, and in a moment each man had taken a load and started after the captain, Bill Hawkins, with commendable caution, bringing up the rear, determined to give the animals every opportunity to show their savagery before trusting his precious person among them.

There was not the least reason for fear, however, for the indolent creatures did no more than glance mildly at the strange looking newcomers, without making the least movement of the body. Completely re-assured now, the men went back and forth, carrying the materials from the boats, until everything had been taken to the spot selected for the camp. The boiling-down apparatus, which was the same as used by whalers, was set up, and the boats, which had in the meantime returned to the ship, came back laden with barrels for the oil.

The captain had learned from his instructions that the easiest way of killing the animals was by a sharp, hard blow with a club over the nose, or by thrusting a lance through the breast into the heart. He had accordingly brought both kinds of weapons with him, and when all was ready he took both club and spear, and, selecting one of the smallest bulls, approached it cautiously, and dealt



it a terrific blow on the nose. In an instant as it seemed, the huge beast was dead.

The men, seeing how easily and safely the deed was done, seized their clubs, and the slaughter was begun. The strangest feature of it all was that the poor creatures made no effort to escape, which would, however, have been useless for those attacked, because, having only flippers to help them move their enormous bodies, they could make but slow progress; but those not attacked seemed to feel no alarm, and so they remained to take their turn.

The strange apathy of the great creatures was due, no doubt, to the fact that they had never before known such a thing as an enemy on land; for in all the Antarctic region there is no ferocious animal larger than our cat, so that never before, probably, excepting an occasional one killed by preceding voyagers, had any danger come to them on land. At any rate, not one of the sea-elephants sought safety in the water.

Killing and skinning the animals, and cutting up the blubber and boiling it down, soon fell into a matter of routine. The quantity and quality of the oil was greatly in excess of what anybody had anticipated. Sometimes one large bull would have a coating of fat, or blubber, a foot deep, completely enveloping the body under the skin, and this would yield nearly a ton of oil of a quality superior to any whale oil, and with the peculiarity of not becoming rancid. The skins, too, were valuable, and were carefully dried and stowed away.

At first, Tom Barrow had been put at the boiling-down, but after a week or more he was transferred to the killing party, to appease Bill Hawkins, who, though at first pleased with the excitement, had begun to grow tired of it, and had done nothing but grumble for two or three days. Tom, who, though not over twenty years old, was a large-boned, powerful fellow, chose a heavy club, and set boldly out to kill.

He selected a plump young bull, and going up to it, lifted his club to strike it, when the animal raised itself on its flippers and looked at him, as he thought, beseechingly. This unnerved Tom, who was a tender-hearted lad, and who had never even struck any living creature before. However, the others were killing away in a most matter-of-fact fashion, so he set his teeth and struck at the animal.

There was no heart in the blow, and, besides, as Tom turned his head when he struck, it was no wonder that it failed to kill the creature. But what was Tom's dismay, when he looked at his victim again, to see it shedding genuine tears with every symptom of distress. If he had felt uncomfortable before, he was filled with remorse now.

He could no more have killed that seal than if it had been a human being.

"What's the matter, Tom? Can't ye kill 'im?" asked one of the sailors, as he passed where Tom stood. "Here, let me show ye." With which words he raised his club, and was about to bring it down on the nose of the animal, when Tom caught his arm, and exclaimed:

"No, no, Jack; I can't let ye. It goes agin me so, it does. See the tears in his eyes."

"Ho, ho!" shouted Jack; "they all does it. Ye'll soon get used to it. Here! let me."

"No, no; now don't ye! I think, Jack," he added, shamefacedly, "I'll just tell the captain I'm not up to this work, and mayhap he'll let me go back to the boiler."

Jack laughed long and loud at what he called Tom's soft-heartedness; but as he liked him, he promised not to kill the creature whose tears had so mastered Tom's feelings, and Tom went to the captain and confessed, sheepishly, how he felt.

The captain was not the sort of man to sympathize with Tom's feelings; but, fortunately, he liked him for his good temper and readiness to do his full share of work, and consequently, with an astonished stare, followed by a shout of laughter, he told Tom he might go back to the boiling-down, and even acceded to his strange request that the seal he had spared might be spared by all the men. The word was passed around, and though they all laughed at Tom, they felt so kindly toward him that they allowed the seal to remain unmolested.

Tom bore, as well as he could, the good-natured laughter of his friends and the ill-natured jeers of Bill Hawkins, who, now that he was near Tom, scarcely ceased to sneer at and taunt him with womanishness and cowardice. It was not long, however, before the friendly laughter was hushed in astonished interest. *Tom was making a pet of the gigantic seal!* Every morning and night he carried fish, as much as could be spared (and there was always plenty) to his Goliath, as he called the seal; and probably no better plan could have been adopted for winning its affection. For, as was afterward discovered, the seals did not return to the water, and consequently had no food for as long a time as ten weeks.

It seems that they drew upon their store of fat for sustenance during this long while; for as the time goes by they become exceedingly thin. The reason for not going into the water is because the young ones, which are born soon after the seals go ashore, are not able to take care of themselves at first.

Goliath was not at all averse to remaining fat, however, even if it were contrary to sea-elephant custom, and his greeting of Tom, whom he soon

learned to know, showed plainly enough that he was profoundly grateful. On his side, Tom lavished a vast deal of affection on his pet, and little by little ventured upon various familiarities, until at length he would climb upon the huge body, walk upon it, sit upon it, and lie down upon it. He

to whatever it caught in its mouth. Occasionally, when injured, but not killed, a bull would, in its fury, take great stones in its jaws and crush them to powder as if they had been but chalk.

The sailors manifested so much interest in Tom and his pet, and talked so much about them, that



THE LARGEST PET IN THE WORLD.

would thrust his hand fearlessly into the terrible mouth, and, in short, take such liberties as no other man would dare to do.

For it must be understood that, though so helpless and peaceable as to be easily killed, the seal was nevertheless possessed of fearful strength, which, if exerted, would have quickly put an end

Bill Hawkins's little soul was stirred to anger and envy, and he endeavored to make light of the taming of Goliath. He said so much, that one of the sailors called out one morning: "Well, easy as it is, Bill, *you* don't dare climb up on Goliath's back, much less put your hand in the old fellow's mouth."



Bill declared he could and would then and there mount upon Goliath's back. Tom remonstrated, but the sailors, in a spirit of fun, hushed him, and they all went to see Bill accomplish the feat. He went boldly at the animal (which had roused itself with evident pleasure at sight of Tom). He endeavored to climb upon its back; but Goliath, unaccustomed to such roughness as Bill used, shifted his body uneasily, in such a way as sent Bill rolling on the sand, amidst the laughter and jeers of the spectators, who were well enough pleased to see the growler discomfited.

Bill, however, was furious, and, picking up a piece of wood, rushed at Goliath and struck him a severe blow; fortunately, not on the nose. Assaulted in this unwonted fashion, Goliath looked pitiously and tearfully, first at Bill and then at Tom, while the former prepared to repeat the blow.

"Don't strike him again, Bill," said Tom, quickly stepping forward.

"Ay, but I will, and you too, an' ye don't have a care," shouted Bill, in a paroxysm of anger, as he once more let his weapon fall upon the helpless animal.

The blow had scarcely fallen, when the cowardly fellow found himself lifted bodily in the air and dashed almost senseless on the sand. When he had recovered his wits, he saw Tom standing over him, his honest face as full of passion as it could well be. No one was more astonished than Tom himself at this outburst, and the sailors were delighted.

"Give it him well, now ye've got yer hand in!" shouted one.

"Don't spare him," said another.

"Nay, nay," exclaimed Tom, slowly, "I'll not strike him. But I'll say this to ye, Bill: Have your say at me an' welcome; but don't ye be that foolish as to lay your hand on Goliath again. Now, get up."

Bill rose to his feet and went off, scowling and vowing vengeance, while the men dispersed to their work, saying to each other that Tom was coming forward finely.

The next morning Goliath was dead!

Who did the dastardly deed everybody knew well enough, but Tom was too full of grief to attempt to punish him, and, therefore, Bill escaped with only the openly-expressed contempt of the whole crew. Tom was urged to choose another seal for a pet, but he refused to do so, and there is no record that anybody else ever did, and, therefore, to him belongs the credit of having had the largest pet in the world; for, excepting the whale, there is no animal as large as the elephant-seal, and the whale has never been tamed.

How many elephant-seals were slaughtered by the crew of the "Mary Ann" is not known; but it is recorded that, within twenty-five years of the time of her visit to Georgia Island, there were killed on that island alone over one million two hundred thousand animals, or about one thousand every day during the season. How many millions were killed altogether can never be known, but it is certain that the killing did not cease until the elephant-seal was almost exterminated. It will interest you to know that two young elephant-seals are now to be seen in the Zoölogical Gardens at Philadelphia.

The young sea-elephant is as big as a small man when it is born, and in eight days it will grow four feet longer and one hundred pounds heavier. That is pretty quick growth; but, to reach a circumference of eighteen feet and a length of thirty feet in three years, it has need to grow quickly.

Penrose, in his account of the elephant-seal, says that his sailors used to mount upon the backs of the animals as they were in the water, and race with each other, making the animals swim by spurring them with their knives. This story is not precisely doubted, but it is not believed, either. The elephant-seal always comes ashore, if possible, when about to die, which seems somewhat odd, when the water is the element in which it is most at home. There it is surprisingly swift and agile, and, indeed, it is so comfortable there that it sleeps on the rocking waves as quietly as on shore.

## NED'S SUGGESTION.

BY LOUISE R. SMITH.

"WHERE did you buy her, Mamma?"

Asked three-year-old Ned of me,  
As he leaned o'er the dainty cradle  
His "new little sister" to see.

"An angel brought her, darling,"

I answered, and he smiled,

Then softly bent his curly head,  
And kissed the sleeping child.

But a sudden change came over him

And he said, "If I'd been you,  
While I was about it, Mamma,  
I'd have caught the angel, too!"

## THE WISH-RING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY ANNA EICHBERG.

A YOUNG farmer who was very unlucky sat on his plow a moment to rest, and just then an old woman crept past and cried: "Why do you go on drudging day and night without reward? Walk two days till you come to a great fir tree that stands all alone in the forest and overtops all other trees. If you can hew it down, you will make your fortune."

Not waiting to have the advice repeated, the farmer shouldered his ax and started on his journey. Sure enough, after tramping two days, he came to the fir tree, which he instantly prepared to cut down. Just as the tree swayed, and before it fell with a crash, there dropped out of its branches a nest containing two eggs. The eggs rolled to the ground and broke, and there darted out of one a young eagle and out of the other rolled a gold ring. The eagle grew larger, as if by enchantment, and when it reached the size of a man, it spread its wings as if to try their strength, then, soaring upward, it cried: "You have rescued me; take as a reward the ring that lay in the other egg: it is a wish-ring. Turn it on your finger twice, and whatever your wish is, it shall be fulfilled. But remember there is but a single wish in the ring. No sooner is that granted than it loses its power and is only an ordinary ring. Therefore, consider well what you desire, so that you may never have reason to repent your choice." So speaking, the eagle soared high in the air, circled over the farmer's head a few times, then darted, like an arrow, toward the east.

The farmer took the ring, placed it on his finger, and turned on his way homeward. Toward evening, he reached a town where a jeweler sat in his shop behind a counter, on which lay many costly rings for sale. The farmer showed his own, and asked the merchant its value.

"It is n't worth a straw," the jeweler answered.

Upon that, the farmer laughed very heartily, and told the man that it was a wish-ring, and of greater value than all the rings in the shop together.

The jeweler was a wicked, designing man, and so he invited the farmer to remain as his guest over night. "For," he explained, "only to shelter a man who owns a wish-ring must bring luck."

So he treated his guest to wine and fair words; and that night, as the farmer lay sound asleep, the wicked man stole the magic ring from his finger and slipped on, in its place, a common one which he had made to resemble the wish-ring.

The next morning, the jeweler was all impatience

to have the farmer begone. He awakened him at cock-crow, and said: "You had better go, for you have still a long journey before you."

As soon as the farmer had departed, the jeweler closed his shop, put up the shutters, so that no one could peep in, bolted the door behind him, and, standing in the middle of the room, he turned the ring and cried: "I wish instantly to possess a million gold pieces!"

No sooner said than the great, shining gold pieces came pouring down upon him in a golden torrent over his head, shoulders, and arms. Piti-fully he cried for mercy, and tried to reach and unbar the door; but before he succeeded, he stumbled and fell bleeding to the ground. As for the golden rain, it never stopped till the weight of the metal crushed the floor, and the jeweler and his money sank through to the cellar. The gold still poured down till the million was complete, and the jeweler lay dead in the cellar beneath his treasure.

The noise, however, alarmed the neighbors, who came rushing over to see what the matter was; when they saw the man dead under his gold, they exclaimed: "Doubly unfortunate he whom blessings kill." Afterward, the heirs came and divided the property.

In the meantime, the farmer reached home in high spirits and showed the ring to his wife.

"Henceforth we shall never more be in want, dear wife," he said. "Our fortune is made. Only we must be very careful to consider well just what we ought to wish."

The farmer's wife, of course, proffered advice. "Suppose," said she, "that we wish for that bit of land that lies between our two fields?"

"That is n't worth while," her husband replied. "If we work hard for a year, we'll earn enough money to buy it."

So the two worked very hard, and at harvest time they had never raised such a crop before. They had earned money enough to buy the coveted strip of land and still have a bit to spare. "See," said the man, "we have the land and the wish as well."

The farmer's wife then suggested that they had better wish for a cow and a horse. But the man replied: "Wife, why waste our wish on such trifles? The horse and cow we'll get anyway."

Sure enough, in a year's time the money for the horse and cow had been earned. Joyfully the man rubbed his hands. "The wish is saved again



this year, and yet we have what we desire. How lucky we are !”

But now his wife seriously adjured him to wish for something at last. “Now that you have a wish to be granted,” she said, “you slave and toil, and are content with everything. You might be king,

thing? Have we not prospered, to all people’s astonishment, since we possessed this ring? Be reasonable and patient for a while. In the meantime, consider what we really ought to wish for.”

And that was the end of the matter.

It really seemed as if the ring had brought a blessing into the house. Granaries and barns were full to overflowing, and in the course of a few years the poor farmer became a rich and portly person, who worked with his men afield during the day, as if he, too, had to earn his daily bread; but after supper he liked to sit in his porch, contented and comfortable, and return the kindly greeting of the folk who passed and who wished him a respectful good-evening.

So the years went by. Sometimes, when they were alone, the farmer’s wife would remind her husband of the magic ring, and suggest many plans. But as he always answered that they had plenty of time, and that the best thoughts come last, she more and more rarely mentioned the ring, and, at last, ceased speaking of it altogether.

To be sure, the farmer looked at the ring, and twirled it about as many as twenty times a day; but he was very careful never to wish.

After thirty or forty years had passed away, and the farmer and his wife had grown old and white-haired, and their wish was still unasked, then was God very good to them, and on the same night they died peacefully and happily.

Weeping children and grandchildren surrounded the two coffins; and as one wished to remove the ring from the still hand as a remembrance, the oldest son said: “Let our father take his ring into the grave. There was always a mystery about it; perhaps it was

some dear remembrance. Our mother, too, so often looked at the ring—she may have given it to him when they were young.”

So the old farmer was buried with the ring, which had been supposed to be a wish-ring, and was not; yet it brought as much good fortune into the house as heart could desire.



emperor, baron, even a gentleman farmer, with chests overflowing with gold; but you don’t know what you want.”

“We are young and life is long,” he answered. “There is only one wish in the ring, and that is easily said. Who knows but sometime we may sorely need this wish? Are we in want of any-

## A BOLD HUNTER.

BY EVA F. L. CARSON.

ONCE a brave little boy went a-gunning,  
His weapon clasped tight in his arms.  
"I'm anxious," said he,  
"Dreadful monsters to see,

Such as fill other boys with alarms,  
Beasts that roar as they run,  
I should think it but fun,  
They would run all the faster from me :  
Beasts that sit still and smile,  
When I'd been there awhile,  
Very much less amused they would be,  
Ah, you'd see  
How much less amused they would be !  
I'm a wonderful hunter in every way !"  
Said the bold little boy that went gunning  
that day.

So bravely the little boy started,  
But ere he had traveled a mile,  
On the edge of the wood  
A De Gustibus stood,  
With a gentle expansive smile.  
Then the little boy's hair  
Stood on end with despair ;  
And he cried : "Oh, I had no idea  
A De Gustibus could,  
On the edge of a wood,  
Look so very uncommonly queer !  
Dear, Oh, dear,  
He does look so remarkably queer !  
Do you think that he sits here every day,  
And smiles at each hunter that comes this  
way ?"

he De Gustibus smiled, as he murmured :  
"Oh, come, my bold hunter, with me.  
I've a friend that can run,  
And roar gently for fun,  
A friend you'll be glad dear to see  
As for me, I can smile,  
Sit beside me a while,  
And I'll smile in a wonderful way,  
My brave hunter, don't go,  
One might fancy, you know,  
That you thought about running away !  
Stay, dear, stay.  
Don't think about running away.  
Oh, come, let us travel, my friend to see  
Oh, come my bold hunter, come roaming  
with me !"

But the little boy hurriedly answered :  
"I think I won't travel to-day,  
I should so like to go,  
But I'm tired, you know,  
For I've come such a very long way ;  
And then, besides that,  
I've got on an old hat,  
And my gun ; and that never would do,  
To start out to call,  
Or go roaming, at all,  
Most beautiful creature, with you !  
So—adieu !"  
And the little boy vanished from view !  
Yes, he hastily vanished from view !  
"I'll travel no more with a gun," said he,  
"This hunting's a business that don't suit me."

And still the De Gustibus sits there, they say,  
And smiles at each hunter that comes that  
way !





## SWEEP AWAY.\*

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## HEMMED IN.

THE loss of the flat-boat, which had done the party such good service, was disheartening, but they all took it philosophically, though it gave them cause for serious alarm. It proved that, unparalleled as was the flood, the river was still rising, and the cape of land on which they were hemmed in was rapidly decreasing in area. If the increase should continue at this rate a few hours longer, the promontory would be entirely submerged.

Why the starving cattle should persist in staying on this narrow strip of land, when the way was open to the main-land, none of them could understand.

The buffalo-gnats continuing to torment them, it was decided that the best thing they could do was to start a fire. The board which had served them for a seat in the scow was whittled up for kindling, while Jack and Crab climbed two of the nearest trees to break off dead limbs.

All this time the cattle continued to crowd nearer, and the three men fought them back from the women and children, who were forced to the very edge of the water.

After some delay, the fire was kindled, though it burned slowly and with much smoke. This, however, was no objection, as it helped keep away the gnats, which were really the most formidable of all the foes with which the party had to contend.

With all their labor, the supply of fuel collected was so scanty that it looked as though it would be impossible to keep a fire going through the long, dismal night, which had only just begun.

At this juncture, Crab suggested that it would be a good idea to partake of some corn-bread and roast pig; but the others decided that no one, unless it were the women and little girls, should trench upon the precious store of food before morning.

Had they uncovered their provisions, it is more than probable that some of the famishing cattle, attracted by the smell, would have made a fight for them, in which event the party would inevitably have been trampled to death. But so long as the poor beasts knew nothing of it, they were not likely to attack our friends.

Feeling the necessity of keeping the fire going,

Mr. Wheeler, Jack, and Crab pushed their way among the struggling animals, at no little risk to themselves, and used their knives on several other pines. The result was encouraging; each threw down an armful of fuel, which, now that the fire was fairly going, burned readily.

But, as if there was to be no end to their misfortunes, a new danger soon arose. The suffering animals appeared to understand that the flames were a protection against the insects, and they crowded forward until it looked as if they would force the party into the water and trample out the fire itself.

Wheeler, Strawton, and the man who had last joined them (who gave his name as Bingham) fought back the half-frantic herd as best they could. Jack and Crab also assisted, and more than once Jack was on the point of shooting some obstinate ox or mule that would not budge from the tracks in which it was standing. All the members of the party were naturally much alarmed.

"It can not be very far to the main-land," shouted Mr. Wheeler, seeing that it was out of the question to maintain themselves where they were, "and we must force our way there, or it will be all over with us."

The others had thought of proposing the same thing; so there was little hesitation in making the attempt.

Mr. Wheeler placed himself at the head of the party, with a flaming brand in his hand, the men and boys came next, while the women and little girls were placed, for greater safety, between the men and the river; and so the march began.

The weaker ones were thus shut out from direct contact with the crowding animals, though it was doubtful whether they could be thus protected to the end. All the men carried torches taken from the fire, which they swung about their heads, so as to keep them in a continual blaze. They meant also to use them as goads to force the animals out of their path.

The party had not moved a dozen steps when a number of the beasts crowded in behind them, and the fire that remained was speedily trampled out.

Mr. Wheeler and his friends soon found they had undertaken a task of the greatest difficulty and danger. At first, the animals showed signs of fear, and moved aside when the fiery brands were flourished in their eyes and thrust against their sides;

but before long they became wedged so closely together that it seemed impossible for them to stir.

Mr. Wheeler struck a big ox in front of him, but the beast paid no attention. He then brandished his torch several times, until it was all ablaze, when he made another attempt. The ox, frightened and pained, threw up its head and made a plunge which carried it a couple of feet, when its head and shoulders became wedged in between others.

There was not enough space left for the party to pass, and so Mr. Wheeler belabored him again, with such effect that the poor animal made one more

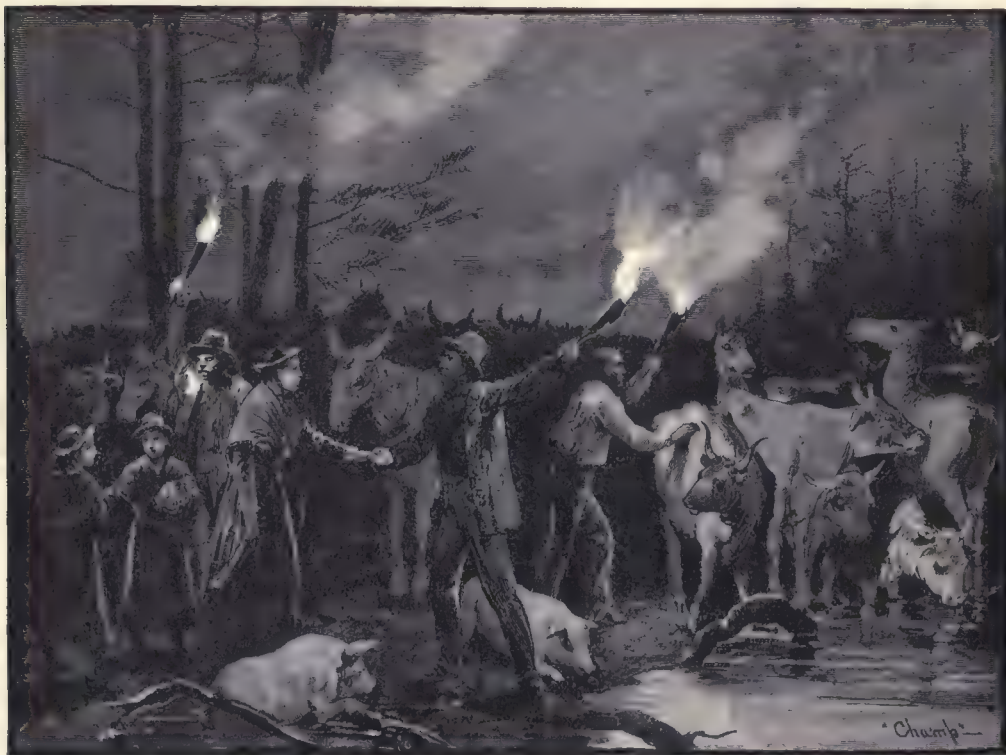
Mr. Wheeler exerted himself to the utmost, but could accomplish nothing, nor could any of the others. Manifestly, it was beyond human power to force a way through the living wall before them.

At last they were compelled to abandon the effort.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### RESCUED.

MR. WHEELER stopped and looked back. By the light of the flaring torches, he could see the



"HEMME IN BY THE HERD OF ANIMALS."

desperate effort, which gave a little more room. The path thus cleared was a very narrow one, but as the ox could evidently move no further, Mr. Wheeler resolved to venture through it, and the rest succeeded in following him.

The party struggled bravely forward, but had not gone far when once more they were brought to a stand-still. The cattle were wedged in so closely that it seemed beyond the power of any one or anything to stir them. The cape had been crowded in the first place, and since then, its limits narrowed by the rising waters, the animals were all but piled one on top of another.

white faces of the women and little girls behind him, all standing still and looking to him for guidance. Back of them still, and around them on all sides but one, were the cattle, the mules, and the hogs — all frantic with hunger, and maddened by the dagger-like thrusts of the buffalo-gnats.

The brave man saw no way of extricating the party from the dangerous situation. It was useless to try to go back, and it was out of their power to go forward.

No one spoke, for it was almost impossible to hear amid the deafening uproar, and no one could propose anything that promised the slightest relief.



But, as is often the case, at the very moment when hope died out, it was revived in the most unexpected manner. There was a sudden commotion among the animals closer inshore, and then all at once a singular stampede began. The panic spread from one to another, and in much less time than it takes to tell it, the whole herd was plunging furiously toward the main-land.

The scene was most extraordinary; and but for the fact that the little party stood in the edge of the rushing torrent, they would have been trampled under foot in an instant.

Before they clearly understood what was going on, the frenzied herd of animals was gone. The cape was deserted, and our party stood alone, too much astonished to stir or speak, until the circling torches revealed the whole truth. Dead animals were on every hand, but not a living one was to be seen. The latter were galloping through the woods, still bellowing, whinnying, and squealing from suffering; and now for the first time since our party landed was anything like conversation possible.

"We may as well stay where we are," suggested Mr. Bingham.

"No," replied Mr. Strawton, "the poor beasts may come back, and then our situation will be as bad as before."

"You are right," said Mr. Wheeler; "we will be better off somewhere else. There's no need of running any risk."

All were agreed that their most prudent course was to push on to the main-land, as had been proposed, and they accordingly set out at once. The night was very dark, and it was so hard to pick their way through the woods along shore, where a misstep was liable to precipitate them into the water, that it was decided to go into camp as soon as a suitable spot could be found.

"You want to know what I think?" suddenly inquired Crab, while they were trudging along in this fashion. No one expressed any desire to know what the boy thought, and he therefore volunteered the information: "We's taxin' our strength so much dat we'd better stop and partook ob some food afore going furdur—Murderation!"

A projecting limb had caught Crab under the chin, causing him momentarily to fear that his neck had been dislocated.

"There's a light ahead!"

It was Jack Lawrence who uttered the words, as he caught the star-like twinkle of a point of fire, which instantly vanished again. Mr. Wheeler had also noticed it, and thought it was a camp-fire, the intervening trees and their own shifting position causing it to disappear so quickly.

A moment later, all saw the light so distinctly

that there could be no doubt of its character. It was a large fire, probably kindled by some refugees whose plight was as pitiful as that of those who were approaching them.

"They may be in need of some assistance," suggested Jack, ready, with characteristic generosity, to share his last crust with any one more unfortunate than himself.

It is hard to convey an adequate idea of the condition of the multitudes who suffered from the Mississippi floods. The little party of whom we have particularly spoken were more fortunate than hundreds, but their condition was still pitiable. The two little girls were tired and worn out, as were the women, one of whom carried an infant in her arms. The woods were so dark that they had to feel their way along, and, to add to all their other discomforts, it had begun to rain.

Having no means of shelter, by common impulse they all hurried toward the camp-fire, which was now close at hand.

Here a pleasant surprise awaited them. Gathered around the fire were four men, with their wives and children,—the last numbering nine,—who were encamped by the bank of the river, where they had been for three days. They had erected a framework of logs, which was covered with bark and green boughs. The rising river had compelled them to change its location five times already, and they were now discussing the advisability of moving it once more. The river was within twenty feet and still rising, though so slowly that it was hoped the highest point would be reached before the rude cabin was again disturbed.

The shelter was a most welcome one to our friends, who had barely time to huddle together in the cabin when the rain came down in torrents, some of it forcing its way through the primitive roof.

The party whose hospitality they were enjoying were not suffering from anything, except an occasional sting from the buffalo-gnats. Although driven from their homes by the flood, they had retreated slowly enough to take a good many useful implements with them. They had a couple of guns, axes, shovels, and many other utensils which they had been fortunate enough to save from the universal wreck and ruin.

One of this party had been a Mississippi pilot, and was, therefore, able to give his companions much useful advice.

With the descent of the rain, the temperature grew cooler; and, although the accommodations were poor, yet the fire and the shelter were most welcome. The men fraternized at once and discussed their singular experiences, while the women cheered each other and gave their fullest sympathy to the unfortunate mother who had lost her boy.

The night was a long and dismal one, despite the interest which the new acquaintances felt in each other. They were crowded in the cabin, that was not designed to accommodate so many. The rain continued until after midnight, by which time the younger members of the company were asleep, but the men found the quarters too uncomfortable to permit refreshing slumber. When, therefore, the storm ceased, they moved out-doors under the trees, where the fire was kept blazing, and they smoked their pipes and talked until the long, wearisome night came to an end. An examination showed that the river had not risen since midnight, and it was, therefore, safe to conclude that the highest point had been reached. This intelligence made every one feel more cheerful, despite the unpromising aspect of the weather.

The aim of the refugees was to attract the attention of some of the steamers that were constantly passing up and down the river. With this purpose in view, the fire was kept constantly burning near the shore, and some one of the company remained on the lookout from morning till night.

There were signs of a renewal of the storm, when one of the party exclaimed in considerable excitement that a steam-boat was in sight. Such was indeed the fact, and, as it had just come around a sharp bend of the western bank, it was close in and cautiously feeling its way up-stream.

It was so near, indeed, that no difficulty was experienced in signaling it, and preparations were at once made by those on board to take off the entire party.

The steam-boat proved to be the "Belle Memphis," one of the floating "good Samaritans" which steamed up and down the Mississippi, and for hundreds of miles across the overflowed lands, carrying Government rations to the multitudes who were starving and saving many who otherwise must have perished.

A large number of refugees, both white and colored, were on the "Belle Memphis" when our friends reached her decks. Almost the first to greet Jack Lawrence and Crab Jackson was the smiling, effusive Colonel Carrolton, who shook both warmly by the hand, and congratulated them, as he did all the men of the party, on their rescue.

"Did you get through to Vicksburg?" asked Jack, when the Colonel finally gave him a chance to speak.

"Not quite," replied he, with a laugh. "I was going all right, and would have fetched up there in good time, but my rooster crowed so loud I could n't sleep; he was determined to crow, and it kept me busy choking him off. I found it was going to

be very exhausting; so when the 'Belle' offered to take me on board I had n't any good reason to decline; but, all the same, my folks in Vicksburg will be disappointed in not seeing me coming down the river on a hen-coop, among those ninety others that I understand were picked up by an Indian in a skiff."

"Did you tell the captain about us?" inquired Jack.

"Of course," said the Colonel; "we were looking for you as we steamed up the river."

"Thank you," replied Jack; "for though we have been pretty fortunate, our situation was still bad enough at best."

"And how did you stand it?" asked the Colonel, turning to Crab, who had always been a favorite with him.

"Fus' rate," answered Crab, with a comical smile, "though I does n't feel very cum'f'ble on account ob habin' to keep on dis Sunday ulster all de time."

"I think," said the Colonel, laughing heartily as he surveyed Crab's tattered coat with a critical air, "that it would improve that ulster if you would wear it right side out, and shove your left arm through the sleeve instead of through that hole in the rear pocket."

Crab proceeded very solemnly to examine the garment, and was not a little surprised to find that the criticisms of the Colonel were warranted by the facts. He undertook to put the "ulster" into shape, but it was too much entangled and demoralized.

"Dar's no use ob my tryin' to do anyt'ing," he finally exclaimed, as he abandoned the effort, "till I hab sumfin' to eat. I feels sort of faintish."

"Yes," explained Jack, "he has n't tasted a mouthful since his breakfast, two hours ago. He must really be suffering by this time."

The wants of the refugees were fully attended to, and their physical sufferings were ended from the moment they placed foot on the "Belle Memphis."

Mr. Lawrence knew nothing of the dangers to which his two children and servant were exposed until that danger was past. After the subsidence of the overflow, he, like many others who had thought themselves ruined, found that everything was not lost, and that pluck, persistency, and industry are sure to win, despite all discouragements. The cabin was rebuilt on a higher site, fresh crops sprang up around it as if by magic, and to-day there is not a lovelier spot along the banks of the Mississippi, or a happier home than that of Archibald Lawrence and our young friends, Jack, Dollie, and Crab.



## WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. X.

## THE PLAYTHINGS AND AMUSEMENTS OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY.—CONTINUED.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.



VIEWING THE PANORAMA. [SEE PAGE 871, SEPTEMBER NUMBER.]

## CHAPTER V.

THE "HOME WREATH"—CORN-STALK  
FIDDLES AND LUTES.

THE juvenile paper referred to in the last chapter (which described our Panorama) was the *Home Wreath*. It was entirely a home production, appearing regularly every Saturday upon a sheet of foolscap paper. Every word in it was written with pen and ink. Here is the opening sentiment—written by one of our elders:

"Let father, mother, sister, brother,  
Each in their turn, combine,  
With true affection unalloyed,  
Our *Home Wreath* to entwine.  
Nor let us this love's labor leave  
Till we a graceful garland weave."

And so at the head of every number there was painted a wreath of oak, or of laurel, or of ivy—every week a different one. Short stories were copied from the papers or magazines, and puzzles of all kinds were invented. If any of us took a journey, the *Home Wreath* must be furnished with a full description; and if any new houses were built or if any old houses were burned, the *Home Wreath* did not perform its duty if it was silent. After

a time,  
*Wreath*—

filled its mis-

and died; but we can never look upon that dingy roll of papers without thinking of the pleasure and profit that it was to us in the days that are past, for it comprised about the only literary amusement that we had outside of going to school, and occasionally hearing a lecture from "Doesticks," "Mrs. Partington," or Henry Ward Beecher in his younger days.

If our literary privileges were scanty, so were our musical. The girls were all put to drumming on the piano,—where there was a piano,—whether they had a liking for music or not. We boys had to amuse ourselves with ruder instruments. The corn-stalk fiddle was a source of real pleasure. The instrument was simply and very rudely made from a single joint of a green corn-stalk, by cutting on the flat side five parallel grooves, very near together. The four fibers of cane thus left were our strings, which we tightened at the upper end by slipping under them a bit of wood as a bridge. The

the *Home*  
having ful-

sion—sickened

notes were sounded by means of a small bow of horsehair, which was rubbed across the strings near the bridge, but toward the place where the fingers were used in keeping the strings open or shut.

What we call the "lute" was made by marking the outline of Fig. 17 on an inch pine board. The board having been cut on the line,

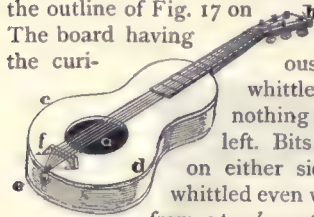
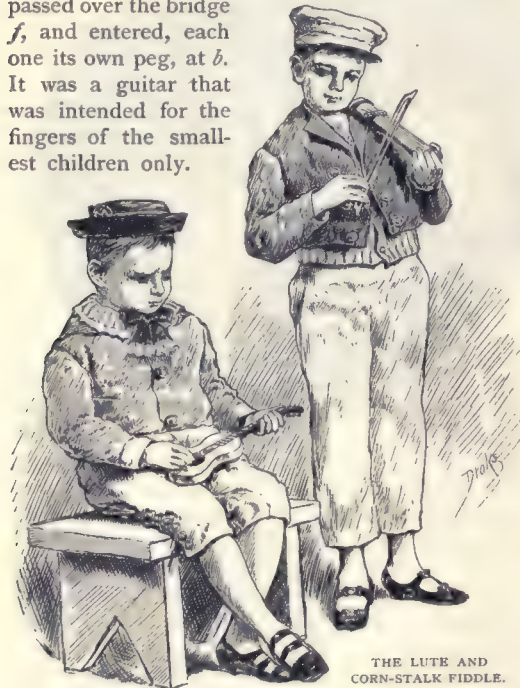


FIG. 17.—THE "LUTE."

A curiously shaped block was whittled out inside, so that nothing but a narrow rim was left. Bits of shingle were glued on either side of this rim and whittled even with it. The distance from *c* to *d* was three and a half inches, and the length from *e* to *b* was ten inches. A round hole, one and a half inches in diameter, was made at *a*. After this, the neck was worked out, and the places made for the pegs that tightened the six strings—after the manner of a guitar. These strings were fastened at *e*, passed over the bridge *f*, and entered, each one its own peg, at *b*. It was a guitar that was intended for the fingers of the smallest children only.



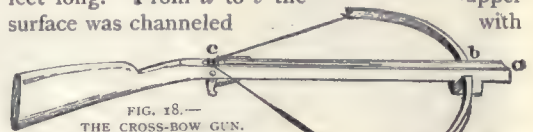
THE LUTE AND CORN-STALK FIDDLE.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BOWS, ARROWS, AND CROSS-GUNS; POP-GUNS AND FIRE-ARMS.

OUR bows and arrows were made of the straightest-grained hickory, many a stick of which we selected and laid aside before it was sawed, or "cut," into lengths for the stove. Once in a while our arrows were tipped with the end of a nail driven in and filed to a sharp point. The cross-gun (Fig.

18) required considerable trouble in the making; but, once done, its aim was much more accurate than that of the simple bow and arrow. In the first place, a piece of half-inch pine plank, three feet and four inches long and six inches wide, was selected. Both sides having been planed, the shape of the cross-gun, as shown in the picture, was marked and the wood cut away. At *b* a hole about an inch square was cut with a knife or chisel, through which the bow might be slipped and fastened. The distance from *a* to *c* was two feet, and from *a* to *b* three inches. The bow was four feet long. From *a* to *c* the upper surface was channeled with



a gouge or curved chisel; and there was a trigger so placed that, when it was pulled, it would release the string from a notch and shoot to a great distance the arrow that lay in the groove *ac*.

The simplest pop-gun that we had was a quill three or four inches long, with a bit of a stick for a "rammer." Slices of potatoes—four or five slices to the inch—furnished the ammu-

nition, the sharp ends of the quill cutting through and punching out the wads without any trouble. Larger pop-guns, of course, were made of pieces of the alder bush, about a foot long. The pith having been pressed out, the gun was ready for the wads of wet paper. Sometimes a bit of a bamboo fish-pole served the same purpose; but the bore was required to be not only straight, but of uniform size throughout. A "squirt-gun" was made after the same manner as a pop-gun, except that one end of the alder or bamboo was closed with a block of wood through which an awl-hole had been bored. The rammer also became a "plunger" by the addition of a piece of leather or "sucker" at the end. Equipped with this water gun, the boy was a terror to the whole school. Another kind of pop-gun (Fig. 19) was made from a piece of bamboo and a length of whalebone. Small holes were cut at *a*, *b*, and *e*, and a longer hole at *c*. The whalebone was bent and shoved through *ea* and *cb*. A pea was placed in the opening *d*, and allowed to run down till it touched the whalebone spring below *c*. The end of the whalebone was pressed upward through *b*, and the pea went spinning away.

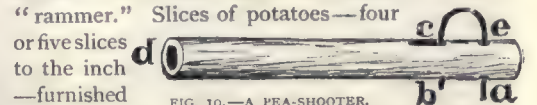


FIG. 19.—A PEA-SHOOTER.

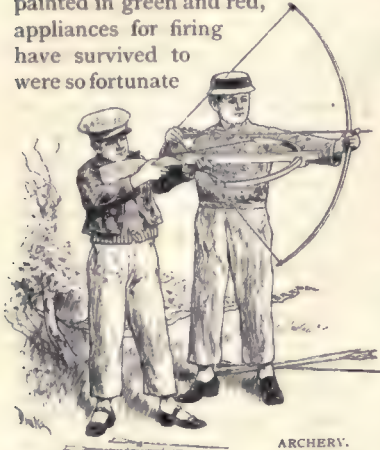


FIG. 20.—OUR CANNON.



A simple hollow tube of alder was also used as an air-gun for shooting peas by the quick expulsion of the breath.

Aside from an old, roughly made hickory pistol, painted in green and red, appliances for firing have survived to were so fortunate



ARCHERY.

none of our fire-crackers this day. We as to be presented with an old rifle-barrel, and it was indeed a prize. There were three of us, and the barrel was therefore cut into three pieces by a file. Then came the hardest work of all, for each of the three boys wanted the rear end of the barrel, on which there was an old-fashioned flint-lock. So we "drew cuts," and the two who drew the pieces of the barrel that were not so good took them to the gunsmith and had the ends "plugged up" with pieces of iron. After a great many trials, we finally gave up the old gun-barrel, and went back to our lead cannon, as the safer of the two. A cannon of this kind was very easily made, the size varying according to the quantity of lead that we could muster. A block of wood, *cba* (Fig. 20), was whittled out so that the part from *b* to *a* would be round and tapering toward *a*.

The size at *b* was the size at the mouth of the proposed cannon. The size from *c* to *b* was the length and the diameter of the bore. Having made smooth every part of the wood, a strip of paper was wound tightly about the part *ba* and secured with a string. The paper, in several thicknesses, came up as far as the dotted lines *e* and *f*; and this formed the mold. Carefully handling the melted lead, we poured it into the opening at *e* and *b* until it came up as far as *d*. On stripping off the paper and pulling out the wooden "core" *c*, the cannon was complete, with the exception of a small "touch-hole," which was afterward drilled with an awl.

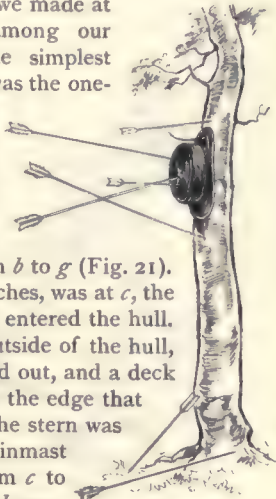


A SQUIRT-GUN.

## CHAPTER VII.

## YACHTS, SCHOONERS, AND ROW-BOATS.

THE first attempts we made at boat-building were among our most successful. The simplest kind of boat to build was the one-masted yacht. A piece of two-inch pine plank was selected, fifteen inches long and eight inches wide. The fifteen inches was the length of the boat from *b* to *g* (Fig. 21). The breadth, eight inches, was at *c*, the place where the mast entered the hull. Having shaped the outside of the hull, the inside was hollowed out, and a deck of shingle tacked upon the edge that was left. A cabin at the stern was also added. The mainmast was twenty inches from *c* to *h*; and from the point *d* rope-ladders of copper wire ran down to the deck on either side. The bowsprit or jib-boom was six inches from *b* to *a*. From *c* to *b* the distance was five inches. The boom, *ec*, that held the lower part



THE BUTT.

of the mainsail, was fourteen inches long; and the gaff, *fd*, was ten inches long. The mainsail, the gaff-top-sail, the jib, and the flying jib were all raised and lowered by linen threads that were both large and stout. A keel of hammered lead, three-

quarters of an inch deep and half an inch broad, kept the yacht from tipping over when she spread too much sail.

The schooner (Fig. 22) was a greater favorite with us



A PNEUMATIC PEA-SHOOTER.

than the yacht; for while the yacht was the best looking, yet it could not carry cargoes of beans and many other things that the schooner could carry in her hold. It was very difficult to find such a piece of lumber as we wanted for the hull; but whenever we discovered that a new house was building, we generally managed to secure a block of pine thirty inches long, eight inches wide, and four inches deep. These figures represent the length, breadth, and depth of the outside of the hull. After the outside had been properly shaped, the inside was "dug out" in the same manner as that of the yacht I have already described. A deck of quarter-inch pine was then fastened to the hull. The measurements were as follows: from *a* to the center of *b* (a circular hatchway), seven inches; from *a* to *c* (the hole for the foremast), nine and a half inches; from *c* to *e* (the hole for the mainmast), thirteen and a half inches. The hatchway at *d* was four inches square; and the one at *f* was two inches square. The rudder-post came up through the hole *g*. A keel of hammered lead, half an inch square, was fastened to the bottom of the hull. The masts and sails were made after the manner of the yacht's; but they were coarser, and they did not look so well.

The only row-boat that we made was the one that I have drawn in Fig. 23. The lumber-mill was first visited, and four twelve-foot pine boards, one inch thick, were selected. Two of the boards

(for the sides of the boat) were fifteen inches wide; the other two (for the bottom and ends) were not quite so wide. The two fifteen-inch boards were nailed together, and each end was cut off at an angle—as you will see at *a* and *b*. The two narrower boards were sawed into "lengths," each one of which was two feet, or perhaps two and a half feet, long, and these short pieces were nailed to the sides, beginning at *cd*. When the bottom and both ends had been covered, all the cracks were stopped with oakum and pitch. Without waiting for a coat or two of paint, we put the old tub of a boat upon the four solid wooden wheels of a baby cart, and trundled it down to the lake. We had fine times with this boat, as we rowed along with our home-made oars.

When the usefulness of our craft as a means of transportation appeared to be over, we took it from the lake and, planting it in the back garden, used

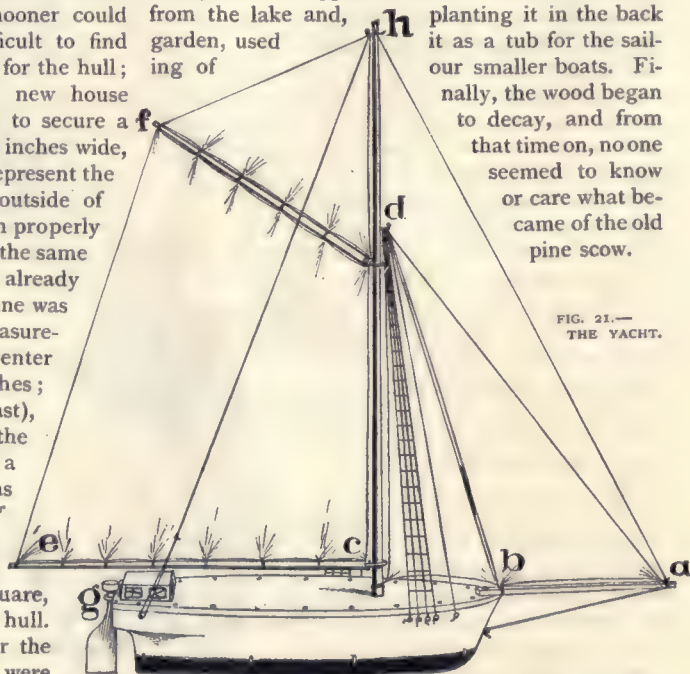


FIG. 21.—  
THE YACHT.

## CHAPTER VIII—COACHES AND RAILROADS.

FROM the time that we could handle knives, saws, and hammers, we often made the coarser and plainer kinds of wagons for hauling earth or our



sisters' dolls—it made no difference which. And it was only when we had reached the "old boy" age of eleven or twelve years that we attempted to copy, on a small scale, one of the stages that went by our door every day, on its way to —. When



FIG. 22.—PLAN OF THE SCHOONER.

we had once made up our minds to commence the work, we brought together several shingles,—those treasures to the boy,—and planed both sides of every one very smooth. Then we proceeded to make the "body" of the coach. A pattern was



FIG. 23.—A ROWBOAT.

cut from paper in the curious shape *abcdefg* (Fig. 24). The distance from *a* to *f* was  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches; from *c* to *d*,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches; from *d* to *e*,  $\frac{1}{3}$  inch; from *g* to the line *ad*,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The two sides having been accurately cut, one of them was still further prepared by rounding off the edge from *a* all the way to *g* and *f*. This gave the "swell" to the body. The other side was rounded upon the edge in the same way, except that the rounding was done upon the other side. A "bottom board," *hijk*, was prepared,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches long and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches wide. This board was curved at the ends, and the edges from *h* to *i* and from *j* to *k* were grooved for the "thorough-braces," of which you will hear more presently. The side pieces having been glued to the bottom board, four posts, *lmno*, each  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches high, were fastened at the ends of the side pieces. Four other upright pieces, *pqrs*, were cut off so that they would be even with the four posts already placed in position. The "end pieces," *mlhk* and *ijno*, were then fitted into their places and glued fast. If we wished to make a nicer job, we made the bottom board and the end pieces shorter at *hk* and *ij*, and filled the opening with a piece of curved wood, the grain of which ran at right angles to the grain of the bottom and the ends. After this, it was an easy matter to make a top into which should be fastened all the upright pieces, *mlpqrsno*. The edges of the top were rounded off in every direction, so that it might shed the rain. Three seats, with cushions, were placed inside. At the first end (as you will see in Fig. 28) a seat for the driver was made,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches high and broad, and standing out from

the body  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches. An oval window was cut over the seat; and at the rear end there was a baggage rack,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide and 2 inches long, the sides being lined with thin black leather. The "running gear" (Fig. 25) was made as follows: The rear axle, *ef*, 3 inches long between the wheels; the "reach," *ad*, 5 inches; the part *a*,  $\frac{1}{3}$  inch from the part *b*; *d* also  $\frac{1}{3}$  inch from *c*; the parts *a*, *b*, and *d*, each  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches long; forward axle (Fig. 26), 3 inches long, like the rear axle, both axles being  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch deep, and long enough at each end to receive the wheels. The tongue, *b*, was 9 inches long. The hole *a* (Fig. 26) was then placed over the hole *a* (Fig. 25), and a pin or wire was thrust down through both holes to serve as a "king bolt." Strips of tin, one inch high, bent into the form shown in Fig. 27, were fastened into the frame-work of the running gear at *ghij* (Fig. 25). The diagram shows how they were fastened. In Fig. 28 you will notice that these tin supports held narrow strips of leather, called thorough-braces, one on each side; and you will also notice that the body of the stage rested upon these thorough-braces. It would have been almost impossible for us to make the wheels after

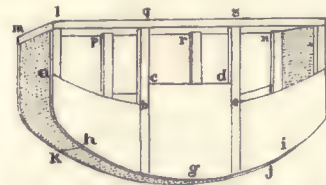


FIG. 24.—PATTERN FOR A STAGE-COACH.

the manner of the wheels on a large stage, with hubs and spokes. Even if we had had the proper tools, the job would not have been an easy one. So we marked the wheels upon a small strip of white wood  $\frac{1}{4}$  or  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch thick. The hind wheels were  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, and the fore wheels were 2 inches in diameter. Having fitted them upon the axles, they were secured with lynch-pins made from ordinary pins, and the whole stage (Fig. 28) was ready to take our sisters' dolls out for a holiday trip.

We cleared an upper part of the barn, and knew railroads and depots, to be a fine thing to have swept the floor clean, great dust that we was to saw from half-half an inch. The strips ward planed upon each edges. Our strips measured thirty or forty feet before we commenced to nail them to the floor with inch brads. The strips—or, rather, the rails of the

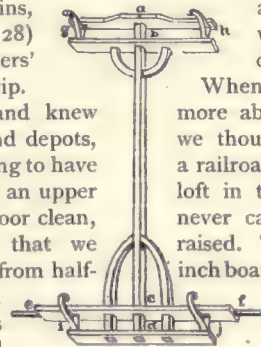


FIG. 25.—RUNNING GEAR.

When we were a little more about cars and we thought it would be a railroad of our own. loft in the barn and never caring for the raised. The next step was to lay down long strips of inch boards long strips in width. were afterwards smoothed of the four

track as they then became—were nailed exactly four inches apart. It was easy enough to lay what we called the "main track," but when we laid the

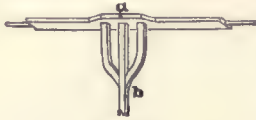


FIG. 26.



FIG. 27.

"switches," we worked very carefully. Fig. 29 shows how a switch was put in position. The main track ran (from left to right) from *a* to *g* and from *b* to *h*. But in order to switch off from the main track, it was necessary to have two movable pieces of track, *ac* and *bd*, which were fastened at *a* and *b*, so that the end *c* could move up to *g* and the end *d* to *h*. A single nail was all the fastening that was required.

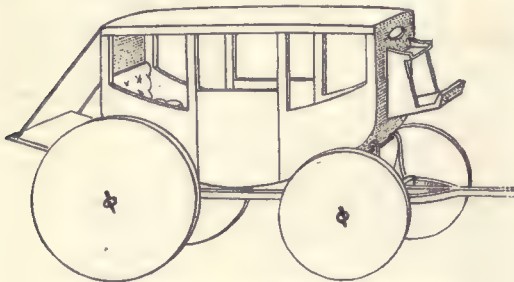


FIG. 28.—THE STAGE-COACH COMPLETED.

Small wires kept the movable pieces of track exactly four inches apart, and they were moved to *g* and *h*, or to *c* and *d*, by the handle at *f*. The track was cut away at *e*, so that the wheels of the cars might pass on either the main track or the

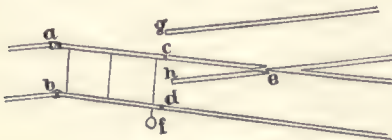


FIG. 29.—A RAILWAY SWITCH.

switch. The movable pieces *ac* and *bd* were about fifteen inches long, but in the picture they are

through the freight house. A pair of wheels (Fig. 31) was made by fastening two ribbon-blocks, *ab*, to a round stick, or "journal," *c*. Before the blocks were fastened to *c*, they were secured to round pieces of tin a little larger in diameter than themselves. The tins, being on the inside, formed the rims that kept the wheels on the track. Two pairs of wheels (like Fig. 31) were secured with wire staples to the bottom of a box, and the car (Fig. 32) was ready to run upon the track, provided that no mistake had been made by placing the wheels either more or less than four inches apart, *inside*.



FIG. 31.—THE WHEELS.

The building of an engine that would draw several of these cars—or the more elaborate passenger cars—was quite beyond our power. Our hands, therefore, served to pull or to push our trains wherever we pleased.

After we had played in this way for a year or two, an older boy came to visit us from a great city, with a tin locomotive in his hands. Winding up the spring, he set it to running before our wondering eyes.

"I wonder if it will draw our car?" said one of the railway kings.

"Let us try it and see," said another to the older boy.

The older boy consented. The locomotive was



FIG. 32.—A CAR.

again wound up and placed on the track. The cars were light, and they were drawn swiftly along the track.

All went well as long as the new machine was there. But, before many days, the mother took the older boy and his locomotive back to the city.

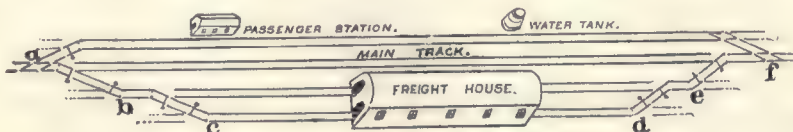


FIG. 30.—RAILWAY TRACK.

made shorter in order to show the construction of the switch more plainly. Fig. 30 shows how we made switches at *agbdef*, and ran two of them

We once more moved our cars by hand, but it seemed too much like hard work.

"Let's strike!" said one.



"Our railroad will not be worth a continental customer, if we do not have all the big railroads have," said another.

So we struck. The rails were torn up and the cars were thrown from the track and overturned.

Thus ended the last of the playthings. Since that time, we have become more interested in "live" railroads and sail-boats; and we do not feel as much like playing with all of the things

that we have mentioned as we used to when we were younger.

But I think you will agree with me when I say that we had just as much real fun as it was possible for boys to have; and that I would not exchange experiences with the boy who has had every toy in his possession furnished to him from the store. Try the making of some of these toys for yourselves, boys, and see if you are not greatly benefited in the end in the same ways that we were benefited.



**THE END.**

## BROWN LITTLE PRINCE.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor dog named Prince, who had no home to go to. He felt very hungry; his feet were tired, and he had run up and down ever so many streets; but no one had said, "Come in, Prince!" not even once.

At one house, there was quite a big, pleasant door-yard. The dog thought that he would go into that, so he went very softly up a stone walk and past an open window.

Then a lady who saw him went out upon the porch and said: "Come here, poor dog. What is the matter with you?"

She did not say, "Come here, Prince," for she did not know his name; but the dog knew she meant him, and he went right up and looked at her, as if to say: "I'm lost, and I am hungry."

This lady must have seen dogs' eyes talk before, for she said: "Never mind, nice dog; I will feed you."

So she gave him some bread and milk and a soft pat on his head; and then she sent him away to find his home.

Two or three days after this time, the lady was going away to stay all summer on a small island in the sea. And the morning she was to set off, the dog came again to the house; but she did not see him.

How Prince found out that she was going, no one could tell; but when she went into the rail-car, there was the dog, right by her side, and the train moved off, with the dog on it.

Soon the conductor came along, and asked the lady: "Is this your dog?"

And she *had* to say: "It is not my dog."

"Very well, then; at the first station I will put him off," said he. Then the conductor went away, leaving Prince looking very sad.

"Poor fellow!" said the lady, patting him gently. "What *can* I do with you?"

The great brown eyes said: "Take me with you, take me with you — oh, *please* do."

"Dear doggy, I will take you with me," she said.

Then the tail began to wag with joy; it struck the car seats so hard that two little boys laughed. But happy Prince did not care; he leaped upon the red car-seat beside his friend, and lay down with one foot in her hand.

By and by, the conductor came along to take him out. Prince was ready for him. He barked and growled so that everybody laughed; and at last the lady said: "He is lost, and I will keep him."

After that, all went well until they had to change from one train to the other. Then a brakeman, seeing Prince try to jump up (the step was high), gave him a kick, and he went under the car.

When he found that it was all right for the dog to get on, he offered to lift him up; but the dog was afraid of him, and kept out of his reach.

Poor Prince! The train began to go. He ran after it, but it was of no use. He could not keep up, and the lady could not do anything for the poor lost dog.

She staid at this place some time, waiting to be taken over to the island. At last, a man came with her trunks. And there was Prince, too! I can not begin to tell you how glad she was to see him, nor how he twisted and jumped and wagged and barked with joy at finding her once more.

The lady thought the man had gone back to the other town to get him. But it was not so. He told her that when he went to the station, the dog was standing on the track, and would not go with him, but stood there gazing up and down the track until the baggage was taken out. Then, when Prince saw the trunks, he wanted to go with them, for he seemed to know that they would be taken to the lady.



Prince barked all the way over to the little island. He was such a happy dog, and he was in such fear of getting lost again, that, for a week, he would not let the lady move out of his sight.



"PRINCE LEAPED UPON THE CAR-SEAT BESIDE HIS FRIEND."

This story is all true, for this dog Prince has lived with me more than eight years, and I love him *as much as ever a dog was loved*, and I have been writing this with his pretty head on my lap.

Dear, brown Prince! Long may he live!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AFTER the summer comes the autumn. So far, so good. This is just as it should be, my beloved. But just when does the summer go and the autumn come? That is the question.

Ha! Ha! Everybody knows *that*, you say?

Let's see. To begin with, which are the three autumn months?

September, October, and November.

Right! Now, when does the autumn begin?

On the first of September, of course.

Wrong!

When does the winter season begin?

Why, the winter months are December, January, and February; so, of course, winter begins on the first of December.

Wrong again, my dears. The winter season does not begin on December 1st. Neither does the spring begin on March 1st, nor the summer on June 1st.

Now, youngsters, this is no joke. It is the almanac truth—and yet I warrant that, of the first half-dozen folk that you may ask concerning the opening day of each season, hardly one will answer correctly.

I'd be glad to explain it all to you, my hearers; but the fact is, when a Jack-in-the-Pulpit tries to talk about astronomical matters, such as equinoxes and solstices and all that sort of thing, he gets bewildered, and his hearers soon begin to drop off. This much I *can* tell you. During this good year of 1883, the seasons open precisely as follows:

Spring began on March 20th.

Summer began on June 21st.

Autumn began on September 23d.

Winter will begin on December 21st.

Now, is not that rather surprising? Ask questions; study the thing out, my chicks, and maybe you will find out the why and the wherefore.

#### THE ERMINE.

ONE day, at the Red School-house, the dear Little School-ma'am gave out a subject, requesting all the boys and girls to take their slates and write a little

composition upon it at once, without asking a question or looking into a book.

The subject was "The Ermine," and here are three of the compositions. Which one do you think is the most nearly correct? I should like to have your opinions:

THE ERMINE.—I am not able to say exactly what this means; but as I must write something about it, I think it means a king's cloak. We often hear it said that such and such a man was worthy to wear the ermine. Now I think I will stop, as I have nothing more to tell.

JOHNNIE W.

THE ERMINE.—The ermine is not a common animal, because things made of ermine fur are generally very expensive. But they must be very beautiful creatures, with their pure white bodies dotted evenly with black spots. Some of them must grow to be very large, for their skin is made into cloaks and other garments. I once saw a play with a queen in it. It was by William Shakespeare, the greatest writer of his day, and the queen wore a long train all made of an ermine.

MABEL C. R.

THE ERMINE.—The ermine is a very small animal, something like a weasel, and his fur is gray, excepting in the winter, when it changes to a pure white. This enables the little animal to run across the snow without being seen by the hunters. But they do sometimes get caught, and their skin is a valuable article of commerce. When made up into ladies' muffers, tippets, and capes, or into cloaks for noblemen, it has little bits of black or dark fur sewed into it at regular intervals. This makes it look like a sort of dotted fur. The dark pieces are made from the fur of the ermine's tail, I believe. But I can not assert this for certain. It requires the skins of a good many ermine to make one ermine cape.

CHARLES B.

#### MAKE BATHS FOR THE BIRDS.

HERE is a little request from the birds. Many of them, you must know, are very fond of dipping their little bodies in fresh pools, but these often are hard to find. Now, they would like you to know how glad it would make them to find sometimes a little bath made ready for them in a quiet place in the grove, or in the orchard, or in any of their haunts.

Sink a tin pan or basin in the soft earth till the rim is only a little above the ground. Lay soft moss about this edge and make the place about it as pretty as you please with vines and flowers. Now all you have to do is to keep the little bath filled with clean cool water, and hide yourselves away so as not to frighten the little bathers. Your Jack's word upon it, they will find it out in time and enjoy your good work. Pebbles and clean gravel in the bottom of the basin will make your free bath all the more delightful to the birds.

#### HOW THEY DO IT.

CAN any of you young folk look behind you without turning your heads? You can? Why, how? Ah! by using a mirror, you say. Yes. . . that will do very well. You hold the mirror before your face and, looking in, you can see what is going on behind you. But I know some one who can do better than this. Without turning his head, and without using a looking-glass, he can see behind him, perfectly well—even survey his own back if he wishes to do so. To make it still more wonderful, the individual I refer to can not even turn his eyes. In fact, they are not movable. Yet, I repeat, he can look behind him with perfect ease, and without moving. To prove it, you have only to let your finger approach him stealthily in the rear, and try to touch him. His name is Mr. Fly, and you can find him any day if you wish to



try the experiment. Now, how does he keep up this patent back-action lookout of his? That is what Deacon Green asked in speaking of Mr. Fly to the boys, and what do you think one of them replied?

Why this boy said that, if the other fellows who had n't answered would notice Mr. Fly sharply, they would find that his immovable eyes are shaped each like a half-apple standing out from the head—only instead of being smooth hemispheres they have a very great number of facets, like certain crystals, and that each one of these lets in the light to the retina, so that the fly can see in every direction.

That is what the boy said, as nearly as I can remember. They talked more about the matter, and the Deacon told the boys about the retina, and how it receives images—upside down, by the way.

But what is a retina? some of you may ask. Well, a retina is like happiness, the Deacon says. You can always find it in the dictionary.

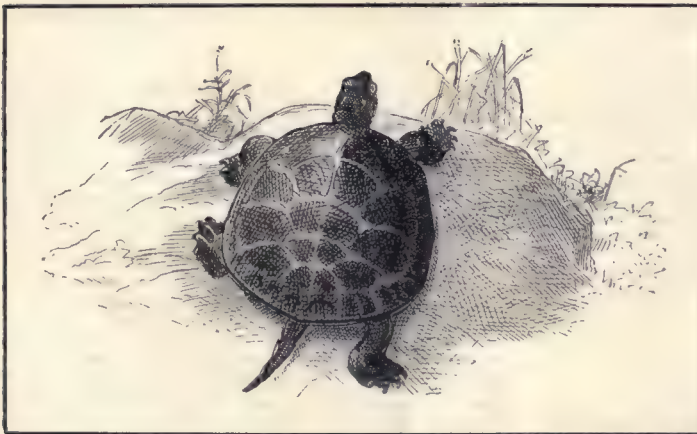
#### WHO KNOWS?

POUGHKEEPSIE, August 15, 1883.

DEAR JACK: Will you please tell me why people say as "brown as a berry"? Are there brown berries?

Yours truly,

EMILY C. W.



IN HASTE!

#### ABOUT THAT FLOATING SAND.

OF all Jack's great army of correspondents not one has explained correctly the curious story of floating sand which Deacon Green heard at the Academy, and which we talked about in the August ST. NICHOLAS. Even the dear Little School-ma'am said she could n't trust herself to express her opinions on the subject without first consulting a scientific man.

(Ah, what a wise little woman that is!)

Well, the scientific man has proved equal to the

occasion; and both the Deacon and the little lady agree with me that you ought to see his letter:

Here it is:

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM: I am not surprised that the floating-sand story, told by Jack-in-the-Pulpit in the August ST. NICHOLAS, puzzled the children of the Red School-house as well as their teacher. Yet the story is quite correct, and the explanation is as follows:

I. The air adheres to the sand of the surface of the beach, dried in the sun, and so buoys it. II. It is able to adhere sufficiently well only to a few grains. III. Disturbance of the water on which it rides, or other causes, ultimately breaks away the air-buoys, and allows the grains, one by one, to sink. Yours truly, E. I.

#### GOOD NEWS FOR THE CARRIER-PIGEONS.

MY birds tell me a bit of good news that will interest carrier-pigeons everywhere. It appears that those wonderful Chinese have hit upon a plan for protecting their messenger-pigeons from birds of prey. This is to fasten to the tail-feathers a very lightly made but shrill-sounding whistle of reeds. This whistle, when the bird is flying rapidly through the air, becomes so noisy that it scares off all bird enemies. They don't dare to attack such mysterious little singers as these. This Chinese plan works so well, I'm told, that it is being extensively tried in some parts of Europe.

#### THE WHISTLING FISH OF NEVADA.

TALKING of whistling, did ever you hear of a whistling fish, my hearers? I never did until the other day, when the school children had a picnic near my meadow, and Deacon Green read this out of a newspaper which somebody had sent him:

"One of the most singular of the fish family," read the Deacon,—after explaining to the children that he was reading from *The Walker Lake Bulletin*, published in the State of Nevada,—"is, doubtless, the whistling sucker, sometimes caught in Walker Lake. The fish, when caught, emits a plaintive whistle, which will almost persuade an angler with

any tenderness of heart to throw it back into the water. Charley Kimball has one which was caught in a net when quite young. He keeps it in a tank, and has taught it to know him and whistle when it is hungry. When its master approaches, the fish pushes its nose and mouth barely out of the water, and, making a pucker with its lips, which the human pucker does not nearly equal, whistles some shrill notes. It appears to have some of the parrot characteristics, and Kimball thinks that in time he can teach it to whistle part of some simple tune."

LOOK OUT FOR A SPLENDID OFFER FROM DEACON GREEN NEXT MONTH!

## THE LETTER-BOX.

SINCE the issue of the June number we have received the following subscriptions to the Garfield fund: "Marie," of Newcastle, \$2.00; Margaret G. Spring, \$1.56; E. A. F., \$1.44; W. P. S., \$1.00, and "Fred," \$1.00. A subscription of \$2.00, sent by Nannie C. Stevens, of Philadelphia, should have been acknowledged in the July number.

GATTENDORF, PARNDORF,  
VIA VIENNA, HUNGARY, July 19, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you to thank you for the pleasure you give me every month. I have not seen many magazines, but I think ST. NICHOLAS the most beautiful in all the world. I must beg your pardon if my English is not very good, for I am neither English nor American, but Austrian, and have learned English only one year and a half. I live in Hungary; my greatest delight is having English books, and I have got a lot of them. This is the first year I have taken you; but, I think I shall take you always now, and have you bound at the end of the year. I was delighted with the two colored pictures in the November and December numbers, and hope you will have more. I like Miss Alcott's stories so much and hope she will write many for ST. NICHOLAS this year. Your constant reader, TILDI ZIPP.

Thanks, dear young Austrian friend, for your hearty letter, which has not only pleased us greatly, but will interest all the American girls and boys who, like you, enjoy ST. NICHOLAS. You and they, we are sure, will be glad to find another story by Miss Alcott in this number, and to know that, next year, you are to have not a few but many tales from her pen, in what will, in reality, be a serial bearing the delightful title of "Spinning-wheel Stories; or, At Mrs. Gay's Summer School."

As the beech-tree grows throughout a very wide portion of America, there are probably few among our readers who have not found the tender beech-nuts in their rambles through the woods; and in some districts it is not unusual for parties of young folk to go nutting for beech-nuts, as well as for chestnuts, walnuts, and hickory-nuts. Such a party, moving about under the thick shade and around the shining, beautiful trunks of the beeches, would make a pretty picture, and so thought the artist, Harry Fenn, when he made the drawing presented on page 927.

It may interest you to know that the beech tree is rarely struck by lightning, and that woodmen and Indians consider themselves safe from the electric shock when under its shelter.

## MORE ABOUT CURIOUS BIRDS' NESTS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I think I can add another to the "Curious Items about Birds" published in the ST. NICHOLAS for May.

Last summer I visited Mt. Vernon and the tomb of Washington. The tomb, as most of your readers probably know, has an open front and is guarded by two heavy iron gates. In addition to these the floor of the tomb on which the stone coffins of Washington and his wife rest is so constructed that the slightest footfall inside the tomb will cause a burglar alarm to be rung at the mansion a few rods away. And here, on the inner wall of this doubly guarded vault, a pair of birds have built a nest. Did they not select a safe place for it, and is it, I wonder, as a gentleman remarked, the only burglar-proof nest in the world? Yours truly, E. B. FLORENCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading the article in your book called "Curious Items About Birds," I thought I would like to tell you about some little wrens who built their nest in a very funny place.

A lady that lives a little way from our house hung a small watering pot on a nail by her door under the porch; the next time that she took it down to use it she found some sticks and straws in it; she threw them out, used it, and hung it up again.

A few days after, she had occasion to use it again, and took it down; but this time she found not only sticks and straw, but a little nest with eggs in it; she hung it up again carefully, much pleased with the little neighbors that had gone to housekeeping in her small watering-pot (I think they were very fashionable to choose a water-

ing-place for their summer home). She often took it down to show to her friends, and the little wrens did not mind it at all, but staid there all summer. Your little friend, NELLIE F. C.

NEW YORK, June 18th, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wished to write to you; now is my opportunity. I have read the story of "Curious Items about Birds," in the May number. I have seen in Central Park two birds' nests, one in the arm of the statue of Shakespeare, and the other at the feet of Sir Walter Scott. Your constant reader, DORA T.

HERE is a rather thrilling little story, but with a good moral, as you will admit when you shall have read it. It comes from a young Wisconsin reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and we print it just as it was written.

## THE DISOBEDIENT SOLDIER.

Once upon a time there was a boy who liked to play soldier, so by and by war broke out, so now that he was about twenty-one years of age he was allowed to go, so just as the war was in the thickest part the men got in the habit of going and picking up the wounded men as soon as they falled, so by this way they lost a good many of their men—for they would get shot when picking them up,—so one day the captain said they would get shot to pick up the persons, even if they did get back alright, even if he should get shot; but just as he got out the line he fell from his horse, for he was wounded, one of the men saw him fall, so he rushed out to take him in behind the breastwork, but just as he stooped over him he was shot. So it is better to not disobey. Yours Affectionate, JOHN D. HOGAN.

OSWEGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for more than a year. Do you know whether "Donald and Dorothy," by Mary Mapes Dodge, has ever been printed in book form, or whether it is intending to be? I should like to know very much. I hope you will print this letter. One of your readers, KATY STEBBINS.

Yes, Katy, the story you mention is "intending to be" printed in book form. "Donald and Dorothy" will be published as a book during this autumn, by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 17, 1883.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I came to that story entitled "Our Special Artist," in the August ST. NICH (as we have come to call the magazine at our house), I did not cut the leaves any farther until I had finished that story. It was what I call a "good un," too. We all laughed as I read aloud till the laugh-tears flowed freely. I happen to be an amateur photographer, and that is why we enjoyed it so much and can appreciate Ben Brady's mistakes; although I don't claim to have had so many and such doleful failures as he had. Ben certainly neglected to read the little instruction book which usually accompanies a photographic outfit. By the way, dear brothers and sisters, if you have an idea of getting an outfit, please don't be deceived by some advertisements. Outfits are advertised, I know, at \$10; but let me inform you that, if you intend to take and make the pictures complete yourself, you will do very well if you do so under twice the amount of the \$10 outfit. This is merely intended as information, which as a rule does not accompany the advertisement of a \$10 outfit. However, please be assured that I learned it all beforehand, and as I happened to have the spare cash and have made lots of splendid pictures, I am satisfied.

"AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER."

HALIFAX, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and my name is Marion Allison Grant. I will be ten years old next January. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for three years and I think it is a lovely magazine, and I do not think I could do without it. Would you please to put a few more stories for little girls in the next number, something like "Editha's Burglars," and "Lost and Found," and "Grandma's Pearls." Mamma and Papa both like ST. NICHOLAS very much. Your little friend, MARION ALLISON GRANT.

Yes, Marion, we shall give you many more fine stories for girls in our new volume that begins next month.



In connection with the "Art and Artists" paper for the present month, which will be found on pages 923 to 927, we present the following list of the principal works of Rembrandt to be seen in European galleries:

PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE: Portrait of an old man, and his own portrait. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: Domestic interior, and a landscape. MUSEUM, ANTWERP: Woman's portrait, and two small portraits attributed to Rembrandt. MUSEUM, BRUSSELS: Male portrait. THE TRIPPEHUIS, AMSTERDAM: "The Syndics," "The Night Watch." VAN DER HOOP GALLERY, AMSTERDAM: "The Betrothed Jewess." THE SIX VAN HILLEGROM COLLECTIONS, AMSTERDAM: Portraits of the Burgomaster Six, and his mother. GALLERY AT THE HAGUE: "Simeon in the Temple," "Anatomical Lecture," "Susannah in the Bath," portrait of a youth, and a portrait of Rembrandt. MUSEUM, ROTTERDAM: An Allegory—alluding to the Triple Alliance. MUSEUM, BERLIN: "Samson," two interiors, two heads, and a female portrait. CASSEL GALLERY: Ten portraits, young girl, two landscapes, "Jacob Blessing Ephraim and Manasseh," and others. DRESDEN GALLERY: Four portraits, "Ganymede carried off by an Eagle," "Samson Feasting," landscape, and others. PINACOTHEK, MUNICH: Two portraits, six scenes from the Life of Christ, Autumn landscape, and others. BELVEDERE, VIENNA: Six portraits, and the "Apostle Paul." MUSEUM, MADRID: "Queen Artemisia." LOUVRE, PARIS: Eight portraits, "Angel leading Tobias," "Pilgrims of Emmaus," "Philosopher in Meditation," and others. DULWICH GALLERY: "Jacob's Dream," and three portraits. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: "A Jewish Rabbi," a landscape, five portraits, and others. THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: "Abraham entertaining the Angels," "Sacrifice of Isaac," "The Coat of Many Colors brought to Jacob," "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," "Holy Family," "Return of the Prodigal," "Parable of the Laborers," "Denial of Peter," "Danae," and twenty-three others.

### AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—THIRTY-FIRST REPORT.

MR. BALLARD—*Dear Sir:* In my busy professional life I have little time to study books of natural science, but gather about me specimens, and from them gain knowledge. If any of your members require any help in determining species of crinoids or pentremites, I will aid them all that I can, for I can see that an extended interest in the natural sciences is one of the chief factors in improving the minds and manners of our young generation. Hoping I may be of service, I am Yours respectfully,

HORACE G. GRIFFITH, M. D.,  
317 N. 4th street, Burlington, Iowa.

Our entomologists will study the *Diptera* in October. Less is known by most of us about flies than about butterflies. They are smaller, less brilliant as a rule—more annoying, and more difficult to determine. But after all, the subject is full of interest, and the month can not fail to be among the most profitable in the course.

The class in Botany will continue their collections and drawings of leaves, which are to be prepared according to the appended scheme, and sent to Prof. Jones as usual.

### III. LEAVES.—Continued.

#### Compound:

(for parts, see simple leaves.)

pinnate,  
odd,  
even,  
tendrils,  
once,  
twice,  
thrice,  
etc.,  
etc.

palmate,  
once,  
twice,  
thrice,  
etc.,  
etc.

#### TRANSFORMED LEAVES.

*Bud Scales,*  
*Bulb Scales,*  
*Store-houses,*  
*Spines,*  
*Tendrils,*  
*Fly-catchers,*  
*Parts of Flowers* (see flowers).  
*Uses:*

to the plants,  
to animals.

#### VENATION.

*Net-veined,*  
*palmate,*  
*pinnate,*  
*Parallel-veined.*

#### PHYLLOTAXY (arrangement on stem).

*Alternate,*  
*Opposite,*  
*Whorled.*

#### Ranks:

two (one turn) =  $\frac{1}{2}$  (grasses,  
etc.),  
three (one turn) =  $\frac{1}{3}$  (sedges,  
etc.),  
five (two turns) = 2-5 (roses, etc.),  
eight (three turns) = 3-8, etc.

#### VERNATION (position in the bud).

straight,  
bent,  
folded,  
conduplicate,  
plaited, etc.  
rolled,  
circinate,  
involute,  
revolute,  
(for others, see flowers.)

Owing to the summer vacation and the consequent dispersion of people to sea-shore and mountain-top, only two new Chapters have been reported for the month of August.

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
512	Buffalo, N. Y., (G).....	6..D. A. Curtis,	204 Seneca street.
513	Far Rockaway, L. I.....	8..Carleton Greene.	

Notwithstanding the distractions of summer, however, a large number of individual members have been added to our register, which has now reached a total of 5873.

#### EXCHANGES.

Silver ore and ten crinoid stems, for a piece of gold ore.—W. S. Johnson, Boonville, N. Y.

Petrified wood, buffalo horns, agates, Dakota cactus, for sea-shells, minerals, or eggs.—Jesse and Levi French, box 25, Grand Rapids, Dakota.

Insects, eggs, and bird-skins.—G. W. Field, Brockton, Mass.

Eggs of bunting, Cal. quail, Cal. linnet, Western gull, and foolish guillemot, for eggs.—Tod Lilienkrantz, box 62, Oakland, Cal.

Silk-worm cocoons and moths, for a geode.—Lottie Watson, Cranford, N. J.

Fossil ferns and peacock coal, for labeled woods or birds' eggs.—Thomas F. McNair, Hazleton, Pa.

Iron ores.—D. A. Curtis, 204 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y. (Ch. G.)

Mineral paint, for sand-dollars or other ocean curiosities.—D. W. Rice, box 193, Brandon, Vt.

Minerals, fossils, and woods for exchange or sale, at 2 cents per ounce, all post-paid.—L. L. Lewis, box 174, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Mica and other minerals and ores, coral, labeled foreign shells, for specimens of foreign woods not smaller than 4 x 2 x  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Ebony, tulip, pomegranate, olive, orange, and lemon particularly desired.—Ezra Larned, 2346 S. Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Vermont marble (sets of from 4 to 10 kinds, colors, and shades, any size), for minerals and marine specimens. Correspondence solicited.—H. M. Downs, box 176, Rutland, Vt.

Cecropia, polyphemus, and promethea moths, for eggs.—G. J. Grider, Bethlehem, Pa.

Correspondence on ornithology and geology.—Geo. B. Hudson, Wareham, Mass.

#### NOTES.

(47) *Insect Pins*.—Gilt insect pins can be obtained from James W. Queen & Co., 924 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, at 30 cents per hundred, or \$1.75 per thousand. Sec. Chapter 153.

(48) *Woodpeckers*.—I found seventeen woodpeckers' nests in a single stump, 18 feet high. Most of them were occupied.

W. R. LIGHTON, Ottumwa, Iowa.

(49) *Geodes*.—I found some clay formations which resembled geodes, being hollow and containing peaks of the clay instead of crystals. I could not account for them, but thought other geodes might be formed in this manner. CARRIE A. LAMSON.

(50) *Sinistral Snail Shells*.—I saw in Morse's First Book of Zoology that snails with sinistral shells are rare. I have about two dozen of them, all raised from a single snail that I caught in a stream. F. A. R.

(51) *English Sparrows*.—After careful study, I have come to the conclusion that the English sparrow does a great deal more good than harm. In different parts of the country they have been exterminated, but always with disastrous results to the trees. They are so numerous and require so much food for their young, that they do more to rid the trees of the insects than other birds are able to do. As to their driving other birds away, I have seen a robin on our lawn when there were ten sparrows close to it, and they did not even notice it.

Blue birds have kept them away from a little house I made for them, and the white-bellied swallow often chases them and punishes them severely. I should like to hear what others have to say about it. CHARLES KERLER, Milwaukee.

(52) *Ichneumon*.—A tree by our door had on it several insects like the ichneumon fly. After the ovipositor was in the tree, the insect appeared to inflate a bladder-like substance at the head of the ovipositor until it was about half an inch in diameter, and nearly round, of a light, bluish-green color. Will some one explain this? We are more and more delighted with our work.

D. M. MORRELL, Ch. 263.

(53) *Agassiz's Home*, Neuchâtel, Switzerland.—This house is one of those where Professor Agassiz used to live, and the one in which his son, Professor Alexander Agassiz, was born. I shall try to get a photograph of it, and if I succeed I will send it to you. Most of the Alps to be seen from here have lost their snow, but Mont Blanc, the Jung Frau, and their neighbors are still, and *always will be*, pure white. With many good wishes for all the A. A.,

EMILY NEWCOMB.

(54) *Butterfly-tree*.—In one of the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS (in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit") was an account of a butterfly branch. I think what I saw on the 26th of last March was similar: On the 25th I was on the beach, and saw a large number of brown butterflies, which looked as if recently blown ashore. Next day, they spread over the island in large numbers. They began to collect on a live-oak tree in our yard. Their numbers increased from the morning until about dark, when the top of the tree, for the space of three or four feet, was so covered with them that we could see neither leaves nor branches. Other smaller groups gathered on the tips of the branches of a cottonwood tree adjacent, which had just leaved out. Next morning they were gone from their resting-place, but were still seen in large numbers about the flowers. They gradually disappeared. Some were killed by mocking-birds, and others died, so that large numbers lay about the ground. The oak-tree was in full bloom, or tassel, like the others on the place.

PHILIP J. TUCKER, Galveston, Texas.

[We have seen May-flies on Lake Erie so thick as to cover the decks of the steamer to the depth of nearly an inch; to fill up the globes of the lamps in the saloons, and darken the air like a snow-storm, while the surface of the lake for a quarter of a mile was green with them. But can any one parallel this butterfly-tree?]

(55) *Bees and Pollen*.—I have given some of my time this month to bees. The first one I caught had much pollen of a single kind on the hairs of his leg. The second one I watched flying about some white clover for a little time before I caught him, and I saw on his hind legs two strange protuberances. A post-mortem examination showed that they were masses of pollen, evidently stuck together by some means. I mounted some of it, wetting it on one side of the slide in order that the grains might float apart and clearly show themselves to be pollen, but on the other side I have left it just as it came from the bee. I inclose a specimen. I have not been able to use a strong microscope this month, but the little one that I have employed seems to show it to be all of one kind. Since then I have looked for these pollen masses on every bee I saw, and always found them larger or smaller, of course, according to the length of time which the bee had been working. I suppose the first few layers are caught by the hairs of the corbicula, and afterward the grains are plastered on with some sticky substance, perhaps the honey of the flower, perhaps some secretion. I am not well enough acquainted with bees to tell. I also watched some bees to see whether they always took from the same flower. A great bumble-bee visited sixty-five red clovers, passing over white clover, white weed, and other flowers, and going out of sight after the sixty-fifth. A smaller bee visited now-three white clovers, which were close together, to be sure, but yet, by flying a very few feet, he might have reached other flowers. I send with the others a slide of the pollen of the milkweed. Perhaps what follows is well known to all the members, but it was new to me, and I found it so interesting that I must repeat it: Knowing that all the Asclepiadaceæ had their pollen in masses, I wanted very much to see it, but could not find it till the flower was explained to me. Clinging to the pistil are the anthers, each containing two pollen-masses, and on the stigma, alternate with the anthers, are five little black glands, and from every one spring two stalks, each attached to the nearest pollen mass of an adjacent anther; so that if one of the black specks be lifted on the point of a pin, the two clubs of pollen follow, astride on it.

#### REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

The Secretary of Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "During the time since my report we have rented a large hall for our meetings, and have bought a six-by-ten-foot cabinet. We are all happy and much interested in work."—Fairfield, Iowa, has had a lecture from the "finest entomologist" in the State [who, be it noticed, is a woman—Miss Alice Walton]. "She gave us much encouragement, and kindly promised further assistance."—"I have a very beautiful emperor moth. It measures five inches across the wings from tip to tip. I have a piece of crystallized quartz in which is a green stone clearly defined." Bessie

Young. [The emperor moth is quite rare in many parts of the country, and would prove a valuable exchange.]—"We have had a debate on the question, 'Resolved, That plants have their color, scent, and nectar to attract insects.' It was decided in the negative by a tie vote. We have a debate now pending on the question, 'Resolved, That animals have, beside instinct, the power to reason from cause to effect.'" Rob't P. Bigelow, Sec. 109. [On account of the little "hit" at the girls contained in the following extract, we omit the address, that, if just, the hint may be acted on by the girls of all Chapters, and if unjust may be promptly and generally resented!] "A drawback is that the girls are afraid to say much, if anything, at the meetings, and most of them sit around the room as silent as Egyptian mummies. We boys have to do all the talking, and this comes all the harder when the girls are all so still."—Scituate, Mass., writes: "We have an alphabetical and a classified list of the birds in our neighborhood, and are preparing a list of fishes for our next meeting. We have started a library. The Smithsonian Institute has sent us quite a number of books."—"The Nassau Chapter is making some progress. Our meetings have been interrupted by absences from town of members, which, during vacation months, is expected. Some have taken the spirit with them and returned with fruits. We hope to enrich our collection with specimens from the sea-shore this month. We have had five meetings. We have been most interested in Lepidoptera and have a very pretty collection. One member has two beautiful hawk moths. Some have followed Mrs. Ballard's directions for raising from the larva. We have 'Insect Lives,' Packard's 'Common Insects,' 'Insects,' by Ebell, and 'Parables of Nature.' Interest is not confined to the six members, but perhaps to six times the number—so many of our friends are interested in getting specimens for us, and looking at them through the small microscope. The egg of the polyphemus moth is beautiful under the microscope. One member has discovered that the wasp that builds its nest out of sand feeds its young with small spiders; another has observed the ant tapping the plant-life for its sirup. It has been a grand thing for us all, and has greatly enriched our lives already." Emily P. Sherman, Nassau, N. Y.

June 17th.

MR. HARLAN BALLARD—Dear Sir: Our Chapter, 480, Baltimore (C), is quite enthusiastic. Quite a number of moths and butterflies have been obtained. As the mothers have objected to the use of chloroform, coal oil has been resorted to, and found most effectual. Some are keeping caterpillars. Several of them (Vassena, we think) were seen wriggling themselves into the chrysalis state. Quite a number of chrysalids have brought forth only ichneumon flies. Our chief difficulty is want of cheap books, as the little girls wish to know the name of every insect. Respectfully,

R. JONES, Sec.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF CHAPTER 388, of A. A., }  
GALESBURG, ILL. }

You have perhaps begun to question as to what has become of Chapter 388, because I have not written in so long. But we have an existence yet. A few weeks ago, the whole Chapter adjourned in a body to the timber, some three miles east of here. We had a splendid time, and some caught a good many beetles. I got thirty-two of which were green-spotted tiger beetles (*Cincindela gutulata*). They are quite common about here, but are so difficult to capture, and are so exquisitely colored, that when one has been caught the collector may well consider it a prize. One day, while out collecting, I got eight large beetles just alike. As I do not know their names, I will describe them, and perhaps you can answer through ST. NICHOLAS. Length, from tip of mandibles to extremity of abdomen, one and one-quarter inches; width, seven-sixteenths of an inch; upper surface of back, deep glossy black, very shiny. Thorax smooth and jet glossy black. Elytra (wing covers) indented by deeply cut lines, running lengthwise. Mandibles prominent and having four hooks; antennæ long and dentated. Legs strong and powerful; first pair, hooked; third and fourth, smooth; legs also covered with hair of a brownish color. In the middle of the head is a horn pointing forward. As these beetles seem plenty about here, I am very desirous of finding their name. I have several, now, which were invariably captured in pairs, probably male and female, though I can not distinguish them. Sometimes one is found which is of a brown color instead of a black, but they are always glossy. (I will exchange these specimens for other beetles.) We meet weekly, on Thursday evenings. To-night will be held the twenty-third meeting. Subject, Insects: beneficial vs. injurious. Four boys will debate on this question.

With best wishes for the prosperity of the A. A.,

CHAS. F. GETTEMY.

With next month, we commence our third year, and shall give a brief account of our progress during the past two years. Address all communications to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## HALF-SQUARE.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A river of the United States. 2. Alliance. 3. Part of a clock. 4. A tone in music. 5. A preposition. 6. In dine.

IDA A. W.

## RIMLESS WHEEL.



From 1 to 9, the shape of a sugar-loaf; from 2 to 9, a haut-boy; from 3 to 9, a narrow road; from 4 to 9, to importune; from 5 to 9, a companion; from 6 to 9, a color; from 7 to 9, to incite; from 8 to 9, a wise man.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8 spell the name of a very famous man.

EMMA C. WIRTH.

## DOUBLE DIAGONAL.



ACROSS: 1. An exclamation of contempt. 2. A wanderer. 3. Morose. 4. To wager. 5. A quadruped of Southern Africa.

Diagonals, from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, each name a well-known dance.

DYCIE.



## RIDDLE.

You 'll find me in the harbor,  
You 'll find me at an inn;  
I'm made of such materials  
As iron, brass, or tin.  
You 'll find me in a prison,  
And in a court-room, too,  
Where prisoners are catechised  
To find out what is true.

Now look amongst your music;  
You're sure to find me there;  
And yet men put me in a cage,  
Which I think most unfair.  
Though in so many places,  
I'm quite a little word,  
Which all of you, I am full sure,  
Have very often heard.

F. J. M.

## EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a time-piece, and leave a fastening. 2. Behead a sign, and leave mankind. 3. Behead solitary, and leave a unit. 4. Behead to cultivate, and leave sick. The beheaded letters will spell the name of a small horse.

I. A. W.

## ILLUSTRATED GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

In this puzzle are shown five horizontal lines, each line containing five monograms. In each monogram will be found one or more white letters. First row: the white letters will spell the name of one of the United States. All the letters in the first monogram will form a city; second, a river; third, a city; fourth, a bay; fifth, a town; all in the State spelled by the white letters. Second row: white letters, a country in Europe. Letters of first monogram, a river; second, a city; third, a river; fourth, a city; fifth, a coast town; all in the country spelled by the white letters. Third row: white letters, a division of the Eastern continent. Letters of first monogram, an island; second, a country; third, a city in the country named by the fourth; fifth, a city; all in the division named by the white letters. Fourth row: white letters, one of the United States. Letters of first monogram, an island; second, a series of lakes; third, a bay; fourth, a river; fifth, a city; all in the State named by the white letters. Fifth row: white letters, a country of Europe. Letters of first monogram, a river; second, a city; third, a city; fourth, a river; fifth, a coast town; all in the country named by the white letters. G. F.

## CHARADE.

My first it is when the sun is bright,  
My second 's a digit,  
My third is a midget;  
My whole is a blackamoor wight.

C. S.

## SUBSTITUTIONS.

EACH of the words described contains four letters. Change the last two letters in the word first defined so that it shall form the word described by the second definition. Thus: A mineral; to imitate. Answer, coal, copy. When these changes have been rightly made, and the words placed one below another, the third row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a place at which were fought two memorable battles; the fourth row will spell the place where a battle was fought between Generals Sherman and Hood.

1. To help; a word meaning father. 2. A flower; to put to flight. 3. A large cord; to revolve. 4. Otherwise; a girl's name. 5. Repose; to gain by labor. 6. To perform; a contest. 7. Soon; a girl's name. FRANK B.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a German composer, who was born about the middle of the eighteenth century; and my finals a German author and one of the greatest poets of any age or country.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Officious. 2. A city which was the capital of Portugal till 1174 when the seat of government was transferred to Lisbon. 3. A girle or belt. 4. A mountain of Western Asia in Armenia. 5. A native prince of India. 6. The muse who presides over the dance. E. H.

## ILLUSTRATED HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

THIS differs from the ordinary hour-glass puzzle in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The words are to be placed in the order in which the pictures are numbered, and the object named by the central letters is represented in the illustration.

## BEHEADED RHYMES.

REPLACE the first dash by a word of four or more letters, which may be successively beheaded to fill each dash following:

EXAMPLE:

To tuneful warbler's merry —  
And cheery sound of meadow —  
His heavy heart accor'eth —  
ANSWER, trill, rill, ill.

I. The rain drips ceaseless from the —,  
Nell's face is darkened by a —  
Through the wet panes she gazes —  
From lashes wet as they.

II. In fitful gusts the wind blows —  
The clouds hang low on yonder —  
Ah! little Nell, it augurs —  
For archery to-day.

A. B. C.

## WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MUSICAL composition. 2. A player on a wind instrument. 3. The last part of an ode. 4. A kind of rampart. 5. A place of public contest. MAMIE R.

## CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

The central words of the two diamonds, read in connection, will spell the name of an illustrious English writer who was born in the early part of the nineteenth century.

I. 1. Not in "Vanity Fair." 2. An exclamation. 3. Precious stones. 4. The Christian name of the author of "Edna." 5. A girl's nick-name. 5. The jurisdiction of a bishop. 7. Not in "The Marble Faun."  
II. 1. Not in "The Last of the Mohicans." 2. A cover. 3. Wealth. 4. The surname of an illustrious English writer. 5. To fear. 6. Termination. 7. Not in "The Alhambra." A. L. B.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAMS. 1. Tiles, stile. 2. Notes, stone. 3. Arts, tars, star. 4. Sabre, bears.

PI. It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes  
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests  
And their aerial neighborhoods of nests  
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes  
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes  
And harvest fields, its mystic splendor rests!  
The Harvest Moon, by H. W. Longfellow.

ZIGZAG. James Fenimore Cooper.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Jog. 2. Pan. 3. Gem. 4. Fed. 5. Sip. 6. Of. 7. Rye. 8. One. 9. Inn. 10. Emu. 11. Ado. 12. Arm. 13. Eke.

14. Ice. 15. Ago. 16. Cod. 17. Pat. 18. Beg. 19. Car.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Answer, cross-word enigma.

CURIOS HALF-SQUARE. 1. Carouse. 2. Arouse. 3. Rouse. 4. Ouse. 5. Use. 6. Se. 7. E. — CHARADE. Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I heard, as still the seed he cast,  
How, crooning to himself, he sung,  
"I sow again the Holy Past,  
The happy days when I was young."

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE. 1. Noon, Otto, Otto, noon.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, evince; from 2 to 6, empire; from 5 to 6, effuse; from 1 to 5, edible; from 3 to 4, enable; from 4 to 8, efface; from 7 to 8, entire; from 3 to 7, engine; from 1 to 3, Elbe; from 2 to 4, Erie; from 6 to 8, ease; from 5 to 7, edge.

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Pit. 3. Resin. 4. Pebbles. 5. Misbelief. 6. Tillage. 7. Neigh. 8. See. 9. F.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the September number, from Bell Macdonald, Lyttleton, New Zealand, 12—Francis W. Islip, Leicester, England, 10—C. S. C., England, 10—Hugh and Cis, Leicester, England, 10—T. S. Palmer, 3.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from S. R. T.—Madeleine Vultee.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Eliza Westervelt, 2—Paul Reese, 12—A. J. Morganstern, 1—Margaret McGuffey, 1—Emily P. Cutler, 1—Grace E. Keech, 3—R. M. B., 1—E. Blanche Johns, 1—"Hermes," 3—A. E., 2—M. Cissy Thompson, 5—"Star, Beth, and Auntie," 8—Harry Donahue, 1—F. L. F., 1—L. Florence Savoye, 10—Mary E. Ashbrook, 1—F. R. Temple, 1—Arthur B. Phelan, 3—Arthur Peter, 1—Bucknor Van Amringe, 1—Edward J. Shipsey, 2—"Rallek," 1—Philip Embury, Jr., 9—Little Gracie, 2—Sam Holzman, 1—A. A. A., 2—Camille B. G., 1—Emma and Ida, 6—Charlotte Holloway, 4—Arthur Hixon, 5—Freddy and Alex. Laidlaw, 11—Alice Wana, 1—J. Frederic Millar, 10—"Third Base" and "Cooney," 12—"Bijou," 5—Katie W. Green, 3—Emmet and Frankie Nicoli, 1—Carroll S. Shepard, 1—Birdie N. S., 1—Maggie T. Turrill, 10—W. Prentiss and Robt O. Ray, 1—"San Anselmo Valley," 12—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Lizzie Thurber, 8—Walter S. Garfield, 1—Frank Brittingham, 1—"Mamma, Madge, and I," 9—Hal Prentiss and his cousin, 1—W. T. Hopkins, 2—"Hen and Chickens," 12—"We, Us, and Co.," 8—Amy K. Pickett, 3—Fannie S., 2—Minnie M. Carson, 1—"Kansas Boy," 2—Ignoramus and Nonentity," 5—Bantie, 4—"Rough and Ready," 4—Walter B. Angell, 10—Eisheb Gregor, 7—The Stewart Browns, 7—Clara J. Child, 10—G. G., 2—"Two Blackberries," 5—"Alcibiades," 5—"Pinnie and Jack," 12—Jennie and Birdie, 5—Charles H. Wright, 3—Louisa H., 6—Charles H. Kyte, 9—Estelle Riley, 10—"Rita and Bessie," 3—Maude Osgood, 2—"Professor and Co.," 8—Helen W. Merriam, 8—Mattie Fitzgerald, 3—Adeline Hendee, 1—R. Coates and Co., 8—F. and H. Davis, 1—Lester W. Walker, 6—George L. Waterhouse, 11—Vessie Westover, 1—Francis W. Islip, 11—"The Gray Wolf," 4—John Hobbie and S. L. P., 9—"Sydney Carton," 2—Florence E. Provost, 5—Hugh and Cis, 11—"The McK's at Edgemere," 12—"Edabagha," 6—Katie, Polly, and Eva, 6—G. Lansing and J. Wallace, 5—Algernon Tassin, 9—Willie L. Brower, 3—Beatrice and Annette, 8.





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